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NOVISSIMA VERBA.—(VII.)

IN the early days of climbing Mont Blanc travellers were told by the guides to keep silence at a certain *mauvais pas*, for fear that the vibration of speech might loosen an avalanche upon their heads. Our country is now passing through a corridor overhung with treacherous blocks. Its path has never been through such a confused conglomeration of dangers. Before these pages are read, some of these masses may have been left behind, or some of them may have fallen. Where any wrong utterance may do mischief, it is best to keep silence even from good words. The amazing complications of the various crises that beset our statesmen, with all the reactions of each dilemma on all the rest, cannot be treated in a few paragraphs or pages; and no one of these dilemmas ought to be handled apart from the rest. As the world rings with baseless rumours, many of which are concocted by envy, malice, or fanaticism, as the true facts are known to no one outside the inner councils, a mere observer of the political imbroglio, whatever he may think, had better keep to himself both criticism and advice. No man has a right to make either of these public, unless he is able to judge the situation all round, *as a whole*.

* * * * *

The long and checkered history of our country can show no time of manifold crisis like this. The whole world seems seething at once. A series of incalculable convulsions has entirely recast all familiar values. The war coming on us (at least to the public) like a bolt from the blue—the Russian *culbute*—the American descent upon Europe—her still more incredible desertion—the entire reconstruction of our Parliament—the entire revaluation of all industrial problems, of all financial, commercial, and class problems—the enormous responsibilities thrown on Britain by the Treaty and covenant and our alliance—the revolutions no longer latent in Ireland, Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, Turkey, and India—all of these together make an unexampled chaos of problems. The Government has to deal with all of them at once, and each of them in view of all the rest. Parties, the Press, factions, classes, and groups, each call out separately for their own special cause.

They will not see that each problem depends on a network of other problems. Do this! Do that! Do not do this! is shouted by ten thousand throats. But it is impossible to do anything—even to cease doing—unless all the surrounding conditions are taken into account and solved. All I say is, no man has a right to judge the situation, unless he will study all the complications of the crises, and will weigh each proposed plan in the light of its relation to all the rest.

At this most critical hour of the Anglo-French *Entente*, a very timely work has been given us in English—the *Life* of the great French Patriot of 1870 by an eminent French statesman—now President of the Republic.¹ Gambetta was far the greatest Frenchman of his time; and his death at the age of 44 was a national loss to France and to Europe, for as an inspiring and he force he was at least the equal of Cavour or Bismarck, wonderful a nobler nature than either of these. The story of his lucidity career (1838-1882) has now been told with singular well as the perfect truth by M. Deschanel, one of the wisest as analysis the best informed of living statesmen in France. This to 1918, of the long duel between France and Germany from 1870 diplomacy by one who has long been of the inmost circle of French interecy, is invaluable to enable Englishmen to understand the Though struggle in which France has lived for two generations. Though M. Deschanel ends his book at 1882, it throws a flood of light on the problems which the Great War has sought to solve in blood and ruin. Let Englishmen study this admirable *Life*, if they wish to know what are the aims and dilemmas of Frenchmen. Gambetta was the type of all that is best in France; M. Deschanel has proved himself to be a masterly historian.

The book has a singular interest for me, and I feel justified in bearing witness to its scrupulous impartiality and its truth, because during the whole period I followed with keen sympathy every phase of French politics, was constantly in France, and was in close touch with many French politicians. I knew Gambetta personally and discussed the situation with him in his house in the Rue Montaigne, where he gathered his colleagues to his breakfast parties. I have heard him as President of the Chamber. I knew many of his colleagues, especially Ranc, Chalomel-Lacour, Louis Blanc, Spuller, Saint-Hilaire, Saint-Simon, Rouvier, Felix Faure, Jules Ferry. During the great Seize-Mai struggle of 1877, I was for three months in France, and as the *Times correspondent* I was even acting in concert with Gambetta's party. When Gambetta

(1) *Gambetta*, by Paul Deschanel. W. Heinemann, 8vo. 15s.

first appeared in the Chamber, I was writing at home on the necessity for union between France and England as the prime condition of European peace. The day after his death, i.e. on January 1st, 1883, I pronounced a eulogy on his career at Newton Hall. Few Englishmen can have studied the whole story of Gambetta's work in France more continuously than I have done. And I find M. Deschanel's biography a truly Tacitean account of his illustrious chief.

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The *Life* is written with all the literary charm and the scrupulous *justesse* of a French Academician. It is no panegyric, no legend, no apology. It is based on a thorough study of Parliamentary Papers, the *Mémoires* of the chief politicians engaged abroad and at home, and several unpublished letters of Gambetta himself. An unusual grace is given to this biography of a profound statesman by his beautiful love-letters to his beloved Léonie, to whom he wrote daily and who exerted over him so useful an influence. These letters, says M. Deschanel, "form a romance that throbs with passion." "You are my moral and intellectual home," he wrote to her in 1876. This *Life* of a statesman is no encyclopædia of blue-books and despatches: it is the romance of a wonderful career. Gambetta was not, like Cavour and Bismarck, born with title and wealth, but in the modest home of a naturalised Italian tradesman. His education, his club-debatings, his penury, his life as a student and then at the bar, are full of Parisian character. M. Deschanel gives a life-like portrait of the irrepressible passion of the man. I too have seen him bound up from his chair, when I asked him why they did not continue the fight in 1871. "*Parce qu'ils n'avaient pas de courage*," he roared. As Paul Deschanel truly says: he was possessed with "the passion for France."

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Gambetta was the soul of France in the last desperate defence of 1871; but he was even greater as founder of the Republic, 1873-1877. M. Deschanel very truly shows that the construction of a constitutional Republic was essentially the work of Gambetta. The Republic has now endured through tremendous strains for exactly half a century, whilst the Empire which Bismarck founded has pulled itself down in shameful, final ruin. As the President says, Gambetta brought to his life-long task "practical, effective statesmanship." During my long travels in France, July to November, 1877, I visited the groups of the Gambettist 363 *députés* all over France, and I saw how the chief in Paris was the centre of the entire Liberal party--the Foch of the republican armies. He told the Marshal President either "*se soumettre ou*

se démettre; and he made good the summons. As Lamartine said of Mirabeau—"his ringing phrases became the proverbs of the Revolution." This was far more true of Gambetta's, for his epigrams were both the battle-cry of revolution and also the maxims of reconstruction. Gambetta was greater than Mirabeau or Danton. Mirabeau knew that he had "left nothing but a vast upheaval." Danton said—"Let our memory perish!" Gambetta's memory will live as the Washington of the Republic of France.

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Gambetta was no mere orator and party chief. He was a far-sighted statesman, who had solid convictions of sound policy deep-seated in his brain. The President shows how the practical politician was inspired by the theories of Auguste Comte—who "exercised a great and ever increasing influence over him." When fanatical radicals attacked the very spirit of government and tried to suppress the army, Gambetta crushed them with a speech which embodied Comte's motto—*Order and Progress*. As M. Deschanel says: "for the first time the mind of a politician was guiding universal suffrage towards an organised democracy." "His mind was saturated with Mirabeau and Comte." At the Sorbonne, Gambetta described Comte as "the most powerful thinker of the age." As M. Deschanel says—"The teachings of Auguste Comte had at this time a widespread influence"; and at a banquet in honour of M. Littré, Gambetta declared himself practically a believer in the positivist ideal of moral science applied to politics. The whole positivist body in France continued to give Gambetta a hearty support in all his political activities. To them he has always seemed the true type of the republican statesman—who disdains to be either demagogue or dictator.

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It must not be supposed that this fine study of the President, full as it is of wise state-craft and lucid analyses of complicated situations, fails to give us a picture of Gambetta—the man. His origin and up-bringing are full of interest. Genoa, Gascony, Cahors, united to breed in him genius, passion, and resolution. His forbears were Catholic, some of his uncles, priests. His looks, which some jesters called Jewish, were intensely Italian; his wit, humour and charm were intensely French. There were in him strains of Rabelais, Mirabeau, Voltaire and Diderot. The *fou furieux* that Thiers once called him, had inexhaustible powers of work, of patience, of sagacious self-restraint. He not only saw the immediate need of the hour, but he foresaw how the present would work out. A fine saying of his is this: "Parties are formed by ideas: groups are formed by interests." It is rare that the story of one who rode on the topmost waves of a great

revolution can show so much of family affection, of love for a noble woman, of magnanimity to opponents. His rejoinder to Thiers when he cried out: "There sits the man who has freed our provinces from the occupation," was the act of a generous soul and true patriot who can forget "party" and can smile at insults. Gambetta, indeed, was a truly great Frenchman; and in this *Life* the President has written a book that is worthy of such a subject.

* * * * *

In philosophy the problem of the hour is the Law of Progress. It is inevitable that, after a cataclysmic epoch of Change, thoughtful minds should ask: Is this Progress—is it morally and socially all to the good—is it destined to continue? Professor J. B. Bury, of Cambridge, has just published a very learned history of *The Idea of Progress*, on which I commented in THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW of May and in the *Positivist Review* of June. Mr. Marvin, of Oxford, and his friends have published, at the Clarendon Press, a series of essays on Progress from 1870 to 1914. And now the Dean of St. Paul's has issued from the same Press his Romanes Lecture, entitled, as is Professor Bury's book, *The Idea of Progress*. Here we have three views of Progress. Professor Bury gives us, with scholarly judgment, the *history* of the Idea; the Oxford essayists see mostly the blessed signs of the change. The Dean is critical, trenchant, almost negative. Nothing so brilliant, so full of wit, of irony, of home thrusts at credulity and ignorance has appeared. We might think he had inherited the flashing rapier of a much older Dean, were it not that his long studies of the Platonists had endowed him with the Socratic vein of pungent probing to the root of all forms of conventional and emotional sophistry. The literary honours of this tri-partite discussion rest with Dr. Inge, who has certainly won the first round "on points."

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The key of the Dean's argument is disproof of the belief in a Law of Progress, automatic, inevitable, continuous, moral, and beneficent—stated in its most violent form by Spencer, and still the moving spirit of democratic rhetoric everywhere. As he shows, it is to misuse Darwin's science, if we assume that such a law of human perfectibility is a necessary result of evolution. Dr. Inge shows how little modern astronomy encourages the glorification of our planet and the infinite welfare of its inhabitants. Nor does scientific history disclose any continuous improvement in man's nature and happiness. But the dogma of necessary progress in things political is the mischievous lure that persuades the people that what seems "to be coming" is neces-

sarily good, and that the law of change is destined to sweep away such antique superstitions as Country, Property, Order, and Government. And the law of Progress in religion "has distorted Christianity." The Dean sweeps aside Spencer's preposterous dogmatism of differentiation in the Universe, as well as Hegel's dream of an unalterable and infinite Absolute—both of which are anathema to the philosophy of experience. With a great deal of this the school of thought with which I hold is in perfect agreement. We are meliorists, not optimists. We trust that Man can better himself and his earth, but has no automatic perfectibility to look to. We agree with Huxley that cosmic nature is far from Man's friend; but it is extravagant to call it Man's enemy. We do not see any certainty that man must be perfect. But we hope to do the best under difficult conditions to improve our lot—and also ourselves.

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It is not the business of an ecclesiastic to see truths in Comte, but it is the part of a philosopher to understand him. In assuming that Comte's philosophy accepts any absolute or necessary Law of Progress, Dr. Inge goes too far. Progress, indeed, is a primary and sacred motto of Positivist religion; but it is "Progress the End"—that is, the object of human endeavour—and, as it is to be inspired by Love, it is *moral* progress; and, being based on Truth, it is ever subject to external limits. Astronomy, Physics, Physiology, Biology show us how vast, how menacing, are these limits. They are outrageously over-stated in the scientific Agnosticism of Professor Huxley and in the cynical atheism of Bertrand Russell. Our environment on earth has infinite dangers and obstacles, and also infinite opportunities for good and for happiness. If it will only last for some millions of æons, that is quite enough for us. But when the Dean finds support in Huxley's and Russell's nightmare of a demonic world about to swallow up mankind, how does he reconcile such compromising terrors with the Omnipotence and Benevolence of a Creator? Positivists are not troubled either with the potential horrors of scientists nor with the logical dilemmas of Creation. They live in a world which courage and thought can make a tolerable home—at any rate for countless generations to come. That is enough: and they are not at all busy with metaphysical revelations about the Universe, nor with the baffling inconsistencies which obtrude on the prayers of theologians. It is a misunderstanding to assume that Comte either stated—or attempted to state—any "Law of Progress" as a necessary consequence of evolution. He stated the moral law, that is, the duty of humanity—to improve itself and its own world, and that, as a fact, that duty

had been fairly observed. Surely, this is on the lines of all rational Theology.

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The Romanes Lecture is a veritable mine of home-truths, and it scintillates with brilliant epigrams. But home-truths have their brighter side in practice, and epigrams too often over-state them till they become paradoxes. A Bishop once told an eminent Darwinian that he saw the ape in him; but do "we" to-day—does anybody—now believe we are "descendants of monkeys"? The rational view of history admits that civilisation ebbs and flows in successive stages of decline and growth; but the doctrine of recurrent cycles is rejected by competent students as plainly contrary to facts. The Dean regards seven centuries—I presume from A.D. 300 to A.D. 1000—as the Dark Ages and worthless. He consigns to Nirvana the Latin Fathers and the Catholic Church, Tribonian and Roman law, Byzantine polity, literature, and art, Charlemagne, Alfred, Theodoric, and Otto. Does history show that "civilisation is a disease almost invariably fatal, unless its course is checked in time"? How would the Dean check civilisation? Have we "devastated the loveliness of the world"? Have we "enslaved the animal creation"? Do dogs, cats, horses, sheep, cattle, and elephants consider us to be human devils? Russians and Germans have done horrid brutalities, but has not the civilised world risen up in abhorrence? Has not the conscience of men—and still more of women—impelled them to deeds of humanity in vast populations such as were unparalleled in former Ages? Comte certainly held that "the Catholic monotheism of the Middle Ages was an advance upon pagan antiquity." It is strange indeed to find an Anglican ecclesiastic ridiculing that as superstition.

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I remember a former Dean of St. Paul's who wrote a great book in praise of Latin Christianity. I am proud to think that Comte's whole conception of history is governed with the same idea of imperishable advance, both moral and intellectual, which we owe to the Middle Ages, and even to the Dark Ages. To write that Comte aimed at a Theocracy, or the subjection of State to Church, or to repression of free thought—this is misrepresentation; for the very centre of his system is complete independence of State and Church, of material and of spiritual power, and of unlimited freedom of opinion.

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In the end, however, the Dean, who is very sceptical about any regular Progress, gives us an ample field for Hope. Curiously

enough, this is precisely the Positivist attitude to the future—at any rate on earth. We, too, have no absolute certainty of any *necessary* Progress. We acknowledge our human limitations and dangers. We hope to overcome them by faith, by science, by moral energy. So far we go with the Christian triad of Faith, Hope, Love. The evolution of Humanity seems to us on the whole to be morally progressive with cruel failures and sets-back. History of Man has a real, but somewhat chequered, continuity; and we will not allow ourselves to be downhearted by the noble indignation of one who sometimes uses satire to give point to his moral warnings.

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Those whom the Dean's dilemmas have made downhearted may take comfort from studying another volume issued by the Clarendon Press—*Recent Developments in European Thought*, essays edited by F. S. Marvin, Oxford, 8vo., 1920. Mr. Marvin, the author of *The Living Past*, *The Century of Hope*, and other works, has now edited a volume of twelve essays by graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, Manchester, St. Andrews, and Durham, to illustrate the "Progress of Western Civilisation" in the last generation, starting with the Franco-German War of 1870. The editor opens with the view that a great stage in the growth of unity among nations is marked by two international tragedies; but he does not agree with the Dean that the war of 1914 exhibited on the whole a cyclical reversion to mediæval barbarism. He admits that there is with some "a falling in the barometer of temperament," but he finds that the tragedies of the period are rather on the surface than in the nature of humanity, and that "such an output of mental energy, rewarded by such a harvest of truth, is without precedent in man's evolution." He points to "the advance in international unity and social reform within the State," both of which were heralded by Comte before 1857. He finds "good grounds for thinking that the average man has improved in goodness"; and still more that "the collective soul of man has grown." The man of science is certain that foresight will "make the reign of man upon the planet wider and firmer than before. The spirit of science is the spirit of hope."

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The same tempered optimism animates the other essays, which are occupied in tracing recent developments in philosophy, religion, history, economics, and biology. Their main business is to show *development*, which they do not claim to be at all automatic, necessary, or continuous, but which *on the whole*, and with frequent *failures and reactions*, they take to be conducive to

human welfare. The essays on Philosophy and on Religion are much occupied with criticism of recent specialist theories, but neither essays are revolutionary nor pessimist. The learned and masterly study of *Historical Research* by Mr. G. P. Gooch is an invaluable summary of all that has been done in our times to show how "the scope of history has gradually widened till it has come to include every aspect of the life of humanity"—"an immense and almost an immeasurable advance in historic studies." This splendid survey of recent history amply justifies the editor's words (in p. 10): "No single generation before ever learnt so much, not only of the world around it, but also of the doings of previous generations." Alas! the *Romanes Lecture* would only lead us to think that we are *progeniem vitiosorem*.

The essays on *Atomic Theories*, *Biology*, *Art*, *Music*, are specialist studies on recent achievements. The sixth essay, on *Political Theory*, by Mr. Lindsay, summarises new views about the functions of the State and the altered position of Parliament. It appears to be rather a statement of new books than a practical judgment on actual conditions. The coupling of Parliament and Trades Unions as equally legitimate sources of political power ignores the essential difference that Parliaments are chosen by electors of all degrees of interest, capacity and education—and now by women as well as men; whilst Trades Unions are associations of manual labourers necessarily with none but elementary education, and united by only one interest—that of gaining higher wages and making their labour easier. To gain these ends, they are usually indifferent to the welfare of other citizens and to that of Country, which many of them regard as a discredited Idol. All this would come under the head of the Anarchy which the *Romanes Lecturer* foresees, but yet it seems to fall in with the general optimism of this Oxford volume. The *Economic Development* is treated from three points of view—"The Industrial Scene, 1842," "Mining Operations," and "The Spirit of Association," all by Mr. C. R. Fay, of Cambridge. The three papers give a fair statement, from well-known text-books and Parliamentary inquiries, of the deplorable evils of the industrial civilisation which the *Romanes Lecture* denounces. But it goes on to show what great and continuous improvements have been accomplished in eighty years by the untiring efforts of men in association, led by public-spirited men and women drawn from all classes and ranks. I am old enough to remember 1842 myself, both in town and in country; and, whatever Blue-books tell us of horrors and starvation, working people on the whole were quite as cheerful as they are to-day; they had many enjoyments which are now lost, and

there was nothing like the amount of social discontent. Was Pickwick's England as terrible as Trotsky's Petrograd?

So the book closes with a perfect psalm by Miss Melian Stowell to the ultimate enlargement of Humanity by the united efforts of Man. Its theme, like that of the Dean, is Hope—progress by human effort. Its motto is from Shelley—

To hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates—

It is indeed an idea which, at any rate in the Universities and in our science schools, the warnings of successive Romanes Lectures have not yet eliminated.

In these times of Industrial Unrest no more valuable summary of sound thought has appeared than is Mr. Harold Cox's book, *Economic Liberty* (Longmans, 1920). He begins with a historical sketch of the freedom of labour, until it has developed into the extreme licence of refusing to carry the King's troops and their equipment. He goes on to prove that Socialism of this kind "is of necessity the negation of liberty." The *Ethics of Property*, the *Ethics of Socialism*, *Class Warfare*, all rest upon the logical postulate that to destroy the institutions of Society, liberty of action must be suppressed and force must be used to assert the rule of the social theorists. Bolshevism, with its horrors, is a local and special form of tyranny; but all communistic and guild Socialism involves the same despotism—the same monopoly—the crushing out of all who resist the dominant factions is a necessity for Socialism; and Mr. Cox shows that this dogma is blandly asserted not only by Lenin, but by the leaders of International Socialism, by prominent officials of our great Trades Unions, as well as by the "intellectuals" who expound the Gospel of the New Life. Be my brother, or I will kill thee! says Lenin. The motto of Belgium is "L'Union fait la Force." The motto of our internationalists is "La Force fait l'Union"—Those who do not accept the Union creed must be made to feel its irresistible arm.

Especially valuable just now is Mr. Cox's admirable chapter on Nationalisation. He traces the growth of this cry to the crises of war, the monopoly possessed by the coal-miners, and the dependence of Legislature and the Government on an enormous increase of Labour votes. The necessities of carrying on the life of the public, ignorance of economic facts, and the eagerness of workers to take advantage of crises to gain more money—all these combine to make Nationalisation the lure to a millennium, in spite of all the proofs of its conspicuous failure.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

LAWYERS' PLACE IN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

THE League of Nations is neither a State nor Department of State, nor a chartered corporation, nor a charitable society, nor a club. Yet it has features in common with all of these, and one which is common to all associations organised for any business whatever in the civilised world. Its Constitution is embodied and its undertakings have been or will be further defined in written documents. These, like all documents expressed in human language (for it does not seem that even the simplest can properly be excepted) are in need of interpretation, and the interpreter's part may or may not be an easy one. Easier or harder as it may be, that part has been regarded in all ages as eminently belonging to lawyers. Indeed, it may be said that the first lawyers, meaning thereby the men in whose work the seeds of a distinct legal profession were latent, were neither advocates of parties nor judges in particular causes, but the custodians and expounders of oracular and other high commands and the administrators of traditional rules. And when we pass from the age of the Twelve Tables to our own, and consider the volume of modern litigation in this present world of statutes, Orders in Council, Regulations, by-laws, marine policies, charter-parties, and the rest (not to speak of the blundering or over-ingenious testator who is too much with us), we shall find that the greater part of judicial and forensic labour, apart from matters of purely criminal jurisdiction, is engaged on questions of interpretation in one form or another. Outside the competence of municipal justice, we have Treaties and Conventions between sovereign Powers, of which the true construction is often in dispute. The Covenant of the League of Nations is itself a Treaty, and its text is embodied in the Treaties of Peace; some of its provisions are already the subject of contentious discussion in America, whether by the draftsman's fault or otherwise I am not now concerned to inquire. There is no need to dwell at more length on the obvious facts that establish a special relation between our profession and the League. Whatever else the Covenant may be, it is a fundamental and in some respects a novel instrument in the revised law of nations, demanding both legal and political experience for its interpretation.

Hence arises, as it seems to me, a profitable and by no means merely technical question. What kind of interpretation is most

* (1) A paper laid before the International Law Association at Portsmouth, May, 1920.

called for in this case? In what spirit, with what examples and warnings in mind, is the lawyer to apply his experience and skill in construing the Covenant and its future progeny of authentic texts? For legal interpretation is not a mechanical art. No more than any other reasonable interpreter can the lawyer confine himself to the literal application of grammatical or logical rules. It is here, indeed, quite contrary to the current belief begotten of vulgar apprehension, that the workman is distinguished from the amateur. Lawyers are sometimes pedantic, or bound to say the best that can be said for a pedantic argument; but, on the whole, I am bold to affirm in general that laymen are far more hide-bound as interpreters, far more in peril of being enslaved to the mere letter. In one word, the real use of a wise lawyer in interpretation is to repress overmuch legality.

In legal and official writings there are divers kinds and grades of formal expression. The style of legal composition, we may read in Sir Edward Coke, has three different degrees of certainty or precision at which the writer may aim according to the nature of the occasion. They are called certainty to a common intent, certainty to a certain intent in general, and certainty to a certain intent in every particular. I shall take leave to explain the distinctions in unartificial terms. Language is certain to a common intent when the sense is clear to a man of fair ordinary intelligence; certain to a certain intent in general when the words are full to abundance, and plain even to a stupid man; and certain to a certain intent in particular when it is so precise and exhaustive that a clever man cannot read it in a wrong sense if he tries.¹

It may well be doubted whether it be ever a wise course to aim at the utmost degree of certainty, the "certainty to a certain intent in every particular." The draftsman that goes about to challenge the possibilities of ingenious misreading is raising up a host of unknown enemies who may be too many for him; and even if he wins that stake he wins it at the price of being obscure to the reader whom, after all, he most wants to satisfy, the plain man who is willing to understand. Moreover, this adventure can be undertaken only with the highly specialised vocabulary of experts in a particular system, so that in any case it is not applicable when one is dealing with a cosmopolitan audience. Now the law of nations is cosmopolitan custom, very good custom so far as it has gone, and fairly well observed, as customs of all sorts go, for more than two centuries. Just now it is the fashion to run it down; there is nothing easier for clever novices full of a little learning than to raise a parrot cry of detraction against the

(1) This gloss makes no pretension to be authentic.

predecessors who have made that learning, such as it is, possible. But this by the way. Treaties made between parties of different speech and legal systems are by their very nature cosmopolitan documents; and the Covenant of the League of Nations is probably the most cosmopolitan of all Treaties. Hence the framers of the Covenant have done well to renounce the quest of exhaustive and minute verbal accuracy, and to assume so much common sense on the reader's part as will enable him to see that they renounce it; and whatever attempts may be made to test their work by the methods of extreme verbal criticism should be dismissed as being at best wholly misconceived, or at worst (which is the more likely case) wilfully perverse devices of adversaries bent on frustrating the true intention by any means in their power. Such, at least, is the opinion of one English lawyer trained in a school of the strictest technical accuracy, the school founded by the great English conveyancers of the early nineteenth century, and having made some sort of acquaintance with one or two other systems.

Concerning the intermediate standard of preciseness in formal writings and the criticism thereof, the "certainty to a certain intent in general" which seeks to leave a willing but dull reader without excuse for misunderstanding, I do not think it fits our case either. Constitutional and international instruments are not meant to be read or construed by stupid people unversed in public affairs any more than a policy of marine insurance is intended to be plain and easy reading to a landsman equally innocent of law, seamanship and commerce. Enlightened common sense as well as good faith is no more than the authors of such instruments may reasonably require us to bring to the study of their work.

On that principle, I conceive, the Covenant of the League of Nations is framed. If we seek a venerable precedent for the method, we may find it in the Constitution of the United States. That is not, as to its final form and authority, an international or inter-State compact; but it was the result of general agreement reached after arduous discussion between the delegates of sovereign States. Rejecting the verbose and often futile minuteness of contemporary legislative enactment, it laid out the main lines of the federated commonwealth largely and broadly, trusting to judicious interpretation to fill in the details as required. The fathers of the Constitution were happy in finding, when and where it behoved, such an interpreter as John Marshall. It does not seem likely that any one man's name will be linked in such illustrious fashion with the development of the League of Nations; but it would be pusillanimous to doubt that among the

publicists of the civilised world there will be found adequate competence for a task in some ways less difficult than was, and is, that of the Supreme Court of the United States. We may find example and encouragement in the success of that Court, and warning in the dangers it had to face. It will be found no less true at Geneva than at Washington that only by constant attention to the general plan can a great structure of this kind be completed in a manner worthy of the founders. Hasty zeal for defining all points at once might easily have ruined the union of the American States, and might well ruin the League of Nations if some of our latter-day zealots had their way.

Our Covenant, in short, must be taken, according to its apparent intention and such analogies as we have to guide us, for a plan laid down to be gradually worked out, not a complete specification. If any man is discontented because every detail, or some detail on which he has set his heart, is not forthwith filled in according to his own favourite model, we shall tolerate his discontent rather than imperil the whole undertaking by rashness. Probably we all have our disappointments about this and that Article of the Covenant which we should have liked to see more explicit; I know that I have mine. It is the part of good citizens of the world, I think, to say very little of them in public just now. There is, I need hardly say, no professional secret about this capital point of policy; we desire, on the contrary, that it should be well understood by all intelligent citizens. But there are sciolists, amateur sea-lawyers, and even real lawyers with a perverse twist of cleverness, who have skill enough to puzzle a well-meaning layman; and it is the privilege and the duty of instructed lawyers to be foremost in curbing their pretensions and refuting their sophistries.

Thus, besides their function of assisting in the actual constructive expansion of the League of Nations, lawyers may fairly be called upon to take a leading part in the education of public opinion.

It has been pointed out many times that the League of Nations can be an effectual power for good only if it is supported by public sense and feeling as well as by official action. The League of Nations Union and allied societies in many countries exist for the very purpose of spreading correct information about the League, and in the light of that information arousing the moral sense that must give vitality to the great design. Indeed, we can understand the letter of the Covenant only by considering it as the expression of a larger spiritual purpose. The founders put their trust in moral support and expect to accomplish their ends by willing co-operation and not by compulsory discipline. A lawyer's warning may

perhaps not be amiss as to the kind of propaganda required. There are several approved ways of bespeaking the favourable attention of judges, jurymen, or a public meeting, according to circumstances and the speaker's gifts. It is certain that those ways do not include approaching one's hearers in the defiant attitude of an envoy who expects a hostile reception. Therefore, I do not think we shall gain many recruits to the cause of the League if we go about telling people that the war has made them no wiser or better, that they are still given over to selfish greed, and that they must repent in sackcloth and ashes before they are fit to listen to our counsels. After all the founders of the League are representative men. Their work would have no meaning at all if they did not trust the good will of the nations they represent to bring a new spirit to the making of a new and better world.

Let us rather say : The League appeals to you as men of good will because it has need of you, because its foundations were laid in the expectation of your assistance. It is not a bond of legality, but a fellowship in good works to be carried out through mutual counsel and advice. There is no compulsory jurisdiction ; States remain free to settle their differences in any way they please, provided that they do honestly endeavour to settle them. There is no legislative authority ; reform and reconstruction of international law must come, but the time and manner are left at large. There is no executive power that can issue an order to any member of the League from the greatest to the least, much less override its constitutional procedure. Advice and agreement are the working methods : advice which we trust will be weighty—for otherwise it would be useless—and agreement which we hope will become universal. For all this your representative statesmen and the officers of the League must have the assurance that you are with them and are minded to encourage them in all well-doing, even to assist at need. An appeal made in that spirit will surely not remain unanswered.

Moral exhortation, however, is by no means all. There is much to be done in setting forth the facts of the League's activity so that they may be generally understood. How many of us are aware that the Covenant, coupled with the relative provisions of the Peace Treaty, opens a vast field of peaceful and beneficent work, and that the work is already begun ? I shall hardly be charged with underrating the importance of the International Court of Justice (which, indeed, has certain specific duties assigned to it in these very matters) ; but the establishment of the Labour Department of the League at Geneva, which is being organised almost without the public hearing of it, is even more important.

It is the business of such bodies as the League of Nations Union to see that the public is not left ignorant of the solid and quiet work of which the press does not tell us : partly (let us charitably believe) because the details are more or less confidential, partly (I fear we must believe) because it is not good matter for descriptive telegrams and headlines. Lawyers, of course, have no monopoly of the information that ought to be given. But in order to give it with the best effect a certain art of reading between the lines of authoritative documents is very desirable, and that is an art which ought to be specially familiar to lawyers. The mastery or the want of it may make all the difference between giving a client good and bad advice as to the bearing of a leading decision on his case. Here, therefore, legal training and the professional habit of mind have yet another fitting application.

As it has always been the office of us lawyers, apart from our daily professional routine, to make the governing conceptions of legal and political science intelligible to the lay people, so the League of Nations now gives us an occasion to exercise that office on such a scale and with such promise of good result as have perhaps never been offered before.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

ENGLAND AND THE EUROPEAN SYSTEM.

THE object of foreign policy is clearly the promotion of national interest—national aggrandisement in the honourable meaning of that word. It must be the natural desire of every patriot—who is a nationalist first and an internationalist afterwards—that the British Empire should be prosperous and powerful on the broadest possible foundations of national strength and international respect. Its power, prosperity, and prestige are beyond dispute at this moment, but their foundation of justice is denied by Britain's enemies and not obscurely questioned by some of her friends, who give her credit for a ruthless, Machiavellian astuteness in playing off her rivals one against the other, unsurpassed since the palmy days of the Roman Republic. This hostile verdict, however, need not unduly distress us. Selfish we may have been, though not more than others, but Machiavellian wisdom is the very last attribute of British statesmanship. There is no Metternich or Bismarck in the long line of British Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers. Conscience has always had a place in the British Foreign Office, behind which stands the British electorate, perpetually subject to swaying tides of sentiment, to gusts of popular and patriotic passion, and—more dangerous still in this domain—to devastating blasts of moral indignation. The spirit of the Florentine Secretary is uncongenial to the air of Whitehall. The record of British foreign policy is in large measure a record of casual stumbling.

The one great principle to which British statesmen and instructed public opinion have been, on the whole, fairly constant is that of being against any Power in Europe which has acquired, or which has manifestly sought to acquire, a dangerous preponderance of military strength. That has sprung from the instinct of self-preservation. For that principle we fought and overcame Napoleon. For that—with varying degrees of justification—we were opposed to Russia throughout most of the nineteenth century. For that we cultivated spasmodically the friendship of Prussia and of Germany, whenever France appeared to be reviving her military ambitions, and especially when she seemed to be intriguing to lay hands on Belgium. For that, when the new German Empire revealed its aspiration, if not at world supremacy, at least at a world-power which threatened British Imperial security in the Middle East, in the Far East, and in Africa, we were driven most reluctantly into a system of Euro-

pean alliances which, in our British way, we described by the foreign word "Entente," pretending that they were something other than they were for our own moral comfort and for the peace of mind of the British electorate. The principle of opposing the establishment of a military paramountcy—as distinct from a hegemony—in Europe, will remain our guiding principle, whether there be a League of Nations or not. To condemn this as selfishness is as foolish as to call the instinct of self-preservation selfish. It is the passing fashion of the moment to decry the old doctrine of the Balance of Power as a pestilent heresy against the higher law of Nations. But names do not much matter. Facts do, and this will remain.

This principle of being against the strongest European Power, when it has seemed to menace the liberties of Europe, has led Britain into definite alliances, whenever the danger has become sharp and clear. But in the intervals she has made it her practice to abstain from alliances, and has allowed her Army to become almost negligible for the purposes of European war, while at times she has been reckless enough to neglect even her Navy. When, during these periods, she has taken a hand in European affairs, she has usually drawn back when the crisis took a dangerous turn, but more often she has proclaimed a policy of non-intervention, or has drawn ostentatiously apart, and boasted her "splendid isolation." Really, it is small wonder that Continental statesmen, in moments of bitterness, have abused Great Britain for being such "a bad European," and have denounced her Punic faith. They have not been wholly without justification. There were long periods during the Victorian era when no sure dependence was to be placed upon British foreign policy, and the professions of Ministers were one thing and their performance another. Talleyrand was once asked to say what was meant by non-intervention. He replied: "It is a metaphysical and political phrase which signifies almost exactly the same thing as intervention." When he spoke he was thinking of England.

Isolation, non-intervention, intervention, and alliances—these are the possibilities of British European policy. Each has had its turn. Even complete isolation has, at times, appealed strongly to the insularity of the British mind and the vehemence of British prejudice. Twenty years ago, when patriotic fervour rejoiced to find expression in the catchword "Let 'em all come!" a thrill of exultation was aroused by the dangerous phrase, "our splendid isolation." Joseph Chamberlain gave it currency, but it was a coin borrowed from Sir George Foster, a Canadian statesman who had spoken of "the great Mother-Empire, standing splendidly isolated." Isolated she certainly was. She had

scarcely a friend in Europe. Strange as it may seem to this generation, the alarming proposal to intervene against her during the Boer War came from France and Russia, and, if this was vetoed in Berlin, it was not because Germany loved England better than France loved her, but because the German Fleet was still unprepared for "The Day." There was little that was splendid, as the blunders of the South African War revealed, about an isolation which was not based on strength of preparation. British self-satisfaction in isolation was well expressed by Canning in 1823, when he gladly snatched at an opportunity to break away for good and all from the Holy Alliance, and wrote to Bagot: "Things are getting back to a wholesome state again. Every nation for itself and God for us all." "No more d——d Arcopagus now." There spoke John Bull, the islander, after a long and fretting experience of allies and alliances, delighted to get back once more safe behind his moat and shout: "You be damned" to the whole Continent. But no one knew better than Canning that complete isolation was impossible for Great Britain. She can never forswear, as Mr. Gladstone once finely said, her interest in the common transactions and the general interests of the Continent. She remains European, therefore, but with a difference—a difference which can never be wholly obliterated, though we see it being steadily lessened by the development of the long-range gun and the submarine, by the conquest of the air, and by the spread of internationalism—for purely class motives—in the European labour movement. The march of modern science and modern democracy tends to make this country more and not less a member of the European family of nations, and more and not less influenced by Continental events.

The actual problem before modern British statesmen has always been this: "How to retain the largest possible measure of liberty of action and yet exercise a due influence in Europe?" Britain has no Continental ambitions. Her main pre-occupation is security. To guard her flank she has been the ally of Portugal since the days of Charles II.; to guard her heart she has fought, and must fight, to prevent the Low Countries falling into the hands of a first-rate Power. She has maintained her naval power in the Mediterranean, because the high road to India passes through that sea. After Waterloo Britain observed a benevolent attitude towards France and helped her to recover her position in Europe. France was a liberal Power. The Northern Powers were autocratic. British foreign policy was shaped on the principle that the two Powers which enjoyed liberal constitutions were natural friends, and should therefore act together. This political theory, which lay at the root of Liberal foreign policy throughout

the nineteenth century, and which now—changing only the word Liberal into Labour or Socialist—we see to be the guiding principle of Labour foreign policy, led to the mischievous idea that it was the duty of the two Western Powers to foster the growth of liberalism and constitutionalism in other countries. Thus they fell into the besetting sin of the Holy Alliance, which was based on the repression of all liberal tendencies, not merely in their own countries, but in Italy and Spain. There was little to choose between them. Both meddled where they could and dared. Lord Melbourne, a typical Whig and true Laodicean, knew the danger well. He wrote in 1836 :—

It will not be for the honour and interest of the Crown that Great Britain should ally herself either with the spirit of general revolution or of arbitrary government. But neither will it be politic or prudent for her to take exception to any form of government, despotic or republican, which may be established in other countries.

But it is always easier to enunciate common sense than to act upon it. The Balance of Power, with England keeping the balance, worked fairly well for many years. When Metternich complained that Europe was divided into two camps, Palmerston shrewdly observed that what he really complained of was the equality of the two camps, and that he was "provoked beyond measure at the steady protection which France has received from us. But it is that protection which has preserved the peace of Europe." Palmerston, who was more responsible for English foreign policy in mid-Victorian days than any of his contemporaries, explained in 1848, the year of European Revolution, the general principles by which he was guided. The passage is specially important because of the frank way in which he dealt with the question of alliances :—

I hold, he said, with respect to alliances, that England is a Power sufficiently strong to steer her own course and not to tie herself as an unnecessary appanage to the policy of any other Government. I hold that the real policy of England is to be the champion of justice and right, pursuing that course with moderation and prudence; not becoming the Quixote of the world, but giving the weight of her moral sanction and support wherever she thinks that wrong has been done. As long as she sympathises with right and justice she will never find herself altogether alone. She is sure to find some other State of sufficient power, influence and weight to support and aid her in the course she may think right to pursue, and therefore I say it is a narrow policy to suppose that this country or that is to be marked out as the eternal ally or the perpetual enemy of England. We have no eternal allies and no perpetual enemies. Our interests are eternal and perpetual—those interests it is our duty to follow. And if I might be allowed to express in one sentence the principles which I think ought to guide an English Minister I would adopt the expression of Canning and say that with every British Minister the interests of England ought to be the shibboleth of his policy.

That is still good doctrine to-day. We have no eternal allies and no perpetual enemies, and the spirit of the famous maxim of Thucydides is in full accord with Palmerston's words. Yet this did not prevent Palmerston from adopting sometimes a very boastful and braggart tone, much to the uneasiness of the Court and of Lord John Russell. He was continually intervening in Continental affairs, and he always contrived to find right and justice on the side of the Liberal Powers. Non-intervention, therefore, became the favourite catchword of the Conservative Opposition. What had England to do, they asked, with the quarrels between Austria and Piedmont, or with the affair of the Duchies? England should stop at home, as Walpole had once said to George II., and eat her pudding. English Tories and Conservatives, alarmed at the spread of revolution in Europe, deeply distrusted the new nationalist movements with which Liberals so eagerly sympathised. Disraeli, who actually spoke of "the dreamy and dangerous nonsense of German nationality," protested against what he called a sentimental instead of a political foreign policy :—

"You looked on the English Constitution," he said in the House of Commons, "as a model farm. You forced this Constitution on every country. You laid it down as a great principle that you were not to consider the interests of England, or the interests of the country you were in connection with, but that you were to consider the great system of Liberalism, which had nothing to do with the interests of England, and was generally antagonistic with the interests of the country with which you were in connection."

Yet Disraeli himself strongly disclaimed being a non-interventionist. "On the contrary," he said, "I am persuaded that in the settlement of the great affairs of Europe the presence of England is the best guarantee of peace. But it should be the presence of England in connection with the Law of Nations and with the stipulations of treaties."

England prospered at home, but was not loved abroad, much to the distress of Queen Victoria, who, on Palmerston's retirement in 1851, complained to Lord John Russell that she had had "the grief to see her Government and herself treated on many occasions with neglect, aversion, distrust, and even contumely." When she asked for a specific definition of his principles of foreign policy towards the various countries of Europe, Lord John replied that it was not the policy of Great Britain to make engagements. "except in view of the circumstances of the moment, and thus," he added, in a startling phrase, "*any rule may be broken through.*" Then, after enlarging vaguely on the principle of non-intervention in the internal affairs of foreign countries, he again

laid down the pernicious doctrine that the British Government "ought to cultivate most friendly relations with those countries which have *adopted institutions similar in liberality to our own.*" That principle ran through the whole century, and it permeates our political parties to this day.

Few things seem more remarkable to us, knowing what we know now, than the blindness of English statesmen to the rise of Germany. From 1840 down to 1870 the Powers which they most feared and distrusted were France and Russia. When Lord Malmesbury went to the Foreign Office in 1852, Palmerston very kindly called to see him and gave him, out of his unrivalled experience, some valuable hints on the conduct of foreign affairs. "The pith of them," wrote Malmesbury in his Diary, "was to keep well with France," and as the Whigs, himself included, had "let down all the defensive powers of Great Britain," Palmerston urged him to press strongly for a strengthening of the national defences. A little later the Crimean War exposed to the world the absolute breakdown of the obsolete English military machine, and in the years of peace which followed English prestige sank low on the Continent. Denmark was encouraged, and left in the lurch. The Court influence at the time was strongly German, but the real reasons why British Ministers played so paltry a part was that they had no Army to fight with and they suspected Louis Napoleon of designs upon Belgium. Lord Salisbury, in a biting article in the *Quarterly Review* in 1864, said that "England, in the mind of foreigners, was believed to have renounced strong measures—against strong Powers—under any conceivable circumstances. She has been tested by the keenest spur which indignity can apply, and she has refused to move. . . . If that be so, her advice is mere useless verbiage, her persuasions are empty forms." Mr. Gladstone evaded the charge by pleading that England did not wield the sword of the Almighty and was not so uplifted in strength above every other nation that she could with prudence advertise herself as ready to undertake the general redress of wrongs. Writing to General Grey in 1869, Mr. Gladstone summarised and approved Lord Clarendon's exposition of the principles of British foreign policy in the following terms:—

That England should keep entire in her own hands the means of estimating her own obligations upon the various states of fact as they arise;

That she should not foreclose and narrow her own liberty of choice by declarations made to other Powers, in their real or supposed interests, of which they would claim to be at least joint interpreters;

That it is dangerous for her to assume alone an advanced and therefore an isolated position in regard to European controversies;

That, come what may, it is better for her to promise too little than too much;

That she should not encourage the weak by giving expectations of aid to resist the strong, but should rather seek to deter the strong, by firm but moderate language, from aggressions on the weak.

These were admirable principles, but there was little driving force behind them. Great Britain was totally unprepared for serious war when Prussia at length threw down the glove to France, and her statesmen were equally unprepared for Prussia's victory. Sir Robert Morier, one of the most clear-sighted British diplomatists in the nineteenth century, declared in 1870, and held the opinion to his death, that there would have been no war if Great Britain had told either France or Prussia that she would join whichever side was attacked by the other. He wrung his hands over England's abdication of her old position. "The heartbreaking conclusion I have come to," he wrote, "is that modern England, as represented by the Reform Parliament and incarnate in the person of Mr. Gladstone, has lost the sense of her Imperial position and become denuded of the instinct of dealing with her peers." "We sit by," he wrote to his friend, Dr. Jowett, "like a bloated Quaker, too holy to fight, but rubbing our hands at the roaring trade we are doing in cartridges and ammunition." And, again, "England lives alone in a little island whose parochial concerns are all in all to her, and turns away with contempt and disgust from the affairs of a world in which she has ten times the stake of any other nation." So, too, in the course of a general survey of European politics between 1815 and 1870, Sir Robert came to the conclusion that, whenever Europe had found herself on the brink of an outbreak of war, the cause was usually to be found in the international necessities of France, leaving no alternative to her rulers than to appeal to national sentiment in connection with an external question. The passage is rather long to quote in full, but the salient paragraphs are these :—

If we enquire why it is that forty years went by without France kicking over the traces, we find she was prevented doing so by a general coalition of Europe against her, partly acknowledged, partly tacit. Austria, Prussia and Russia were really coalesced against her, the recollections of the first fifteen years of the century leading them to act instinctively as one, whenever any danger threatened from Paris. It is the part of England in the matter which is so important and so worth studying. She does not stand with the three Northern Powers, as they are called, on a great many points; she and France go together. As long as France restricts her action to legitimate objects (as in the creation of a Belgian Kingdom in 1831), we go with her heartily and stand together as the representatives of Western Progress versus Eastern Reaction, but the moment she shows the cloven foot and attempts to assert her claim to a privileged position we at once throw our weight on the side of the Northern Powers. . . . England thus becomes the regulator by which the expansive force of France is utilised beneficially and

productively, but always kept in check whenever it threatens to become destructive. Hence I venture on what I believe to be a sound generalisation. The peace of Europe was maintained for nearly forty years by a *cordon sanitaire* being traced round France, three-fourths of which was of iron rigidity, the remaining fourth being elastic and so fashioned that she could take all the air and exercise required for the good of her health. The Northern Powers treated France like an incurable and dangerous maniac: we treated her like a person on the whole sane, but subject to dangerous hallucinations, and reserved to ourselves the power of falling back upon the handcuffs and strait waistcoats kept in store by the Northern Powers.

This satisfactory system was first broken into by the Crimean War, the only perfectly useless modern war that has been waged, useless, that is, from the point of view of public utility. . . . The only party which benefited by it was France, for it broke up the *cordon sanitaire*, gave Louis Napoleon a social position at St. Petersburg, and by destroying our military prestige thoroughly disgusted the British public from all intervention in European politics.

There we have the thesis that the England which had preserved for forty years the Balance of Power in Europe abdicated her position under the influence of Manchesterism and Quakerism. The generalisation is, perhaps, as true as any broad generalisation can be. England, in fact, swayed indecisively; the mind of Parliament was centred upon commerce: a ferocious parsimony was practised which was to cost later generations very dear: Cobden had promised that international trade would be the panacea for international ambitions; and the temper of the middle classes shrank from making serious preparation for war. A strong vein of insular prejudice consorted ill with occasional bursts of fiery sentimentality. Disraeli for a brief while swung the country round to supporting a "scientific frontier" for India and a "spirited foreign policy," especially when the Russian armies were drawing near Merv, but the mood soon changed when Mr. Gladstone took to the war-path of domestic politics and exploited the Bulgarian atrocities which his rival dismissed as coffee-house babble. Foreign policy was made the sport of party, with almost criminal disregard for Imperial interests. The attitude of Great Britain towards the Eastern question, and especially towards Russia's ambitions with respect to Constantinople, is a bewildering record of fantastic contradiction, according as nervous fear of Russia alternated with the sentimental emotions excited by the brutalities of the Turk. It is no excuse that we escaped full punishment for our folly, or that Egypt fell into England's lap, not as the prize of successful diplomacy, but as the fortuitous consequence of French and English blunders, when each Government succeeded in bringing about the result which it least desired. We have to thank our stars that in the eighties of last century the short-lived French Governments blundered far worse than Mr. Gladstone, and that at that time it suited Bismarck's book

to keep on good terms with England. No one had loftier ideals than Mr. Gladstone, but he would not face unpleasant facts. He held that "we should seek to found a moral empire upon the confidence of the nations, not upon their fears, their passions, or their antipathies," and he declared that it was the natural destiny of Great Britain "to become the appropriate object of the general confidence as the sole comparatively unsuspected Power." In 1896, only three years before the outbreak of the South African War, which opened our astonished eyes to the fact that we were the most unpopular Power in Europe, Mr. Gladstone declared that "ours was not the isolation of weakness, but was freely chosen so that we might be free to act according to our own view of the circumstances when they arose. We wished to stand out of the log-rolling, the bartering, and the scheming that constituted the foreign policy of some other Governments." These words were used, be it remembered, in a speech condemning the largely increased naval estimates of Mr. Goschen. The more Great Britain stood aloof from European politics, the greater the distrust which she inspired.

The face of politics was changed with Germany's rise, under Bismarck, to the first position in Europe and later by her swift development of naval and world power. British statesmen were slow to realise the menace which this implied to Great Britain. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact that the countries with which Great Britain most nearly came to blows were France, over Siam and Fashoda; and Russia, over the Pendjeh incident in the eighties and the Dogger Bank episode during the Russo-Japanese War. Bismarck's policy was always directed towards keeping France and Russia well apart from one another, and both apart from England, at whom he often snapped, but with whom he never meant to quarrel seriously, being content with his frequent and lucrative commissions as "the honest broker." Nor was his task a difficult one. British statesmen, one after the other, did their best to improve relations with France, but were continually rebuffed. "My six months' experience," wrote Lord Rosebery to Lord Lyons in 1886, "has led me to the conviction that our relations with France are really more troublesome than with any other Power. She is always wanting something of us which it is impossible to give her, and she then says plaintively, 'You never do anything for me.' She is quite oblivious of the fact that she never loses the opportunity of playing us a trick." Yet England had been chiefly instrumental in saving France from another German attack in 1875! It is only fair, therefore, to British statesmen to remember that, from 1880 right down to the Entente Cordiale in 1904, French policy towards England con-

Castlereagh and Wellington at the Congress of Vienna in order to protect the Low Countries from possible invasion by the French.

Again the choice is before us. Nominally, our hands are free. Practically, they are tightly bound by the doctrine of the sanctity of treaties which we upheld during the war, and by the enormous responsibilities which we have assumed under the Treaty of Versailles. British public opinion, uninstructed for the most part, and not greatly desiring instruction because well aware that it must be unpalatable, is impatient of the word intervention. It has had a surfeit of European politics, and is again in the mood to ask what we have to do with Central Europe, or Russia, or the Rhine valley. Yet we have accepted a mandate for Mesopotamia, which adds gravely to our Imperial obligations, without adding a regiment or a battery to our forces: we shall have to wade through the Turkish morass: we are ultimately responsible for the peace of a vast Arab territory which has not known settled government for centuries: and we are the co-sponsors of a string of new States in Northern and Central Europe which not one Englishman in ten thousand can enumerate with accuracy. We have also to face unknown and unlimited contingencies arising out of the Russian anarchy and the certainty of persistent German attempts to evade her Treaty obligations. Yet we are the one nation of all the Allied and Associated Powers which has cut down its military strength to the old pre-war standard and has returned to voluntary service. We are, in fact, back in the old rut, taking the most appalling risks, trusting to chance, Providence, and whatever may turn up. Almost every nation in Europe is shouting for our help, yet the mood of our people is to resume the old insularity and the old outlook upon Europe and trust to the League of Nations to prevent the outbreak of another war. But the more we seek to evade our obligations—which Labour refuses to recognise and is ready to repudiate—the greater the trouble into which we shall fall. The recent disquieting episode in connection with the Ruhr valley conveyed the plainest warning. The peace of Europe will rest on precarious foundations unless Great Britain and France hold close together, which entails a generous appreciation by Great Britain of the special difficulties in which France is placed and from which Great Britain is free.

No one believes that the European settlement of 1919 will stand. The doctrine of nationality and self-determination has been pushed to insensate lengths: some of the new Republics are likely to be as short-lived as Napoleon's puppet kingdoms.

existence of a powerful Austria was the best guarantee of the peace of Europe. If he was right, the awful collapse of what the Prime Minister called the "ramshackle old Empire" is a European disaster. True, it collapsed of itself before the Armistice and the Peace Conference, but violent changes are rarely stable changes, and the new world after the war is as brimful of antagonisms as was the old, while as yet no effective substitute has been found for military, naval, and air power.

I do not forget the League of Nations. It may in the future become the world's sure defence against war, but at present it counts for no more than the Hague Conference counted in 1914. The American Senate has temporarily paralysed its development. The most we can hope is that it may make a good recovery after the next Presidential Election, but it will be hard work to overcome the general indifference into which it has sunk and to amend it so that the League may be armed, if not with the sword of the Almighty, at any rate with weapons which shall ensure prompt respect for its decrees. Meanwhile we should carefully maintain our defences, and if possible reduce our enormous commitments in the Near and Middle East, which threaten to become a heavy drain upon our military and financial resources. Peace remains to-day what it has always been, the greatest of British interests, and that peace must be founded on respect for, and fulfilment of, the Treaty of Versailles, save in so far as it may be modified with the consent of the signatory Powers. How the future may develop no one can say, but our present duty is to do our duty as a good European, to stand firmly and at any cost by our friends and Allies, and especially with France, and solve together in the spirit of comradeship which carried us through the darkest hours of war, the still more difficult problems of peace.

J. B. FIRTH.

it is even more significant to find disappointment prevalent among those new States which acquired their existence as the progeny of the Peace.

Take Poland : there is no community in Europe which is seething to a greater extent with that sentiment which is politely called moral indignation, but which is not to be distinguished from rage at fever heat. The Poles are among the most distinguished and distinctive peoples of Europe. Their birth certificate was not signed at Versailles. They were crushed for a century and more by the brutal violence of three Empires, and by the apathy of Western Europe. They are now striving to make good their recovered independence against the returning wave of Russian aggression under Red auspices. In this crisis of their fate, the English trade unions have threatened to hold up the munitions of which they have vital need, and Lord Robert Cecil gives them the cold comfort that their struggle with the Bolsheviks should be settled by the League of Nations. The Poles reply if the League wanted work to do, it should have begun long ago by endeavouring to arrange a settlement between the different parties contending in Russia herself, and then insisting on the Soviet Government leaving its neighbours alone. Will the League guarantee that the Russian Reds will not repeat at the expense of Poland what they have been doing in Persia, Azerbaijan, and Georgia? It cannot, and that is why the Poles are providing for their own safety in what, *pace* the League, is the best and surest way.

But there is a very important issue at the root of the Polish question, and it touches very closely the future relations of France and England. In this matter it is much to be feared that the two Governments do not see eye to eye. When the Poles received their emancipation, in accordance with the principles of nationality and free determination, it was not realised here that in all probability a great Power had been reborn. We were thinking of the "poor Poles"; we forgot that they were once the arbiters of Eastern Europe, and that the question of the Baltic becoming a Polish lake was very much before the public in the eighteenth century. Poland had its traditions, its pride, its sense of destiny, but bitter experience forbids the Poles of to-day to think that they can make good their independence without a very effective military organisation. Without it they know that they must be swamped between the Russians and the Germans, as they have been before, and Lord Robert Cecil can give them but cold comfort when he admits that "Warsaw might be occupied by the Bolshevik forces." It does not appear that the League or any one else has taken the slightest step to save the Poles from such a catastrophe, and in consequence they have had to act for themselves. But the

rejoinder will be made—they began it, they crossed the frontier we marked out for them on the new map of Europe. Warned by Soviet proceedings against others, were not the Poles to anticipate the storm which, left to gather its full strength, would overwhelm them? were they to be debarred from promoting their national safety by striving to join hands with those Russians of the Ukraine who do not adhere to the Moscow junta? To deny them rights that no self-respecting or virile race will ever surrender, as long as they remain men, is only to make the League of Nations appear ridiculous. Self-preservation must ever remain the supreme law, and no one can gainsay it.

But a strong Poland is even more important in the regulation of European affairs and their stability than it is in the purely national sense. It will provide an effective curb on any revival of German aggression and ambition, and the Germans know this so well that they will spare no effort or device to stifle or strangle a Polish resurrection. A strong Poland will give France that military ally at the back of Germany which more than any other contributory will keep her quiet. Unfortunately, these weighty reasons, which count for so much in Paris, are not allowed to prevail in London. The French declare that this is because we are feeling so secure from our command of the seas that we have allowed ourselves to become selfish and regardless of the feelings and anxieties of our principal Allies. It is more probably due to ignorance of the facts, and to that disinclination to face the great issues of foreign policy which, until their own skins are in danger, is characteristic of the British public.

But therein, our French critics have persuaded themselves, lies our duplicity. If we dissociate ourselves from questions of common interest, it is only to concentrate our efforts on matters of particular concern to ourselves, and we are accused of attempting to build up at the expense of Turkey a new Imperial fabric in the Near East, and of appropriating economic gains wherever they are to be secured. The charge is grave enough, but it is disconcerting to find that there is so much in our policy and proceedings to lend colour to it. Now that the United States is out of the show, it must be very disconcerting to our champions of the League, the only ones left apart from some humble fry in the family, to learn that we are generally suspected of an intention to feather our own nest under cover of its lofty principles, and without regard for the feelings and interests of our friends and neighbours. Even if our conscience were absolutely clear it would be unpleasant, but with Curzonism rampant in official circles some twinges of uneasiness and self-reproach must be felt.

When President Wilson came to Europe to assume the chief

direction of the affairs of the Old World, about which he knew nothing and cared less, he threw into our Councils with his League of Nations, not a pledge of peace, but a brand of discord, and it remains an inscrutable mystery how the Allied leaders could have allowed that "red herring" to lead them all astray. The first and material business was to frame the terms of peace with Germany, which could have been accomplished in a few weeks, and within the compass of twenty articles. That done, an opportune occasion might have been found to discuss the feasibility of a League of Nations or some other combination to save the world as far as possible from the curse of needless warfare. But by jumbling up the two issues together, and by giving precedence to the one that was not pressing, and that could have been held over for due deliberation and wise decisions, the international situation has been worsened instead of improved, and the outlook reveals no end to the possibilities of strife and conflict. No one seems to have had the *nous* to perceive that by increasing the number of States, the risks of inter-collision were augmented, not diminished, being multiplied by the total of separate volitions.

But it is not only with regard to Poland that France is anxious. She is moved even more deeply by the position in the Near East. I will say without fear of contradiction that not a single step taken by the British Government in that quarter since the Armistice has had her entire approval, although out of complaisance she has adhered to some of its proceedings. Since the presentation of the terms of peace to Turkey her misgivings have increased. Those terms are contrary to the principles laid down at Paris and applied against France herself in the Sarre region, and against Belgium in Malmédy. Those strictly Gallic and Belgic lands are left, for permanent possession, to the lottery whether their inhabitants shall have shaken off the spell of Prussian domination rigorously enforced during an entire century. But the Turkish people are to have no voice in the possession of Thrace, which has been longer in their hands than Ireland has been effectively in those of England, and in regard to Smyrna the position is even worse. There Greece is to have five years to Hellenise the district: there is clear evidence of what Hellenising at Smyrna means—whereas the Malmédiens are given only six months to decide after the League of Nations has been properly constituted. Is it any wonder that the League languishes?

At Paris our representatives accepted and proclaimed the insidious proposition of the rights of peoples to free determination, which, honestly carried into effect, undermined and destroyed the British Empire. But it cannot be pretended that we are

acting up to this standard in Turkey, where, to appease the wrath of our own Mussulman fellow-subjects, we propose to leave Constantinople as an empty shell in the hands of the Sultan under the fire of Greek guns at Tchataldja, at the same time that we veto all chance of Turkish revival in Asia by handing over her one port, Smyrna, to the same hostile custody. We say in one breath Turkey is to live, and in the next we deprive her of the sources of life, and while doing so we pose as the leading champions of a League of Nations! Can we be surprised if it is said of us that we are a nation of hypocrites, and that our aims are purely selfish?

But the French have a more immediate and urgent objection to the policy upon which we have launched in support of Greek megalomania at the expense of Turkey. It is provocative, it stirs up enmities that lay dormant, it distracts the attention of this country from the main issues, and it reduces our power. The French people have a right to complain of these things, because their effects would recoil on themselves in the event of any sudden renewal of the struggle with Germany. They know that, despite enormous Estimates, we have left ourselves with a very small army, steadily diminishing from the failure of recruiting, and that much of it is locked up in Ireland, the Near East, and India, and consequently unavailable against Germany. Yet, with all these liabilities, which can only be dealt with by adequate military force on the spot, we have gone out of our way to station a very large expedition, and a great part of our fleet in the Sea of Marmora, and put ourselves in a position from which it may be impossible to find an honourable means of retreat. The Gallipoli lesson does not appear to have been sufficient to teach us prudence. Once more we are trusting to the Greeks, and if they prove a broken reed, then we shall have to throw ourselves into the breach to avert ignominious discomfiture. But will the country provide the millions and the men to carry through an adventure that is only a political gamble?

But at any rate we should be unable to assist our Allies. France and Belgium would be left alone to deal with Germany. Are we going by sheer stupidity to put those States in the position that they may feel forced to think, if Britain is perfidious, whether it would not be better to come to terms with Germany, and to form some kind of Continental bloc against her? When we play false we play with fire, at this moment not one of our official assurances rings true.

And from Poland and Turkey I pass to Holland, which Mr. Lansing designated as the home of the League. As there is no League at present, it does not matter much about its home, but

no one would imagine from the moves of Downing Street since 1910 that the kingdom of the Netherlands was not still the head of the Grand Alliance, as in the days of William, "our great Protector." Our tenderness for the Dutch is the great stumbling-block between us and the Belgians. The old Orange sympathies seem to be just as strong as they were any time between 1830 and 1839. They were intelligible then even if they perpetrated an injustice, but after 1914 they became inexcusable. It was those sympathies that led us to subscribe tamely to the principle laid down by President Wilson on the very threshold of the Conference, to the effect that Holland was to surrender none of her territory or sovereign claims, even though ample compensation were to be forthcoming out of those lands which Prussia had seized on different occasions in East Frisia, Gueldres, and the Rhine province. The acceptance of this decision closed the door to Belgian claims, and left the Belgian people dissatisfied. It precluded discussion even of their rights in Limburg and on the lower Scheldt. Ignorance of the true character of those rights, of the intolerable pretensions of the Dutch to shut the Scheldt, a strictly Belgian and French river, under a musty parchment of 1615—here, if anywhere, was there a duty for a League of Nations to throw a juridical monstrosity into the fire—may have explained to some extent the tame apathy with which the public received this grave decision, that carried with it the blighting of Belgium's dearest hopes. Is it conceivable that the handing over of some part of German East Africa as the prize of war will wipe out these claims, or suppress these longings? Belgium, like others, remains dissatisfied, and the most elementary statecraft, would seem to show that the cordial good-will of the Belgian people is vital to the security of this country.

When we read, then, in the French papers, or in the reports of the debates in the French Chamber, that doubts are cast on the loyalty of England and that the Entente is in peril, we must not jump to the conclusion that the French are very huffy and that they magnify trifling points of difference or misunderstanding. The occasion that brings forth their displeasure or expressions of disappointment may fall at San Remo, or Hythe, or some other week-end meeting, but the cause lies far deeper in a conviction that France and England no longer hold the same point of view. It is said that England is thinking too much of her own personal ends and too little of the needs of much-injured France, which suffered so grievously by the war and which is now suffering still more by the failure to enforce the terms of peace. The efforts made to uplift Germany, to provide her with food and spirits against money that ought in the first place to be applied to the

reduction of the indemnities, have created bewilderment and indignation. The French people were already beginning to lose faith in our sincerity and good feeling when they read of the inexplicable negotiations with the Soviet Commissary Krassin, and the representatives of the German Food Trust carried on almost at the same time. Whatever form may be given to the transaction, whatever kind of camouflage may be adopted, the French know that we will only part with our goods for gold, and at the same time they are asked to go empty-handed, because Germany is so poor. The case is even worse in regard to Russia, for there the gold that the Bolsheviks seized by a system of bloodshed and wholesale plunder was and should remain "ear-marked."

These are the reasons why the French have lost faith in British policy as guided by Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon. The one deals in language which changes with each mood from week to week, and the other is identified with Imperialistic adventures that are diminishing the usefulness and the readiness of England as an ally against Germany. With these growing doubts and the resentment they engender, it is not only the Entente that is in peril, but the fate of a League of Nations is sealed. France and Belgium will be no parties to a League which is tainted with pro-German and Dutch sympathies, and that is the only conclusion that the foreign policy of the existing Government leaves open to them.

The conviction is growing in Paris that France must seek safety in firm alliances wherever she can find them, and that she will have to take material guarantees for Germany's continued breaches of faith. She showed at Frankfurt that she can act alone when the time calls for action; she has given us clearer warning in the evacuation of Cilicia and in coming to terms with Mustapha Kemal, whom we call a rebel and sentence as such *in contumaciam*, but who is none the less the national leader of the Turkish people in their effort to secure free determination for their race; and unless we wake up to realities we may discover one morning that it is not France who is isolated, but we ourselves, holding up a disreputable Germany under one arm and a decaying Holland under the other.

Y.

THE FIRST DOUMA.

BY ALEXANDER ISWOLSKY.¹

PREVIOUS to the inauguration of the Douma, on May 10th, 1906, there were widely varying opinions at Court as to the proper place for that ceremony, and heated discussions ensued between those who favoured the Tauride Palace, which had been especially fitted up as a temporary seat for the new assembly, and those who preferred the Winter Palace. The reactionary party were unwilling that the Emperor should go to the Douma, and the extremists went so far as to advise the Emperor not to appear in person before the deputies, but to have the session opened in his name by the Prime Minister. It was finally decided that the Emperor should follow the procedure adopted at Berlin for the opening of the Reichstag, summoning the deputies to the Winter Palace and opening the session with an address from the throne.

Arriving that same day, I had barely time to don Court uniform and present myself at the Palace. As my nomination had not yet appeared in the Official Gazette, I did not join the Cabinet Ministers, whose place had been assigned in the throne-room reserved for the inauguration, but by virtue of my rank as Chamberlain of the Imperial Court I had only to take my place in the *cortège* that was to precede the entrance of the Emperor in order to witness a ceremony whose very novelty made it exceptionally interesting.

While awaiting the formation of the Emperor's *cortège* I walked through some of the rooms of the Palace, where were assembled several thousand generals, officers of all ranks, and civil functionaries. Resplendent with multi-coloured uniforms, glittering with gold and silver lace and covered with decorations, they were so disposed as to leave a passage free through the various rooms for the entry of the Imperial procession.

At first there was nothing to be observed that differed in any respect from what one was accustomed to see at the Winter Palace on days of great ceremony; but now, suddenly, between the two hedges of brilliant uniforms, began the sombre procession of the representatives of the people on their way to the throne-room, where they were to await the Tsar; and, for the

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first time in that elegant rococo Palace, built for the Empress Elizabeth by the Italian Rastrelli, where for one hundred and fifty years had been displayed all the pomp of one of the most sumptuous courts of Europe, a crowd of the most democratic aspect was to be seen. Here and there in the throng one could see a few provincial lawyers or doctors in evening dress, and an occasional uniform was to be noticed; but that which predominated was not even the simple dress of the *bourgeois*, but rather the long *caftan* of the peasant or the factory-workman's blouse. Such a contrast could not help being novel and striking, but it was especially impressive, as the deputies filed past between the two rows of officers and functionaries, to observe the expression of the faces on the one side and on the other. Here an old general, there a bureaucrat, grown white in the service, could hardly conceal the consternation, the anger even, that the invasion of the sacred precincts of the Winter Palace by these intruders caused him. And the faces of the deputies as they passed were lighted by triumph in some cases and in others distorted by hatred, making altogether a spectacle intensely dramatic and symbolical. The Russia of yesterday found itself face to face with the Russia of to-morrow; what was to be the result of such an encounter? Would the old hierarchy of Tsarism prove capable of welcoming these new-comers and endeavour to work with them for the regeneration of the nation, or would there be a collision between the two forces, engendering new struggles of still greater bitterness and perhaps bloodier than before?

For my part, I was at that time full of hope that a new era of grandeur and prosperity for Russia was dawning, but I was conscious, none the less, of a certain feeling of anguish at finding myself on the threshold of so radical a change in the destinies of my country—a change which the spectacle before me rendered visible and tangible, so to speak.

The Imperial *cortège* was about to form; I took my place and soon reached the room reserved for the ceremony, only a few steps away from the Emperor, who stood before the throne. I had not seen him since the exciting days of the preceding autumn, and I was struck by his careworn appearance: he looked much older and as if he were deeply moved by the significance of the event. He took a few steps toward the deputies who had collected at the foot of the room and, unfolding a paper which he held in his hand, read his address in a rather low voice, but without embarrassment or hesitation, articulating each word distinctly and emphasising a phrase here and there.

The discourse of the Emperor was listened to with the greatest

attention and in perfect silence; it was easy to see that it produced a good impression upon the deputies. Inasmuch as, in the majority of the Tsar's preceding addresses and in the acts recently promulgated by the Government, all mention of a constitution or of any limitation whatsoever of sovereign rights had been carefully avoided, it might well have been feared that the Emperor would profit by this occasion to proclaim once more the autocratic character of his power, so one may judge of the agreeable surprise with which the deputies listened to the following passage of the Imperial discourse:—

"For my part, I will protect in an inflexible manner the institutions which I have granted, for I am firmly convinced that you will employ all your forces to serve the fatherland with devotion, so as to give satisfaction to the needs of the peasants, so dear to my heart, and to promote the education of the people and the development of their prosperity, remembering always that the true prosperity of a State requires *not liberty alone*, but also *order*, based upon the principles of the *Constitution*."

The prudent warning conveyed in these last words, particularly emphasised by the Emperor, did not prevent the deputies from appreciating the fact that the word "Constitution" had been heard for the first time from the lips of the Sovereign. In spite of the good impression produced by the address, it was not greeted with any applause at the close, but this could easily be explained by the restraint to which the deputies were subjected by an atmosphere and surroundings that were so strange to them. And on the whole it was the general opinion that the day had passed off extremely well.

The deputies then took possession of the Tauride Palace, which was placed temporarily at their disposal pending the construction of a special building for the use of the Douma.

The palace in which the first Russian Representative Assembly met was built by the Empress Catherine II. for the famous Potemkine, "Prince of the Tauride," in the neo-classic style introduced into Russia by the Scottish architect, Cameron, which has left its mark upon the majority of the great edifices erected at St. Petersburg at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. History has told of the power and wealth which Catherine's favour conferred upon Potemkine, styled "The Magnificent," after the manner of Lorenzo de' Medici. The Tauride Palace, standing in the midst of its vast gardens, was the scene of the legendary fêtes offered by the favourite to his Imperial mistress; later, it became for a time the residence of Emperor Alexander I., but for more than half a century it had been almost completely abandoned, and

its superb halls, lined with their impressive columns, remained empty or were used for store-rooms; the offices of the palace were occupied by a crowd of small pensioners of the Court, and the gardens were opened to the public as a pleasure resort for the people of the quarter. In my youthful days, at the close of the reign of Alexander II. and under his successor, the Emperor Alexander III., a part of the gardens was reserved in winter for the exclusive use of the Court. *Montagnes de glace* were installed, and there was skating on the lake; several times a week a small circle, composed of members of the Imperial family and their guests, met there, and those delightful reunions, the charm of which I shall never forget, were brightened by the grace and radiance of the Grand Duchess Maria Feodorowna, at that time the wife of the heir to the throne, afterwards the reigning Empress, and now the Empress Dowager, who presided over that series of informal gatherings, where all manner of etiquette was for the moment forbidden and forgotten.

This, then, was the scene, haunted by so many memories of other days, that was set for the meetings of the first Russian Douma; the changes necessary to adapt it to its new uses had disfigured but little the palace of Potemkine, and, although certain arrangements and conveniences common to other European Parliaments were lacking, the palace offered to the delegates of the Russian people a domicile of the most noble and imposing aspect.

The hall designed for the session of the Douma had formerly enclosed a winter-garden and was of great dimensions; the interior arrangement was copied after the French Chamber of Deputies, the raised tribune of the President dominating that of the Speaker, and both facing the hemicycle formed by the benches of the deputies. The Ministers' bench, however, was not placed in the first row, as in France, but at the right of the President's tribune, fronting the deputies.

I mention these details because it has always seemed to me that the arrangement of the hall in which the sessions are to take place, and the outward form given to the debates by a certain arrangement, exert great influence upon the labours of an assembly. When organising the Douma the Government would have done well to introduce the forms adopted by the assemblies of the *Zemstvos* (the local provincial councils), which dated from the liberal period of Emperor Alexander II., who evidently had in mind, when he prescribed them, that they would form the embryo of a future political representation of the nation. The *Zemstvos* were not provided with a tribune; the members, when addressing the House, spoke from their respective places,

facing the presiding officer instead of their fellow-members, as is the custom in the English House of Commons. The result was that the orators were less tempted to rely upon the effect of their eloquence, and the debates were characterised by rather more familiarity. If this way of doing, which had been followed for more than half a century, had been adopted in the Douma, the many members of the Zemstvos present would perhaps have communicated to their colleagues their own habits of prudence and moderation in oratory. It is a matter of common knowledge that the mere fact of speaking from a tribune incites the orator to an excess of eloquence, which often exerts a harmful influence upon the deliberations of a young assembly, and I believe that I make no mistake in affirming that the use of the rostrum brought into the first rank of the Douma, 1906, certain personalities of demagogic tendencies, to the detriment of other elements more serious and more moderate.

It is a curious fact that the Government itself was to blame for this unfortunate result. Prior to the opening of the Douma a high functionary, M. Trepoff (he who was for several weeks President of the Council in 1917, on the eve of the fall of the Monarchy), was deputed to go the rounds of the European capitals for the purpose of studying the working of the different Parliamentary assemblies. M. Trepoff brought back from his trip a ready-made plan, based upon what he had observed at Paris, and it was adopted without criticism by the Government: the very simple idea of continuing the forms already in use by the assemblies of the Zemstvos did not occur to the Russian bureaucrats, or, to speak more exactly, their inveterate hatred of these assemblies, which they chose to consider as hotbeds of revolutionary effort, caused them to shun anything that savoured of similarity to the manner of proceeding of the Zemstvos. In this matter, as, alas, in many others afterwards, the Russian bureaucracy gave evidence of its utter lack of comprehension, not only of the psychology of representative assemblies in general, but of the spirit of their own people.

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The collision between the bureaucratic Government and the elected assembly occurred, as we know, at the very first session of the Douma, and was followed by a series of conflicts which, after a three months' struggle, brought about its dissolution; but before reciting the vicissitudes of this struggle I should like to outline the traits of the principal adversaries on either side.

I will not for the moment undertake the difficult task* of portraying the Emperor Nicholas II., who was the central figure of the resistance which organised itself in defence of the

monarchic principle against the encroachments of the Douma, but will confine myself to a description of the new Ministers who were brought into prominence by the course of events and whose colleague I had most unwillingly become. A strange collection of functionaries they were, to be sure; united to each other by no common interest nor programme, if we except their antipathy to the new order of things and to the very principle of representative government.

At the head of the Ministry stood M. Goremykine, an old bureaucrat who even at that period had already been fifty years in the service of the State; everyone will remember the astonishment which greeted his reappointment to the same high office a little while before the outbreak of the great European War; he himself was surprised at being called to power at so critical an epoch, and compared himself to an old fur coat that one might take out of a box for protection against an unexpected bit of bad weather. Unfortunately, his metaphor was only too exact, for in 1906, as in 1914, that overcoat proved to be entirely worn out and unfit for sheltering the Monarchy from the tempest which threatened it.

There was a striking contrast between the new Head of the Government and Count Witte, who had just retired: the more the latter continued to dominate even his enemies by his talents and energies, in spite of the disappointments he had suffered during the concluding months of his tenure, the more did M. Goremykine pale into insignificance. What could have caused the Emperor to choose him for so important an office? The most plausible explanation was that he had known how to make himself personally agreeable to the Tsarina as a member of the different benevolent societies over which she presided. M. Goremykine piqued himself on being an accomplished courtier and affected the manners peculiar to old-time Court etiquette, but what appeared to please the Empress above all was the ostentation with which he displayed his ultra-monarchical sentiments.

The most notable representative of the old bureaucracy in the Cabinet was, beyond question, the Minister of Finance, M. Kokovtsoff. He became President of the Council after the assassination of M. Stolypine, and was succeeded in turn by M. Goremykine. Endowed with a prodigious capacity for labour and distinguished for his universally-recognised probity, he had passed through all grades of the official hierarchy and acquired vast experience, not only in financial matters, but in widely differing administrative branches. Shortly before he had been entrusted with the negotiation at Paris of the great loan

arranged by Count Witte, and had acquitted himself of the delicate task with entire success. Contrary to the majority of his colleagues, he was animated by no pre-conceived hostility to the Douma, and showed himself willing to collaborate sincerely with that body, but his ingrained bureaucratic habits and his lack of experience in dealing with Parliamentary assemblies rendered this task difficult and often caused an irritation that could easily have been avoided with a little more diplomacy on his part. So it was that when he wished to point out on a certain occasion that the Ministers, according to the Charter of 1905, were not accountable to the Chambers but only to the Sovereign—instead of saying that there was no Parliamentary Government in Russia—he provoked the unanimous indignation of the Douma by declaring that there was “no Parliament in Russia, thank heaven.” On the other hand, M. Kokovtsoff possessed the enormous advantage of being remarkably eloquent; the long speeches which he made in the Douma, characterised not only by a perfect knowledge of his subject, but also by an impeccable oratory, were listened to with the closest attention and, as a general thing, were favourably received by the deputies.

What can I say of most of the other Cabinet members? The portfolio of War was held by General Rüdiger, an old soldier who had had an insignificant career in the administrative branches of the Army and whose short term in the Ministry left no trace; at the head of the Marine was that same Admiral Birileff who affixed his signature to the Treaty of Bjorkoe without having read it, and whose almost total deafness made it impossible for him to take part in the debates of the Council of Ministers and the Douma. Other posts, no less important, were held by such pronounced reactionaries as M. Stichinsky, Minister of Agriculture, and M. Scheglovitoff, Minister of Justice, who became later the leader of the Extreme Right in the Council of the Empire; the functions of Attorney-General of the Holy Synod (*Ministre des Cultes*), so greatly dreaded in the time of the famous Pobiedonostzeff, were filled by Prince Schirinsky-Schichmatoff, a narrow devotee and a fanatical partisan of the autocratic régime, who was convinced that the granting of the Constitution was little short of sacrilege. Finally, to cap the climax, we were humiliated by the presence among us of M. Schwanebach, Comptroller of the Empire (or President of the Court of Accounts, ranking as a Minister in Russia), an insupportable babbler, belonging to that class of functionaries of German origin, often very laborious, but who succeeded in rising from a very humble milieu to the higher grades of the Russian hierarchy by dint of intrigue and vile procedure. M. Schwanebach made a specialty of

violent criticisms directed against the financial administration of Count Witte, and procured their circulation about the Court by surreptitious means, hoping thus to attract the attention of the Emperor. In this way he had acquired the reputation, entirely unmerited, of being an able financier, and succeeded in getting appointed to an office for which he was quite unfitted. Aspiring to fill many rôles, and with no qualms to interfere with his acceptance of the crookedest ones, M. Schwanebach became intimate with the Austrian Ambassador, Baron d'Aerenthal, whose name will often occur in the following pages, and served him as an informer regarding the domestic affairs of Russia. It will be seen how great an influence his information exerted upon Austrian policies in relation to Russia and how serious a wrong was caused to Russian interests.

I have so far omitted, intentionally, to mention the most remarkable of all the Cabinet members—M. Stolypine, Minister of the Interior, who was soon to replace M. Goremykine at the head of the Government. He deserves, in fact, more attention than any of his colleagues, and I will speak of him at greater length, not only because of the important rôle which he played in the political life of his country, but also because the close relations that I maintained with him up to the time when, for reasons which I will explain later, I was obliged to separate from him, enable me to trace his portrait in a manner that I dare hope will place in a true light his remarkable personality, so often misunderstood during his lifetime and calumniated after his death. I hasten to add that the reasons for our separation were purely of a political nature and did not lessen my great admiration for his moral character nor our personal friendship, which endured until the day of his death.

Pierre Stolypine was of gentle origin, and belonged by birth and relationship to the high society of St. Petersburg; his father had occupied one of the great positions at Court, and his mother was the daughter of General Prince Gortchakoff, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army at Sebastopol. From my youth upwards I was in cordial relations with his family, and I became acquainted with him when we were finishing our studies, he at the University and I at the Imperial Lyceum. We were of about the same age, and I remember him as a charming young man, greatly loved and respected by his comrades, a little awkward and timid on account of a slight deformity—his right hand was stiff, as the result of an accident, and he made use of it with some difficulty. He married, when very young, and in romantic fashion, the *fiancée* of his elder brother, who was killed in a duel and who on his death-bed placed his brother's hand in

that of the young girl whom he tenderly loved. Instead of entering the military or civil service of the State, as was the custom of young men of his station in life, he retired to his properties situated in one of the western provinces of Russia and led the life of a rich country gentleman. After some time he accepted the duties of "Maréchal de la Noblesse" of his district. The marshals of the nobility—who were elected in the central provinces of Russia, or appointed by the Government in those provinces where the Russian elements were in conflict with the Polish—were not only expected to care for the interests of their body, but were clothed with general administrative functions of considerable extent. Having shown talent and energy in the performance of his duties, M. Stolypine was offered by the Government the post of Prefect of the Province of Saratoff, which was disturbed at that period by the revolutionary agitation. He decided to accept, in a spirit of duty to his country and his Sovereign rather than of ambition, and during the time that he occupied that difficult position he proved himself to be an excellent administrator, as well as a man of remarkable courage and *sang-froid*. Like most of the Governors of Provinces at that time, he was subjected to the danger of assassination, and on one occasion he seized and disarmed a revolutionary who had fired several shots at him without effect.

An anecdote is told of his presence of mind and his domination over a crowd. A mutiny had broken out in one of the quarters of the town at the instigation of certain revolutionary leaders whose chief had lately been a soldier in one of the regiments of the local garrison, and M. Stolypine knew that he had been an officer's servant. Before resorting to force, the Governor resolved to try persuasion: arrived at the scene of the disorders, and perceiving in the front row of the crowd the aforesaid ring-leader, he walked straight toward him and, before haranguing the mutineers, tossed him quickly his cloak as it slipped from his shoulders, and ordered him to hold it. The ex-orderly, accustomed to passive obedience, did as he was told before he realised it, and so lost in an instant, by the mere performance of a servile act, all prestige in the eyes of the mob, who presently became docile and yielded to the injunctions of the energetic Governor.

It was this very reputation for energy that commended M. Stolypine to the Emperor's choice for the office of Minister of the Interior. Totally out of his element in the bureaucratic world of the capital, this country gentleman of a rather provincial aspect appeared at first to play an insignificant part at the meetings of the Council of Ministers, but very soon his robust and original personality imposed itself strongly upon the routine

functionaries who composed the majority of the Cabinet. As for me, I fell a victim to his charm at once and was happy to find among my chance companions a man to whom I felt drawn by a communion of ideas and political convictions, for at that time M. Stolypine appeared to me to be an especially sincere partisan of the new order of things, resolved to collaborate with the Douma in every way possible. Like him, for reasons which I will explain later, I was a stranger to the bureaucratic environment of St. Petersburg, and felt more in sympathy with the members of the provincial nobility and the Zemstvos, who had sent to the Douma some of their best representatives. The more M. Goremykine, sustained by the reactionary Ministers, emphasised his hostile attitude toward the Assembly, the more closely I drew to M. Stolypine, with whom I formed, so to speak, the left wing of the Cabinet.

M. Stolypine was gifted with a very clear and healthy turn of mind that enabled him to comprehend the general significance of matters submitted to him for decision and to master them in their details as well; his capacity for work and his physical and moral power of endurance were prodigious. Accustomed as he was to the duties of a landowner, engaged in the development of vast properties, and, afterwards, to the activity in practical affairs that was requisite for the efficient administration of a province, he had little patience with bureaucratic routine, and astonished everyone by the simplicity and good sense with which he attacked the most arduous problems of State that had been the subject of many discussions at the meetings of the Council of Ministers.

A quality which was lacking, unfortunately, in M. Stolypine's character—and he was conscious of this himself—was a broad culture, in the European sense of the word. I do not mean to say that he was devoid of education, for he had pursued serious studies at the University, was well-read and well-informed in a general way; but his opinions on the great political and social questions which he was called upon to consider had not passed through the sieve of modern scientific criticism, and his state of mind was strongly influenced by certain intellectual currents which prevailed in Russia during his youth and which may be summed up in what, by common consent, albeit improperly, is termed "Slavophilism."

Reserving for further and more detailed discussion a theory that has had so great an influence on the foreign and domestic policies of Russia, it will suffice for the present to say that Slavophilism condemns European civilisation *en bloc*, as being corrupted by atheism and an excess of individualism. It attri-

butes to the Russian nation the providential mission of creating a superior culture; in the domain of religion the Slavophiles proclaim that the Russian Orthodox Church alone has remained faithful to the precepts of Christ; and in the political domain they denounce the reforms which Peter the Great borrowed from the Occident and demand a return to the "national" systems of the Muscovite period. One of their principal doctrines has for its basis a claim that the commune, or *Mir*, is an original invention of Russian genius, and they find in communal proprietorship the essential foundation for the social and economic organisation of Russia.

I will tell how, and thanks to what influences—after having been attracted by the arguments of the Slavophiles, together with almost all the other men of my generation and M. Stolypine's—I freed myself from their obscure teachings at a comparatively early period: as for M. Stolypine, without professing their faith to excess, he remained an adherent in many respects. If he had enjoyed the opportunity, as I did, to study the political and social life of Western Europe, I am certain that his clear and vigorous mind would have rejected all their errors ultimately. In dealing with one of the questions most vital to Russia—that of agrarian organisation—he did not hesitate to abandon the fatal theory of the *Mir*, cause of so many evils, and to adopt, against violent opposition, the system of small individual ownership. On the other hand, unfortunately, he was never able to rise superior to certain particularly dangerous conceptions of the Slavophiles; and so it was that, in spite of all my efforts to dissuade him, he veered towards a narrow and even exaggerated nationalism, which had the most lamentable consequences and finally caused the rupture of our political relations.

But that which constituted the incontestable and undisputed superiority of M. Stolypine and established from the outset his ascendancy over his colleagues was a rare *ensemble* of qualities, both of heart and of character. I have referred already to the reputation that he had acquired for courage and *sang-froid*, of which he gave example later in a still more striking manner. These two traits were the expression of a vital energy that I have seldom seen equalled, especially in an individual of my race; however, when meeting him for the first time one was impressed and attracted by a simplicity and a sweetness which gave to his personality an irresistible charm, and, upon further acquaintance, one discovered in him a highmindedness and a nobility of soul that the exercise of a power, which at certain times became even dictatorial, never in the least affected. His exalted and chivalrous conception of duty made of him a servant,

devoted to the point of martyrdom, of his Sovereign and his country, but at the same time he was so proud of his name and jealous of his liberty that he ever maintained, toward a Court and a bureaucracy which regarded him in the light of an intruder and were more or less hostile to him from the beginning, an attitude of reserve and independence to which one was little accustomed in that sphere, and which, I am sorry to say, was never appreciated at its worth by the Tsar and his intimates.

The portrait which I have essayed to draw of this distinguished man would be incomplete were I to omit to mention his marvellous gift of oratory; in his first address to the Douma he revealed himself as a public speaker of extraordinary power. I use the word "revealed" because, up to that moment, no one had the slightest knowledge of his talent as an orator, and in all probability he himself was equally unconscious of possessing such a talent, for, prior to the meeting of the first Douma, there was no school in Russia in which Parliamentary oratory could be acquired. We have seen that the debates in the assemblies of the Zemstvos were of a rather familiar and informal character, unfavourable to the cultivation of an oratorical style. The Russian, as we have since discovered, especially during the period following the fall of the Monarchy, is not only endowed with a natural gift of eloquence, but is, alas, too much inclined to abuse this gift to the detriment of action. I have no hesitation in repeating that the use of the rostrum produced an unhealthy effect upon the debates of the Douma, but, in the case of M. Stolypine, it became a mighty instrument of government. In the assemblies of the Zemstvos, in which he had taken part before he became a Minister, he had been trained to speak without preparation, and the most remarkable speeches pronounced by him in the Douma were purely *ex tempore*. Oftener than not he mounted the tribune on the spur of a sudden impulse, without manuscript and even without notes, and for more than an hour held his hearers spellbound by his fiery eloquence, accentuated by an irresistible sincerity; at such times a slight fault of enunciation, common to his mother's family, disappeared completely, and it was with a clear and vibrant voice that he pronounced those "winged words" with which he was so often inspired and which became a rallying-cry for thousands of Russians who read his speeches. It was an invaluable advantage for the Government to be able to oppose orators of the strength of M. Stolypine and the clearness of M. Kokortzoff to their adversaries, who, although they counted among their number some very notable speakers in the first Douma, could boast of none that were superior or even equal to those two eloquent Ministers.

I will limit myself for the moment to this rapid sketch of the personality of M. Stolypine, whose figure will stand out in greater relief in the course of my recital of the events which marked the years of my collaboration with him; but I cannot refrain from expressing my surprise at the scant justice which has been given him by certain writers, who have failed to present him in his true character to the European public. In France M. Stolypine is known to most readers by M. Charles Rivet's book, *The Last Romanoff*. This book, which is full of misstatements and false judgments, and of which the least that can be said is that one is astonished to recognise as its author a French journalist who was under great obligations to the Government during his stay of several years in Russia, has a chapter devoted to M. Stolypine which is particularly marred by prejudice. M. Rivet deliberately charges him with acts and tendencies which, in reality, he combated with the utmost energy and which it is impossible to impute to him with the least regard for truth. I will not stop to refute these charges point by point, for I am quite sure that the pages which are to follow will demonstrate their falsity sufficiently.

In Dr. Dillon's book, *The Eclipse of Russia*, instructive as it is, I find, among other subjects on which I entertain different opinions from its talented and clear-sighted author, that he, too, fails to treat the activity of M. Stolypine with proper consideration, in that he virtually passes it over in silence. Upon reading that work, so rich in documentary evidence, but, alas, so often partial in its conclusions, one cannot but be surprised that a description of the epoch of Russia's political history which was dominated by the personality of M. Stolypine contains scarcely any mention of his name. I can only explain this by the supposition that Dr. Dillon was so intent upon glorifying Count Witte (for which I would be the last to reproach him), and knew so well the profound dislike that his hero felt toward M. Stolypine, that he preferred to omit all reference to a subject regarding which Count Witte's judgment impressed him as being unfair and open to question.

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When, after having come in contact with the *personnel* composing M. Goremykine's heterogeneous Cabinet, I turned my attention to the Douma, the spectacle of that Assembly's strange composition presented itself to me as being equally disconcerting. I have already told how I was struck by the great number of peasants among the deputies who figured at the ceremony attending the opening of the Douma at the Winter Palace. According to the terms of the electoral law, the Douma was to

have 524 members, but, the elections not having yet terminated in certain parts of the Empire, there were not over 500 present at the time of its inauguration. Of this number some 200 belonged to the peasant class; next came the Cadets, who, for reasons which I have before explained, had gained a signal victory over the Conservatives and over the Moderate Liberals, or Octobrists, as well. The Cadet Party, of pronounced Radical tendencies, very compact and strongly organised, counted 161 members, and was reinforced by two groups, less Radical in their ideas, but who voted invariably with the Cadets—the “Party of Democratic Reforms” and the “Party of Legal Order.” These two groups were not strong numerically, but they comprised some striking personalities in their ranks. The Moderate Liberal, or Octobrist, Party was represented by a mere handful of deputies who were scarcely to be distinguished from the Conservatives, together with whom they hardly exceeded thirty in number. Of Socialists there were only seventeen, and even they had not been elected as such, for the two avowed revolutionary parties, the “Revolutionary-Socialists” and the “Socialist-Democrats,” had declined to take part in the elections, demanding the meeting of a Constituent Assembly and integral universal suffrage, as well as the boycott of a Douma founded upon a Charter of 1905. The National-Autonomist groups—Polish, Lithuanian, Estonian, Lett, and those of the western provinces—numbered all together seventy members, and were of democratic tendencies with the exception of the Polish group, which was Conservative, but, for national reasons, joined the others in opposition to the Government. Finally, there were a certain number of deputies who belonged to no party and were undecided how to cast their votes at the start, but ended by giving support to the ranks of the Opposition.

The salient characteristic of the first Douma, therefore, was an opposition *bloc*, embracing more than half of its membership. This *bloc*, composed of different groups, was entirely controlled by the Cadets, and to counteract this formidable opposition there was no clearly-defined Conservative element and no Moderate Liberal group of any consequence. But, apart from all the rest, there rose a confused and formless mass, composed of two hundred peasants, diversified only here and there by their village “popes,” long-haired and hirsute-faced, who differed but little in appearance and mentality from their companions, the tillers of the land.

The introduction of this peasant mass into the Douma had been the pet idea of the Government, and, with this object in view, the elections had been regulated by an electoral law, whose

responsible author was M. Boulyguine, a mediocre bureaucrat who had given his name to the first project of a Constitution which had never gone into effect. The law had then been retouched and completed by the Government of Count Witte; it was prodigiously complicated and artificial, and was designed to favour the peasant class to the disadvantage of all other classes in the country. The Government hoped thereby to benefit by the presence in the Douma of an element to be depended on for its conservative spirit, its loyalty to the person of the Tsar, and its docility to the voice of the established authority and the official Church. Never did the bureaucrats who ruled the destinies of Russia commit a greater blunder nor one which was more fatal to the very cause which they had at heart, for, as will be seen presently, the peasants entered the Douma possessed of the fixed idea that they were to obtain a division of the land in favour of their class. Profoundly ignorant of all the other questions that were to come before the Douma, and indifferent to the political liberties demanded by the Liberals, they were ready to support any party that would promise them the complete realisation of their agrarian aspirations; so, inasmuch as the Cadets had inscribed at the head of their programme, not only the distribution among the peasants of the lands belonging to the Crown, the Imperial family and the convents, but also the forced expropriation of land held by the great proprietors, and even that of the lesser landowners, it was clear that the Radical Party could count upon the support of the great majority of peasant deputies. Under these auspices and with the participation of the Socialists, the so-called "Labour Party" was formed—ranking second in the Douma in point of numerical importance—composed principally of peasants professing agrarian Socialism and counting about a hundred members. The other peasants, even those who considered themselves as belonging to the Conservative Party, fell more and more under the sway of the Cadets as the agrarian question grew rapidly to be the chief subject of debate in the Chamber. As is well known, this question was the cause of the final clash between the Government and the first Douma, resulting in its dissolution.

M. Stolypine recognised the Government's mistake and its fatal consequences at the first glance, and I shared his opinion. But what else could have been expected of bureaucrats confined to the atmosphere of the Ministries of St. Petersburg and total strangers to the rapid growth of new ideas and the intensity of life that was manifesting itself in the interior of the country? Believing that they already held in check the revolutionary spirit of the "intellectuals" of the large cities by the methods

of the police, they were for the moment concerned with the task of stemming the rising tide of Liberalism in the Zemstvos, and, as regarded the peasants, the illusions which prevailed in the Government circles of the capital were half a century old. They cherished the innocent belief that the peasant was the natural bulwark of the Throne and of the Altar, and, incredible as it may seem, they took no account of his agrarian appetite and the anarchistic tendencies which had become so patent to every intelligent observer during the years just passed. That functionaries of the type of M. Boulyguine should share these illusions, I repeat, is nothing to cause astonishment; but that Count Witte, clear-sighted and practical statesman as he was, could have fallen into the same error, I have never to this day been able to comprehend. Had not Count Witte been President of the great commission which had studied the agrarian question a short time previous, and had he not then an opportunity to gauge the intensity of the aspirations of the peasant class? I have often tried, without success, to penetrate this mystery by questioning, now Count Witte himself, and again his principal co-workers; only lately I hoped to find the key of the enigma in Dr. Dillon's book, but that author, in spite of his familiarity with the most hidden thoughts of his distinguished friend, limits himself to a mere record of his error without attempting to explain it. So the riddle remains unsolved and, to my mind, weighs heavily upon the memory of Count Witte, for it was this fundamental mistake which was the chief cause of the shipwreck that overtook the first Douma and of the difficulties which ensued therefrom.

We have just seen how curious was the composition of the Douma; it was no less curious that the two leading parties which had contested the elections—the Cadets and the Octobrists—were not represented in the Assembly by their declared chiefs. The Cadet Party, which had triumphed all along the line, had failed to have their leader, Professor Milioukoff, admitted. He had been elected by a heavy majority at St. Petersburg, but was excluded by the Government for some technical reason which I do not remember. The Government derived no particular advantage, however, for M. Milioukoff continued none the less to direct his party from the outside, and, in fact, I have always thought that his presence in the Chamber would have been less troublesome to the Cabinet than his activity in the lobbies, especially as the Cadets did not lack able representatives on the floor of the Douma, such as Professor Mourontzoff (President of the first Douma), Messrs. Golovine (who became President of the second), Reditcheff, Nabokoff, Vinaver (the best three orators

belonging to the party), Prince Schakovsky, Messrs. Petrounkievitch, Kokoschine, and Hertzenstein. The two affiliated Liberal Parties—those of "Democratic Reform" and of "Legal Order"—although so small in number as to suggest somebody's remark that they were like a "general staff without any troops," were also well represented by men of acknowledged ability; the first by its founder, Professor Kovalevski, since deceased, who had many friends in France, and by General Kouzmine-Karavaieff, one of the best orators of the Douma; the second by its leader, Count Heyden, who had occupied a high station at Court and whose moral influence was universally recognised. As for the Octobrists, their two chiefs, Messrs. Goutchkoff and D. Schipoff, had been beaten in the elections; the Conservatives had sent no one of any importance, and were merged, more or less, with the Octobrists; among the Moderate Liberals were to be noticed Messrs. Stakhovitch and Lvoff (not to be confounded with Prince Lvoff, future President of the Provisional Government, who was not a member of the first Douma), but I cannot remember whether they were registered as belonging to the Octobrist group or to that of "Legal Order." The Polish "Kolo" was headed by M. Dmowski, chief of the Polish National-Democratic Party, who still plays an important part in his country's affairs, and the Bishop of Vilna, Baron Kopp, both orators of the first order. Finally, the Labour Party was led by M. Aladine, a brilliant speaker, who affected a certain elegance, and, with the aid of the red flower which he seldom forgot to wear in his buttonhole, did much to relieve the monotony of the grey mass of peasants who composed the great majority of his party.

The Council of the Empire—which had corresponded under the old *régime* to the first Napoleon's *Conseil d'Etat*, and in which were framed and discussed the most important laws and measures pertaining to domestic policy, to be submitted thereafter to the Emperor for his decision—was transformed into an Upper Chamber, composed in equal number of members appointed by the Emperor and of those elected; the former, although subject to confirmation by the Tsar at the beginning of each year, were to serve for life, and comprised, almost without exception, bureaucrats who had occupied high positions in the civil and military hierarchy: former Ministers of State, Governors-General, Commanders of Army Corps, Ambassadors, Supreme Court Judges, etc. The elected members, were designated for a term of nine years by the high clergy, the assemblies of the nobility, the Academy of Sciences and the Universities, the Chambers of Commerce and the Bourse, the

manufacturing interests, and, finally, the greater number by the Zemstvos in those parts of the Empire where those assemblies existed, and everywhere else—as, for instance, in Poland, Lithuania, the western provinces and those of the Baltic—by the landed proprietors.

By virtue of its composition, the Council of the Empire was in reality a more modern assemblage than most of the Upper Houses in Europe in countries enjoying constitutional government, as, for example, the House of Lords or the Italian Senate. In spite of my little admiration for the Russian bureaucracy, I must admit that among the members of the Council there were a number of men of great ability and eminent worth. Some of them had been in office during the liberal reign of the Emperor Alexander II., among others, my wife's uncle, Count Pahlen, who at the age of thirty had been chosen by the Tsar to introduce into Russia, in his capacity of Minister of Justice, the judiciary reform which is recognised as one of the great acts of Alexander II.'s reign. Count Pahlen was a gentleman of the old school, of most distinguished bearing and appearance, laden with honours and a great favourite at Court, but noted for his absolute independence toward the Government, and universally respected for his integrity and nobility of character. In company with him were such men as Count Solsky, M. Goloubeff, the two brothers Saboureff (one of whom had been Ambassador to Berlin until he was obliged to leave his post by reason of his antagonism toward Prince Bismarck), Gerhardt, Koni and others, all bureaucrats, but gifted with large views, wide knowledge and great experience in public affairs. It was a curious thing that the elder bureaucrats were distinguished for their liberal spirit, or, in other words, the spirit of the reign of Emperor Alexander II., while the younger functionaries were imbued with the reactionary ideas of the later period of Alexander III.

A place apart in the Council of the Empire was occupied by Count Witte, who had just left power, and whose future attitude toward the Government was a matter of guesswork. In the next chapter I purpose to sketch the portrait of that powerful figure, whose political rôle appeared to be interrupted only for a time.

While the elected members of the Council of the Empire were to serve for nine years, a third of the membership was designated by lot every year to be replaced by an equal number newly chosen under the same conditions as their predecessors. For this reason I cannot recall with certainty the composition of the first lot of members belonging to this category, and it is possible, therefore, that I may mention some persons who did not enter

the Council until later. The Academy and the Universities were represented by such eminent professors as Prince Galitzine, Messrs. Oldenburg, Grimm and Tagantzeff; the commercial and manufacturing industries and the Bourses by men of equal note in their respective branches, among whom I will cite Messrs. Krestovnikoff, Avdakoff and Timiriazeff; the nobility, the Zemstvos and the landed proprietors sent some of their best representatives, the greater part of whom joined the Party of the Centre, *i.e.*, the Moderate Liberal Party, which was presided over by one of my intimate friends, Prince Pierre Troubetskoy, formerly Maréchal de la Noblesse of Moscow, destined, alas, to perish soon after by the hand of an assassin. Among the members belonging to these last three categories I numbered several other friends of long standing, as, for example, Prince Boris Vassiltchikoff, Maréchal de la Noblesse of Novgorod, all imbued with the best Liberal traditions of their class. To conclude, the Poles were represented by several very distinguished and enlightened men, almost all good orators, such as M. Kozvin-Milevsky, well known in Paris, Count Wielepolski, Messrs. Skirmant and Schebeke.

On the whole, at the moment of which I am now speaking, the Council of the Empire had not begun to have the character, which distinguished it later, of an assemblage guided by reactionary principles or ready to serve as a docile instrument in the hands of the Government. Its transformation was effected little by little, thanks to the pains which were taken in high places to prevent the appointment of anyone who did not belong to the parties of the Right. As far as concerned its procedure during the first session, the Council of the Empire not only gave proof of great independence and of a broad and enlightened spirit, but, as we shall see, it strenuously opposed the incoherent Cabinet of M. Goremykine and did not in the slightest degree deserve the hostility *à priori* that was shown by the Douma.

In spite of the well-established custom by virtue of which the Ministers of State, immediately after taking office, were appointed members of the Council of the Empire, I did not enter that assembly until two years later, on account of the opposition that the reactionaries made to my candidature, and because of their influence upon the Emperor. It was only after an energetic protest from M. Stolypine that these obstacles were overcome, with the result that I entered the Council at the same time with my brother, and we both joined the Party of the Centre.

Translated by CHARLES SERGER.

THE TURKISH TREATY.

IN an article published in the February number of this REVIEW I endeavoured to examine the two broad alternatives which lay before the Peace Conference for a solution of the Turkish question—the disruption or the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire—and I referred to some of the possible results of the adoption of the respective policies. Subsequently, and in the April issue, I returned to a consideration of the Near Eastern problem, and I attempted to explain the fundamental circumstances and events responsible for the present situation in Turkey and to allude to certain of the then already forecast features of the Treaty itself. Such, however, is the importance of the document handed to the Ottoman delegates on May 11th that no excuse is necessary for a renewed discussion of a diplomatic instrument, which, if executed, will introduce some of the most significant changes resulting from the war.

A careful perusal of the official summary of the Treaty,¹ and unfortunately an often vague and sometimes only very general summary is all that is available at the time of writing, suggests that the latest attempt to settle the Near Eastern question has been influenced by a desire to secure a series of compromises, that it has been framed without any firm determination to achieve finality, and that it has been conceived with the object of securing for M. Venizelos one of the greatest diplomatic triumphs of the war. Upon the first of these points it may be said at once that, although the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire is veiled by leaving the Turks nominally at Constantinople and by other provisions, the position of the Sultan is to be reduced from that of a potentate of first-class rank to one whose independent sovereignty has practically ceased to exist. Such a course may or may not be necessary in the interests of the Allies or of the subject nationalities of the Ottoman Empire, but that its adoption is about to take place is proved by countless features of the Treaty. To begin with, I need hardly remind my readers that the small area of European territory to remain Turkish is entirely insufficient to secure the safety, let alone the dignity, of the capital and of its ruler, and that a Royal bodyguard, to consist of only 700 men, is nothing for the upkeep of Oriental state and splendour.²

(1) For the text of the official summary, see *The Times*, May 12th, 1920.

(2) A bodyguard of 700 men would be only sufficient to line the same number of yards of roadway on an occasion of full ceremony, that is to say, to line about

Moreover, whereas Greece and Roumania, and even Bulgaria (if and when that country becomes a member of the League of Nations), are to have representatives on the "Commission of the Straits," no such advantage is to be enjoyed by Turkey, and this in spite of the fact that she is to continue in supposed possession of the southern and eastern shores of those waterways. In Asia, too, although by far the larger part of Anatolia is to remain nominally Turkish, the Treaty makes provisions which, whilst they leave responsibility to the Ottoman Government, really rob that body of all actual power and control. For example, to single out only one or two of the conditions, we find that, whilst the Sublime Porte is to be allowed to maintain 50,000 armed land forces, those forces are "to be distributed over Turkish territory, which will be divided for this purpose into a number of territorial areas to be delimited by the Inter-Allied Commission which will be responsible for the control and organisation of the Turkish armed force." Later on, too, it is stated that not more than one-quarter of the total strength of these forces is to be in one area, and that there is to be the collaboration of officers from Allied and neutral Powers in the command and training of the gendarmerie. Again, the financial clauses establish a Commission, consisting only of British, French, and Italian representatives, to whom is added a Turkish representative in a *consultative* capacity, which is to control the finances of the country and without the consent of which the Ottoman Government may not establish any new form of taxation, modify its customs system, contract any internal or external loan, or grant new concessions.

Although it is very difficult, with only an inadequate synopsis, to form any definite opinion, it seems clear to the present writer that, whilst many principles are defined and laid down, there is a great deal in the Treaty which is left open for discussion and for future settlement and interpretation. In other words, unless the available summary fails to reflect the true gist of the actual Treaty, the Turks are asked to sign a blank cheque, the final amount of which remains an entirely unknown sum. For example, despite the fact of my having always favoured the prolongation of the International occupation of Constantinople until all the terms of the Treaty have been put into force by Turkey, I feel that the reservation concerning the *sovereignty* over that city leaves the way open for future intrigue, disagreement, and political trouble. In regard to Armenia, too, although the settlement of the western and southern frontiers of that country, by

one quarter of the distance between the Dolmabahçe Palace and the Outer Bridge across the Golden Horn at Constantinople, or approximately just enough to line, for instance, Birdcage Walk.

means of the arbitration of the President of the United States, has great advantages, it would surely seem that Turkey ought to be told the approximate result of such an arbitration before agreeing to it, for, with the whole of the vilayets of Erzeroum, Trebizond, Van, and Bitlis in his hands, Mr. Wilson has at his disposal an area of about 61,400 square miles—that is to say, an area larger than those of England and Wales combined. Again, coming to Kurdistan, which is apparently to have a common frontier with Turkey, the exact contents of this autonomous district, the nature of its autonomy and the methods by which its people shall appeal for complete independence to the Council of the League of Nations, remain undefined. Once more, the sections devoted respectively to Syria and to Mesopotamia and to Palestine can hardly fail to arouse ill-feeling, for even if the identities of the Mandatories are already well known, it is obvious, although these States are expressly constituted under Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, that no measures have been taken to ascertain the wishes of the communities in question—wishes which, according to the said article, “must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory.”

However one may look at them, the territorial gains secured by Greece—that is to say, the promised possession of Thrace, Smyrna, and a number of Aegean Islands, including Lemnos¹—form one of the most remarkable features of the whole Treaty—a feature undoubtedly more resented by Turkey and by the Moslem world than almost any other section of this fateful document. It is remarkable because the Hellenic Kingdom, already enormously increased in area and population as a result of the Balkan Wars, now stands to secure, in proportion to its size, practically as great, if not greater, territorial advantages than any other country engaged in the war. This aspect of the Treaty is also remarkable since it is principally in the direction of the concessions to Greece, namely, in connection with Thrace and

(1) In the March issue of this Review, under the title, “British Interests in the Mediterranean,” I explained that the Aegean Islands should go to Greece, and I suggested that if Lemnos were given to that country it might subsequently be exchanged for Cyprus, the annexation of which by Great Britain is recognised by the Turkish Treaty. Such an exchange would now seem to be less than valueless from the military, naval and aerial standpoints, for, according to the map issued with the Treaty, Imbros, Lemnos, Tenedos, and Mytilene fall within the “Straits Zone,” in the waters of which no belligerent right is to be exercised unless in pursuance of a decision of the Council of the League of Nations, and all works, fortifications, and batteries on the Island are to be demolished.

On May 14th, M. Venizelos announced in the Greek Chamber that the Dodekanese, now to be ruled by Turkey to Italy, with the exception of Rhodes, were to be transferred to Greece by an agreement to be signed simultaneously with the Treaty. Rhodes, according to the same authority, is to remain Italian until the day of the handing over of Cyprus by Great Britain to Greece.

Smyrna, that the undertakings given by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George have not been fulfilled. Thus, whereas the President of the United States made no mention of these areas by name, it is obvious that his twelfth "Point," stating that "the Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty," must, at the time, have been intended to cover the areas in question, for he and his advisers were undoubtedly aware of the parts of the Ottoman Empire which are, and which are not, Turkish. Again, whilst the British Premier did not speak of Smyrna by name, he surely intended to include that district, as well as Constantinople and Thrace, when he said, on January 5th, 1918, that "we are not fighting to deprive Turkey of its capital or the rich lands of Asia Minor and Thrace, which are predominantly Turkish . . . while we do not challenge the maintenance of the Turkish Empire in the homelands of the Turkish race with its capital at Constantinople." That such promises should not have been carried out to their full, therefore, means either that they were intended merely as an "offer" to the Turks, which has been denied by Mr. Lloyd George,¹ or that, for undefined reasons, they have not been considered necessary or possible of realisation. It therefore remains to be proved if the disadvantages due to the loss of British prestige, which must result from a juggling with words, can be counter-balanced by any advantages to be secured from the acquisition of the goodwill of Greece, where the future largely depends upon whether the people have sufficient gratitude to realise that they owe their new position almost entirely to the sagacity of M. Venizelos and upon whether that statesman is able to continue to pursue a wise policy and at the same time to enjoy the confidence of a nation whose aspirations are most difficult of gratification.

Having briefly alluded to a few of the broader characteristics of the Treaty, I will now turn to a more detailed discussion of some of its principal clauses. If we ignore the facts that the southern frontier of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions is now to be formed by a line running approximately due east from the north-eastern corner of the Mediterranean—a line drawn in such a way as to leave the whole Gulf of Alexandretta and its immediate hinterland outside that frontier—and that Turkey is, therefore, to lose Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, and the Hedjaz, then the sections of the greatest territorial interest are those dealing with the Straits, Thrace (including Constantinople), Smyrna, and

(1) On February 26th last the Premier said in the House of Commons that the pledge of January, 1918 "was given after full consultation with all parties . . . it was a carefully prepared declaration . . . this declaration was specific, unqualified and deliberate . . . This was not an offer to the Turks . . . It was to reassure our own people as to what we were fighting for."

Armenia. With regard to the first of these questions, the arrangements made for the internationalisation of the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles correspond in a general way to those which I suggested as desirable in February. These waterways, which are to be open at all times to shipping of every class, together with bands of territory on each side of them, are to be unfortified, neutralised, and under the control of an International Commission, which is to exercise its rights entirely independently of the authorities in possession of the respective shores. The zones embraced are not defined in detail by the summary, but, judging from the map issued with it and from the clause dealing with the demolition of fortifications, they are to include the Turkish Constantinople and the whole of the Peninsula of Gallipoli (given to Greece), besides strips in Europe and in Asia, having a minimum depth of twelve and a half miles, a depth which, fortunately, seems to leave Broussa to Turkey without direct foreign control. The islands of Imbros, Lemnos, Tenedos, and Mitylene are also comprised in the neutralised zone, together, presumably, with Castellorizzo, which is allotted to Italy. With certain exceptions, the arrangements thus made on paper would seem as satisfactory as could have been anticipated. One cannot fail to observe, however, that the placing of Constantinople itself under the control of a body which "exercises its authority in complete independence of the local authority" (which local authority is the Sultan in his own capital), hardly appears to justify the confidence, expressed in the Viceroy's recent message¹ of encouragement and sympathy to Moslem India, that "with the conclusion of this new Treaty that friendship [between Great Britain and Turkey] will quickly take life again, and that a Turkey, regenerate and full of hope and strength, will stand forth, in the future as in the past, a pillar of Islamic faith." Moreover, ignoring other reasons into which I will enter below, I think that, even from the purely international standpoint, it would have been more practical had the owner of the land on each side of the Straits been Turkey, for in that case the work of the managers of the Super-State—the "Commission of the Straits"—would have been simplified. In addition, leaving out of account the question of justice to that country, it is difficult to believe that the task of the "Commission" would not in many ways be facilitated by the addition of an Ottoman delegate (when and if Turkey becomes a member of the League of Nations), and perhaps by the ultimate presence of representatives of other countries, including formerly enemy countries, who must have very direct interests in these internationalised waterways.

(1) See *The Times*, May 18th, 1920.

The question of Thrace should be considered under two separate headings—Western Thrace and Eastern Thrace, including Constantinople itself. The first of these areas, which, for the purposes of the present discussion, extends from the mouth of the Mesta on the west to that of the Maritza on the east, passed from Turkey to Bulgaria as a result of the Balkan Wars. No really reliable statistics exist concerning the composition of its inhabitants at that time: still less are there any available figures bearing upon that problem to-day. It therefore seems to me justifiable and fair to accept the statement published in the authoritative handbook on "Bulgaria,"¹ issued by the Foreign Office, which says: "Of the new population added [to Bulgaria] after the Treaty of Bucharest (1913), 227,598 were Bulgarians, 75,337 Romaks, 275,498 Turks, and 58,709 Greeks." It is true, of course, that not more than, say, very approximately one-quarter of the territory thus inhabited has now been taken away from Bulgaria, and that the great majority of the above-mentioned Hellenes dwell in that coastal quarter. But, even so, it seems difficult to believe that the Greeks constitute the largest element, still less a majority of the total population. Moreover, the loss of this area by Bulgaria means that she will no longer possess even her formerly inadequate access to the Aegean, and that she will be dependent upon the guarantee of the principal Allied and associated Powers for such access through ports, all of which are now to become Greek. And, in addition, whilst Bulgaria renounced her rights and title over this coastal strip in favour of the above-mentioned Powers, including America, whose plenipotentiaries signed the Treaty of Neuilly, and whilst she agreed to accept the settlement made by these Powers, it is quite open to argument, though perhaps only to technical argument, as the United States has not been represented by plenipotentiaries for the purposes of the Turkish Treaty, that document cannot hand to any country areas which are not at the sole disposition of its promoters.

Eastern Thrace, namely, practically the whole of the European territory which remained Turkish after the Balkan Wars, territory extending from the Aegean and the Marmora on the south to the Black Sea on the north-east, and including, of course, Adrianople, also becomes part of Greece. This is in diametrical disagreement with the pledge of Mr. Lloyd George, for, to quote again from one of the above-mentioned handbooks² which speaks

(1) Handbook prepared under the direction of the Historical Section of the Foreign Office—No. 22.

(2) See Handbook prepared under the direction of the Historical Section of the Foreign Office—No. 16. Turkey in Europe.

of the period before the Balkan Wars, during and subsequent to which the Greeks and Bulgarians each suffered, we find that: "The centre of the country was mainly Turkish, while to the north the Bulgarians occupied Adrianople and the district east of that city. In the Kazas (districts) of Vize, Lule Burgas, Chorlu, and Hairobolu the Turks formed 55 to 78 per cent. of the population. In the towns, however, the Turks were less numerous than the Greeks, forming little more than a third of the population. . . . The proportion of Greeks along the coast was over 50 per cent., except in the kaza of Rodosto, where, however, they peopled the maritime towns. Although only 26 per cent. of the total population as a whole, they formed a third of the urban population."

Whilst almost any other settlement would have been better than the suggested one, which apparently gives Adrianople to Greece without placing upon her any obligation concerning the dismantlement of its fortifications, there is no doubt that the future distribution of Thrace constitutes one of the most complicated sections of the whole Turkish problem. The arrangements made by the Treaty of London of May, 1913, for the formation of a common Turco-Bulgarian frontier on the Enos-Midia line would on the whole have constituted the best solution. It would have avoided the dangers and disadvantages of leaving Constantinople within the range of enemy guns, and, whilst it would have entailed hardships for Turkey and for Greece in the direction of the principle of nationalities, it might have tended towards the establishment of friendly relations between the three countries. If such a settlement were not possible under the existing circumstances, and I agree that it was hardly possible, then surely it would have been better either to have left the Turkish and the Bulgarian frontiers more or less as they were before the European War, establishing the Straits control to the south-east of the Enos-Midia line, and perhaps giving part of North-Eastern Thrace to Bulgaria as suggested by President Wilson in his Note of March 31st,¹ or to have internationalised the whole area at the disposal of the Allies by the Treaty of Neuilly together with what was Turkish Thrace before the war. Both these solutions would have been possessed of very great disadvantages, but either of them might have been the means of minimising that state of ill-feeling which must now once more be exaggerated between Turkey and Bulgaria on the one hand and Greece on the other—an ill-feeling which will go a long way towards the prevention of permanent tranquillity in the Near East.

(1) See *The Contemporary Review*, June, 1920.

The arrangements made for Smyrna, which are only one more step towards the prevention of stability in what was formerly Turkey, are unsatisfactory in their general principle and in their detail. Speaking first from the former standpoint there can now be no dispute upon the facts that, in the whole vilayet of Aidin, the Turks largely outnumber the Greeks and that, at most, only in the Sanjak of Smyrna is the reverse condition the case.¹ But, so far as one can judge from the map, issued with the Treaty, the special area, in which the Sublime Porte is to be asked to transfer its rights to the Greek Government, includes the whole, or practically the whole, of the Sanjak of Smyrna, a considerable section of that of Magnesia (where Polybius shows that the Turks and the Greeks are practically as three is to one), and a corner of the independent Sanjak of Bigha—a corner in which the figures of the same author, printed in another appendix, suggest that the proportion may be over four to one against his clients. Equally well, there is no doubt that Smyrna is the means of entry into, and exit from, a vast hinterland, which is almost purely Turkish, and therefore it seems clear that this is one of the cases in which a port should not be separated from the territory which it serves. Consequently, whilst it is very natural that the Greeks should covet a portion of the coast opposite to the islands which have now very rightly been allotted to them, it certainly seems as if their claims to that coast were not easy of justification, and that, were they made at all, they should have been confined to those capable of satisfaction by the creation of an autonomous and free city of Smyrna.

Coming to the details of the scheme, it must obviously be apparent, to all those who know the East, that the *temporary* maintenance of Turkish sovereignty is a mistake, and that this course has been adopted in the pious hope that it will minimise Ottoman opposition and that this sovereignty will automatically and easily disappear at the end of the five years' period. If Greece was to have Smyrna at all, the suzerainty of the Sultan ought either to have been laid down as a permanent condition or it should have been done away with *now*. I say this without fear of contradiction, because I remember the difficulties created by the position which existed in Crete for years, and because, although the district is to have a local Parliament, it is certain, with Greek administration and Greek military occupation, that, as a result of methods which are common to all Near Eastern countries, no Parliament will ever be elected which is not acceptable to Greece. True as it is, too, that Smyrna is declared to be

(1) See appendix to *Greece before the Conference*, by Polybius. The author here produces Greek Patriarchate Statistics, 1912.

a port of "international interest," and that Turkey is to be granted a lease of an area in that port, I do not for one moment believe that this arrangement will work even as well as that which existed, prior to the war, between Serbia and Greece, in regard to Salonica. Although, therefore, the Hellenic Government, by force of arms, may be capable of maintaining its position in Asia Minor, it is safe to say that those arms will neither be able to protect the vast number of Hellenes who must continue to have their homes in Turkey, nor to bring about friendly relations between the respective countries—relations which are equally in the interests of both parties.

For two reasons I do not propose to enter into details concerning the future independent State of Armenia. Firstly, this question was dealt with in my articles published in February and in April; and, secondly, the whole future of the Armenian State depends so largely upon the nature of the frontier award of the President of the United States—an award to be given in his personal capacity—and upon the identity of the Mandatory Power, that it is useless to discuss the matter until further information¹ is available upon these highly important questions. There are, however, two points bound up with the destiny of this unhappy people to which reference is desirable. Firstly, whether one agrees or disagrees with the now arranged method of delimiting the Armenian boundaries, a method which would certainly have been most satisfactory had the United States been willing to accept the mandate, the fact remains that, as Mr. Wilson has been invited to accept, and has accepted, the invitation to undertake a very difficult task, the Allies are as much committed to take the necessary measures to enforce the President's award as to put into practice any other section of the Treaty. And, secondly, although a small section of Cilicia lies to the south of, and therefore outside, the Sultan's new frontier, by far the greater proportion of this district, including Adana, Tarsus, and Mersina, is to be left to Turkey with the sole protection of the minority clauses of the Treaty. Such an arrangement not only entails a partition of an area which is, and which should have remained, a single unit, but it also places upon the Allies a very particular and definite obligation to see that the non-Turkish population,

(1) The only indications of the attitude of Mr. Wilson towards the Armenian Question are contained in his war and post-war addresses and communications, and particularly in his Note, issued on March 31st last, upon the Turkish Treaty. He then said: "Its (Armenia's) boundaries should be drawn in such a way as to recognise all the legitimate claims of the Armenian people, and particularly to give them easy and unencumbered access to the sea . . . it is felt that special rights over Lasistan would hardly insure to Armenia that access to the sea indispensable to its existence."

which has already suffered very heavily, is assured against future persecution and reprisal.

Space and lack of precision in the summary prevent any serious reference to many of the other all-important clauses, such as those dealing with the protection of minorities, with financial obligations, with the abrogation of the capitulations, with the elimination of enemy economic penetration, and with the acquisition of railways under German control. Things change from day to day, too, so rapidly in the Near East that, at the time of writing (June 12th), it would be futile to endeavour to forecast whether the Government at Constantinople will or will not agree to sign the Treaty, and in the former case whether its signature will have any effect upon the "Powers that Be" in European or in Asiatic Turkey. To summarise and to recapitulate, therefore, all that can be said is that the Allies have framed and presented a Treaty, the enforcement and administration of which will be most difficult. Further, with the object of winning the assistance of a country closely interested in fulfilment of that Treaty, they have provided the Hellenic Government with terms so favourable as probably to secure its participation in any measures necessary for the realisation of an instrument the possibilities of which are hardly capable of comprehension to-day. These being the circumstances, it only remains to express the hope, either that the future attitude of Greece, which is dependent largely upon the continued existence in office of M. Venizelos, will prove that country to be worthy of the confidence now apparently placed in her, or that Allied diplomacy has departed from its principle of being guided by the expediency of the moment--a principle which heretofore has not always proved capable of development in the direction most desirable.

H. CHARLES WOODS.

June 12th, 1920.

THE REVIVAL OF THE VATICAN.

AN immensely important diplomatic event, or series of events, has passed without attracting much attention. The canonisation of Joan of Arc has a political as well as a religious significance, and the ceremonies which were seen in many European capitals were not simple spectacles but portents. They symbolised and announced the revival of the Vatican, the re-entry of the Vatican into world affairs. Other happenings, which deserve the most careful notice, accompany and surround these processions and celebrations. In France, in Italy, in Belgium, and elsewhere, the religio-political question is again posed, and this question will certainly be discussed with great fervour, and may (particularly in France) arouse the old passions when it comes definitely before Parliament and before the people. The present writer, in this short study of the new development of Vaticanism, does not intend in any way to touch upon doctrinal subjects nor does he wish here to attack or defend Clericalism in its political aspect. The facts, however, are far too full of a capital meaning for them to be passed over in silence.

That the Vatican has always exercised a great political influence in Europe, in spite of its loss of temporal or rather of territorial power, everybody who has lived in Catholic countries knows. It possesses a really remarkable organisation; it controls parties and it disposes of persons. If the Pope spoke out, his voice was heard and obeyed by many millions of men; but his ministers working in silence, through a hundred agencies, some of them secret, some of them avowed, moved Governments and played a large part in the destinies of nations. It is quite unnecessary for my purpose to consider whether Clericalism is good or bad. Even to employ such words as Reaction is not necessarily to condemn, since in France, at any rate, there are persons who openly rejoice in the label of Reaction which is, they declare, in more senses than one, the Right. To decide whether the term should be applied to Clerical activities would be to enter upon a controversial path. As a fact, in most Continental countries, it is generally associated with Conservatism and with Monarchism; and these are at the least honourable and may well be admirable badges. That there is also associated with Catholicism in certain countries a cautious kind of Socialism, would serve to complicate any discussion of the effect of Catholicism. Besides, may not an individual Catholic in religion be anything he pleases in politics?

Let us strictly confine ourselves to the historical statement that

the Pope and his representatives played a prominent part in international politics, without enquiring about the character of Papal politics. After the unity of the Italian Kingdom was established, there remained two sovereigns at Rome—the Pope and the King. The Pope was a King without a Kingdom, but his authority was felt in every land. The situation was fixed by the law voted by the Italian Parliament in 1871 which established the independence of the Spiritual Power, declaring the person of the Pontiff inviolable, attributing to him the honours of a sovereign, permitting him to possess a guard, and assigning him a large and inalienable indemnity. In spite of the refusal of the venerable Pius IX to accept these conditions, in spite of the semi-captivity in which he chose to live, the Vatican enjoyed great respect and possessed effective power. Then, however, came the long struggle with French anti-Clericalism which ended in the political discomfiture of the Vatican, in some respects more serious than the loss of purely territorial sovereignty in Italy.

It is necessary, if we would understand exactly what is taking place at this moment, to review briefly the quarrel between the Vatican and the Third French Republic. The defeat of Napoléon III was a tremendous defeat for the Pope. France had been the real stronghold of Catholicism. Nowhere in Europe was it so secure—until the Franco-Prussian war placed it unexpectedly in jeopardy. The priests and the members of the religious orders, in France's troubles were alleged to be seeking to promote not the national interests but the interests of the Vatican. It was then that Republicanism pitted itself against Clericalism. Gambetta cried: *Le Cléricalisme—c'est là l'ennemi*. Undoubtedly, he was sincere; undoubtedly, there was much which provoked him to take up this attitude of opposition; but also it may be suspected that to some extent (and unconsciously) a diversion was sought. A veritable battle was engaged between Republicanism and Catholicism. Year after year it lasted. Jules Simon, the Prime Minister, was dismissed by the President, Marshal Mac-Mahon, because of his anti-church legislation, and Mac-Mahon in his turn was driven from office. It was from that moment war to the knife. The Clerical party had taken up many points of vantage, notably in the schools. In 1880, Jules Ferry succeeded in expelling from France the Jesuits. The movement was not anti-religious so much as anti-Clerical, although certainly there was a strong body of free-thinkers and a strong body of free-masons.

Later came the Dreyfus case. Dreyfus was a Jew and to the Jews the Clerical Party attributed many of the disabilities under which it laboured. There were many other influences directed against Dreyfus. That kind of patriotism which runs to mili-

tarism believed that the Jews were betraying the army. The anti-semitic feeling was also fanned by the Panama scandals, in which Jewish financiers were involved. Without searching the truth of the matter, it is sufficient to note that those who took the side of Dreyfus for the most part blamed the Church as responsible for the disgraceful incidents with which the case is studded. It was in a paroxysm of anti-clerical excitement that the French Government began to take disciplinary measures against the religious orders and to widen the breach with the Vatican.

Waldeck-Rousseau began the process, but he was mildness itself compared with his successor, Emile Combes. Combes is now a very old man, but his ancient bitterness has not abated. The other day, he came to take up his quarters in Paris, for like a war-horse, he scents the battle from afar. He believes that once more the old religious strife will be engaged, and he believes that the French Senate, of which he has been so long a member, will find itself fiercely defending the laws he passed, against the attacks of the Chamber which is largely pledged to their repeal and the resumption of relations with the Vatican. However that may be, whether M. Millerand is prepared to go as far as M. Combes supposes, whether the Bloc National can muster sufficient forces to re-establish a permanent Ambassador at the Holy See., whether the Radicals and the Republicans of the Left can be whipped up to energetic resistance, and above all, whether the Senate has such a different complexion from the Chamber that it is prepared to go to the length of forcing a dissolution—all these things may be doubted, but it is somehow exhilarating to observe that the old statesman preserves the same enthusiasm a generation after his real life's work was accomplished.

He began life as a priest and he has spent the rest of his days in attacking priests. He has an *idée fixe*, an obsession, and it must not, therefore, be lightly assumed, because he is even now beating the drum, that France can be so readily aroused as she was in those earlier days. I note his attitude, not so much as indicating a fresh storm—though there will certainly be opposition to the proposals which will be put forward—but rather as indicating the changes that are imminent. It would be hard to prophecy what amount of agitation the appointment of a French Ambassador to the Vatican would engender. Both sides are cautious, simply because they cannot measure each other's strength. What is more to my purpose is to point out the revival of the Vatican; whose attack on France is being conducted with uncommon skill and political generalship. The citadel may quite conceivably fall at the sound of the trumpets which heralded the pontifical

procession in Rome at the canonisation of Joan of Arc who will be France's patron saint.

It was the work of Combes to dissolve religious orders which would not submit themselves—their laws and finances—entirely to the discretion and control of the State. What could the Vatican do but protest in the most energetic manner? The representative of France was recalled from the Papal Court. Pius X had stood out on a point which his successor to-day, in the remarkable encyclical, to which I shall refer later, has, in the interests of religious peace and also no doubt, as part of the diplomatic offensive, considered it wise to abandon. The Popes look upon Royal visits to Rome—where is the "person" who is still regarded as being the illegal holder of sovereign rights—as an affront to the Papal dignity. The Vatican has not given up its claims to temporal power. The King of Italy is still, in ecclesiastical eyes, a usurper. Now, in tolerating the visits of Catholic Princes to Rome to-day, the Pope is doing much to heal the breach with the Italian authorities, and at the same time is conciliating French opinion.

For it was precisely such a visit—the visit of President Loubet—which brought the quarrel to a head. The French President, according to the Pope struggling for his old privileges, was bound by the Concordat. The Concordat was signed by Napoléon and was binding even on his Republican successor. Obviously, the contention may be disputed: France did dispute it and once more the Vatican was defeated in a direct trial of strength. The incident, too, helped to consolidate the Briand Law of Separation.

It is only fifteen years ago that M. Aristide Briand disendowed the Church. Everything was done to placate the Vatican. Compromises were offered and refused. The Pope's advisers—perhaps with political shrewdness—forced the French Government to take full responsibility for its acts. The French Catholic Church, which was less implacable than the Pope, would have been happy to strike a bargain, but was forbidden. It may be properly held that the Church has not suffered by being free. There are those who urge that the liberty then given to it was an excellent thing. The Church in France has regained much ground: it is richer than ever: it has no obligations to the State, and can pursue its work much better from the outside than from the inside. It is entirely a separate organism largely directed from Rome, an organism whose members owe allegiance to Rome, and which has succeeded in obtaining the friendship of the most powerful personages in France. Generals, statesmen, writers, leaders in every sphere, are deeply attached to the service of the Church and have wrought a change in French sentiment during the past

fifteen years. There remain, however, the facts not merely of separation—that is an advantage—but also of secularism in the schools, the laws against religious orders, and the rupture of relations with the Vatican.

Secularism in the schools cannot, I think, be changed whatever a few politicians may cry. In the French newspapers now and again, one comes upon an alarmist article which alleges that the canonisation of Joan of Arc is the price paid for the resumption of relations with Rome, is the pontifical benediction solemnly accorded to the Bloc National. France was represented at these ceremonies, not only by Bishops and such devout Catholics as General de Castelnau, but also by two hundred deputies and senators, among whom the presence of M. Léon Bourgeois is found particularly shocking. One comes, in religious journals, upon coloured drawings of President Deschanel leading a repentant France to the feet of the Pope. There had been a "*guerre aux curés*" which, like everything that savours of persecution, has reacted in the opposite sense, and the *curé* has now his moment of triumph. The story of Joan of Arc, even though it is difficult to disentangle truth from legend, has a noble simplicity, a beauty that has inspired men like Anatole France, who certainly does not share her religious faith, to write the most sympathetic account of the French heroine. It is, however, felt that the cult of Joan of Arc, legitimate and admirable, is a pretext, that the congregations will soon be allowed in France again, and that almost certainly, France will have her representative at the Holy See. But the principle of *laïcité* in the schools—it is difficult to see how that can be touched.

One cannot help quite incidentally saying—and this is not a criticism directed against the Church—that it is a pity that Joan of Arc, a daughter of the people, should have been taken as the appanage of the classes as against the masses. She has become the banner of the Royalists. That is natural enough. She has become a saint of the Church. That is entirely just. But she has been dragged into the dusty political arena and her name is invoked against the Eight Hour Day, and against Radicalism, and Republicanism, and Socialism and all its works. She should belong to France: she is in danger of belonging to the Bloc National.

The Great War came. The Vatican could act with difficulty. It had Bishops and disciples in both belligerent camps. In Germany, the Catholics looked to Rome: in France, the Catholics looked to Rome. Patriotism could not be surrendered, even to religion. Rome would be hearkened to only if Rome spoke in consonance with the national conscience. To condemn Germany or

German deeds would have been to alienate the German Catholics. To condemn France and French deeds would have been a deadly affront to French Catholic sentiment. Many people looked for a lead, but no lead came from Rome. The Church in every country spoke exactly as the Government spoke. How could it be otherwise? Catholicism would have been irreparably wrecked if it had taken sides. And yet, Catholics felt so clearly that there was only one side—that of their country. The silence of the Vatican puzzled many people: it aroused the indignation of others: but so hot were national sentiments that if there had been the smallest word of blame, Rome would have been simply repudiated. Rome had to stand aside. Here was none of its business. Again, I pronounce no judgment: I register the fact that the authority of the Vatican was, as it was bound to be, whatever it did, greatly diminished.

It would seem, then, that after the war the Vatican had, as a political power, sunk as low as it was possible to sink. The prestige of the Church had been steadily declining and now had become worthless. And yet, by a strange turn of the wheel, the Vatican has immediately become more important in diplomacy than it has ever been. It is not only in France that this power has been suddenly recovered: throughout Europe, and even in Asia Minor, the Church has taken its place in politics. In Belgium there is a bill to compensate the clergy on a higher scale, and even Socialists are voting for the measure and opposing the half-hearted proposal for the separation of Church and State. In Central Europe especially, in the new States and the new-old States, the Vatican has established its authority. Catholic parties are in the ascendant. In Italy, they hold the balance of power and can make and unmake Ministries. As a fact, an excellent understanding exists between the Vatican and the Quirinal, in spite of the "frozen enmity" that is still considered to be proper. Signor Giolitti showed how the Roman Catholic vote could be secured, and Signor Nitti was for a time skilful enough to keep it (although often reminded that he was at the mercy of the Catholics). What is true of Italy is true of the majority of European countries, in spite of Socialist boasts and Socialist successes. Everywhere Catholicism is better organised and stronger as a political force than at any time during the present generation.

But the Joan of Arc celebrations were needed to strike the public imagination. French newspapers are filled with tender references to Rome. We are told that the Pope had prepared a declaration of his friendliness towards France during the war—indeed at the very beginning of the conflict—but that some intrigues which went on around him prevented its publication. Such

statements compromise nobody : they are not likely to be denied, and while having their effect in the country where they are published, they will certainly not be taken seriously in Germany. The French newspapers also inform us of decisions that have been taken concerning the appointment of an Ambassador; though no such decisions can be taken without the consent of Parliament. The situation of M. Gabriel Hanotaux at Rome was that of a forerunner. He had a special mission. The choice was discreet enough; M. Hanotaux has written what is perhaps the most popular history of the new saint who is being used to reconcile France with the Vatican. At the same time, he was a partisan of Separation, of *laïcité*; and is, therefore, not too much suspect in the eyes of the Republicans. What is the explanation of the changed attitude of M. Millerand and of so many more French Ministers? Even M. Clemenceau, when the Bloc National was formed, was obliged, a little ambiguously, to make promises and to give his benediction to the suggested appointment of an Ambassador.

The principal and primary reason is, of course, the purely political one, that the Catholics have seized the machine, possess the preponderant voice in all these political combinations. Nominally they appear to be in a minority but they made the most of their opportunities, and many Republicans accepted their programme and have been elected on the understanding that they will not oppose the Church. The alliances that have been made are all to the political advantage of the French Catholics.

But there are a number of practical reasons urged. There is no doubt that they are, for the most part, just; and it would be difficult to find any good reason why France should not be represented at the Vatican, in the same way as other Powers who are not Catholic. This is not a matter of religion : it is a purely diplomatic question. Is it or is it not expedient to enter into direct communication with the Vatican when there are so many problems in which both parties are interested? The Vatican, naturally, makes use of its influence in other countries with which France has special need of close relations, as a means of inducing France to reverse her old policy. Representation at the Papal Court is held to be a diplomatic convenience and a political necessity. Alsace-Lorraine is Catholic and it would be a foolish step to alter the conditions which obtain in church and school. Already, there is some discontent in consequence of the introduction of French methods and an attempt to change the religious régime; for the people of these provinces are deeply pious. The appointment of Bishops necessitates conversations, direct or indirect, between France and the Vatican, and indirect conversa-

tions through third persons always strike one as foolish. French foreign policy again may be expressed very roughly and broadly as animated by the desire to make Poland the strong counterpart of France on the North-East of Germany—that is to say, by the hope that Poland will take the old place of Russia in the alliance against Germany; while all the smaller States that have emerged out of the Austro-Hungarian Empire should, according to French conceptions, be controlled by France and should serve as buffers around Russia, and incidentally become capital pawns to be played on the diplomatic chessboard of Europe. Now to carry out such plans she has need of the Vatican. The Vatican has an enormous influence, and it is essential that this influence should be cast on the side of France. Friendly relations with the Pope are an undoubted requirement of the new French diplomacy. Even in the Middle East where France has claims, Catholicism is a powerful adjunct. If ever Syria is to come under effective French control (and upon the control of Syria depends the possibility of transporting Mesopotamian oil) it will be because Beirut has long been a centre of French Catholic influence. When France tries to demonstrate that she has rights in Syria and has been requested to take over Syria, it is always Beirut which supplies the proofs. There are these and other special reasons, but if there were no special reasons at all the French Government would still be able to ask why France should be in an exceptional position, and should refuse to recognise the Vatican in diplomacy when other and non-Catholic nations do so.

There arises—or will inevitably arise—the question whether the Vatican shall be admitted into the League of Nations. Since it is acknowledged to be a real force in politics, it is urged, would it not be to the advantage of the League to have the representative of the Pope on its Council? The rumour that the Vatican has already applied for admission probably arose from the fact that the League held its last meeting in Rome and that there was certainly much semi-official talk about this possibility. The Vatican has thought proper to deny that there are Papal representations in this sense. Sooner or later, the matter will have to be seriously considered; and whether it is or is not true that the British delegate made a definite proposition, there is no doubt that the Papal ambition is to be included in the League. What answer can be given?

The anti-Vatican arguments, of course, are that no nation—Italy least of all—can dream for a moment of allowing the Pope to raise the question which was settled in 1871 respecting the temporal rights of the Pope. Benedict XV is neither King nor ex-King, but it is feared that if he took his seat on the Council of the League he

would by that act assert his claim to be considered the holder of temporal power. If, on the other hand, he renounces his temporal rights, he has no longer any qualification for becoming a member of the League: he is not the chief or representative of a nation. Such is the dilemma that is offered.

Naturally, it is replied that the Vatican would in no way pretend to raise the old issue of old temporal power. It would enter the League as a Spiritual Power, which places itself above all national—that is to say limited—views and would strengthen by its peculiar character the authority of the League. This authority is by no means backed up by armies: the League can at present, at any rate, only exercise a moral authority, and the Vatican, which would be particularly respected by some peoples, would greatly add to the weight of the League's pronouncements.

Yes, the opponents of this project declare, but you are thus fundamentally changing the character of the League, which was to have been a democratic union of peoples, a federation of nations, who desired to aid each other to preserve peace. If particularist opinions, whether religious or philosophical, are to be represented, then (in the phrase of M. Aulard) the League will only be an academic chaos. Why not also representatives of Buddhism, or Mohammedanism; why not representatives of Positivism, why not of other Christian and non-Christian sects?

Obviously, if the Pope alone is represented because of his spiritual title, then Roman Catholicism not only takes precedence of all religions, but could not fail to take precedence of other Powers. The League is essentially a moral authority: how could the Pope be put in a subordinate position on such a body? The League is instantly transformed. The Vatican rules the world.

The mere fact that the idea is being seriously discussed on the Continent is a sufficient indication of the remarkable success which the Vatican is experiencing. The Pope has followed up these tactical triumphs by an encyclical letter in which he plainly puts himself at the head of a society or family of peoples to guarantee their own independence and to defend law and order in the world. He makes himself the great exponent of the idea of a League of Nations, and although he discusses it in the abstract and perhaps without direct reference to the existing League, he thereby puts himself in the place of the ill-fated President Wilson. He would have, however, such a League founded upon Christianity—that is to say on Catholicism—and in this case the efficacious contribution of the Church is promised. Is not, he asks, the Church in reality already the most perfect type of a universal society?

The permission which he gives to Catholic Princes to visit

Rome, permission which was refused after the civil sovereignty of the Holy See was lost, is perhaps, the most notable point in this Papal letter. It is, on the one hand, a *beau geste* of reconciliation, and is to be taken as a proof that the Vatican intends to lead the way in pardoning old offences. But, on the other hand, the Pope takes the opportunity of once more asserting his claims. This *beau geste* is not, it is explicitly stated, to be interpreted as a tacit renunciation and an indication of satisfaction with the abnormal position in which the Holy See is now placed. "We voice once more the protests of our predecessors and demand with even greater insistence, now that peace has been re-established between the nations, that the improper situation in which the head of the Church is now placed should cease."

Without question of creed, everybody can endorse the earnest exhortation of the Pope to pardon and to true peace, and in so far as the Vatican can assist in the necessary task of eradicating hatreds and hostilities, it will be doing a work which deserves universal praise. But the political purpose of this encyclical letter is plain, and it may properly be contended that there the Pope treads on dangerous ground. Whatever one may think, in accordance with one's religious faith, of these passages, it is certain that more than ever—and this is my only point—the Vatican has conquered its place in world politics and is desirous of extending its influence still further.

That religious peace is desirable in all countries cannot be denied and if France were quietly to forget her ancient quarrels it might be an excellent thing that she should renew her relations with the Vatican. The only fear is that there will be, by reason of this very *rapprochement*, a re-kindling of the fires which had died down. It is certainly claimed in the French Conservative and Catholic newspapers that the present Parliament, which has been elected partly on this issue, genuinely represents the opinions of the people who are sick of this long-drawn-out strife. But to suppose that there is anything like unanimity upon this new accord with Rome is certainly to expect too much. In the *Revue de Paris*, M. Charles Loiseau defends the Nuncio who will come to Paris, from the charges of intriguing which are made in advance. He argues that those who suppose that Nuncios are pre-occupied with intrigues have evidently never known any kind of diplomatist. Diplomats are more concerned to magnify their importance in the eyes of their Government, to make themselves agreeable, and to avoid above all any unpleasantness or scandal. The Nuncio at Paris could only be the bearer of conciliatory instructions, he contends, and would be too careful of his reputation to meddle in affairs which did not strictly concern him.

For myself, I have endeavoured to avoid pronouncing any opinion. Simply have I collated certain facts and recalled recent events in order to demonstrate that after the Vatican had been successively reduced, and apparently extinguished as a factor in world politics during the war, it has almost at a bound, aided in some measure by circumstances, but aided much more by clever political moves and a sense of the dramatic, not only resumed its old authority but has added considerably to its spiritual kingdom and must be seriously reckoned with as a force which helps to decide the destiny of mankind by its ever-increasing diplomatic influence.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH AS STATESMAN : A STUDY ON HIS POLICY.

ANYBODY who has not been in a position to form a just personal estimate of the Emperor Francis Joseph's character—and, above all, a foreigner—will find the task no easy one now, for he cannot tell what to believe. Before the war the old Emperor was held up as one of the noblest scions of the "illustrious house of Habsburg," as an ideal ruler, wise, shrewd, and kindly, a prince of peace *par excellence*, a true father of his people, and hence loved and honoured by them in a supreme degree. Since the war, however, Francis Joseph has been represented as an old man greedy of fame and possessions, an incompetent offshoot of the "accursed house of Habsburg," who ruthlessly sacrificed hundreds of thousands of his subjects to his craving for territorial expansion. Faced by the irreconcilable contradiction between these two conceptions, anyone who has no means of deciding for himself must ask himself, in doubt and confusion, the famous question: "What is truth?"

In the following article we shall attempt to answer this question, and to draw a picture of Francis Joseph as a statesman which shall neither exaggerate nor under-estimate his importance, and shall present him neither in the bombastic style and glaring colours of Byzantine tradition, nor with the malicious distortions and gloomy colouring in which it has of late been customary to depict him: a picture which shall show him, *sine ira et studio*, under his true aspect as a statesman.

If we pass in review the long succession of years which make up the Emperor's reign—and there are no less than sixty-eight of them—we easily distinguish two deep cleavages—we may almost call them *cacsurae*—which divide it into three sections, and, as is obvious on closer consideration, mark a break not only in continuity, but also in character: for, in spite of certain common traits, each bears a very distinct stamp. The first *cacsura* coincides with the transformation of the united empire into the dual monarchy, and the second with the annexation crisis of the year 1908.

I. *Years of Storm (1848-1866).*—Seldom has a ruler entered upon his functions under less favourable circumstances than Francis Joseph, seldom has anyone been confronted with a more difficult task. Revolution and war in Italy, revolution and war in Hungary, revolution scarce suppressed in the Capital,

nationalist agitation in every corner of the broad empire: such was the political milieu in which Francis Joseph found himself when he ascended the throne. Even for an experienced ruler who knew the world it would have been a gigantic task to reduce this seething chaos to order and peace; how much more so for an eighteen-year-old youth, even though, like Francis Joseph, he brought to the task seriousness and zeal for duty. It is easy, then, to understand and to forgive the fact that he surrendered himself to the influence of his advisers, and nothing could be more unjust than to hold this inexperienced, well-intentioned young man responsible for the serious blunders which were committed in his name by his advisers and ministers. On this account nothing will be said here of the first years of his reign, except to remark that the persons who exercised the greatest influence over him were his mother, the Archduchess Sophia, and their favourite Adjutant-General, Count Grünne. The latter was rightly held to be the young Emperor's evil genius, an autocratic intriguer, whose disastrous and all-powerful influence not only made him personally hated, but undermined the popular sympathies of the young ruler.

But if the Emperor is not to be held responsible for the sins of his Government during and after the revolutionary period of 1848-9, he cannot, on the other hand, be absolved from responsibility for Austria's policy during the Crimean War. He then found himself faced with the choice between taking the side of the Western Powers or that of Russia. Austria's political interest argued in favour of the former course, and demanded that she should not let slip this favourable opportunity of combining with the Western Powers to hold her old rival in the Balkans in check for a considerable time. In favour of Russia weighed the moral obligation of gratitude for the great service which the friendship of the Emperor Nicholas had rendered during the Hungarian revolution. The diplomatists took the side of the Western Powers, the military party of Russia. Instead of deciding in favour of one or the other course, the young Emperor, in his anxiety—quite justifiable in itself—to find the golden mean, did neither one thing nor the other, but had recourse to half-measures. He did not, it is true, draw the sword against Russia; but he exasperated and embarrassed her by a big concentration of troops in Galicia, and by threatening diplomatic notes. By this means he made an enemy of Russia without winning the friendship of the Western Powers, to whom Austria's attitude was of small service. This was proved in the case of France in particular, when four years later, in 1859, she fought on the side of Sardinia against Austria.

This war, too, must be considered as a heavy entry on the debit side of Francis Joseph's account as a statesman. In his choice of a leader for the Austrian Army he showed for the first time, in a way which was patent to the whole world, that unhappy touch which was to be characteristic of his whole reign, and led him almost always to lay his hand upon unsuitable persons when important posts had to be filled. In this case it was the evil influence of Grünpe which brought about the fateful appointment of Count Gyulay as Commander-in-Chief, and as its consequence the defeat of Austria.

This political blunder, so pregnant with consequences, was closely followed by a military one : at the battle of Solferino the Emperor assumed the chief command of his army and was defeated.

The year 1866 saw a repetition of these blunders in a higher degree. In view of the coming struggle for hegemony with Prussia, it should have been of the highest importance for Austria not to dissipate her forces by a war on two fronts. There was a possibility of such a favourable situation, for Italy offered to buy Venetia from Austria. Francis Joseph, however, proudly rejected this proposition, and even when he had decided, in view of the political situation, to cede this province, he would not do it without first venturing on an appeal to arms. It was not until the alliance between Italy and Prussia had been concluded that he would consent to this step : but then it was too late.

As if this diplomatic blunder were not enough, there followed, exactly as had happened seven years before, a fateful military blunder in the choice of the commander-in-chief of the northern army. He appointed to this position Feldzeugmeister Benedek, in spite of the fact that the latter frankly declared himself to be unequal to such a heavy task, and was unwilling to accept a distinction, which proved in the end a Danaan gift. In the Italian theatre of war, where Benedek had won his first laurels, of which he had eighteen years' experience, and where his name struck terror into the enemy, he would have been in the right place : in Bohemia he found himself in conditions absolutely strange to him, and opposed to a far more dangerous enemy than the Italians. But the Emperor would have it so, for he was afraid that if his cousin, the Archduke Albrecht, met with a defeat in the Bohemian theatre of war the dynasty might be jeopardised. For this reason the Archduke was to command the army in Venetia, where such a disaster was less to be feared. The outcome of this choice was the Battle of Königgrätz. Its consequence was that the part which Austria had played for centuries, both in Germany and in Italy, was at an end.

Not one of the numberless blows of fate which fell upon the Emperor during his long life can have wounded him so deeply as this one.

II. *The Pacific Emperor* (1868-1907).—But he now developed a quality which was to prove no less typical, both of his character and his reign, than the unhappiness of his judgment : namely, an extraordinary elasticity of spirit. With the double wound still burning unhealed in his heart, he none the less set to work undismayed to set in order the internal affairs of the monarchy, above all, in Hungary.

There, ever since 1849, the Magyars had nursed rage in their hearts against the dynasty, and this rage, as their attitude in 1866 had proved, might be a serious matter for the future of the empire. It was therefore necessary to conciliate them. With this aim before him the Emperor did not shrink from the most far-reaching concessions. He consented to a partition of the old empire into an Austrian and a Hungarian state, which should together form a monarchy under his sceptre ; and he acquiesced in a compromise (*Ausgleich*) between these two states, which beneath a show of equality actually assured the first place to Hungary. As principal minister, in the first instance, of Hungary only, but afterwards of the whole monarchy, he appointed a man, whose effigy—since they had failed to seize his person—had nineteen years earlier adorned the gallows as that of a traitor : Count Julius Andrassy.

The Emperor's consent to and approval of such a policy was an act of self-repression and self-abnegation such as has perhaps never been known in the whole history of the world. It meant for him a negation of all the conceptions to which he had become attached by use, of the whole of his earlier policy towards Hungary ; and his famous ride on to the coronation-mound at Buda was essentially nothing but a gorgeously disguised pilgrimage to Canossa, though it took place on horse-back.

This apparent change in his way of thinking would have been comprehensible had Francis Joseph been of a nature which needed variety and was sensitive to the changes of the times ; but the exact contrary was the case. The Emperor was by nature an out-and-out conservative, clinging to what was traditional and hostile to innovations, and it would be entirely false to interpret his action as if, with regard to Hungary, he had really changed his mind. This psychological miracle—for such indeed was this concession on the part of the Emperor—can only be explained as due to that amazing outward capacity for accommodation, which was a characteristic trait of Francis Joseph, and was to show itself repeatedly in the course of his long reign ; a capacity for

accommodation which, as in this case, might be carried to the length of complete self-renunciation. So soon as he recognised, or thought he recognised, he could not gain his object by the way to which he was himself inclined, or could only do so at the risk of severe conflicts, he gave it up and started on another, indifferent as to whether it suited his inclination or not, so long as it was practicable and did not expose the chariot of state to too disastrous a jolting.

In the present case, however, it was not merely the wish to reconcile the Magyars which prompted the Emperor to such a negation of himself, but behind this aim there lay yet another, the attainment of which he had much more at heart. The conciliation of the Magyars was not an end in itself, but only a means to a higher end, which was the re-establishment of his hegemony in Germany. But if he was to attain this goal, he had to have a tolerable degree of peace within his empire, or at least could no longer have the consciousness that behind him were the discontented Magyars.

Hence also the haste with which he pressed the acceptance by the Austrian Parliament of the law establishing the *Ausgleich*. For the longed-for opportunity might come soon. The storm which he had in view in this connection was already gathering over the Rhine. With France at her side Austria might yet revenge herself on Prussia; and the more so since Victor Emanuel seemed to be inclined to form a third in this alliance against Prussia. The negotiations with France had already been entered upon; the Archduke Albrecht had been in Paris, and General Le Brun came as envoy to Vienna. The pendulum was swinging, the hour of Austria's great revenge was about to strike; but there was a hitch, and the clock ran down. Faced by the necessity of decision the courage of Francis Joseph failed. Recalling the defeats of 1859 and 1866 he recoiled from the responsibility of a new war, and allowed France to enter on the war with Prussia alone. He was moved to act thus cautiously not only by the discouraging experiences of the last two wars, but more especially by Russia's threatening attitude. With bitter regret he might now call to mind the policy which he had pursued with regard to Russia during the Crimean War, which she was now avenging in so disagreeable a fashion. And now he became aware of yet another painful mistake: those very Magyars to whom, for the sake of his policy of *reranche*, he had made the unspeakable sacrifice of partitioning the empire, now, in spite of their French sympathies, refused to hear of a war; and the very man whom he had, as it were, taken from the gallows to make him Hungarian Minister-President used all possible means to hinder

a joint action of the monarchy with France! Thus, from this point of view, the great sacrifice had been made in vain.

Perhaps the Emperor would after all have drawn the sword had France been victorious: but as she received blow after blow, he buried, with the supreme art of renunciation peculiar to him, all hope of ever seeing his German dream realised.

Next followed a long succession of peaceful years. For no less than forty-two years the peoples of Austria-Hungary were to enjoy peace almost untroubled from without, and it is beyond question that this was, above all, due to Francis Joseph, and that he had rightly earned the epithet of pacific emperor (*Friedens-Kaiser*) with which he was decorated.

The terrible experiences of the years 1848-49, 1859, and 1866 had aroused in him such a horror of war that he held the maintenance of peace to be the first task of his foreign policy; and since, in distinction from internal politics, he himself laid down the broad lines which governed it, it came about that he informed it with a pacific spirit.

In order to gain this object he again proved himself a veritable hero of self-abnegation, and entered into an alliance with those very two Powers who together had fought and conquered him a few years before: namely, with Prussia-Germany, and later even with Italy.

Neither alliance can have been very grateful to him. In the case of Germany, there was the wound of Königgrätz, which had left too deep a scar for him to have yet forgotten it; in the case of Italy, he could have no doubt as to the feelings which prevailed there towards his empire, for at the very time when negotiations were proceeding with Italy with a view to the alliance, Menotti Garibaldi was threatening a raid on Southern Tyrol, and a few months after the conclusion of the alliance Oberdank's conspiracy for blowing up the Emperor was discovered at Trieste. And yet he continued to act as the ally of a country in which irredentism seethed and raged incessantly against him: and all for the sake of blessed peace. This love of peace at any price had, of course, as its consequence that Austria-Hungary's policy shuffled cautiously along as though on felt slippers, that Austria became a sort of benevolent uncle to all the world, who looked on with folded hands, with a kindly smile and nods of encouragement, while the other Powers shared the world between them; that, in the concert of these Powers, Austria always played on the pastoral pipe, *pianissimo* and in unison, never as a solo. Not once in these long years of peace did Austria venture on an independent step; she always followed in the broad footsteps of her German ally—not, indeed, as an ally, but rather as a henchman. This

long peace was dearly bought, for it cost Austria-Hungary all her prestige, and nearly cost her her self-respect.

And yet these forty years and more of peace were a real service rendered by Francis Joseph to his country, the greatest service which he did her as ruler, and one for which his peoples should have owed him a debt of gratitude, for he saved them from the unspeakable sufferings of war, compared with which any loss of glory or self-confidence was of small importance, and which we have learnt by the sad experiences of the world-war to estimate at their full horror. It was to these long years of peace alone that his peoples owed the possibility of economic and cultural development; that they did not use this opportunity adequately, but preferred to rend each other to pieces in nationalist squabbles, which naturally hampered progress in every direction, is their fault alone, and not that of the Emperor. It fills one with indignation that, forgetting the benefits of the peace which they enjoyed for nearly half a century, they should with the basest ingratitude calumniate the Emperor's memory.

In curious contradiction with this exaggerated love of peace was his pronounced partiality for military matters, which he had more at heart than any other department of the State. This contradiction was apt to lead suspicious critics, who were unfavourably disposed towards the Emperor, to the conclusion that he was not in reality a lover of peace, but only ostensibly so. But such a judgment of him would be grossly false, for this passion of the Emperor's for military pursuits did not in the least detract from his love of peace. It had, as it were, an academic character, and was inspired by an æsthetic appreciation of exactly executed manœuvres, well-uniformed soldiers faultlessly drilled and marching in perfect order, a war-like *mise en scène*, the roar of cannon, the waving of flags, words of command, charging cavalry, flashing weapons, and the sound of patriotic music. All this formed a *milieu* in which he felt at home, and—most important of all—felt himself an autocrat, for he had reserved the Army as his own particular domain, in which he would allow no interference. It was not love of war, then, that caused this *penchant*, but a loftier form of playing at soldiers.

It is naturally impossible to deny that this game had a serious background, that it was his earnest wish to have at his disposal a defensive force which in a given event could and would play its part. Francis Joseph had been tried too often and too severely by fate not to have been prepared for the worst possibility which, from his point of view, could befall him and his Empire: namely, war. He did not want it, he dreaded it; but if it were forced

upon him, he wished to take the field well armed, and bear himself honourably in the fight.

In his internal policy the Emperor was less fortunate. Here, too, he did not fail to show the same unhappy touch. The political ideal which floated before him did honour to his good will: namely, in accordance with his motto, "*Viribus unitis*," harmony among the many peoples of his Empire. It was his honourable and unswerving endeavour to reconcile the nations which were struggling among themselves with fanatical fury, by seeking to do justice to their national grievances and make them contented. But he only met with base ingratitude from all, for, so soon as he made a concession to one nationality, its opponent raised a furious outcry against the unjust favouritism exercised to its own detriment. However honourable his endeavours, he was never able to please more than one side, and that only temporarily. Even a Bismarck would not have been able to achieve much in Austria by constitutional means; and Francis Joseph was no Bismarck, and the same was true of his Ministers. The Emperor felt himself strictly bound by his oath to the Constitution, and would not use absolutist means for the purpose of at last securing order and peace. Thus it came about that in the midst of this witches' Sabbath of nationalism his Ministers could find no salvation except by carrying on from day to day a see-saw policy, to describe which Count Taaffe coined the word, which has become famous, of "*fortwursteln*."

What we have just said is only true of Austria, not of Hungary, where the conditions differed essentially. Here there was no war of nationalities, as in Austria, but this was not because the different peoples in Hungary felt more contented. The contrary was the case; the dominant Magyars held them all down with the iron hand, and were always devising new means of repressing the national development of these peoples and turning them by force or fraud into Magyars. It should have been the Emperor's task—his duty, indeed—to help these unspeakably oppressed peoples to gain their rights; but, where Hungary was concerned, his sense of justice failed him. It failed him because he did not dare to break with the Magyar rulers of the country, because he had a horror of their everlasting grievances and hair-splitting legal quibbles, and because he feared their secession. And so all the complaints of the down-trodden peoples of Hungary died impotently away without ever penetrating into the halls of the castle at Buda.

But it was not only in Hungary that the Magyars ruled; as opposed to Austria, too, their influence prevailed. When it was a question of some difference between the two parts of the

Monarchy—and such differences were frequent enough—it was nearly always decided in favour of Hungary; for on such occasions Francis Joseph was always more the King of Hungary than the Emperor of Austria. In like manner Magyar influence prevailed in all affairs common to both; indeed, it could be confidently asserted that, during the first thirty years after the establishment of dualism, the Habsburg Monarchy bore the wrong title, and might more justifiably have been called Hungary-Austria than Austria-Hungary. The Hungarians wrung concession after concession from the Emperor, and, what is most significant, precisely in the military sphere, which he usually regarded with a jealous eye as his exclusive domain.

This striking weakness of the Emperor towards the Magyars might easily have been ascribed to a particular preference for them, similar, for instance, to that which his wife, the Empress Elizabeth, had. But it would be a decided mistake to put such an interpretation on it. Throughout his whole life Francis Joseph remained an Austrian to the core, and was never so happy as in the Austrian Alps at his beloved Ischl. But he had, on the other hand, an unshakable conviction that the Magyars must at all costs be kept contented, so that they might become the most firm supports of the throne of the Habsburgs. And so he satisfied one of their wishes after another, and in so doing obtained the exact opposite of what he intended: he merely stimulated their greed. Many a time, it is true, when they had pressed him too hard, his patience gave way, and they had to listen to the expression of his displeasure, as in the case of the famous Army order of Chlopy and the five-minutes' audience of the Hungarian Ministers in the year 1905. But these were never more than passing moods, invariably followed by a reaction, so that it was always the Magyars who in the end remained masters of the situation. It was not till Lueger took up his energetic attitude in the Austrian Parliament, and the heir, Francis Ferdinand, began gradually to emerge from his reserve, that the preponderance of the Magyars began to be modified to a certain extent.

Thus the internal policy of the Monarchy, in sharp contrast with its foreign policy, presented a melancholy spectacle of endless battles. This everlasting strife was a mocking commentary both on the Emperor's motto, "*Viribus unitis*," which he held up as an ideal before him, and on his love-of peace, which became more and more marked as years went by. It was no longer mere love of peace which possessed the Emperor; it was an insistent necessity for peace. This was in itself quite a natural phenomenon, explicable psychologically as a result of constant strife,

and physiologically as a result of the Emperor's increasing age. It is entirely understandable that, weary and utterly disgusted with this eternal wrangling, he should wish to find rest at last, to see and hear no more of it, and to finish the rest of his life in peace. No monarch had bought his right to rest so dear nor earned it so hardly. And, since this longed-for rest could not be achieved by any means while he was on the throne, it would have been the most natural thing if the Emperor had vacated it in favour of his heir, and retired to a life of leisure in the country, so as to enjoy in quiet contemplation the evening of his life. But this natural solution was utterly foreign to his character; he had become so identified with the throne that such an idea was intolerable to him. However much he might contemplate it in many an hour of deepest depression, holding up before him the enticing picture of a peaceful old age, he always ended by turning his back firmly upon it. He felt himself too much the Emperor, and wanted to remain so; he did not want to be an Emperor on the retired list, looking on quietly from his retreat while another played the master in a place which he had occupied continuously for a generation. The need for domination was even stronger in him than the need for rest. But, though there was no alternative between governing and living in quiet, Francis Joseph wanted both to govern and to live in quiet. This was fatal both for him and his Empire, for the two things were irreconcilable. But he could not see this, and tried to bring these two discordant aims into harmony. While he dealt indefatigably and with exemplary conscientiousness with all the current business of State, an example worthy of imitation by his officials, yet he postponed to the Greek Calends the solution of all such critical problems as might lead to serious conflicts, and contented himself with palliative measures, like a doctor who dreads an operation, and treats disorders which can only be cured by drastic measures with plasters and doses. The natural consequence of these dilatory methods was that unsolved political problems piled up higher and higher on every side of him, like the neglected documents of idle, undutiful officials, that in course of time matters either reached such a state of rigid deadlock that they were henceforth absolutely insoluble, or fell into a state of festering rotteness which made the political atmosphere of the Monarchy heavy with stifling gases.

It was to be foreseen that these gases would sooner or later explode—that they *must* explode, in fact—if some malicious hand, and there was no lack of such, were to throw in a spark. Yet the Emperor clung fast to these ill-starred methods, and was confirmed in this course by his *entourage*, who in their wish to

curry favour withheld from him everything that might have an unfavourable effect on his peace of mind. To go gently and to put off: in these lay the Alpha and Omega of the so-called *Hofratspolitik*, which came to be typical of the Austrian Government, and seemed also to be to the taste of those persons whom the Emperor was in the habit of entrusting with the most important offices of State. But it was also their endeavour that the public should learn nothing, or not too much, about the unpleasantnesses which lay hidden in the problems which they shelved. And so their subservient Press was never weary of stuffing the ears of the public with cotton-wool, and showing them the world of politics through rose-coloured or celestial-blue spectacles. Thus by far the greater part of the public had no idea that it was living in an atmosphere which an explosion might at any moment set in a blaze. And so, if we may speak paradoxically, it was the excess of pacific tendencies within the kingdom which brought about an excessive danger of war.

III. THE FINAL TRAGEDY (1908-1916).

Fate, which had throughout his life played a grim and malicious game with the Emperor, so willed it, in its Mephistophelian irony, that he who for more than forty years had so anxiously avoided every danger of war, found himself in his declining years obliged once more to draw the sword which he had long come to look upon as a mere ornament.

The first impulse was given by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in October, 1908. We have neither time nor space to enter into detail on this fateful crisis here. But this much we may say: that Austria-Hungary, that is to say, the Emperor Francis Joseph, in annexing these provinces only did what other Powers and other rulers would long before have done in their place. By incorporating it in his Empire he did no more than convert a provisional state of affairs of thirty years' standing into a definitive one, and replace an old name, which had been for long inapplicable to the facts, by a new and more fitting one, i.e., occupation by annexation. Essentially the situation was in no way altered by this step. There was, then, on this head no occasion for the storm of indignation which it provoked in Europe; and all the less, *since England and Russia themselves, through Lord Salisbury and Count Shuvaloff, had thirty years earlier hinted to Count Andrassy that he should not only occupy, but at once annex, these provinces*; a piece of good advice which Andrassy had unfortunately not followed, out of anxiety lest it should lead to difficult entanglements, which the Emperor's disinclination for adventurous acts must have tended strongly to

confirm. Neither Francis Joseph nor Count Aehrenthal could have had an idea that what had then been a natural step should now suddenly become a crime. The true cause of this tremendous uproar was neither the sudden affection of the Powers for Turkey—which, they explained, was injured by the annexation—nor their delicate sense of justice, which suddenly regarded the Treaty of Berlin as a sacred *noli-me-tangere*; but rather Francis Joseph's firm adhesion to the alliance with Germany. The Emperor's meeting with King Edward of England in August, 1907, was the beginning of the end for Austria-Hungary. Had he shown himself accessible to the King's offers, the substance of which has remained unknown, but was in any case of the most momentous significance, he would without a doubt have spared both himself and his Empire much suffering, and would very likely even have saved it from dissolution. But he placed fidelity to his alliance with Germany above political interest, and rejected the King's offers. From the ethical point of view this was certainly an honourable and noble course of action, but from the political point of view it was open to serious objection. This was proved by England's attitude in the annexation crisis. From being an old friend of the Monarchy she turned in a moment into a bitter enemy, and that not out of political antipathy, but only on account of Germany.

The hubbub which the annexation crisis let loose on all sides of the Monarchy was further increased by the astonishment of the Powers at the attitude which she took up in the course of this collision. They were accustomed to see in Austria-Hungary the friend of all the world, who responded with an amiable "Yea and Amen" to everything which the others chose to do; but now she suddenly assumed an attitude of refusal and answered the loud chorus of protests from the Powers with a very distinct "No," and an unmistakable movement of the hand towards the sword. This was unheard-of! They felt disillusioned and annoyed.

The fact that the Emperor Francis Joseph contented himself with a warlike gesture and left the sword sheathed proved once more, and most emphatically, his love of peace. It would not have been over-difficult at that time for Austria-Hungary to come to a reckoning with Serbia, for Russia, Serbia's protector, was still suffering from the consequences of the war with Japan, and was not in a position to conduct a war against the two Central Powers. Prince Troubetzkoy openly admitted later that Russia's sword was at that time made of paste-board. Moreover, England and France were not at that time inclined to enter the lists for Serbia. So, if she had wished it, Austria-Hungary would have

had a comparatively easy task with Serbia, which was at that time by no means as ready for war as she was four years later in the Balkan War. But she did not wish it. Neither the Emperor nor his heir, who has been so unjustly decried as anxious for war, wished for a war, and the Monarchy lost an opportunity of winning the mastery over its ill-disposed neighbour which was not likely to recur under such favourable circumstances.

If the Emperor Francis Joseph had been so anxious for war, and if he had had designs for the destruction of Serbia, as was afterwards asserted in enemy quarters—an accusation which is now echoed by the Social Democrats of his own Empire—he would have had ample opportunity of satisfying this supposed enmity and craving for war, not only in connection with the annexation crisis, but even earlier: as early as 1903, after the murder of the Serbian king and queen, when Serbia was in a state of the wildest confusion; but more especially during the Russo-Japanese War, when Serbia would have been entirely cut off from Russia's help, and no Power would have raised a finger for her. But Francis Joseph let both these opportunities go by without availing himself of them, and thereby revealed a love of peace which was far stronger than his consideration for the political interests of his Empire, which should have demanded a clearing-up of the Southern-Slav question.

And this too-peace-loving ruler, who let slip one opportunity after another out of pure love of peace, this truly pacific Emperor has been accused of war lust and greed of territory, when, tired at last of Serbian intrigues, but even then with extreme reluctance, he drew the sword, and thus did what other less pacific but politically cleverer rulers would in his place have done long before. Let us put ourselves in his place. What would an energetically governed State with some consideration for its own prestige and political advantage have done—like England, for example—had it been for years exasperated and reviled by a neighbouring State, and threatened in its stability by a dangerous agitation, if it saw that this State had avowedly plotted to bring about its disintegration? She would not have waited—and rightly so—till this ill-disposed neighbour had mined deep under her foundations, but would have acted in time, quickly and firmly, and prevented it from ever becoming dangerous again. Thus would England have acted; thus would any other Power or any other ruler have acted: they *must* have done so, if they were not willing to stake their existence on a gamble. But when Austria-Hungary was at last shaken out of her pacific lethargy by the murder of the heir to the throne, and braced herself to energetic measures against this everlasting disturber of the peace, she

found herself suddenly faced with a world of enemies, a formidable phalanx, and was pilloried as the instigator of the world-war. Austria-Hungary, the quiet friend of all the world, whose attitude was one of kindly acquiescence, turned into a political incendiary and malefactor! The Emperor Francis Joseph, who had been fêted as a prince of peace, turned into a violent, land-hungry, predatory disturber of the peace! The irony of world-history has never perpetrated a more cruel piece of malice.

—And so ill-luck dogged the Emperor to the end. He first ascended the throne amidst the wild uproar of war, in a bitter fight for the stability of his Empire; in the midst of such a war as the world has never seen he left it, to find at last in the tomb of the Habsburgs that rest which a cruel fate had withheld from him throughout his life. If we try to arrive at the psychological sum of the Emperor Francis Joseph's whole activity as a ruler, we find an amazing total of apparently irreconcilable contradictions: a correct adhesion to the constitutional forms of government, with a completely absolutist cast of mind; extreme self-abnegation, with a keen consciousness of his royal dignity; a wonderful capacity for accommodation, with the most decided conservatism both of thought and of feeling; an exemplary conscientiousness in the dispatch of the current affairs of State, with a disastrous evasion and postponement of all important political questions. The key to these curious contradictions may perhaps be found in this: that the Emperor was a thoroughly unmodern man, who had to be, and wished to be, a modern ruler. He towered out of a vanished age into modern times like an errant rock on which a modern building had to be erected. His honourable intentions would have made him a far more effectual ruler in some other State than his own Empire; the latter, with its complicated, unmanageable and refractory mechanism, called for a ruler of unusual ability, but more especially of extraordinary cleverness and luck, for this latter quality was required more than any other by the ruler of this State. But Francis Joseph possessed neither this ability nor this cleverness; least of all this luck. His honourable intentions and his conscientious hard work could be no substitute for these defects, and in balancing the account of his political activities we find a serious deficit. Yet we cannot judge him too hardly for this debt, for from the crown of thorns which was forced on to his brow by a cruel fate there shines forth a pale gleam surrounding his figure with a tragic nimbus which inspires us with respect and imposes moderation on our criticism.

THEODOR VON SOSNOSKY.

Translated by MRS. ALISON PHILLIPS.

SPAIN'S POSITION IN MOROCCO.

Of the international problems that interested and threatened Europe in the days before the war none, save perhaps the Balkan question, disturbed her equanimity so seriously as the problem of Morocco. The return of peace, and the progress achieved by the two mandatory nations in their respective zones, has done much to simplify and render easier its final settlement; but there is still a bone of contention, Tangier, and a definite and just solution will have to be given to this question before all possible source of conflict disappears. The following lines are an endeavour to set out briefly the Spanish point of view, of such importance in all matters concerning Morocco, and the legal and historical basis upon which it is founded.

The Spanish Protectorate in Morocco consists of a Northern and a Southern zone. The first extends from the mouth of the Muluya to a point on the Atlantic in the same latitude as the town of El Ksar El Kebir; the Southern zone comprises the fishing station of Ifni and a wide strip of territory facing the Canary Islands between the Wad Draa and the Spanish colony of Rio de Oro.

The population in each of these zones numbers about a million. In the North, the principal towns are Tetuan, Arzila, Larache, El-Ksar-El-Kebir and the holy city of Sheshauen, which still remains shrouded in mystery; of the old Spanish possessions, Melilla and Ceuta are the only two which can be reckoned as important, El Peñón and Alhucemas being more in the nature of small fortresses. The territory under Spanish protection is governed by a Khalifa representing the Sultan, assisted by a council of Viziers and advised by the Spanish High Commissioner. Spain has established Courts of Law in the chief cities, justice being administered locally by the Kadis under Spanish supervision.

The Northern zone is by far the most important of the two, the general aspect of the country being strikingly similar to the hilly regions of Andalucia. Its coastline runs for some 200 miles, and out of a total superficial extension reaching 10,800 square miles, the Spaniards have already subdued well over 6,300; but, as in the French-zone, the central heights are still to be occupied. Spain has already completed over 600 miles of roads in her zone, and is busy building new routes on the Western side, traffic having been recently inaugurated between Tetuan and

Tangier. Three narrow-gauge railway lines of over 100 miles long have been opened between Ceuta and Tetuan, Ceuta and Rio Martin, and Melilla and the interior. Two more will run before the end of the year from Tetuan to the Tangier zone and from Larache to El-Ksar-El-Kebir. The chief towns are connected by a network of telegraph and telephone lines.

Trade in Spanish Morocco is growing by leaps and bounds, commerce with Britain representing 83 per cent. of the total. Agriculture still constitutes the principal wealth of the Protectorate, but its mineral resources are considerable; lead, antimony, calamine and coal exist in both zones, and there are traces of petroleum in the North. During the war the Beni-bu-Ifrur mines exported to England as much as 300,000 tons of iron ore per annum.

Spain has opened fine schools in Tangier and at Ceuta, Tetuan, Melilla and other towns; she is also opening and improving native schools throughout the Protectorate. The Moors take full advantage of the hospitals and dispensaries existing all over the country, and they do not fail to appreciate the value of agricultural stations, where they are taught all modern improvements in the science.

The Southern zone, of sparse vegetation, is under the influence of the Saharan climatic and physiological regime. Cattle, horses and camels are bred in great quantities, and its mineral wealth is represented chiefly by lead. This part of the country, which is apparently well populated, has not yet been fully explored. The inhabitants of the Protectorate belong in their majority to the Berber race, more or less mixed with Arab blood, and with a negroid strain in the South. In the North there are many Hebrews, and a few pure Arab tribes are to be found.

The origin of the Spanish rights in Morocco dates from the early ages of history. The geographical proximity of the Peninsula to Northern Africa naturally contributed to increase the different relations between two countries which have always been associated, either in war or in peace. Seville was the seat of a Roman governor who ruled over Mauritania Tingitana, and the Goths controlled this province until the beginning of the eighth century, when an Arab invasion overran the Peninsula and did not cease to dominate it until, nearly seven hundred years later, Ferdinand and Isabella made the country independent once more.

The definite expulsion of the Moors had not yet been accomplished when Spaniards commenced to found settlements and erect fortresses upon the African coast opposite the Canary Islands. Between 1467 and 1500 Diego Garcia de Herrera, Pedro Fernandez de Saavedra and Alonzo Lugo planted their banners at

Chevica, Erguila and near Cape Juby. The century was drawing to a close when Alonso Fajardo built a castle near the mouth of the river Ifni; and his successor, Lope Sanchez de Valenzuela, obtained for the Castilian Crown the submission of Tagaost, Ufran, Ifni and other districts.

In 1496 the Duke of Medina Sidonia organised an expedition and entrusted its command to Pedro de Estupian, whose forces captured Menilla by surprise and, after holding it against the repeated attacks of the enemy, strengthened the fortifications and conquered the surrounding territory. About the same time, several tribes of the Uad-Nun and Sahara submitted to the authority of Ferdinand and Isabella.

It seems clear that even in that period Spanish monarchs and statesmen were fully alive to the importance which Morocco was to have in the international life of future generations. Queen Isabella inserted a clause in her testament praying and ordering her successors "to cease not in the conquest of Africa, nor in the fight against the infidels." Her advice was followed by the great Cardinal Cisneros, who always pursued as one of his chief ideals "the planting of the Cross of Jesus Christ in the principal cities of Africa"; and to his efforts Spain owed the conquest of Melilla, Mazalquivir, El Peñón, Oran, Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli. The Emperor Charles V continued this policy, strengthening Spanish influence upon the coast of North Africa; and in 1564, Philip II ordered Don Alvaro de Bazán, Marquis de Santa Cruz, to punish the piratical tribes that infested the coast near Tetuan.

Portugal ceded Laraiche to Spain during the reign of Philip III, and several towns were added to the Spanish possessions in Africa when the union of the two countries was effected. Tangier and Mazagan reverted to the Crown of Portugal when this country returned to its former independence, but ever since 1580 Ceuta has remained under Spanish rule. The port of Manora or Mehedia, a nest of pirates situated in the mouth of the Sebu, was captured by Don Luis Fajardo in 1601, and in 1673 the Prince of Sacro Monte occupied the island of Alhucemas in the name of the Spanish king.

Wars in Morocco, either against the Sultans or against the pirates, continued practically without interruption during the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Spanish fortresses were repeatedly besieged by the Moors, and the heroism of the defenders of Melilla, who repelled a series of assaults extending over twelve years, and that of the Ceuta garrison, who withstood successfully a siege lasting from 1694 till 1721, are among the finest pages of Spanish military history in Moorish land.

Dazzling prospects in America and endless strife with European

monarchs greatly engaged the attention of Spanish kings during this period, preventing them from giving due regard to the powerful national interests centred in Morocco. Charles III, however, remedied in part the omissions of his predecessors by putting an end to the wars which had been raging for centuries on African soil and inaugurating the series of Treaties which were to render possible the development of Spanish action in the Sheriffian Empire. The first of these was concluded in 1767 with Sultan Mohamed-ben-Abdallah after negotiations successfully conducted by Jorge Juan, the famous Spanish Admiral. Spanish sovereignty over the four principal towns was expressly recognized in its clauses, which gave to Spain the exclusive right of fishing on the Atlantic coast and several other important advantages. But this Treaty was destined to have a short life; four years later, Mohamed-ben-Abdallah called his men to arms and besieged the port of Melilla. It was a costly and unsuccessful adventure, for the new Treaty which restored peace in 1780 ratified the previous agreement and obtained further advantages for Spain.

These two conventions were ratified anew by the Treaty of 1799, which constitutes the real origin of political and commercial relations between Spain and Morocco, being in effect an alliance between the two nations, similar in terms and spirit "to an agreement among Christian peoples and easily distinguished from the conventions generally concerted with Berber states." The Treaty was scrupulously observed by both parties during a period of forty years, after which the hostile attitude of the frontier tribes, who murdered the Spanish Consul at Mazagan and hampered commercial relations, forced Spain to send an "ultimatum" to the Sultan. Writers of that epoch suspect that the events which led to this decision were not altogether free from foreign influence; it is certain, at any rate, that the friendly intervention of Great Britain prevented the opening of hostilities, and a new convention was signed at Laraiche in 1845.

Shortly after this Spain occupied the Chafarinas, a group of small islands which derive their importance from an excellent natural port and their close proximity to Melilla. The port had been used by Spanish vessels for a considerable time, and competent strategists of the eighteenth century had repeatedly advised its occupation. In 1848 the Spanish Government, learning that France had her eye upon the islands, decided to act without delay and ordered a contingent of troops to set out from Málaga under naval escort and occupy the Chafarinas. The expedition fulfilled its mission only a few hours before the arrival of a similar French contingent.

A series of provocations and crimes committed by the Andjera

tribe were the principal cause of an important war which broke out in 1859, and which negotiations and threats proved powerless to avert. The Spanish nation, understanding that it was necessary to punish the rebels in an exemplary manner, supported with enthusiasm the declaration of war. Tetuan was occupied after several fierce encounters with a brave and intelligent enemy, but the march on Tangier stopped short of its objective when the Moors begged for unconditional peace. Perhaps if Spain had reckoned with the acquiescence of France and England, the political and diplomatic success of the campaign would have been equal to the one it achieved in every action; but, in the opinion of many Spanish authors, the attitude of those countries tended to deprive Spain of the full fruits of her military victories, and it is certain that Great Britain opposed the occupation of Tangier and the maintainance of a garrison in Tetuan. The final result brought little else than honour and glory to Spain.

In a preliminary peace signed on March 25th, 1860, by the Khalifa Muley-el-Abbas and the Duke of Tetuan, General Commanding the Spanish Forces, the Moorish Sultan ceded to the Queen of Spain all the territory from the sea, following the Sierra Bullones heights, to the Andjera Pass, and a portion of the Atlantic coast sufficient for the establishment of a settlement at Santa Cruz la Pequeña. The Sultan also promised to ratify the 1859 Treaty concerning Melilla, El Peñón and Alhucemas.

The definite peace was signed at Tetuan a month later. This agreement, besides ratifying the essential clauses of the Armistice, ceded to Spain a tract of territory around Ceuta necessary for the security of the town and guaranteed the peaceful attitude of the tribes in the neutral zones bordering on Spanish strongholds. As a consequence of one of its clauses a Treaty of Commerce was concluded on November 20th, 1861, with the express object of increasing commercial relations between both countries and determining the nature of the various privileges to be enjoyed by Spanish subjects in Morocco. The indefinite maintenance of the *status quo* within the Sheriffian Empire was decided by an International Conference held at Madrid in 1880, and a further Treaty was drawn up on matters concerning the exercise of the right of protection. In 1893 Spain was obliged to use military force in order to stamp out a war which had broken out at Melilla, and which ended in the defeat of the rebels.

The early years of the twentieth century mark the beginning of a new era for the Spanish policy in Morocco. Until that date, leaders of Spanish life did not appreciate adequately the true importance of Moroccan affairs; the lure of America had overshadowed the wise advice of Isabella and Cardinal Cisneros during

the centuries that followed the discovery of a new world; and the indolence and pessimism prevalent in the nineteenth century contributed little to the furtherance of an action which has developed enormously in recent years.

The Franco-Spanish Treaties of 1900 constituted the first step in a new direction, recognizing the right possessed by Spain over the Muni territory, and in the Gulf of Guinea, Rio de Oro and Western Sahara. The problem of Morocco offered greater difficulties; but Spain, perhaps badly advised, approached Germany with a view to achieving its settlement. Germany declined to face the consequences which might have followed any action on her part, and the Spanish Government then decided to open negotiations with France. A secret Treaty was drawn up dividing the Sheriffian Empire into two zones of influence, one French and the other Spanish, the latter to comprise the whole of the territory outlined by the Mediterranean, the Atlantic and the Muluya, Ynauen and Sebu rivers; that is, a region far more extensive than that over which Spain now rules. But this country would not sign a secret Treaty to which Great Britain was not a party and of the clauses of which she was ignorant. In view of Spanish hesitations, France decided to settle the problem by direct negotiation with England.

- Only now is it possible to appreciate the extent of the threat which hung over the international life of Spain at that moment. Fortunately enough, England, though desirous of consolidating her position in Egypt, was at the same time against a great Mediterranean Power increasing its influence in Morocco and the Straits of Gibraltar: and so the Franco-British Treaty of 1904 included a clause in which Spanish interests in the Sheriffian Empire were recognized as a consequence of Spain's geographical position and her possessions on the Moroccan coast. It also stipulated that an agreement should be drawn up between France and Spain, with the obligation of communicating its terms in due course to Great Britain.

Such was the origin of the Franco-Spanish Treaty of 1904. An official note issued at the time stated that the French and Spanish Governments had decided to fix the extension of their respective rights and interests in Morocco, that Spain had adhered to the Franco-British Treaty of the same year, and that both France and Spain were determined to maintain the integrity of the Sheriffian Empire under the Sultan of Morocco.

Looking back to 1902, the terms of this Agreement can hardly be considered favourable to Spain, for the zone placed under her influence was considerably smaller than that which was then allotted to her; on the other hand, it represented an important gain

in another direction, as the rights and interests possessed by Spain in Morocco were explicitly recognised. Its chief importance lies in the fact that it established and defined for the first time the French and Spanish zones of influence and the manner in which that influence was to be exercised.

This Treaty did not exclude Tangier from the Spanish zone. Article 9 simply states that the town "will retain the special character which it owes to the presence of the Diplomatic Corps and to its Municipal and Public Health institutions."

But the problem of Morocco had not yet been settled. The agreement between France, England and Spain caused bitter disappointment to Germany, and the Kaiser took little time in voicing the strong dissatisfaction of his country. On April 1st, 1905, he delivered a speech at Tangier which echoed through Europe like the blast of a war trumpet; the situation became threatening, and, in order to avoid a conflict, the Powers summoned the International Conference of Algeciras on September 22nd of the same year.

The programme of the Conference, which was drawn up by France, Germany and Spain with the acquiescence of Great Britain, stipulated as a previous condition that the decisions to be taken would not interfere with the clauses of the Franco-British and Franco-Spanish Treaties, dealing exclusively with matters concerning the police organisation, the repression of contraband of war, the creation of a State Bank of Morocco, Customs, taxes, commercial contraband and Public Works.

The Conference lasted three months, commencing at Algeciras on January 16th, 1906, under the presidency of the Duke of Almodovar, Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs. So exacting were the German demands that there was often good cause to fear the total failure of the discussions. But, notwithstanding the divergence of the British, French and Spanish views from those of the German Empire, it was finally possible to satisfy the commercial and economic aspirations of all the Powers interested. France and Spain were granted the right to intervene directly in affairs relating to the policing of Morocco and to the international rights and commercial liberties of all civilised peoples.

These statutory enactments form the legal basis of the whole political and administrative situation of the Sheriffian Empire and particularly of Tangier, which, as the seat of the State Bank and the residence of the Diplomatic Corps, entrusted with the task of supervising the observance of the Treaty, became of special interest from the international point of view.

It seemed as if the Algeciras Treaty had really fulfilled its mission and satisfied all claims. France, Britain and Spain lost

one of their previous advantages; Germany, on the other hand, besides obtaining a few economic concessions and the power to intervene in certain circumstances, could claim that she had submitted France's action to international supervision. Europe had once more declared the sovereignty of the Sultan over his intangible territories, granting to France and Spain a right the extension of which depended on future contingencies. Save for the organisation of the Franco-Spanish Police service, the first step towards a more or less remote dominion, the Conference of Algeciras did not alter the existing *status quo*.

A succession of dramatic events led to a complete change in the situation. In 1907 and 1908, the aggressive attitude of the Moors at Ujda and Casablanca obliged France to take military action and occupy the Chauia region; while Spain, who in 1908 had sent contingents to La Restinga and Cabe de Agua, to the East of Melilla, started a campaign in the following year with the object of repressing the hostile activities of the tribes surrounding that town, occupying the Gueliaia and Quebdana territories. In justification of these measures, Spain and France alleged the powers conceded to them by the Algeciras Treaty, and asserted clearly their intention of fully carrying out the mission with which Europe had entrusted them.

The Sultan, fearing perhaps for the integrity of his dominions, opened negotiations with those Powers which resulted in two Treaties, signed respectively on the 4th of March, 1910, and on November 16th, of the same year. This latter agreement, the terms of which are very similar to the Franco-Moroccan Treaty, defined the neutral zone around Ceuta and the organisation of the territory occupied by Spain, ceding to her the port of Santa Cruz de Mar Pequeña on the Atlantic Ocean. It represented the definite base of Spanish action in Morocco, which, by virtue of it and the preceding Treaties, was to be carried out on parallel lines to that of France. But, though the foundations existed, the structure had not been erected yet; and before it was complete Europe was to suffer anew the menace of war as a result of the ever-complicated problem of Morocco.

The Moorish Sultan, literally besieged in Fez by the rebellious tribes of the interior, asked France to come to his aid; and France, nothing loth to protect the lives and property of Europeans within the Empire, immediately sent an army under the command of General Moinier. In so doing, she adhered strictly to the stipulations of the Algeciras Treaty, and effectively started the occupation of her sphere of influence in Morocco.

The French move caused a stir in Europe and displeased Germany not a little. Spain, who had been totally ignored by the French

Government, was put on her guard, and shortly after this decided to make use of the powers to which she was fully entitled. Following the example of her friend and neighbour, she proceeded to occupy certain positions between Ceuta and Tetuan and disembarked a contingent at Laraiche in order to protect European interests at El-Ksar-El-Kebir. These decisions were received by France with some dissatisfaction; but they have been amply justified since, for it is extremely likely that France would have occupied those territories had not Spain acted as she did.

The next step came from Germany, whose suspicions had been aroused by the action of the two Mediterranean Powers, and who remembered full well the positive results of the Kaiser's speech at Tangier a few years back. On July 1st, 1911, and with the object of protecting her subjects, she sent the famous "Panther" to Agadir. The blast of the war horn echoed anew through Europe, and France saw her plans in Morocco endangered to an unpleasant degree. It was then that Germany, seizing the advantage in which her action had placed her, and after negotiations which are fresh in the minds of all, signed with France the Berlin Treaty of 1911, by which absolute liberty of action was recognised to the French Government in Morocco, France ceding to the German Empire in exchange, 200,000 square kilometres of the territory she possessed in Western Africa.

From this moment France had the road free for the development of her Moroccan policy, but, desiring to obtain compensation for the concessions recently granted to Germany, she started negotiations with Spain, perhaps seeking to attain her object at the expense of the Spanish sphere of influence in Morocco. While these negotiations were in course, the Franco-Moroccan Treaty of 1912 was brought into effect, practically placing in French hands the future regime of the Sheriffian Empire. Reference was made to the status of Tangier; it was to guard the special character which had been recognised to it, and which would determine the form of its municipal organisation. The signature of Muley Abdel-Hafid was affixed to the document, and France, while recognising the validity of Spanish claims, was able to consider herself the determining factor in the destinies of Morocco.

It now remained to settle with Spain, and this was the object of the Franco-Spanish Treaty of November 27th, 1912, the most important of all those we have so lightly glanced over, for it defines the zones of Spanish action and influence in Morocco, and the rights, privileges and duties of Spain in that country. Spain again gave way to the demands of France, for, in the same way as the 1904 Treaty had cut down the Spanish zone of influence in relation to the limits contained in the projected Treaty of 1902,

the agreement of 1912 represents a further reduction of that zone at the cost of Spanish interests in Morocco. A clause was inserted concerning Tangier, stipulating that "the town of Tangier and its 'banlieu' shall be granted a special regime, which shall be decided upon later, and they will form a zone between the limits described below."

In this way Spain, who had started to intervene in Moroccan affairs four centuries before, saw the legal sanction of her claims over two reduced portions of the Sheriffian Empire. The status of Tangier still remains to be settled, for the outbreak of war interrupted the work of a Commission, composed of an Englishman, a Frenchman and a Spaniard which was engaged at Madrid in framing the International Statute destined to rule the town. Whether the task of this Commission would have been a success is uncertain; the terms of the Statute were, as far as is known, of such a nature that it seems probable that Spain would have refused to sign it. The problem of Tangier, therefore, remains without adequate solution; at the present moment, matters have reached a state when a settlement is urgent if unpleasant possibilities are to be avoided.

As we have seen, every Treaty dealing directly with Tangier alludes to its special character or to a regime which is to be granted to it at some indefinite date. Not one of them excludes the town and its zone from that of the Spanish Protectorate in Morocco. Legally, therefore, Tangier is within the limits of the Protectorate, and any statute defining its position will have to be drawn up on this basis.

It is yet difficult to foresee the exact nature of the decision which will determine the fate of the city; but one thing is certain, that Spain will never consent to the preponderance of any other Power in Tangier. Spain's firmness on this point is not difficult to understand. We have just reviewed the history of her legal rights and interests in Morocco, far in advance of those of any other country. A glance at the map recalls the fact that the Spanish coast is plainly visible from the shore at Tangier, and that this town is situated at the mouth of the Straits, where there already exists one Gibraltar. Tangier is an *enclave* within the Spanish zone, by which it is surrounded, and where liberty of action is impossible if the town is to be controlled by another Power. Moreover, three-fourths of the European colony is Spanish at Tangier, where the language, the currency, the Press, local commerce and industrial enterprise are all Spanish. National dignity and security could not accept any other standpoint than that which has been firmly taken by the Spanish nation.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that the case for a Spanish

Tangier should be receiving such whole-hearted support in Spain. The Press is constantly testifying to the popular feeling upon the subject. The attitude of the Army is as clear as that of the Press. Political parties and political men of all shades and colours, from the Carlists to the Socialists, have repeatedly stated their views with a striking unanimity, leaving no room for no misunderstanding. And the Government, wholly confident of the support of the nation, has only lately expressed its determination to safeguard the country's interests in the matter.

Until the problem of Tangier is settled, and unless that settlement is inspired by a spirit of justice, the question will be a source of possible conflict and free action will be out of the question in the Spanish Protectorate in Morocco.

A STUDENT OF MOROCCAN AFFAIRS.

THE HUNTER REPORT AND AMRITSAR.

In reviewing the events in the Punjab during the month of April, 1918, it is necessary to begin with three important preliminaries. In the first place, we must coordinate the dates; in the second, we must take the area as a whole; and in the third we must consider the nature of the outrages. The Hunter Commission have found that there was no evidence of a conspiracy to overthrow the British Government and some capital has been made out of the fact to drive home the theory that there was no fear of revolution. But revolutions and rebellions do not necessarily arise from organised conspiracy. There is nothing in history to show that the greatest of all revolutions resulted from any deliberate plot: on the contrary, not only was it slow in coming, but the authority of the King was maintained until after the flight to Varennes and even until the affair of the 12th August. The Majority Report says "a movement which had started in rioting and became a rebellion might have rapidly developed into a revolution." The Minority—the Indian Members—however, deprecate this view. They cannot agree that "the riots were in the nature of a rebellion," and consider that to suggest that they had the elements of a revolution is an unjustified exaggeration.

The area marked on the map as disturbed extended roughly 70 miles north to south from Jhelum to Kasur and 80 miles east to west from Lyallpur to Jullundur. It is true that arson occurred as far west as Multan and as far east as Ambala, and that the telegraph was cut in various places from Rawal Pindi to Delhi. It is also true that arson, riot and murder were only intensive in a somewhat smaller area. The inference to be drawn is that, while the focus of the rebellion was round about Lahore and Amritsar, the outer circle was very disturbed, and that beyond that again there was an area of at least inflammable material.

The actual outbreaks occurred at Ahmedabad, Amritsar and Lahore on the same date, the 10th April; at Bombay on the 11th; at Viramgam and Kasur on the 12th and at Gujranwala on the 14th. There were events only a little less serious at other places on the 16th and telegraph wires were cut up to the 25th. It was not unreasonable to suppose that these various riots, which occurred almost simultaneously and at places so far apart as Bombay and Amritsar, were the result of a preconcerted scheme, though enquiry has shown that there is, at any rate, no proof of this.

It has been claimed with a sigh of relief by a portion, at least,

of the English Press that the Minority Report differs from that of the Majority mainly in epithets. The findings of fact are unanimous, but this after all is inevitable. The facts are too glaring. That certain people were murdered, that certain buildings were burnt, that certain unruly crowds gathered, that the railways, telegraphs and telephones were damaged—all these things are not, and cannot well be, disputed. It is when we come to the more nebulous region of inferences that the divergence begins to appear. The Majority consider the Punjab to have been in a state of rebellion; the Minority are unable to agree. The Majority are satisfied that the events are such as to justify the declaration of martial law. The Minority wholly and unreservedly repudiate this conclusion.

The Minority Report in fact, while containing some severe criticisms which most people will accept, betrays its origin almost throughout. It is the work of three Indians, two of whom are definitely lawyers, and the third so far a lawyer that he belongs to a Legislative Council: very naturally, they are at great pains to prove that the riots were sporadic and transitory, that the Province as a whole was loyal, and that even the disturbed areas very quickly returned of their own accord to a state of law and order. They admit that resentment against the Rowlatt Acts and the Satyagraha movement were among the factors responsible for the state of excitement, but plead that the misrepresentations of the one were not due to any of the leaders and the doctrines of the other distinctly forbade the use of violence. Both as lawyers and as Indians, they evidently hate martial law and in a long chapter endeavour to prove that it was at no time necessary. The impression left is that, while the evidence has been carefully examined in detail, there is a failure to grasp the situation as a whole, in spite of such passing phrases as "their cumulative effect is not in our view such as to lead to a conclusion in favour of such introduction." The Majority Report, on the other hand, lacks decision and emphasis: the "crawling" order, for instance, is criticised in these dignified but colourless words: "In subjecting the Indian population to an act of humiliation it has continued to be a cause of bitterness and racial ill feeling." The Cabinet, in no less dignified words, was not afraid to speak out. "The order," they say, "offended against every canon of civilised government" and every one who is not prejudiced will agree. Again, their condemnation of General Dyer lacks precision. They cannot "draw the conclusion" that General Dyer saved the situation and averted a rebellion "similar in scale to the Mutiny," but they find that there was a rebellion which might have become a revolution and yet they say, obviously with disap-

proval, that General Dyer "had in view not merely the dispersal of the crowd . . . but the desire to produce a moral effect;" and this moral effect, according to Sir M. O'Dwyer and the Government of India, "crushed the rebellion" and put an end to the disturbances. The Majority seem to turn now to the general situation and now to the particular episode in a manner which leaves their final conclusions unconvincing and confused.

That there is really anything actually contained in the Rowlatt Acts to which the mass of the people, uninstructed by the leaders and the educated classes, would take objection is inconceivable. The Rowlatt Acts were directed against revolution and anarchy and were not intended to apply to normal conditions. The "Servant of India" wrote on March 6th, "If resistance is confined to the provisions of this particular legislation there is little chance of a conflict arising with the authorities. One may passively resist the Rowlatt Acts for years without ever coming in the path of the police." Or again, the Minority quote, apparently with approval, a report of Lt.-Col. Smithers, in which he says: "Most outlying villages had not even heard of the Rowlatt Bill." It would be unfair to characterise the agitation as factitious, nor need we impute to the leaders any deliberate intention to mislead or misrepresent. The most charitable view is, therefore, that like Mr. Gandhi, they let loose forces "which they could neither direct nor control."

The events at Amritsar so far eclipsed the happenings elsewhere that public attention has been almost entirely deflected from the riots at Ahmedabad, Gujranwala and Kasur, not to mention the very formidable list of minor incidents, such as the stoning of trains, cutting of telegraph wires, smashing of telephone instruments and even the burning of houses, hospitals and railway stations. Yet, the incidents at the three places mentioned were hardly less serious than those at Amritsar and as the Majority Report says: "The disturbances as they spread along the railway line vary only in degree and as opportunity varied." The minor incidents of cutting the wires and attempting to derail trains, of burning European houses and hospitals and so forth, would in ordinary times have each been considered very dangerous manifestations of a dangerous spirit in the locality and the withdrawal, at Lyallpur in particular, of all the women and children to a place of safety is indicative of the situation. These things are not done in India unless under extreme pressure; not only are the women unwilling to go, but the whole measure suggests apprehension and mistrust of the people which it is desirable to avoid.

The Minority Report has called General Dyer's act inhuman and un-British. Several English newspapers have quoted these

epithets with approval and have added the terms Prussianism and "frightfulness" to them. But, surely, this kind of criticism entirely depends on the view taken of the circumstances. It is neither inhuman nor un-British to crush an incipient rebellion with one sharp stroke; it has been done over and over again in history—notably by Napoleon in the rising of Vendémiaire; terrorism of the same kind was practised in the Mutiny. Neither can an exceptional and isolated instance of "frightfulness," if the word is admitted, be fitly compared with the systematic terror on which the Prussians relied as a part of their creed.

But the circumstances of the case undoubtedly do lend colour to criticism of this kind. If General Dyer had arrived with his armed force at the height of the outbreak at Ahmedabad on April 10th, when a deliberate attack was made on Europeans with stones and fire, and had used half the rounds fired at Amritsar, it is probable that there would have been no rioting on the 11th; had he arrived at Amritsar on the 10th, soon after Sergeant Rowlands and the three Bank Managers had been cruelly murdered and Miss Sherwood had been left for dead, the shooting of even a considerable number of the rioters would, in all probability, have been held justifiable.

As it was, however, General Dyer, unfortunately for himself, opened fire without warning on a crowd which, though it had assembled in defiance of the proclamation and was potentially capable of great mischief, was not at the time engaged in any overt acts of rebellion or disorder, and he continued to fire on the crowd which was dispersing. His omission to take any steps whatever to succour the wounded, the setting up of the triangles in the lane where Miss Sherwood was attacked and the wholly indefensible "crawling order" issued nine days after the outbreak were certainly not in consonance with the theory of the short and sharp lesson which it may have been necessary to administer. The primary object of firing in such cases as these is not to kill or to wound any given person, but to quell disorder. That done, the ordinary instincts of humanity to the individual would or should prevail.

Few things are more difficult than to decide in the course of disorder on the grand scale the psychologic moment to use force and the amount of force to use; and one of those few is to sit in judgment afterwards on those who used the force. The Majority have come to the deliberate opinion that a state of rebellion did exist in Punjab, though they do not accept the view that the situation at any time threatened to be comparable with the Mutiny. The Minority, on the other hand, consider that there was nothing which could be called rebellion. This is funda-

mental. For if there really was rebellion there was considerable justification for General Dyer's attitude towards the disturbances. The Government of India have admitted that the action taken in all probability prevented further manifestations of disorder "to an extent which it is difficult now to estimate." And the Cabinet declared that the General "naturally could not dismiss from his mind conditions in the Punjab generally" and "was entitled to lay his plans" accordingly. Exactly what this means is not very clear. It may mean that in firing upon an unruly mob engaged in acts of violence, he was entitled to consider their conduct as part of a widespread disorder and to use more force than was immediately necessary to disperse the mob. But that view is hardly consistent with the broad principle laid down that the force used must be the minimum required. The more natural meaning would be that, given the state of rebellion throughout a large part of the Province and given the requisite opportunity, General Dyer was entitled to use such force as would effectually intimidate the rebels all over the disturbed area. That is the view which appears to be generally taken by Europeans in India and that, to my thinking, is the right view. The fault really lay first in misjudging the opportunity, in that "he selected for condign punishment an unarmed crowd which, at the time of the punishment, had committed no act of violence and had made no attempt to oppose him by force"; secondly, in giving no warning of any kind; thirdly, in neglecting the wounded. It is a pity that language intended to be dignified should so often degenerate into obscurity. In the plain vernacular, General Dyer intended to "put the fear of God" into the Punjab; had the crowd been actively violent he would have been entirely right. As it was, he laid himself open to criticism and his subsequent conduct gave the unhappy impression of vindictiveness.

The "crawling order" in particular was wholly indefensible, not merely because it was issued so long after the event, nor because it caused "unnecessary inconvenience," nor even because it was an act of vengeance pure and simple, but because it "subjected the Indian population to an act of humiliation" to use for the moment the quite inadequate words of the Majority Report. There is nothing that an Indian values more than his "izzat," whether this be translated honour or dignity. It is not necessary to labour the point because those who know India have insisted upon it so often that it has come to be axiomatic. But, in these latter days, a new element has been added to this sensitiveness. It is no longer a question of personal dignity but of national honour. The Indian feels that such indignity is offered to him as an Indian and he knows from ever increasing intimacy with other

countries that such an order would be unthinkable in England or France. He is awakening to national consciousness, he is aspiring to self-government, he is yearning to take a great place in the world and the Empire, equal at least, to that of the self-governing Colonies; can it be wondered at that he should resent bitterly an order which is eminently calculated to brand him with inferiority? It is nothing to the point that General Dyer thought that the order would be evaded by the use of other thoroughfares: the order was there and the Indian knows that elsewhere it could not have been issued. It is rather an aggravation than an extenuation that the order should have been issued from a mistaken notion of chivalry to a white woman. Most probably, Miss Sherwood herself would have been the first to protest against it. It is, at any rate, some consolation that no single person of consequence, either in England or in India, has been found to approve of it. In fact, martial law seems to have been administered with a harshness which at times and in individual cases overstepped the bounds of justice and which, though perhaps dictated in part by the gravity of the situation, seems to have been also inspired by not unnatural resentment at the excesses.

It comes then to this. The Punjab was in a state of rebellion which threatened to become revolution and who is to say whether a revolution once the flood gates are opened will not attain the dimensions of the Mutiny? The coincidence of the outbreaks had at least suggested a conspiracy and the Punjab Government could hardly do otherwise than act upon the assumption that it existed. The letters of the Archbishop of Simla and of Miss Purnell in *The Times* show how critical the position was. General Dyer was therefore right in principle but unfortunate in some of the details. Even though he gave no warning, it was not unreasonable to assume that his proclamation, posted up in nineteen places and announced by beat of drum, was widely known and the letters mentioned show that the countryside was by no means ignorant of the march of events at Amritsar. The General was in a very difficult position—all the more because the Civil authorities seem to have effaced themselves from the moment of his arrival. Had he not marred his action by certain subsequent acts, it is not unlikely that he would have received as much approval in England as he seems to have received from his countrymen in India—and it may fairly be argued that they alone are competent to judge. The lesson has been administered and the sooner the Civil Power is co-ordinated with the military in such crises, the better for the Government and the better for India.

STANLEY RICE.

WOMEN POLICE

THOSE who have studied the conditions of our streets and public places, and who have followed the proceedings in police courts, have long been of opinion that the appointment of women police was an urgent necessity. The conditions brought about by the war have largely emphasised this need. Already in the early days of the war those who saw the excitement in our streets were convinced that some special help was needed to care for women and children under conditions in which all ordinary life was disorganised. A few women connected with the National Union of Women Workers consulted with others as to what should be done. Their first idea was to obtain authorisation for the appointment of women as special constables; but it appeared that the law did not allow women to be sworn in. Finally, it was decided to get women volunteers to patrol the streets, and to attempt to get some recognition of them from the public authorities.

The Metropolitan Chief Constable agreed to sign cards for Women Patrols, trained and organised by the National Union of Women Workers, bidding the police to give them all possible assistance in their work, and the Home Secretary wrote a circular letter to the Chief Constables throughout the country, asking them to sign the cards of the women patrols who might be organised in their neighbourhood under committees set up by the N.U.W.W. The patrols were allowed to wear an armlet with the letters "N.U.W.W." upon it, but in the early days wore no other kind of uniform. They were to befriend women and children, and to help to maintain order in the streets and public places, and especially in the neighbourhood of the camps. The Central Patrol Committee appointed paid women organisers, who went to various centres, when requested, to start the work and train the patrols.

The work at first was, of course, largely experimental. It developed on different lines according to the needs of different localities. It was not possible to give much training to the voluntary patrols, but all were trained for at least a fortnight under experienced social workers. In most centres they were then placed on probation for three months, before being enrolled and registered. Very soon a body of experience was gathered which enabled the older patrols to help in the training of the new recruits. All Chief Constables did not welcome the scheme, and it needed much persistence and enthusiasm to overcome the objections, which were often amusing enough, raised in some places. On reviewing the

whole movement, which has now at last led to the appointment of at least a certain number of women police, the caution displayed by the authorities is most noticeable. No step was ever taken from which it would not be possible to withdraw. The principle that women police were necessary or even desirable was never frankly recognised. But from the first the value of the work done by the women patrols was warmly appreciated. Fortunately, though both they and those who organised them had to learn their work as they went, no grievous mistakes were made. Hostile or critical Chief Constables and Watch Committees were conciliated whenever possible, and once the first difficulties were overcome, the work of the patrols met with universal approval. Lord Kitchener and the military authorities, as well as the civic authorities, were warm in their commendation, and the further development of the work was encouraged on all sides. It was difficult to supply the many organisers asked for to start work in new places. By 1916 there were over two thousand patrols at work in different centres. Ultimately, between four and five thousand voluntary patrols were registered in England and Wales. It is really noteworthy that there should have been so many women to volunteer for this often dull, and always difficult and disagreeable work, which had no glamour about it and attracted little public notice or admiration.

Of course, in this, as in other cases, financial difficulties interfered with the rapid development of the work. Most of the patrols were entirely voluntary, but some patrol leaders and organisers, and some travelling and office expenses, had to be paid. Fortunately, the generosity of the public did not fail, though more could have been done had the means been available.

The majority of the patrols were busy women who gave up regularly some evenings every week, to parade the streets and public places in all weathers and under the most trying conditions. It was soon shown that their mere presence was sufficient to check much disorderly conduct, and some of the worst streets in London and elsewhere showed marked improvement. The patrols were recognised as friends by girls and soldiers alike, and turned to in all sorts of emergencies. Not only were young girls helped in dangerous circumstances, but young soldiers were warned against well-known prostitutes, and drunken Tommies helped to the safe shelter of a Y.M.C.A. hut. The men were always most grateful for any help given them by the patrols, and never resented advice or assistance. The police in most cases showed themselves decidedly friendly. One inspector, who had been at first very hostile, was so impressed by the tactful dealing of a patrol with a young giddy girl, that he said he should in consequence ever

lift his hat to the women patrols. Neither did the girls fail in responsiveness; one of them told a patrol that it was "just ripping" to have someone to care what you did.

Perhaps the most important result of the work of the patrols is the knowledge they gained of the life of the streets. In a report by His Majesty's Inspector of Constabulary, issued in 1917, it is stated: "Any policeman of experience knows how much of crime, of drunkenness, of immorality, and of mischievous disorder is due to the mere fact that the offender has nothing better to do, nowhere to spend his time and his money cleanly, nobody to point out to him better ways of employing and amusing himself. For no class has it been so hard to provide as for girls just growing into womanhood, who, to a mere man, seem least susceptible to self-discipline and advice, and the success of the women patrols will, to my mind, provide a strong argument for the employment of women in the force."

What the patrols learned about the life of the streets and the nature of the girls and boys who spent their spare time there, because no better place was open to them, made it clear to them that young people could not be expected to keep straight unless some better opportunities for enjoying life could be provided for them.

The establishment of mixed clubs, comrades' clubs as they were often called, was warmly advocated and promoted by the patrols and their friends. These clubs proved an immense success, and were especially popular with the Overseas soldiers. A young Canadian who had been taken by a lady to one of them, turned to her at the end of the evening, and said, "I think you're a bit of an angel"; and when she asked why, he answered, "For bringing me here. I have been over for two years, and this is the first bit of home life I have seen this side." There were many similar testimonies, and it is to be hoped that it has been demonstrated for all times that if young people are to be kept from the dangers of the streets, they must be given other and better, as well as more agreeable, opportunities for meeting one another, and amusing themselves together.

The mixed clubs were, of course, only a side issue of the work of the patrols. What they saw in the streets and the public spaces taught them how much women could do in the way of preventive work which was impossible to men. This the public authorities were not slow to recognise. Selected patrols were asked to do special work by the Chief Commissioner, for which they were paid. Six women park-keepers were appointed in Kensington Gardens. The London County Council employed women patrols to work in the open spaces under their jurisdiction.

The movement extended to Scotland and Ireland, and even to South Africa. In several provincial towns the Watch Committee subsidised the patrol movement, or appointed women police. Speaking at the Mansion House in 1915, in the early days of the work, the Chief Commissioner, Sir Edward Henry, expressed his warm approval of what had been done, and said that it was the kindness, discretion, and tact of the patrols that had made them so successful in winning the confidence of the girls and the respect of their men friends. He hoped that their work would not cease with the war. It would be only tedious to record the testimonies to their activities that came in from all sides, from police constables and humble men and women, as well as from generals and magistrates. The Chief Commissioner showed his confidence in them by continually entrusting to specially-selected patrols new and responsible paid work. They were sent to inspect cinemas, and were employed as "auxiliaries to the police" in Hyde Park. They were especially helpful in persuading young girls found under dangerous conditions in the parks, to return home, and so avoid being taken to the police station, and frequently themselves accompanied the girls to their homes. On one occasion two women patrols gave courageous assistance to a police constable who was assaulted in Hyde Park by two aliens, and for this they received the thanks and congratulations of the Commissioner.

But extreme caution still characterised the authorities both in London and the provinces in any steps taken in entrusting new work to the patrols, or in appointing women police. They continued to be careful to treat each new move as an experiment. Still the excellence of the work done could not be ignored or overlooked. As an instance, the words of the Australian Provost Marshal may be quoted. He wrote expressing great appreciation of the activities of the patrols and their value "to a certain class of young women and to our soldiers of the Australian Imperial Force in London, from whom I have on frequent occasions received appreciative comments regarding the special patrol work undertaken in this district." In 1917 there were eighty-five special patrols working in the metropolitan area, and a grant of £400 was made to the National Union of Women Workers for their training. By 1918 policewomen had been appointed in twenty provincial centres. This was decided progress, but yet, in comparison to the need and to the ground to be covered, it seems but slow and timid. Perhaps, however, many of the warmest advocates of the movement may be grateful that progress has not been too quick, considering the importance of getting the right women from the first—women who should be able to set a high standard, and give to the new force true ideals and a sense of vocation.

In order to secure a supply of trained women to fill these new posts, training schools for women police and patrols were started at Bristol, Liverpool, and Glasgow. These schools recognised from the first not only the importance of giving the right kind of training to their pupils, but also the perhaps even greater importance of finding the right kind of women to train. The attention given to the training of patrol leaders helped to provide a class of women from whom future policewomen could be chosen. At the same time emphasis was laid upon what experience constantly demonstrated—the difference of the work to be done by patrols and policewomen, and the need for both types of workers.

In London the success of what had first been organised by an unofficial body, and worked on a voluntary basis, had been clearly shown, and in 1918 the Chief Commissioner announced his intention of taking the whole matter into his own hands, and appointing a hundred women police with ten sergeants, a superintendent, and assistant superintendent; this to be done at first as an experiment. These women police were now to be trained under his own supervision, and his recognition of the voluntary patrols in the London area was withdrawn, since he wished the whole matter to be in the hands of the authorities. But he showed his appreciation of what had been done on voluntary lines by taking as superintendent of the new force the Supervisor of the Special Patrols who had been employed in the metropolitan area, and he asked the assistance of the lady who had done the most to organise the whole patrol movement on the committee appointed to select the new policewomen.

The appointment of policewomen has advanced slowly throughout the country, if not so quickly as many would desire. There is still much opposition and prejudice to be overcome. The number of policewomen is still far too small, but at least a beginning has been made.

Alongside of the work of women patrols initiated by the National Union of Women Workers, another organisation, the Women Police Service, has been working independently to secure the appointment of women police. This service has not obtained official recognition from the police authorities. They have probably not desired it except on their own terms. Their object has been to organise a force to undertake "work which cannot, or should not, be carried out by the male police"; and they have believed, to quote their own words, "that to institute a class of police patrols for the mere purpose of work behind the ordinary constable, without initiative, without originality, and without individual responsibility, is but a dangerous instrument to place in the hands of the male police." It is not worth while to demonstrate, as might

easily be done, the way in which patrols have shown initiative and originality; it is enough to say, speaking generally, that the patrols, and the women police who have sprung from them, have worked with the police, whilst the Women's Police Service have worked independently of them, and that both alike have demonstrated the need for women police. The members of the Women Police Service have received a good training, and have shown themselves capable of filling many responsible posts. During the war they were asked to undertake police work in the munition factories, where they gave much satisfaction, and they have been appointed as policewomen in various cities. Magistrates have welcomed their help in caring for women and children in the police courts. Their leaders consider it to be of immense advantage that they have worked so long unofficially, because they have been "freer to create the new precedents required by an entirely new force of trained officials." In spite of some difference of outlook, the experience of those who have worked with the regular police and those who have worked independently of them is very similar, and their aspirations for the future are much the same.

Though long before the war many were convinced of the necessity for women police, it is undoubtedly war conditions that made public authorities willing to appoint them. But in this, as in other matters, we are in danger of forgetting in times of peace the lessons learned in the time of war. What was done under the necessity of war must not cease in the time of peace; the real need still remains. To all those who know, and who have observed what has happened, the need for women police has been amply proved. It has been shown that they are able to do work, especially of a preventive kind, which would be impossible for men. Besides this, it is obvious that women rather than men should have the charge of women and children in the police stations and the courts, and that it should be their duty to take the evidence and depositions of women and children. What has been already done shows what an immense field of work lies open to women police in the future. If they are to achieve what is hoped from them, it is necessary that their status should be assured, that they should have the same rights as men police, and as good a position with regard to pay and pensions. Yet the results desired will not be realised if the women are to be mere copies of the men police. So far, in every sphere of public service opened to women, it has been shown that much that they have been able to do was work hitherto left undone, the need for which their own special qualities have both discovered and enabled them to carry out. Reason has already been shown for believing that this will also be the case with the women police.

But, if women are to develop their own particular gifts in this new service, it is all important that from the first not only should the right women be chosen for it, but that, though working in co-operation with the male police, they should have their own officers and inspectors, who should be responsible alone to those in the highest authority. There are many problems in connexion with the future development of the work; these must be thought out by men and women together. Committees formed of both men and women should select the policewomen. It would be fatal to leave the choice of them to men only. It has often been demonstrated in the case of other appointments that certain qualities in the women candidates predispose men in their favour, whilst other equally important qualities together with various defects are overlooked. But, seeing that policewomen have to work with men, it would be almost equally disastrous to leave their selection to women only; here certainly men and women must share the responsibility of choice.

The same considerations should rule the methods of training to be instituted. The latter part of their training the women should certainly receive under the direction of the police authorities, and, in part at least, together with the men constables. But, considering how new the whole movement is, it would be desirable, in order to get the right women with the right ideals, that some preliminary training, which would allow for the testing of character, health, capacity, and general suitability, should be given to the new recruits in one of the existing women's training schools. In all plans for future development, moreover, one great object to be aimed at must be full co-operation with the leaders of the existing police force. We need to avoid nourishing a feminine and a male point of view in this, as in other matters. There may be changes which many desire to see in existing police methods, but these changes will not best be secured either by active opposition or by hostile criticism. The women police must not come in primarily with a desire to reform and disturb, but with a desire to learn and to co-operate. To a certain extent there is sure to be difference of aim and outlook, but to bring these into harmony will improve the work of all.

There will be differentiation of work not only between men and women police, but also between the members of the female force. Some will be needed specially for work in the courts and the police stations, and for dealing with women criminals. Probably the majority will be concerned with preventive work, and with what may well be called welfare work in the streets and parks and places of amusement and recreation.

With all our efforts, little, if any, progress has been made in

dealing with the great evil of prostitution. Again and again it has been shown how futile, as well as how unjust, are the methods which have been used to put down solicitation. We are slowly coming to understand that what we must do is not to punish prostitutes, nor even primarily to rescue prostitutes, but to prevent girls from becoming prostitutes. How much can be done in this direction has been shown already by women patrols and police. The work begun on a voluntary basis during the years of war needs to be made permanent, and to be continued on a far wider scale. It cannot continue to be voluntary on the scale that is needed for efficiency, though the official workers should be associated with voluntary workers and agencies of all kinds. It is needed now quite as much as during the years of war. Then the excited and restless conditions that prevailed amongst young girls were universally recognised, and regarded as a product of the war. Probably in this, as in other matters, people hoped that with the coming of peace, we should return to the old conditions, not that any thinking person can have considered these to be satisfactory. But we need now to face the fact that the war has produced a new type of girl, absolutely independent, very often wild and undisciplined. She laughs and screams about the streets and is ready to defy authority; she has shown herself addicted to petty thieving of many kinds; she is eager for any fun and nonsense. But she is good-natured, responsive to affection and kindness shown in the right way. There is splendid material in her. These girls may easily be turned into criminals or professional prostitutes by unwise treatment. The same applies, of course, to boys, and it is possible that in dealing with them, too, women police may prove full of resource and understanding. But we need a new point of view. It is useless to go on talking the old platitudes about the home, and keeping young people out of the streets. The home influence and training is more needed than ever, but it, too, must be adapted to the needs of the times. It must be a training for independence. We must give up our belief in restriction and punishment as the cure for our social evils. We must learn to believe in life. It is the desire for a full and free life which is at the bottom of so much of the wild and foolish conduct of the young. What we have to do is to provide channels for the expression of that life, not to repress it. We cannot keep the young out of the streets; we should not wish to do so, but we can make the streets safe for them; we can see that the places of recreation in which they find vent for their superfluous energy or their desire for a fuller experience of life, are kept sweet and wholesome. Our aim should be to make a full and free life possible for all, in the streets and places of amusement, as well as in the homes of the people.

To realise this great aim, it seems but a very humble beginning to work for the appointment of women police under right conditions and of the right sort. But the experience of what they have been able to do in small numbers, scattered here and there, under exceptionally difficult circumstances, is enough to justify a hope that they may do much in the future. We must not be in a hurry. We need, as has already been said, above all, to get from the first the right kind of women. If to do their work well they should look upon it as a profession, they must enter upon it as a vocation if they are to realise what we hope from them. The professional spirit must not stifle or restrict the higher aim. It was no doubt easier to arouse the sense of vocation during the time of war than it is now, when the great strain of the past years leaves all with a longing for relief from exertion and anxiety. We have to learn that the needs of peace are as great as the needs of war, that it is our neglect of them, our slackness in meeting them, that is the cause of war itself, as well as of all other evils. Here is a great opportunity of service open to women; it is full of possible dangers and risks. The new women police may become only poor and feeble replicas of the men, putting no thought, no devotion into their work, doing it only for a livelihood. But the work done by women during the war—above all, the spirit in which many of them did it—encourages the expectation that we shall not look in vain for the women who are to help to make the conditions of life bright and wholesome for the young, to save those who are in perilous places, and to restore those who have gone under in the struggle with temptation and adversity.

It is necessary not only that the right women should be appointed, but that they should work under right conditions. A committee was appointed by the Home Office to look into the whole matter. It has received evidence from those who in different ways and sometimes with different ideals have worked for women police. At the time of writing, its report has not yet been issued, but we look with hope and confidence to its recommendations, whilst we believe that there will still be need for those who realise the possibilities of the movement to watch over and further its future development.

LOUISE CREIGHTON.

THE FOOL OF TIME.

You who sit apart, remote and cool,
Like some white lily wan upon a pool,
Hearing the clapper voice of Time that cries,
Bidding you hug, as misers hug their pence,
Your continence,
Bidding you veil desire behind quiet eyes—
O, sweet, be wise
Lest Time should fool you with his fawning lies.

Time is a pedlar full of gipsy cunning,
With honeyed lips.
Saying : "To-morrow you shall spend
"Withouten end,
"Spill out your treasure,
"Heaped up, heaped up, and brimming o'er full measure,
"To-morrow—sweets grow sweeter with long sunning"...
And so the treasure slips
From your slack hand to Time's crooked finger-tips.

Put on the motley, fool, and wear
The faded garland on your faded hair.
Jingle your bauble, chastity, hung round
With little gilded bells that make a sound
More sad than tears : writhe your gums bare of tooth,
Twitch your old bones to make a jest for Time,
Time who has dimmed the crystal of your youth,
Filched the quintessence of your roses,
Shuttered your soul in blank conventual closes,
And drowned your ecstasy in doggerel rhyme.

Time has the best of you : for all your treasure
He trades a rosary of drabs and greys.

Count out at leisure
The tale of empty nights and empty days....
Back to your calling, fool, set every bell
Merrily jingling : what though secret fires
Of your aborted passions and desires
Consume you? None can tell,
Poor fool, your motley hides the pangs of Hell.

PHYLLIS MARKS.

THE CRISIS IN JAPAN.

DURING the spring of this year sensational reports were current that a serious political crisis had developed in Japan, and there were rumours, not without some effect on the Stock Exchanges in New York and elsewhere, that this crisis was intensified by grave financial and industrial trouble, owing to labour unrest and excessive speculation. There were elements of truth in both reports and rumours; there was a political crisis, there were strikes, and there were signs of the collapse of the "boom" which Japan had experienced from the Great War. Yet, speaking generally, the significance of the situation thus disclosed was much exaggerated in the West, which was then, as it still is, too deeply concerned with matters nearer home to be able to weigh the news properly, and in which, in any case, knowledge of Japan was singularly imperfect, particularly with respect to her domestic politics. Thus the event which more than anything else impressed the West—namely, the summary dissolution of the Japanese Diet by the Emperor at the instance of Mr. Hara, the Prime Minister—was regarded as an indication that the crisis must be exceedingly grave; but such a summary dissolution was nothing new, even in the short political history of modern Japan, and it was easy to attribute to it an importance that it did not in point of fact possess. What made the mistake more natural was that the dissolution of the Diet was preceded by demonstrations and something in the way of rioting in Tokyo; these affairs were very local, being confined practically to the capital and one or two other large towns; the country as a whole remained unaffected.

This, however, is not to say that there was not unrest in Japan. There was and there is unrest in Japan; it would be most strange were it otherwise; like other lands, Japan cannot but feel the influence of the great movements that are sweeping over the world, though she feels them perhaps a good deal less than do most countries. It must be remembered that she is still new at the game, and that Japanese politics should not be considered in terms of British or Western politics. Half a century has scarcely passed since feudalism was abolished, and it was not till 1889 that the Japanese Constitution was officially promulgated, the first meeting of the Diet taking place late in the following year. Japan's parliamentary history, therefore, extends only over the last thirty years, and during this period it has continued to be directed in large measure by what may be called the feudal

tradition, as embodied in the Genro or Elder Statesmen, who have no place under the Constitution, but who have been the real rulers of the country, making and unmaking Prime Ministers and Cabinets, and getting the Emperor to dissolve the Diet, as it seemed to be best to them. Originally the Genro consisted of a small number of the clan or feudal leaders, who were high in the confidence of the late Emperor, Mutsuhito. At present, as for some time past, this autocratic power is vested practically in the hands of one man, Prince Yamagata, though there are one or two other members of the Genro. The prince, who is of the Choshu clan and virtual head of the army, is eighty-two years of age, and what will happen when in the course of nature he disappears from the scene opens up a field of interesting speculation, for no one stands out prominently as his probable successor. It may be that it is right here, as Americans would say, that the Diet will come into its own.

Controlled in the last resort by the Genro, the Diet has so far not been a real Parliament—that is, one to which the Government is responsible—but it has increasingly tried to assert itself. Its composition is twofold. There is an Upper House, or House of Peers, the majority of whom are descendants of the old feudal chiefs of Japan, the others being nominated by the Emperor for meritorious services, or elected by and from among those paying the highest amount of direct national taxes. The Upper House has nearly 400 members, but not all of them are life-members, a considerable proportion having seven-year terms. And then there is a Lower House, or House of Representatives, who are elected by the people according to the Electoral Law, which has already been revised more than once. It was in connection with a further proposed revision that the political crisis arose, but, before proceeding to consider this, and see it in its true perspective, it is necessary to note that there has been a certain political development of Japan, in spite of, and to some extent even because of, the limitations imposed on the Diet by the Genro. As time has gone on since the establishment of the Diet, and especially since the accession of the present Emperor, Yoshihito, the many thousands of Japanese who, either at home or abroad, have been educated at universities and high schools, have taken an ever keener interest in politics, and have made their influence felt in the national life. In a measure education has broken down the line that separated clan from clan, and the clan spirit is no longer as strong as it was. Japan also has become a land of newspapers, which are not without some voice in her affairs, and public opinion—a thing unknown to feudal Japan—has become a force to be reckoned with more and more seriously. Even when

the Genro act in opposition to the expression of the popular will, they generally ease the situation by making some concession, though it is apt to be more apparent than actual. Thus, if the result of the recent General Election had been less of a success for the Government than it was, the Genro might have replaced Mr. Hara, the Prime Minister, by some other politician, and so have seemed to bow to the verdict of the polls.

During the last four or five years the political struggle centring round the Diet has exhibited several phases, one of the most remarkable being seen in 1916. In that year Marquis (better known in the West as Count) Okuma resigned the Premiership. In politics he was accounted a Liberal—Liberalism in Japan is something very different from Liberalism in Western countries—but he had received his post as Prime Minister from the Genro in the usual way. On his retirement from office he recommended to the Genro as his successor Viscount Kato, his most distinguished disciple. Kato had been Foreign Minister in his Cabinet, had many supporters in the Diet and in the country, and had previously been Ambassador at London. The suggestion that he should become Prime Minister was acceptable to most of the Japanese. The Genro, however, disapproved, and, ignoring Okuma's recommendation, gave the Premiership to Viscount (afterwards Count) Terauchi, one of Japan's foremost soldiers and otherwise an able man, who formed a Government that left Kato out in the cold. Terauchi's appointment by the Genro exemplified in the most marked way the fact that the Diet had no voice in the business. Resentment was shown in the Diet. Early in 1917, Mr. Yukio Ozaki, Minister of Justice under Okuma and something of a Radical, with Mr. Takashi Inukai, the leader of the Kokuminto or National Party, raised in the Diet the question of the responsibility of the Government to Parliament, the blow being aimed at the Genro.

At that time the chief political parties were the Seiyukai, supporting Terauchi; the Kenseikai, who followed Kato; and the Kokuminto, the first having a preponderance over the other parties separately, but not when these were combined and strengthened by members of other groups. So strong a combination was formed under Kato and Inukai that rather than face an adverse vote Terauchi asked the Emperor—this is the formula covering in this matter the appeal to, and the intervention of, the Genro—to dissolve the Diet; and the Emperor did dissolve it. Then ensued a General Election, in which Terauchi secured a majority, the figures being: Seiyukai, 160; Kenseikai, 116; Kokuminto, 35; Shinseikai or New Party, 55; Independents, 15. Terauchi had a majority, but it was a precarious one, and he

resigned on September 21st, 1918, his successor—who was, of course, appointed by the Genro—being Mr. Kei Hara, the present Prime Minister. It is not easy to describe the differences that mark off the Japanese political parties from each other, except by saying that the parties are associated with personalities, with individual leaders like Hara and Kato, rather than with principles. The Seiyukai, sometimes styled the Constitutional, Party was founded by Prince Ito about twenty years ago. After the death of that statesman, to whom Japan owed so much, Marquis Saionji became its head, and when he resigned in 1914 he was succeeded by Hara. The Seiyukai has always been the most important political organisation in Japan, and it may be regarded as the Conservative element in the State. It is not so strong in the urban as in the rural districts. The Kenseikai is composed of various political groups under the leadership of Kato, and hence it is often called the Kato Party; its strength lies in the cities and large towns, and it may be looked on as forming the Opposition. Nominally the Seiyukai men are "Liberal" Constitutionalists, but they are largely militaristic; Hara is an Imperialist. The Kenseikai men are Radicals of sorts; drawing their strength from the industrial centres, they concentrate their attention on the economic side of Japan's life, and are industrial rather than militaristic expansionists. The Kokuminto men are of a deeper Radical shade, and may perhaps be designated Progressives. The Shinseikai and the smaller groups are more indefinite. But, to whatever party Japanese politicians may belong, they one and all put an intensive nationalism above everything else.

As regards the political parties of Japan, the above is a mere sketch. Much information with respect to their origins, history, and aims is open to the public in four recent works, which should be carefully studied by everyone interested in the Far East and its problems. They are *Japan at the Crossroads*, by A. M. Pooley, 1917; *The Mastery of the Far East*, by A. J. Brown, 1919; *Modern Japan*, by W. M. McGovern, 1920; and *Japanese Foreign Policies*, by Mr. Pooley, 1920. These books are written by first-hand observers, and are characterised by competence and candour. Mr. McGovern's presents in a highly condensed but admirably arranged form the story of Japan's rise to greatness, and indicates very clearly her position, political and otherwise, at the close of last year. A slip in the matter of dates in this volume should, however, be corrected—1916 (page 72, etc.), instead of 1915, is given as the year in which Japan coerced China into accepting certain of the famous "Twenty-one Demands" she had pressed on Yuan Shih-kai. In connection with the appointment of Hara to the Premiership by the Genro, Mr. McGovern remarks that

Hara had remained a commoner, and, "as he was the first commoner to become Prime Minister, he could on this account be put forward as a democrat, no emphasis being laid on the fact that he had been a consistent supporter of the Terauchi Cabinet."

Succeeding to Terauchi's insecure majority in the Diet, Hara had no easy task, but for the nonce the strife of parties was turned in the direction of the suffrage question, the Opposition clamouring for adult male suffrage—Japanese women have little or nothing to do with politics. Now, several changes had already taken place in the franchise, and each change had made the franchise wider. Originally the members of the House of Representatives were elected by all males over twenty-five years of age, who paid fifteen yen, or rather more than thirty shillings, annually in direct taxes—that is, in land tax and income tax—and who had been resident in any given electoral district for a specified time. In response to an agitation for a less restricted franchise, the payment that qualified was reduced to ten yen, or about a pound sterling; but this concession was considered inadequate, and the agitation, after being quieted for a time, broke out again. There were then about a million and a half men of twenty-five and upwards entitled to vote. The next change in the franchise, which went into effect under the Hara Government in 1919, added a million voters to the electoral rolls, by decreasing the financial qualification to three yen, or six shillings, and the residential qualification to six months. Simultaneously the number of members of the House of Representatives was raised from 381 to 464. This was a very large extension of the franchise and of the number of members of the Lower House; but the Opposition still deemed it insufficient, and the movement developed into a demand for adult male suffrage, with a lowered age qualification. In the course of last winter the leaders of the Kenseikai and the Kokuminto came together with a view to organising a compact drive in the Diet in favour of adult male suffrage, and a combination was formed, though there were differences of opinion regarding the age qualification—whether it should be twenty-one or even under. The Hara Government, which continued to have the support of the Seiyukai, temporised. It admitted that as a principle adult male suffrage was a good thing, but it suggested that the time had not come to apply it in Japan. It pointed out—what was perfectly true—that there had just been a wide extension of the franchise, and it asked if the path of wisdom did not lie in seeing how that extension worked out in practice before making the much bigger experiment. It also maintained that a necessary preliminary to adult male suffrage was a revision of the Electoral Law for the

Prefectural Assemblies—these are more or less analogous to the British County Councils.

But the demand persisted and grew stronger in the Diet, and demonstrations in its support were held in Tokyo and other cities. In some places there were tumultuous scenes. In the West the idea is general that the Japanese are by nature a calm, unemotional, stoical people, but the reverse is the case, for they are really an excitable race, and their restraint, which outsiders mistake for imperturbability, is acquired by precept, example, and education. McGovern notes in his book that the Japanese pride themselves upon easily aroused sentiments of loyalty, patriotism, and the emotional appreciation of beauty. "A Japanese audience will be moved to tears by a pathetic ballad or visibly thrilled by a tale of glorious conflict." In politics, at any rate, they show on occasion no great self-control, and no doubt some of the suffrage demonstrations were noisy affairs. More serious was the position of the Hara Government in the Diet. Mr. Hara denounced the suffrage agitation as stirring up dangerous extremist elements; but this charge was bitterly resented, and, in fact, Japan is singularly free from such elements—for instance, a distinctively Labour movement is only just beginning, and all reports of a widespread Bolshevik movement may be disregarded. So strong was the support for adult male suffrage in the Diet that Hara realised that he would be beaten if the matter was put to the vote, and he obviated this disaster for himself, his Government, and his party by a *coup d'état*, just as his predecessor Terauchi had done. He called in the veto of the Genro by obtaining from the Emperor the immediate dissolution of the Diet, with a General Election to follow shortly. The thing caused a sensation, but nothing was left to the suffrage stalwarts but to go quietly home. This all took place towards the end of February last.

The crisis was, of course, not resolved; the issue was merely postponed. The question had been referred to the people—to the electorate, to the new electorate of the two and a half million voters under the last revision (promulgated May 22nd, 1919) of the Electoral Law. The result appeared to be doubtful. Not a few Japanese thought that Kato's contention that the country wanted adult male suffrage would be justified. To add to the uncertainty of the outlook, Japan was entering on that period of industrial and financial depression from which she has not yet emerged, and it was not in human nature, of which the Japanese have just as much as other peoples, not to put some part at least of the blame on the shoulders of the Government, though the Government had little to do with it. The war had greatly enriched Japan. She had accumulated an enormous stock of

gold—a British banker, speaking the other day, placed it at £180,000,000 (which is perhaps too high a figure). Not only had she made and sold munitions in vast quantities, but she had become one of the leading general merchants of the world, enlarging her shops and her factories, and supplying all kinds of commodities to countries with which she had never traded before to any extent, such as Australia. Her farmers, hitherto poor, had grown comparatively wealthy owing to the high prices they obtained for their rice and silk. There was a good deal of speculation and inflation and profiteering. The reaction, which in the first place was due to natural causes, began to make itself felt towards the end of last year, and it became more and more marked as the months went past. It was not so much because the making and selling of munitions came to an end, though this had its due effect. It was very much more because of the contraction of general trade; to take the instance quoted above, Australia no longer found it necessary to buy Japanese goods. The enlargement of Japanese trade was seen to be temporary—the Japanese merchants had been too sanguine, had over-built and over-stocked. Hence the economic crisis, which still persists, but which time will resolve. It was expected to tell against the Hara Government at the polls, but it was not so severe then as afterwards.

Other great questions that deeply interest Japan, such as Siberia, to say nothing of China, played a part in the General Election. When Japan first thought of sending a military expedition into Siberia most of her people believed that the result of such an enterprise would be the annexation of large parts of that country, and they were greatly disappointed when the action of the United States, in imposing disinterestedness on the Allies, Japan particularly included, forbade any prospect of this fulfilment. What was the real mind of Japan, at all events of militaristic Japan, with respect to the expedition she sent under General Oi to Siberia in 1918, has been shown in Colonel John Ward's notable book, *With the Dic-Hards in Siberia*, published two or three months ago. But when the Armistice brought the War to an end, and was followed by the events of 1919 in the Russian Far East, the Japanese people thought they had gained nothing in Siberia, and many of them denounced the Government accordingly. The expedition had been sent out under the Terauchi Government, but it had been continued under the Hara Government, and its apparent want of success was exploited by the Opposition, Viscount Kato speaking very strongly on the subject. His party—the industrial element in the great towns—made a special charge against the Government, declaring that it had spent two hundred millions of yen (£20,000,000) in Siberia,

and in return had obtained nothing. The present policy of a buffer East Siberian State had not been adumbrated then, but it was hinted at before the General Election took place. For a time, however, the opponents of the Hara Government made capital out of the alleged failure of the Siberian expedition. Besides Siberia, there was the question of China to divide the votes of the electorate—this perennial question of China as presented by the various schools of Japanese political opinion. The General Election was held early in May, and resulted in the complete victory of the Government, which carried about 280 seats out of the 464 created by the revised Electoral Law of 1919. Both the Kenseikai and the Kokuminto lost ground, while the other political groups, including the Independents, were reduced in strength. In the country districts the people took very little interest in the adult male suffrage question, and voted solidly against the Opposition, which even in the urban districts, where it was most powerful, made no great gains, the returns giving 40 seats to the Seiyukai, as against 36 to the Kenseikai, 15 to the Kokuminto, and 20 to the Independents.

The two things that are evident from the voting are that Viscount Kato was mistaken in believing the Japanese as a whole wanted adult male suffrage, and that the Hara Government is in a much stronger position than it was before. Though it will not do to say that Liberalism has suffered a severe defeat, for Japanese Liberalism is, it must be repeated, not pure and simple Liberalism, the plain meaning of the General Election is that the militaristic—this word is used advisedly in preference to military—element is confirmed in its ascendancy in Japan. Whether if Kato had succeeded in getting a majority at the polls, he would have been permitted by the Genro to form a Government is a matter on which it is not necessary to speculate, but if he had been permitted it is practically certain that the general lines of his policy would, in the circumstances of the case, not have differed in essentials from those pursued by Hara. To put it in another way: it is not to be supposed that if Kato, instead of Terauchi, had succeeded Okuma as Prime Minister, his policy would have been much more "Liberal" than that of Terauchi and Hara proved to be. The Genro would have seen to that. Some writers about Japan appear to think that at present, a sort of diarchy governs her—the Genro, with the Army and Navy, on the one hand, and on the other the Government, with the Diplomatic Service—the one with a definite "forward" policy which the other is kept busy explaining, smoothing over, apologising for, or seemingly discrediting, and even repudiating. There is in reality no such diarchy, for Japan has not ceased to be an autocracy, and

the triumph of Mr. Hara and his party but emphasises this fact. So far as it is sincere the movement to make the Diet a true Parliament with the Government responsible to it is not to be treated as negligible; the movement may hope for success some day, but that day is not yet, and this the more because, according to the ideas of most of the Japanese, the autocracy is conspicuously a success in the world that lies outside Japan. After all, the domestic politics of Japan are the sole concern of Japan; it is in her foreign policy that she moves out into the open and becomes the subject of general discussion, friendly or unfriendly, as the case may be. The most recent and in some ways most striking development of that policy is seen in Siberia.

In an article entitled "The Situation in the Far East," which was contributed to the March number of this REVIEW by the writer, attention was drawn to the fact that while buffer States between Western Europe and Soviet Russia had come into existence, there were, with the exception of the doubtful Caucasian republics, no buffer States between the Soviets and their neighbours in Asia. This cannot now be said to be the case, for during the last two or three months there has sprung into being an East Siberian State, consisting of the Russian provinces of the Far East—all the territory east of Lake Baikal to the Pacific, and this change has been brought about under the auspices of Japan. The first public intimation of Japan's desire for the formation of this buffer State came from Washington about the beginning of March, and the reason given for this desire was that Japan was deeply concerned at the rapid Western spread of Bolshevism, the word "Western" here being used in the sense of West of Japan, as the Asiatic continent is. In Japan, the opinion appeared to prevail that the Japanese forces should be withdrawn from Siberia in the same manner as the troops of the rest of the Allies were being or had been withdrawn. This was the view of the Japanese Press, though there was some suspicion that the newspapers had been secretly mobilised in order to screen the intentions and aims of Japan from Europe and America. Then conflicts occurred between the Japanese soldiers in Siberia and the Reds, attended with much bloodshed, and the Japanese, instead of retiring, were reinforced and strengthened their hold on the country. Vladivostok was occupied, and its revolutionary forces disarmed. In the third week of April, the Japanese Foreign Office issued a statement to the effect that Japanese action in Siberia had no political significance, because Japan sought neither political influence nor territory in Siberia. In Peking, however, it was said that Japan was preparing for the military occupation of the whole vast Transbaikalian region, and that, indifferent to the displeasure of China, she

was seizing on points on the Chinese Eastern Railway, in North Manchuria, so as to secure her communications—North Manchuria, it will be recalled, was in the Russian sphere, and South Manchuria in the Japanese prior to the Great War.

Little information filtered through to the West from Siberia itself, but gradually it was understood that some kind of State, not in direct connection with the Soviet Russia of Lenin and Trotsky, was in process of formation, and that the Japanese in Siberia were regarding it benevolently. On May 11, General Oi, in chief command of the Japanese Siberian troops, issued a public statement, in which, after saying that Japan entertained no territorial ambition with respect to Siberia, he observed :—

It must be clearly understood that Japan cannot view with equanimity the establishment in her neighbourhood of a political entity (the Bolshevik Government), whose doctrine is in contradiction to the dictates of humanity and prejudicial to the general peace of the world. It was particularly feared, he continued, that the influence of the Bolsheviks would be quickly felt in Manchuria and Korea. He desired to make it very clear that now that the withdrawal of the Czecho-Slovak forces was about to be completed, the Japanese were prepared to evacuate Siberia so soon as conditions were stabilised—when there was no longer any danger threatening Manchuria and Korea, and when the safety of the persons and properties of Japanese residents was assured. He added that while the Japanese were sincerely desirous that this situation should soon be brought about, they were most anxious to take into account the popular will of the Russians. They were ready, therefore, to welcome the inauguration of an autonomous *régime* in the three eastern provinces of Siberia, if such were the public opinion of the local Russians, and they hoped that economic relations between Russia and Japan would soon be restored.

With its centre at Verkhne Udinsk, the new State has been established, and Japan has sent a Mission there, but how soon "conditions will be stabilised" is profoundly uncertain, and it may be expected that Japan will not soon withdraw her forces, some 60,000-70,000 in number, from Siberia; there are not wanting those who assert that she will never withdraw from Siberia, any more than from Manchuria, unless she is compelled to do so.

While this article is being written, the Press, British, American, Japanese, and Chinese, contains many references to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which expires on July 13th, 1921, and which may come up for renewal this month, but which continues from year to year automatically if neither of the parties to it desires any alteration of its terms. The solution of the crisis in Japan by the return of the Hara Government with a large majority

has its bearing on the subject, for that Government will undoubtedly wish the Alliance to persist, as probably do most of the Japanese people, though there have been times since it was negotiated when they showed bitter opposition to it—as in 1915-16. But the space at the writer's disposal precludes anything like a full consideration of the question. So far as Great Britain was concerned, she went into the Alliance in 1902 because of her fear of Russia, and because of her desire to protect British interests in China—the threat then came from Russia. Russia—how shall we put it?—Russia has fallen by the way, and will not be formidable again for many years; Soviet Russia is not formidable in the same sense, though she may be troublesome enough. One of the objects of the Alliance, stated and re-stated, is the preservation of peace in the Far East; who menaces it now that Germany also is in the dust? Another of the objects of the Alliance is the preservation of the independence and territorial integrity of China; who threatens it now that there is the League of Nations? Everybody acquainted with the Far East knows that these queries are ironic answers to the questions asked, and will say that everything depends on—Japan. This is the ultimate fact, and the question then arises imperiously, How has Japan kept the Alliance? She certainly aided Great Britain in the war when called on to do so: that is the credit side of the account. But how about her action with regard to China? What about the Twenty-one Demands she put forward in 1915? In the course of a series of articles on Far Eastern problems published four or five weeks ago in the *Times*, Mr. J. O. P. Bland, assuredly no enemy of Japan, said that since 1915 Japan had "done many things in China which violated both the spirit and the letter" of the Alliance. And China's distrust of the Alliance is well-known. Surely, in such circumstances, if the Alliance is renewed, the position of China should receive greater consideration, her independence and territorial integrity should be better guaranteed. In that way alone will the policy of the Open Door be maintained. Australia, besides, comes into the question, and urgently claims to be heard. Last but not the least, the American point of view cannot be left out of the account.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

GUILBERT DE PIXERÉCOURT : THE FATHER OF THE MELODRAMA.

PIXERÉCOURT's name is practically unknown in England. It is not to be found in books that deal with the history of the Stage. It does indeed figure in the article "Melodrama" in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," but in this unsigned article it is wrongly spelled "Pixericourt," and his most famous play is cited as "*Cerlina*," instead of "*Calina*."

Things are not quite so bad in France, his native land. The encyclopædias, especially those of his times, devote considerable space to his life and writings. The mere list of the latter is, as we shall see, voluminous. But the authors of many text-books of French literature do not so much as mention his name, with the exception of M. Lanson, who gives two references to him of the briefest description. The only article that has ever dealt with Pixérécourt in recent times appeared in 1900, in the *Revue d'Histoire littéraire*, written by M. Jules Marsan. This critic deserves praise for a very earnest and scholarly attempt to give Pixérécourt some credit for the part he played in the history of the French theatre.

More recently still, (1910), Mr. Paul Ginisty, for many years "directeur" of the *Odéon* theatre, published a little book entitled *Le Mélodrame*, a considerable portion of which deals with Pixérécourt's life and work.

Nothing has ever been written about Pixérécourt, nor about the melodrama, so far as we can ascertain, in England. This is especially curious, when we consider how vigorously the melodrama flourishes on our English soil. Accordingly, we propose here to give a brief account of this form of dramatic art, and of the man who first wrote it.

It is a fact that ever since drama existed in England the English dramatist instinctively turned for his inspiration to France. The earliest "morality" plays were of French origin. The Elizabethan dramatists, despite their originality, owe a debt to France, as Sir Sidney Lee has pointed out in his book on *The French Renaissance in England*. When we come to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we find that the works of the Restoration dramatists and their successors are often mere travesties of Molière's comedies. Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Shadwell, and Mrs. Behn, and the "dii minores" of the time pillaged Molière ruthlessly, and did not invariably acknowledge their indebtedness to the great

French writer. Later still, Fielding and Sheridan also went to Molière for part of their plots and sometimes for their characters. English writers of serious drama, such as Ambrose Philips, known to his contemporaries as "Namby-Pamby," and Charles Johnson, translated and adapted the works of Corneille and Racine, and a little later Aaron Hill imitated the drama of Voltaire.

In modern times, adaptation from the French is the normal occupation of the English playwright, and till quite lately original composition seems to have been a mere episode. *Diplomacy*, produced in 1878, which brought together on the Prince of Wales's stage Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, was an adaptation of Sardou's *Dora*. Adaptations of French vaudevilles were the staple productions of Sir Charles Wyndham's management at the Criterion from 1876 till 1893. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, when he went into management at the Haymarket in 1887, relied mainly on plays of foreign origin. Sir George Alexander started his first managerial venture with two adaptations from the French. Robertson, Byron, Tom Taylor, Charles Reade, Sydney Grundy have all produced numerous adaptations. Pinero himself has adapted more than one French play. It is hardly necessary to point out that at the present day this tendency to adapt successful French plays shows no signs of weakening.

Seeing that wholesale borrowing from the French has been characteristic of the great majority of English dramatists, it is not surprising to find that these took the melodrama from France just as they found it. It was transplanted into English soil at the beginning of the nineteenth century, took firm root, and, as we know, has flourished exceedingly ever since.

The first mention of the word "melodrama" that we have been able to discover in books dealing with the history of the stage occurs in the *Memoirs of the Life of John Kemble*, written by James Boaden in 1825. The author leaves us in no doubt as to the French origin of the melodrama. In the second volume of his book (p. 331), he says: "The 13th of November (1802) was to be marked with a permanent acquisition in Holcroft's *Tale of Mystery*. The dumb eloquence of Farley, and the energy of H. Johnstone, operating upon a really interesting French story, with some very speaking music by Dr. Busby, rendered this *melodrama* one of the most powerful things of its class.

"As the term *melodrama* then affectedly burst upon us from the French, and no precise idea seemed attached to the compound, I shall throw away at worst but a line or two upon some kind of explanation. The Greek word ΜΕΛΟΣ (*melos*) is a

synonyme with *Membrum*; and therefore used to signify *Carmen*, a song of regular parts, or recurring measures; but it is hazardous to interpret a French usage by the aid of our lexicons. As to the melo-drame, therefore, we may still be thankful for the explanation which that acute critic, Geoffroy, has left us. 'A melo-drame' (says he) 'is an *opera* in prose, which is merely spoken; and in which music discharges the duty of a *valet de chambre*, because her office is simply to announce the actors.' "

If we consult Genest's *History of the English Stage* (1832)*, we find the following supplementary piece of information¹: "The *Tale of Mystery* is a very interesting piece, in two acts, by Holcroft—professedly borrowed from the French—it was the first of those *Melo-dramas*," with which the stage was afterwards inundated—tho' this mixture of dialogue and dumb show, accompanied by music, be an unjustifiable species of the drama, yet it must be acknowledged that some of the Melo-dramas have considerable merit. The *Tale of Mystery* was the first and the best."

This Thomas Holcroft, who introduced the melodrama into England, is an interesting person. He was born in 1744. The son of a shoemaker, he plied the same trade himself till the age of twenty-five. He then conceived a passion for the stage, and actually became a player. As an actor he never did very well, and accordingly, on the production of his first successful comedy, *Duplicity*, in 1781, he withdrew from the stage and devoted his attention to writing plays and novels. He spent the greater part of the years 1799 to 1801 in France and Germany, and it is to this that we owe the first English melodrama. Holcroft tells us in his preface to his *Tale of Mystery* that he cannot forget the aid he received "from the French drama, from which the principal incidents, many of the thoughts, and much of the manner of telling the story are derived." He might have been a little more explicit, and told us that his play is a mere condensation of *Cælina; ou L'Enfant du Mystère*, by Guilbert de Pixérécourt, first acted at the *Théâtre de l'Ambigu-Comique* in Paris, on September 2nd, 1800.

Having thus established that the melodrama was imported root and branch into England from France, we may not here follow the history of its growth and development. Those who have visited *The Whip*, that gorgeous Drury Lane production, are aware that the interest taken in melodrama is well maintained, and also that the producers of this kind of drama are ready and willing to expend vast sums in adequately mounting plays of this description.

(1) Vol. vii, p. 579.

(2) Note "melodramas," not "melodramas."

Let us now turn to Guilbert de Pixérécourt, the inventor of the melodrama. He was, one may say, if one considers his nature, his circumstances, and his times, almost predestined to write melodrama. His life is full of the deadly perils and the hairbreadth escapes that characterise this form of play. He lived from 1773 to 1844 in France, during the most sensational periods of her history, and his youth was exposed to the storms and shocks of the French Revolution.

René Charles Guilbert de Pixérécourt was born at Nancy in 1773. He came of an old Lorrainer stock, his father having been ennobled by letters patent in 1712. Guilbert had a very hard time of it as a child. His father was a parent of the old régime, more inclined, as Pixérécourt tells us, to thrash his boy than to embrace him. He treated him with the utmost brutality, and for a very innocent schoolboy escapade—the lad threw a pellet of bread at one of his teachers—he was prevented with great difficulty by his friends from sending Guilbert to a reformatory for criminals and the insane. He also prided himself on a process of hardening his son, by sending him out in all weathers, at the age of eleven, for forced marches far too exhausting for a boy of his tender years. Guilbert fell ill, but nevertheless managed to obtain at the College of Nancy in 1785 the highest possible honours. He tells us in his *Souvenirs* of his youth how he came home on the day of his triumph, weak and hardly able to drag himself along. He placed the heap of prizes he had won before his father. The latter congratulated him in these terms : " It is well. You have done your duty."

Young Pixérécourt was intended for the Bar, and was actually studying law at the University of Nancy when the Revolution broke out. In June, 1791, like all the youths of noble blood, he left France and joined Condé's army. He had eight months' desultory campaigning, and wearying of a war that presented no exciting features, he disobeyed his father's orders, obtained a month's leave, and made his way homewards. He had many hairbreadth escapes. He arrived at Pont-à-Mousson disguised in a beggar's rags, but his gentle looks betrayed him, and he was chased by *gendarmes*. These he escaped by lying for hours, almost wholly submerged, in a ditch full of water. He made his way to Nancy, where his mother hardly recognised him in his strange attire. After some delay he managed to obtain a passport to Paris, where he met an old college friend named Michel. With him he shared a garret in a small back street. He was desperately short of money, and the state of affairs was hardly favourable to a young nobleman on the look-out for work. He wisely sank his nobility, and called himself plain M. Guilbert.

The *de* would have been his death-warrant, even without the *Pixerécourt*.

He tells us in his *Souvenirs de la Révolution* of the anxious time he went through. "I lived," he says, "in an attic, exposed to pay at any moment the death-penalty for having obeyed my father in leaving France at the age of seventeen. Alone, three hundred leagues from my people, I awaited death daily, hourly, in the blood-stained capital. Every night, after seeing the carts full of victims pass by, whose courage I admired, and made up my mind to imitate when my turn came, I threw myself down on my wretched mattress. One can easily conceive that my thoughts were tinged with the deepest black. Young's *Night Thoughts* and Hervey's *Meditations* were my favourite books. Sometimes by way of recreation I permitted myself to read d'Arnaud's *Comte de Comminge* and Mercier's dramas."

Such was the state of things when one day his friend Michel brought him an edition of Florian's *Nouvelles*. This it was that started him on the career in which he was to obtain so much success. He dramatised one of these "tales" of Florian's entitled *Sélico; or, The Generous Negroes*, and took his manuscript to the directors of two Paris theatres. They both heard him read his play, and they both offered to accept it. He sold the rights to Villeneuve, director of the *Théâtre Molière*, for five hundred francs. It had taken Pixerécourt just a week to write the piece; so, stimulated by his success, he dramatised another of Florian's tales, this time in thirty-six hours, and this also was accepted at the *Théâtre Favart*. It looked as if his fortune was made, but, unluckily, the plays were not performed. Villeneuve became an object of suspicion to the Revolutionary Committees, and he found it advisable to produce only patriotic pieces, which his wife wrote for him at a moment's notice.

Moreover, Pixerécourt had to return to Nancy, being requisitioned for service in a cavalry regiment—a curious experience for a soldier of Condé to have to serve on the Revolutionary side!

Unfortunately for him, Pixerécourt, though assuming the sword, did not relinquish his grip on the pen. While he was at Nancy a certain Marat-Mauger, a Revolutionary envoy, who misused his authority to commit a series of atrocities, was also there. Pixerécourt discovered that this person had violated and poisoned a young lady who had gone to his house to plead for her father. His impulse, he tells us, was to shoot the miscreant, but he finally decided on a more literary vengeance. He composed a play entitled *Marat-Mauger; or, The Jacobin on a Mission*, in which he portrayed this rascal. This play he sent to the director of the theatre, who handed it on to the Revolutionary Committee. A

warrant was immediately issued for his arrest. But Pixierécourt was quite prepared. He had managed to obtain leave from the colonel of his regiment on the ground of ill-health. When the *gendarmes* sent to arrest him came in through the door he went out by the window, and made his way to Paris, where he arrived, as before, with very little money.

Hardly had he arrived there when the National Convention decreed that all of noble blood should be imprisoned or exiled. Only musicians, painters, and other artists were excepted. This was practically a death sentence to Pixierécourt. He chose a bold course, and went straight to Barrère, chief of the "Committee of Public Safety," gave him a frank and full account of himself, and ended up by saying: "I am too young to die. Something within me tells me that I am meant for better things. I want to work and devote myself to writing for the stage. Give me my liberty. You will have done a good deed, and I will be grateful to you."

Barrère, moved and perhaps tickled by the young man's confidence in himself, not only gave him a pardon, but found him a post in the War Office as one of Carnot's clerks. There he found safety during the storm that ravaged Paris during the Reign of Terror. He wrote many plays of all kinds, but still found no directors to produce them, although sixteen of them were accepted during the year he spent with Carnot. So determined was he to make a career as a dramatist that he resigned his post in the "administration" in order to devote his whole time to writing plays.

He was now twenty-two. He had married a young woman of good birth, but in circumstances as reduced as his own. He had no work and no money, and he was shortly to be a father. Nothing daunted him. He thought of making use of his talent for drawing. For two years he earned two francs a day by painting fans for a merchant named Santon. Of this episode he was always exceedingly proud.

But in 1797 his luck changed. He wrote a comedy entitled *Les Petits Auvergnats*, which was accepted and performed at the *Théâtre de l'Ambigu-Comique*. In the same year he produced at the same theatre his first melodrama, *Victor; ou L'Enfant de la Forêt*, though he did not then give it the title of "melodrama." This play met with enormous success, and was acted in Paris three hundred and ninety-two times. His fortune was now assured, and in 1800 he wrote his most celebrated melodrama, *Cælia; ou L'Enfant du Mystère*, which, as we have seen, Thomas Holcroft adapted for the English stage. This play was acted over fourteen hundred times during Pixierécourt's lifetime. It was

translated into German, Italian, and Dutch, and attained to such a height of popularity that it became fashionable all over France for parents to call one of their daughters *Cælia*.

From this year to the time of his death Pixérécourt went on producing melodrama after melodrama. He has left us in all fifty-nine of these, in addition to numerous comedies, comic operas, vaudevilles, and even tragedies. He estimated that from 1798 to 1803 his pieces had been performed more than thirty thousand times, and we know that many of them were acted for a considerable time after his death. The Paris newspapers of the time show that his melodramas were often played at the same time at two and three different theatres. He reigned for thirty years as the absolute king of the melodrama, and his works brought him in over twenty-five thousand francs per annum. But this did not suffice him. In order to have a certain pension for his later years, he obtained in 1802 an official position in the French Government service, which he retained till 1836.

In 1827 he was made "directeur" of the *Opéra Comique*, and he was "directeur" of the *Théâtre de la Gaîté* from 1825 till 1835. It was at this theatre that his pieces were most of them produced till its destruction by fire on February 21st, 1835. The lawsuits that arose in consequence of this catastrophe ruined him. He lost the greater part of his fortune, and was obliged to sell his country house and his collection of books, which he valued at over one hundred thousand francs. It was this loss of his books that gave him the greatest pain, for from his youth he had been an enthusiastic collector. These misfortunes, added to fierce attacks of chronic gout, caused him to retire from his dramatic work. Later on in the same year he had an attack of apoplexy, which brought on partial paralysis. He devoted what was left of his energies to preparing an edition of his best plays for the press, and in 1843 he published his "*Théâtre Choisi*" in four volumes, with a preface by his great friend, Charles Nodier. This work contains many of his best-known melodramas, and each is accompanied by an introduction written by one of his friends and admirers, and by copies of the Press notices that had appeared after the performance of each play.

Pixérécourt died at Nancy in 1844 at the age of seventy-one. The story goes that for some years he had been on bad terms with his wife. When he felt his end was near, to prevent her coming and disturbing his last sleep, he asked in his will that his grave should be covered by one huge block of stone, the biggest and the heaviest available. He hoped that this might deter his wife from attempting to share her husband's tomb. Madame de Pixérécourt made no attempt to rejoin him, and the king of the melo-

drama sleeps alone and almost forgotten in the little cemetery at Préville, near Nancy.

Pixerécourt was something more than a mere playwright and manager. He was a man of letters, of culture, possessed of artistic tastes, loving all that was beautiful and living on terms of intimate friendship with the distinguished literary men of his time.

Once he had finished the rehearsals of his melodramas (and he tells us that he never missed any), he went to his house in the Rue du Sentier, or to his country seat at Fontenoy-sous-Bois, and there indulged in all manner of intellectual pursuits. He brought out an edition of the unpublished works of Florian, who, as we have seen, inspired him to start on his melodramatic career. He wrote a learned commentary on Bret's edition of Molière, and translated many of the works of Kotzebue, Ziegler, and Meissner. Part of his time he devoted to collecting pictures, autographs, books, and furniture, and he helped to found the famous "Société des Bibliophiles."

He knew German thoroughly, and he went to the plays of Schiller, Goethe, and Kotzebue for the plots of many of his melodramas. He could not read English, but his library contained the translations of many English plays and novels, which he also utilised. For example, his *Tête de Mort* is a melodramatised version of William Godwin's famous novel *Caleb Williams*. Sir Walter Scott's *Abbot* gave him the plot of his *L'Évasion de Marie Stuart*. He went to Defoe for his *Robinson Crusoe*, and Shakespeare furnished him with material for his *Marguerite d'Anjou*. He also borrowed incidents from the *Tempest* and from *Macbeth*, which he worked into his plays.

For the majority of his melodramas he took his plots from French or European history, from contemporary events, or from French novels. His *Céline* was an adaptation of a novel of the same name by Ducray-Duminil. Pixerécourt handled his sources with great freedom and dexterity. He followed them very closely when it suited his purpose, sometimes transcribing or translating whole speeches. At other times he left his sources entirely aside, added new characters, and invented new situations.

Céline is a very fair example of Pixerécourt's method and style, so we shall give a brief account of this melodrama, which was to serve as a model to other writers for years to come :

M. Dufour, an important person in the little town of Sallenche, is the guardian of his niece Céline. He administers her fortune wisely and well. Out of delicacy he hesitates to give her hand to his own son Stéphan, despite the mutual affection of the two young people. He even lends an ear to a proposal of marriage

made by a M. Truguelin, (of whom we shall hear more anon) on behalf of his son, also a suitor for Cœlina's hand.

Now this M. Truguelin seems greatly perturbed at seeing, at Dufour's house, a poor wretch named Francisque Humbert, whom Dufour had taken to live with him out of compassion. Humbert, too, shivers at the sight of Truguelin, but he cannot account for this sign of terror or of aversion, for, as Dufour explains, he had been the victim of two criminals, who had waylaid him and cut out his tongue. Truguelin apparently accepts this explanation with indifference, but hardly has Dufour left the room when the following dialogue takes place between him and his servant, Germain :—

Germain (mysteriously) : You sent for me?

Truguelin : Yes, I need your help.

Germain : Speak.

Truguelin : Humbert is here.

Germain : I know it.

Truguelin : A single word from him . . .

Germain : Can destroy us. M. Dufour . . . ?

Truguelin : Knows nothing as yet.

Germain : But at any moment he may discover all.

Truguelin : Your advice?

Germain : What is yours?

Truguelin : You understand me (making a significant sign). .

Germain : Sufficient.

Truguelin : Wretched Francisque, you shall pay a high price for the anxieties you cause me . . .

Germain : When all in the house are asleep . . .

Truguelin : At midnight ; if he resists . . .

Germain : He's a dead man !

But, fortunately for Francisque, Cœlina has overheard them. She warns him, saying : " Your days are threatened. Sleep not. I will watch over you."

It is obvious by now that Truguelin and Germain are those miscreants who attempted to kill Humbert, and succeeded in depriving him of his powers of speech. He is now on the alert. When Truguelin bids him leave the house, he merely shrugs his shoulders. When the latter threatens him with a dagger, he produces a pistol. The noise brings Dufour on the scene, and he, hearing Cœlina's story, drives Truguelin from the house.

This Truguelin is a villain of the deepest dye, who wants Cœlina's money for himself. He swears to leave nothing undone to attain his ends. At the moment when the marriage of Cœlina and Stéphanie is about to take place, Germain arrives, and hands a letter to Dufour, saying : "Imprudent old man, read this."

Dufour does so, and exclaims : " An end to marriage, a truce to love-making. Grief and hatred, these shall be my companions in my sad old age."

Stéphany : Explain yourself.

Cœlina : Begone, uncle.

Dufour (pushing her away) : I am not your uncle.

All : Ah, heaven !

Dufour : No, she is not my niece ; she is the child of crime and adultery !

(*Francisque Humbert* appears to be overwhelmed.)

Stéphany : Father, they are deceiving you.

Dufour (showing the letter) : Read.

Stéphany (seeing the signature) : Truguelin ! It is a calumny !

Dufour : Read it !

Stéphany (in trembling tones) : "Cœlina is not your niece ; she is not your brother's daughter. He was deceived by his guilty wife. Alas ! this wretched woman Isoline was my sister. She had this child by a wretch of no estate, without fortune, without morals. I send you Cœlina's certificate of baptism ; you will see that she does not bear your brother's name, and, in a word, that she is an absolute stranger to you."

Dufour (handing him the certificate) : Read !

Stéphany (reading) : " Extract of the register of births of the parish of Saint-Etienne de Servay. This day, the 11th of May, 1764, at 10 o'clock in the evening, was baptised Suzanne-Cœlina, daughter of Isoline Truguelin and Francisque Humbert."

Cœlina : You ! My father ! (*Francisque* holds out his arms to her, and she throws herself into them.)

At last Cœlina understands why she has always felt so much sympathy for this poor mute. It is the voice of blood that spoke (a voice destined to play a very important part in melodrama). But Dufour breaks out angrily, saying :

"What, wretch ! not content with having dishonoured my brother, you dared to come here to solicit my help, and would have permitted me to countenance a shameful alliance. Begone ! Leave my presence, and take with you the fruit of your guilty love !"

Humbert holds out his arms again to Cœlina, and together they go off in sorrow to face the unknown. In vain does Stéphane protest, in vain does he defy even his father's curse. And now Dufour, by a sudden revulsion, is on the point of feeling some indulgence for Truguelin. But he learns from a friend of his (an old doctor)—what the audience had long known—that it was Truguelin, the infamous Truguelin, who had tried to kill the poor dumb creature he has so ruthlessly turned away. He

regrets his hasty anger, but it is too late. The innocent Cœlina and Humbert are already far away. She who was but lately a rich heiress now supports her dumb father by begging on the public highway. Dufour has but one resource—to denounce to justice the crime of Truguelin. He does so.

One is here tempted to ask why this doctor, Dufour's intimate friend, knowing the author of the crime, did not denounce him long since. This is an indiscreet kind of question which we ought not to ask Pixérécourt or any other writer of melodramas. But to return to Cœlina. The third and last act shows us Cœlina and Humbert in their distress. It also shows us Truguelin tracked by the *gendarmérie*, and a prey to remorse. His monologue here is so typical of the early melodrama that we reproduce it in full :

Truguelin (disguised as a peasant) : Where can I flee? Where may I hide my shame? Having wandered since this morning among these mountains, I seek in vain a refuge where I may save my head from the executioner. I have not yet found a cave dark enough, a cavern deep enough to conceal my crimes. In these coarse garments, that conceal my identity from the most penetrating eye, I betray my guilt, and as I cast down my pallid brow, I can only answer trembling the questions I am asked. It seems to me that all nature conspires to accuse me. These terrible words re-echo in my ear : "No rest for the assassin . . . Vengeance . . . vengeance . . ." (The echo replies "Vengeance." Truguelin turns round in terror.) Where am I? What is this threatening voice? . . . Heavens! What do I see? This bridge, these rocks, this stream. 'Tis there my criminal hand shed the blood of an innocent man. Oh God! Thou whom I have so long ignored, see my remorse. (To himself.) Stop, wretch, do not blaspheme against heaven. Consolation for thee! This blessing is only for the innocent. Thou shalt not taste of it. Tears, the scaffold, that is the lot that awaits thee and that thou mayest not escape. Ah! if one only knew the price one has to pay for leaving the path of virtue, one would see but few evil men here below.

That, as we have said, is the typical monologue of the melodrama, always terminated by some moral platitude. It recurs regularly in varied forms whenever a villain repents.

While Truguelin is in this parlous state, Michaud, a worthy miller, takes pity on him, and offers him shelter. Being of a hospitable turn of mind, he offers the same invitation to Humbert and Cœlina, who, of course, arrive there a few moments later. Humbert recognises his persecutor through his disguise. Then ensues the struggle between the weak and the strong, between virtue and vice. Virtue, of course, triumphs, and Truguelin,

after a desperate fight, is seized by the soldiery and led off to trial. At this juncture Dufour and Stéphanie arrive. Melodramatic justice demands the rehabilitation of Humbert and the happiness of Cœlina.

Dufour asks why Truguelin has victimised Humbert so fiercely and consistently. The latter writes his reply, and Stéphanie reads it :—

"A secret marriage had already united me for two months to the fair Isoline Truguelin, when your brother saw her and proposed to wed her. You know that when he married he settled all his wealth on any children he might have. Truguelin, in the hope of gaining his wealth, and without respect for the previous marriage to me (which his sister confessed to him), forced her to wed a second time in my absence."

All: The wretch!

Stéphanie (continuing to read): "Cœlina was born. In despair at having lost my wife, and wishing to preserve my rights over my daughter, I stole her from the people who were entrusted with her up-bringing and had her baptised in my own name. Hence Truguelin's motive for hating me, and his bitter persecution."

Dufour (interrupting his son): The rest is known to me. (To *Francisque*, holding out his arms.) I give you back my esteem.

Cœlina is to marry Stéphanie the very next day, and all ends happily, the curtain descending as the jolly miller sings a song to which all the villagers dance.

This *résumé* of the play is not complete. We must mention that the comic element is introduced in slices, as it were, to relieve the sombreness of the story. The comic characters whose mission it is to enliven the play are Tiennette, Dufour's housekeeper, and Michaud, the jolly miller.

We are now in a position to state the complete formula of the melodrama, which, from 1800, the date of *Cœlina*, has its own laws.

There shall be four essential characters: the villain or traitor, embodying all the vices; the unfortunate heroine, typifying all the virtues; the upright man or hero, whose mission it is to protect the heroine, and finally, the "niais," or simpleton, who is responsible for supplying the comic element. The villain persecutes the heroine, who suffers at his hands till the end of the last act, when the virtuous hero arrives in the nick of time to save her and to punish her enemy. The "niais," or simpleton, is always to be reckoned as a powerful factor acting on behalf of injured innocence. The style is pompous and grandiloquent, and full of moral and virtuous sayings and platitudes. There shall be three acts in all: the first mainly devoted to love, the second to misfortune and

persecution, and the third to the triumph of virtue and the discomfiture of vice. Ballets are introduced whenever it is possible to do so, and fighting is also a necessary adjunct. The music (hence the word *melodrama*) plays an important part. It serves to emphasise the situations, accompanies the entrances and exits of the different characters, and is meant to intensify the emotions produced. Pixierécourt attached so much importance to this part of the melodrama that he was at great pains to secure the collaboration of competent composers, and their names are always mentioned on the title-pages of his plays.

Such was the melodrama as Pixierécourt created it. The "genre" has undergone many modifications since his time. Machinery of all kinds, the telephone, the railway-train, the motor-car, wireless telegraphy, the aeroplane, and all the sensational inventions of the last half-century have left their mark on it. Music now plays but a very minor part. But in all essentials the melodrama that is acted to crowded audiences of all classes in our London theatres to-day is very near akin to the melodrama that Guilbert de Pixierécourt produced at his theatre night after night during the first quarter of the nineteenth century.¹

W. G. HARTOG.

(1) For further information c.f. *Guilbert Pixierécourt, sa vie, son mélodrame, sa technique et son influence*, H. Champion, Paris, 1913, by W. G. Hartog.

DIVORCE REFORM.

THE Matrimonial Causes Bill now before Parliament is no doubt open to much adverse criticism, both in principle and detail. But the fact remains that our present law is so illogical and unfair that no vital element of justice can be sacrificed in changing it. The stern rule entirely forbidding divorce with liberty to re-marry, which is still in force in certain Roman Catholic countries, has the great redeeming feature of being the same for all. The spouses take each other for their joint lives, for better or worse, and know that, if they have made a mistake, they must suffer for it because indissoluble marriage is deemed for the general good. Relaxation of the vow to live together may be granted to one spouse for the cruelty or adultery of the other—that can hardly be avoided—but the marriage continues in force, and the innocent partner remains bound to the guilty one.

This was also our old Ecclesiastical law, and the present situation has come about by the grafting of a divorce law upon it. So far as there is any principle in our divorce law, it appears to be founded on the theory that divorce cannot, in any circumstances, be justified unless adultery is proved, and this theory again is founded on two admittedly obscure and disputed texts in St. Matthew. If the rule founded on a certain interpretation of these texts worked satisfactorily, it might be accepted by those who interpreted them differently, or did not consider themselves bound by them at all. But the present faults of the law are glaring. Husbands and wives who have behaved atrociously are divorced under the present law and have full liberty to re-marry; a wife who has betrayed her husband often suffers no real inconvenience, and is virtually unpunished, while even a cruel or faithless husband only suffers loss of income. On the other hand, a husband or wife may be deserted or treated with the grossest cruelty, yet unless adultery can be strictly proved, the fetters must remain. In probably over 90 per cent. of cases a deserted spouse cannot afford the expensive luxury of private espionage, and thus adultery cannot be proved, although, on the part of the vast majority of deserting husbands and a large percentage of deserting wives, it has almost certainly taken place. This fact in itself shows that, in practice, there is still one law for the rich and another for the poor (although the original Divorce Act was passed to remove that blemish), and the differentiation is the more strongly marked because divorces can only be pronounced in London. Poor persons must therefore bring their witnesses

to London, for a clause in the original Act enabling evidence to be given locally is practically a dead letter. Thus the poor who live any distance from the Metropolis cannot afford divorce if the facts are disputed, and the new procedure to help them is full of flaws, and, at best, has only slightly mitigated the injustice.

In respect of morality, the effect of our present law is deplorable. A properly-framed law, whether it admits divorce or not, should at least ensure that those who flout it should suffer gross inconvenience, even if they are not punished, which is the logical course. Yet thousands upon thousands of men and women are living together in England as husband and wife, one or both of whom are validly married to other spouses, and our present law is loftily indifferent. Indeed, with singular ineptitude, it remits taxation in such cases, for if both parties to such an arrangement have a taxable income they are assessed separately, whereas married couples have to pay more by being assessed jointly.

The present Bill is an attempt to remove some of the grosser anomalies of our law, and is founded on a logical principle—that, if divorce is allowed at all, it must be granted where the party desiring it can prove that he or she has given the best and fairest trial to the union, and has shown that the ordinary purposes of matrimony, which are stated straightforwardly in the Prayer-Book, have hopelessly broken down, and further cohabitation cannot reasonably be expected of him or her. The pith of the Bill is the addition of desertion for three years, cruelty, incurable insanity, drunkenness, and drug-taking as causes for divorce, in addition to adultery. There are other reforms aimed to abolish various hardships, and anomalies which have come to light in the working of our present law, and safeguards against collusive divorce are still provided; but the Bill must stand or fall by its main principle.

It is outside the scope of this article to discuss whether absolute divorce with liberty to re-marry is right or wrong, and it will be assumed for the present purposes that it is impossible to abolish divorce altogether in England. In passing, a law founded on the theory that divorce is wrong, and that the union of one man to one woman for their joint lives only is lawful, ought to punish couples living in adultery, in contempt of that theory, as our older law did.

If divorce is allowed, it must also be assumed that a particular reading of certain texts in St. Matthew should no longer be suffered to govern the general law, although, of course, Churchmen and others who hold to such interpretations would be entirely free to apply it to their own unions.

The question indeed may here be raised, though no provision touching on it appears in the present Bill, whether Roman Catholics and Churchmen should be at liberty to "contract out" of divorce altogether when they marry. This would not be an entire novelty, for more than one country has provided that the application of divorce law to a particular union should depend on the couple's religion. In such countries Roman Catholics would not be allowed divorce at all, and Orthodox and Protestants would be allowed it in accordance with their doctrines. Certainly, were the law to recognise an indissoluble contract, very strict safeguards should be introduced; it should not be applicable if either party was a minor, and a solemn betrothal ceremony not less than six months before the wedding should be obligatory. The Roman Catholic Church could then enjoin that all marriages of adults celebrated under its auspices should be of this character. The Church of England, with its lack of binding central authority, would probably be much divided—some clergymen would refuse to celebrate a dissoluble marriage, others might refuse to celebrate an indissoluble one, while a third group might be indifferent, and ready to let the betrothed pair do as they please. If Parliament were willing to insert such a clause, it is to be hoped that the internal difficulties of the Church of England would be treated more honestly and sincerely than they were in the Deceased's Wife's Sister Act a few years ago, which was left so ambiguous that the Privy Council had to decide whether a couple so married were entitled as of right to Communion.

The logical basis of Ecclesiastical objection to reform would be weakened by such a concession, for the reformers would then be able to say that the objectors had been allowed their own way as regards their own unions, and any attempt to impose their policy on persons outside their Church and disagreeing with them was mere dictation. It is not likely, however, that the opposition would be less implacable, and the objection would be pressed that the law was recognising two sorts of contracts, the real indissoluble marriage and something else which was in effect a travesty of it. Perhaps the best answer would be that the law already recognises scores of different rules of marriage. For example, although an English marriage cannot now be dissolved for desertion, a Scottish one may, and our law recognises such a divorce as valid for all purposes, including re-marriage with a person domiciled in England. There remains, of course, the argument that the present law of marriage is the "law of God," and cannot, therefore, be relaxed or altered. Perhaps the best criticism of this argument was that of an American judge, commenting on an old English decision based on this theory. Of this

case he said : "The judgment proceeds upon the ground that an Act of Parliament is not merely an ordinance of man, but a conclusive declaration of the law of God, and the result is that the law of God, as declared by Act of Parliament and expounded by the House of Lords, varies according to time, place, length of life of parties, pecuniary interests of third persons, petitions to human tribunals, and technical rules of statutory construction and judicial procedure." It would certainly be a difficult task for the defenders of our present law to argue that it was the "law of God." The upholders of the absolutely indissoluble marriage would have a much easier case, but we cannot revert to it.

Coming to details, divorce for desertion would probably cover the vast majority of the present hard cases, enabling poor men and women who cannot afford to pay for private spies to obtain the decree which spies can now procure for wealthy petitioners. In a small residuum of cases, especially those of wives leaving their husbands, adultery may not take place ; but, obviously, the purposes of matrimony are impossible of performance if one spouse obstinately declines to live with the other. Parliament really stultified the logic of the old law in 1884, when the late Mrs. Weldon served her husband with a writ for libel, and a process for restitution of conjugal rights, requiring him to live with her. Disobedience of an order made under that process then meant that it was the duty of a judge to imprison an offender for contempt of court if the respondent spouse declined to live with the petitioner. Our legislators, shocked at the idea that one spouse was obliged to live with another in such evident hostility, and ignoring the old adage about hard cases and bad law, passed a short Act to the effect that a person disobeying a restitution decree was not to be sent to prison for contempt. In effect, that gave a free charter for desertion without allowing a deserted spouse the logical remedy of divorce. No doubt few people were so imprisoned, but the liability to imprisonment was a serious matter, and must have deterred intending offenders. It is, indeed, obvious that a law which forbids divorce for desertion should either make desertion extremely inconvenient for the offender, or, more logically, punish him or her. Our old law did both. Our present law does neither.

Desertion is a cause for divorce by Scottish law, by the Roman-Dutch law prevailing in South Africa, and, in effect, in every country admitting divorce where the code has been placed on a logical basis. The provision that the desertion must have lasted three years or upwards should tend to make it clear that it was obstinate, and that the offender was not likely to repent.

Divorce for cruelty in the Bill is limited by the definition of

cruelty as "such conduct by one married person to another as makes it unsafe, having regard to risk of life, limb, or health, bodily or mental, for the latter to continue to live with the former." The word "unsafe" is strong, and should only warrant a divorce when the continued cohabitation involved real risk to the health or reason of the victim. Without prejudice to the generality of the definition, cruelty is imputed to those who knowingly or negligently infect their spouses with a venereal disease, or to a husband who compels his wife to submit herself to prostitution.

The introduction of divorce for incurable insanity would mark a definite break with the present theory that no action by the Court is justified unless there has been some misconduct on the part of the respondent. It is possible, though probably such cases are in a minority, that a lunatic husband or wife may have been an excellent spouse before being overtaken by permanent mental affliction. Under the proposed law the divorce would be pronounced against the lunatic upon proof that his or her malady was incurable and without reference to past conduct, on the footing that a union with such a person is one in which every real purpose of matrimony obviously breaks down. Charlotte Brontë cleared the way for Rochester and Jane Eyre by giving Mrs. Rochester a chance of indulging her craving as a lunatic for arson, and burning herself to death. But in real life things are different, and in the twentieth century lunatics are given very small chances of burning their asylums.

If the home of a spouse who treats the other with cruelty is unfit for young children, the same applies to an habitual drunkard or drug-taker, and medical evidence tends to show that cure is rare. In cases of cruelty, drunkenness, or drug-taking, it is difficult to understand the logic of a law which, admitting divorce in certain circumstances, ties the innocent partner for life to the guilty in such cases.

Divorce for the spouse of one undergoing imprisonment under a commuted death sentence has been jettisoned. It affects a very small minority of persons, but should appear in a logical code. By the law of the State of Wisconsin a sentence of imprisonment for life has operated as a decree of divorce against the offender. But the matter should at least depend on the expressed wish of the husband or wife of the prisoner, as the case may be. Divorce for imprisonment appears in many American codes and in one or two for a fairly short sentence.

Those seeking the passage of the Bill may be reproached with relaxing the sanctity of marriage, and perhaps may retort that a law permitting couples married to other persons to live together

is incapable of further relaxation. They would, however, make a much better case for themselves if they introduced provisions on the footing that, reasonable divorce being established, proper measures should be taken against the open flouting of the marriage laws. At present this appears to be tolerated because certain persons, mostly in the poorer classes, can neither obtain divorce nor live with their spouses. But when this grievance is removed the case will be different. Persons living together in such circumstances should be liable to prosecution. Such a law would not be impossible, and in fact the Ecclesiastical law enjoined pains and penalties in these cases for the logical reason that they were disobeying the marriage law. Persons living together bigamously or incestuously are already liable to punishment, and the principle would be the same. Then adulterous couples should further be denied all advantages of the Restriction of Rent Acts, and be liable to instant ejectment by their landlord. Finally, if liable to income tax, they should be assessed jointly and the duty trebled. Their present privileges are indefensible.

Persons found guilty of adultery in the Divorce Court should be liable to imprisonment, as they are in many countries; it is one of the grossest scandals of our law that a rich man, who can write a large enough cheque without troubling himself about the money, can commit adultery with impunity, for experience shows that possible publicity has no terrors for an unscrupulous man with a large private income. Anyone liable to be sent to penal servitude for it would think twice before breaking up his friend's home. It does not, of course, follow that every respondent and co-respondent should be sent to prison, for guilt may vary immensely in degree. A check against blackmail would also be necessary, perhaps by requiring prosecutions to be recommended by the judge or jury of the Divorce Court. But, after such safeguards, the power to send a man to prison, or even a woman, who deliberately breaks up a home would be very valuable. The power should also be in reserve against the husband or wife in aggravated circumstances, as when the innocent spouse is infected with venereal disease, or the misconduct takes place in the matrimonial home with a servant or false friend.

Some further details in the Bill before Parliament deserve consideration. One important section, the eleventh, recasts the law relating to decrees for nullity of marriage. Such decrees make a marriage void altogether, but there is a saving clause in our present law enabling a judge to make an order providing for the issue, if any, in cases where the decree is founded on bigamy, or any reason other than impotence.

According to the present law, the impotence to be proved to

enable a decree to be made must be absolute. Medical and other testimony in the Divorce Court has, however, proved that in a small percentage of cases impotence is relative, and exists without reasonable chance of cure in a person otherwise normal in respect of his or her wife or husband, as the case may be. This singularly unfortunate state of things has given much trouble to Divorce Court judges. They see that the situation is hopeless, and are anxious to strain a point to pronounce the decree, yet conscious that if they do so the respondent may entirely stultify their judgment by marrying again and having children. Sir Samuel Evans made an attempt to grant a decree with such limitations, but precedent was too strong, and the Court of Appeal over-ruled his decision. By the new Bill a decree may be pronounced if the particular marriage cannot be consummated, or there is wilful refusal of intercourse.

With respect to a provision as to lunacy, there is more than one hard case in the books of a man or woman mated to a lunatic, found obviously insane within a month of the marriage, yet not apparently insane at the date of the actual ceremony. By our present law such marriages are valid and indissoluble, save for adultery. The new proposal is to grant a decree of nullity if definite insanity supervenes within six months of the marriage. Other new causes for nullity, with certain safeguards, are the existence of venereal disease in a communicable form, or the existence of pregnancy by another man, such pregnancy being concealed from the husband. The latter is a hard case, and here, again, the attempt to obtain a decree on such facts under the old law was made and failed.

Section 5 of the Bill allows a deserted wife to retain her own domicile for the purposes of divorce. This is to remedy the hardship which occurs in certain cases where a mixed marriage has been pronounced valid by our law and void by the other. In a particular instance our Court felt bound to tell an Englishwoman that she was validly married to a young Frenchman who had returned to France, obtained there a decree annulling the marriage for lack of the consents required by French law, and then married someone else. Our Court would not divorce her, because the judges held that the lady was a domiciled Frenchwoman, whose marriage could only be dissolved in France. But the French Court would not divorce her, because the marriage had there been annulled. In her native country she was therefore held bound to a man who was validly married to someone else in his, a situation obviously deplorable.

One proposed reform will relieve Divorce Court judges of a fetter which in many cases they would gladly throw off. By the

new Bill the Court is given full discretion to pronounce a decree, notwithstanding the applicant's own misconduct. The rules now in force, crystallised by precedent, forbid judges to dissolve such a marriage in numerous cases where it is obvious that the parties cannot possibly live together again.

Again, it is possible under our present law, and in one case at least it has actually happened, that a wife has obtained a decree nisi against her husband living with another woman, and refrained from having it made absolute so as to prevent their marriage. The Bill provides that the decree nisi shall be made absolute unless some good reason to the contrary is shown.

The substitution of "applicant," "defendant," and "co-defendant" for "petitioner," "respondent," and "co-respondent" indicates a change of procedure which perhaps may be convenient, though a petition is a useful vehicle for stating facts to a Court. A novelty is contained in a provision that a co-defendant may have to pay damages; the masculine co-respondent has, of course, always run this risk, but the section is quite general, and would apply to a wealthy woman who broke up another's home by enticing the husband away. Though theoretically placing the sexes on a level, orders against women to pay such damages are likely to be as rare as orders against feminine defendants in breach of promise cases; unless, indeed, mixed juries are empanelled and the present masculine tendency to gallantry is removed. Nothing as to the composition of the jury appears on the Bill, but the matter is worth raising. The difficulties of a mixed jury are obvious, but, perhaps, not insurmountable: ladies sat on the Divorce Commission, which made the findings much more valuable, and, either as parties or as members of the public, listen to and discuss Divorce Court evidence daily. If it could be established, it is probable that a mixed jury in matrimonial cases would be a much more valuable instrument of justice than one composed of men only, for each sex would correct the other's bias. And such a jury should be composed of married persons only.

One important section gives judges a certain right to supervision of divorce reports, and it is much to be regretted that powerful Press influences are at work to cut it out or emasculate it. The argument used is that the ordinary laws of decency apply to newspapers, and there should be no interference with the liberty of the Press. In practice, however, there is a strong demand for the fullest details of adultery—just as there is for lotteries, disorderly houses, and cocaine—and when a *cause célèbre* is on, the newspapers pandering to this demand obtain the best sales. Other and better conducted papers must corre-

spondingly lose, and proprietors of newspapers must either be prepared to face loss, or publish as much detail as their least scrupulous rivals. The worst offenders are one or two weekly papers, which make a feature of such reports. The proprietors of the better-class newspapers ought to realise that the order of an impartial judge should raise the standard of the rest to their own, and prevent them being penalised for decent reticence. Queen Victoria was of opinion that Divorce Court reports in newspapers were worse than the worst French novels, and many published details are still obviously unfit for young persons to read.

Opposition has also been offered against the proposal that reports are to be delayed until the conclusion of the proceedings; and the value of the publicity of the day-to-day report is emphasised. In divorce cases, however, there is a special argument for such delay. In many instances adultery is charged and disputed, and the Court finds it has not taken place. When this happens, the marriage remains valid, and it is the duty of the parties to return to each other. That duty must be hard enough in any case in such circumstances; but when each spouse has thoroughly washed the other's dirty linen in public, it is likely to be a virtual impossibility. The delay of all reports until the finding would enable a judge to excise details painful to either party from the report, and then reconciliation might be feasible.

It may be added that the law of New Zealand already affords a precedent for such supervision. And the alternative of hearing a large number of cases *in camera* on the ground of decency would be worse than the proposed reform.

If and when reasonable divorce is established, one obvious change is indicated, and that is that Divorce and other Courts should be directed entirely to ignore private separation deeds for all purposes. As shown above, Courts have now no power of compelling or even inducing married couples to live together. If this power was restored, it might be a useful weapon against capricious desertion. But, if it cannot be restored, the law should at least keep couples together, unless the Court itself has pronounced that they may live apart. The judicial recognition of such deeds is, in fact, comparatively modern. The Ecclesiastical Courts would have nothing to do with them, and Lord Eldon, in Chancery, following the same principle, grimly observed that "after the sacred contract, the parties should feel it to their mutual interest to improve their tempers." But the House of Lords, under Lord Westbury, over-ruled Lord Eldon in a subsequent case, and a Court has actually granted an injunction

under such a deed against a spouse desiring reconciliation from "molesting" the other.

It seems, in fact, a great pity that Divorce Court judges have no power of bringing parties together on the threshold. Probably in the majority of cases things have gone too far and nothing could be done. But one reconciliation in a dozen would make it worth while. Judges in Chancery have most paternal powers over their wards, and can send for them and advise, coax, warn, or scold, as circumstances require. If the right sort of man, possibly with his wife to help him, could see every couple before proceedings with a non-professional friend of each party, and the children of the union were in an adjacent room and ready to be called in if necessary, many marriages might be saved, especially those where misconduct was admitted. No doubt mistakes would be made, just as weddings arranged by magistrates in Court between lovers who have fallen out have often resulted disastrously. Still, the experiment would be worth making, and the French procedure might give useful information.

One provision in the Bill reversing the present practice ought to be very carefully and thoroughly considered before it becomes law. As the Acts now stand, no person is bound to give evidence tending to prove his or her adultery unless such person has already given evidence in disproof of such accusation, when justice obviously demands power of cross-examination. But the new proposal is to compel parties to go into the box and give evidence without being entitled to refuse answers to questions tending to establish guilt. One obvious result of this would be to intensify perjury in a Court which may now almost be described as the home of perjury. The old law that no one is bound to incriminate himself is founded on sound sense, and should be applied to adultery, proof of which, socially and financially, may ruin a man for life.

That the Divorce Court should sit locally and so save poor suitors' expenses is a reform against which there has hardly been serious opposition, except on the part of lawyers specialising in divorce work in London. The Schedule of the Bill contains the names of nearly a hundred places for such sittings, the cases to be heard being those of persons with small incomes only. A comment may be made on the list as it stands, that it is still a long way from Berwick-on-Tweed to Newcastle-on-Tyne, whither a Berwick couple would have to travel. And, in the Midlands, Derby and Nottingham are only sixteen miles off each other, and another place named, Long Eaton, is between the two. Chesterfield would be more accessible for the north of these counties, and Long Eaton might be struck off the list.

One sub-section, novel to our law, suggests an ultimate possibility, though it may be still far off. The proposal is to recognise divorces between English folk obtained in British possessions, if the reasons for the decree were such that they would suffice here. Hitherto our Court has most jealously guarded its jurisdiction, and has declined to recognise any divorce between domiciled English people unless pronounced in London. Perhaps some qualification will be needful; there should at least be reciprocity, and it might also be well to guard against any outlying possession taking upon itself the part played by one or two Western States in America, and attracting discontented couples by laxity of administration. This would not be likely, but a power given to the King to suspend the operation of the section by Order in Council as against the offender would meet the point. Apart from that, however, the section might pave the way to a uniform and standard law of divorce for the British Empire, which in turn might lead to such a standard throughout Christendom, save, of course, where divorce was entirely forbidden.

At present a standard is impossible in our own Empire, for neither Scotland, South Africa, Australia, or New Zealand would adapt or revert to our present law, and the same would be true of nearly all the American States, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, and Switzerland. But the new basis of our law would in effect be the basis of the laws in those countries, and a little give and take would harmonise the differences in detail. With the bulk of other countries in agreement, Canada and New York, both with divorce laws rather similar to our own, would probably follow our lead, and then the law of divorce for all the white races could be framed in one code and placed on a clear and equitable principle.

ALFRED FELLOWS.

THE IRISH SECRETARYSHIP AND ITS VICISSITUDES.

I do not propose—"the tyranny of space" precludes me—to sketch even in faint outline the history of the office whose holder bears, having regard to the importance of the position, the subordinate title of "Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland." It may, however, be of interest to record some leading incidents in the fortunes of that office and of the personnel of its holders since public attention has been so pointedly and painfully directed to the course of affairs in Ireland.

The whole office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is a heap of anomalies. It is one of several offices of State in these countries the relation of whose duties to their titles it is difficult to explain. The retention of the lowly title of the office of Cabinet Minister ordinarily responsible for the preservation of law and order and for advising and directing the conduct and policy of administration in Ireland is one of the many instances of that curious disrelish of the acknowledgment of change, however vital, which is characteristic of the genius of English Government. Side by side with the Constitution as embodied in the common law and the statute book there has grown up an unwritten conventional Constitution. The statute book itself, indeed, is by no means a true reflex of contemporary public opinion and practice, for it is full of strange survivals of other ages. So, too, in the case of ministerial offices, the tendency has been not to create them by statute nor to define their powers, nor by way of direct change to enlarge or curtail the scope of their authority and corresponding duties, but to allow them to grow as living organisms in the course of natural development.

The rise in importance of the position of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is analogous to the rise in importance of positions in England originally subordinate, such as the positions of First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Admiralty, by the breaking down of the great offices of State. The Chief Secretaryship owes its importance to the reduction to a sinecure of the great office of Irish Secretary of State. After the Revolution, Sir Robert Southwell, the successor of Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society, had been invested with the office of Irish Secretary of State, which was granted to him for life as a sinecure. No Parliament was held in Ireland during the interval between 1666 and 1692.¹ Sir

(1) The Parliament convened in Ireland by James II., which sat in Dublin from May 7th till July 29th, 1689, after the flight of James from England in December 1688, is regarded constitutionally as a nullity.

Paul Davys in the reign of Charles II. was Principal Secretary of State for Ireland and discharged in the Irish House of Commons as Minister the duties of his office. The post subsequently given for life as a sinecure to Sir Richard Southwell was granted to his son and afterwards to his grandson, who died in 1755. It was subsequently given to Mr. Tisdal, who held the office of Attorney General, and on his death in 1777 to Mr. Hely Hutchinson, the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, who held it till his death in 1794. The case of Mr. Pulteney in 1692 supplies the first instance of a Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant acting as Minister in the Irish House of Commons and discharging the duties of a Secretary of State. On a motion being made for the production of the accounts of the Civil and Military establishment and a state of the revenue, Mr. Pulteney, one of the private secretaries of Lord Sydney, the Lord Lieutenant informed the House that the papers in question had been placed in his hands by His Excellency and they were presented accordingly.

Mr. Macpherson, in his speech as Irish Secretary, in moving the motion for the second reading of the Government of Ireland Bill on the 29th of March, made a remark which was no doubt heard and read with a mild scepticism by persons ordinarily well acquainted with public affairs. "There is," he said, "no provision in the Bill, nor was there any in any other (Government of Ireland) Bills or in the existing (Government of Ireland) Act of 1914, for the continuance of the historic office of Chief Secretary. These words of mine may very well be the lay of the last minstrel." The historic office of Chief Secretary has, like many another doomed institution, long survived the pronouncement of its death sentence. More than seventy years ago in 1850 a Government Bill for the abolition of the Irish Lord Lieutenantcy to which, of course, the abolition of the Chief Secretaryship and the establishment in its place of a Secretaryship of State were a necessary corollary, passed in all its stages with overwhelming majorities through the House of Commons in the personal charge of Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister of the day. That Bill was abandoned in the House of Lords and dropped owing to the hostility to its provisions of the Duke of Wellington—himself a former Irish Secretary—on constitutional grounds. Again, on May 25th, 1916, Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister pronounced in the House of Commons "the breakdown of the existing machinery of Irish Government." Since that time there have been no fewer than five Irish Secretaries, while on the 22nd May, the announcement was made that there was to be—so far from the abolition of the Chief Secretaryship—an additional Under Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, who was to be sworn of the Privy Council.

The *Times* had on the previous day assured its readers in a leading article that the chief consideration of the Irish Executive "must be making preparation for its departure" and "that logically speaking the present occupation of Dublin Castle is provisional."

I think it may be said without fear of contradiction that no office, not even that of Prime Minister, is so picturesque in the poignancy of contrast presented by its holders nor so full of personal incidents that attract interest, as the position of Irish Secretary which still survives so many death sentences. I propose to sketch a few of these episodes of interest. The list could be largely extended.

I. The post has been filled alike by persons of no public experience and by statesmen of the very highest political status. O'Connell bitterly complains of the inexperience of one of the Irish Secretaries of the day, whom he terms "a namby pamby young gentleman." "I have heard," he said, "that barbers train their apprentices by making them shave beggars. My wretched country is the scene of his political education—he is the shave beggar of the day for Ireland." But the position which, in O'Connell's judgment, was inefficiently filled by a new beginner was filled likewise in O'Connell's time by statesmen whose abilities and experience he appreciated, widely as he may have differed from them. He complains, for instance, in a letter to Lord Duncannon, of the appointment of Mr. Stanley (the Earl of Derby who was Prime Minister) to the Irish Secretaryship. "Mr. Stanley," he writes, "has been sent over again to be the only chief and real governor. It is idle to conceal it. Mr. Stanley must be put out of the Government of Ireland. Mr. Stanley must leave Ireland or the Ministry must expect to lose the support of the Irish members." The post of Chief Secretary for Ireland has moreover been filled by statesmen who have left for it the very highest office. It has, for instance, been filled in 1887 by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, while holding the great position of Leader of the House of Commons.

II. Again, the Chief Secretaryship in its relation to the Lord Lieutenant has afforded a greater number of instances of family arrangements in the disposition of preferment than any other ministerial post. To give a few illustrations, the Duke of Dorset, when Lord Lieutenant in 1751, had as Chief Secretary his son, Lord George Sackville, afterwards of the battle of Minden notoriety. The Earl of Bristol in 1766 had as his Chief Secretary one of his brothers. Earl Temple, when Lord Lieutenant in 1783, had as his Chief Secretary his brother, Mr. William (Lord) Grenville, afterwards Speaker and Prime Minister. Mr. Grenville spent, however, most of his time in London and obtained through his Chief

Secretaryship the great sinecure office of Chief Remembrancer on the Irish establishment to which a salary of £4,000 per annum was attached. In the Marquis of Wellesley as Lord Lieutenant and Mr. Littleton (Lord Hatherton) as Chief Secretary, we had in Ireland a Government by a father-in-law and a son-in-law—"I rejoice," writes O'Connell in 1835, "at the coming (as Lord Lieutenant) of Lord Wellesley, who is a mere driveller but who is another name for his son-in-law, Mr. Littleton."

III. The position of Irish Secretary is now one of the most heavily burdened with difficult, pressing and responsible work of any public position in the Empire. That position has, however, at times been virtually a sinecure. Thus Sir Arthur Wellesley (Duke of Wellington) took while holding the office of Irish Secretary in 1808, a military command in Portugal. He did not resign the Irish Secretaryship, but employed Mr. Croker to explain in the House of Commons such Irish business as might arise during his absence. The future Duke of Wellington as Irish Secretary, although absent from Ireland, was busy in the work of corruption in that country. In a letter written in November, 1808, from London to Dublin Castle, he says in reference to the agitation for Roman Catholic emancipation: "I think there are some interesting Catholic questions afloat just now you might feed with another £100." So also, in a letter to the Irish Under Secretary, he alludes to "the measures I had in contemplation in respect to newspapers in Ireland. It is quite impossible to leave them entirely to themselves. I think it will be dangerous to allow the Press in Ireland to take care of itself, particularly as it has been so long in leading strings."

IV. The position of Irish Secretary has been no doubt not infrequently declined. It has, however, been on some occasions a very coveted object of political ambition. O'Connell himself thought the Chief Secretaryship worthy of his acceptance. In a confidential letter in April, 1835, on the formation of the Melbourne Administration after the downfall of the Peel Cabinet, he writes: "You may be convinced I will not accept any office of any kind without distinct pledges, nor is there any office I should accept save Attorney-General or Secretary for Ireland." O'Connell was actually nominated Attorney-General, and was for half a day First Law Officer of the Crown. Colonel Ellice, a son-in-law of Earl Grey and Whip in that statesman's Administration, was the negotiator. O'Connell's commission was duly made out, but difficulties intervened, and the appointment was cancelled in favour of Mr. (Justice) Perrin. O'Connell probably realised that his acceptance of office would be a death-blow to his power. He writes: "With respect to myself, the facts never cozed out. I

was offered the Rolls, which I at once rejected; I understand the King (William IV.) made a personal objection to my being in power. Heaven help the worthy old gentleman. As if the way to give me power was not to keep me out of office. You are aware that I did at once disclaim taking any office, and freed the new Ministry from any embarrassment arising from the want of me." It is no secret that the Irish Secretaryship has been in recent times considered, notwithstanding its difficulties, a post to be desired by some eminent statesmen, including Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

V. It is a very general, but, nevertheless, an absolutely erroneous, impression that the Irish Secretaryship has, as a general rule, proved fatal to political careers and reputations. The tenure of that office has in some few cases resulted in failure that has been due not so much to the men, but to circumstances. No position has, however, been preparatory to greater things than the position of Irish Secretary. Of forty-six Chief Secretaries since the Union, no fewer than six—Wellington, Melbourne, Stanley, Peel, Campbell-Bannerman, and Balfour—have subsequently filled the great position of Prime Minister. The Chief Secretaries since the Union number among them a Speaker of the House of Commons, two Viceroys of India, two Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland, and statesmen of the calibre of the late Duke of Devonshire, Lord St. Aldwyn, Mr. W. H. Smith, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Walter Long, Viscount Morley, and Viscount Bryce, to whose subsequent careers the position of Chief Secretary gave an impetus. Among the Chief Secretaries before the Union who attained great subsequent distinction may be included, to take only a few names, Addison, afterwards Secretary of State; Grenville, Speaker of the House of Commons and Prime Minister; William Windham; and Lord Castlereagh. The Chief Secretaryship, neither before nor after the Union, can truthfully be described as the grave of reputations.

VI. There is yet another aspect in which the office of Irish Secretary may be regarded as renowned. If it numbered amongst its holders seven Prime Ministers, it is scarcely less fortunate in having as its incumbents a greater number of men who have attained the very foremost rank in literature than any other Ministerial office; Addison, Trevelyan, Morley, Balfour, Bryce, and Birrell are calculated, by reason of their contributions to the literature of these countries, to reflect lustre on any position they may have filled. Each of these statesmen has been Irish Secretary. And there is yet another man of genius, greater in literature than any of those, whose name must be very closely associated with the position of Chief Secretary—Edmund Burke.

William Gerard Hamilton, known as "Single-speech Hamilton" from a speech of rare excellence in the English House of Commons in 1755 (he made several others, but none quite so good), formed the acquaintance of Edmund Burke through Lord Charlemont. Hamilton had a seat at the Board of Trade, of which Lord Halifax was the President. Hamilton engaged Edmund Burke to assist him in his work. In 1761 Lord Halifax was appointed to the Irish Viceroyalty and Burke became his private secretary. In that year Horace Walpole met Burke at dinner at the house of the newly-appointed Secretary, Mr. Hamilton. "There were," he says, "Garrick and a young Burke, who wrote a book in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, which was much admired. He is a sensible person, and has not worn off his enthusiasm yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers and to be one. He will know better one of these days." Hamilton was Chief Secretary to Lord Halifax and to Lord Northumberland, the two first Viceroys of George III. He made five speeches in the Irish House of Commons with extraordinary effect, speeches which, it is safe to say, were the composition of Edmund Burke, whose intellect he desired to utilise and appropriate to his own aggrandisement. Hamilton used his position of Chief Secretary to secure for himself the sinecure office of Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer. Hamilton left Ireland in 1763. He held the post of Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer till 1784, when the Government bought back from him that sinecure of £1,500 a year by the grant of a life pension on Ireland of £2,500 a year with the power to sell that pension. Early in 1763 Hamilton secured a pension of £300 a year to Burke from the Irish Treasury, and insisted on his right, in consideration of this pension, to the undivided services of Burke as if he had bought him in the slave market. Burke eventually surrendered the pension, of which Hamilton had the meanness to take an assignment to his own nominee. In 1765 this transaction was wound up. "Six of the best years of my life," said Burke, "he took from me from every pursuit of literary reputation or of improvement of my fortune. In that time he made his own fortune a very great one, and he has also taken to himself the very little one which I have made." Hamilton, after his return from Ireland, never spoke in the English House of Commons, of which he subsequently remained a member for nearly four and twenty years. His speeches in the Irish House of Commons, which have been published under the title "Parliamentary Logick," may be regarded as the productions, to all intents and purposes, of Edmund Burke. The voice was the voice of Hamilton, but the words were the words of Burke. The association of the name and genius of Burke with

the Irish Secretaryship in its relations with men of letters is not far-fetched. Mr. Hardy, the biographer of Lord Charlemont, thus refers to "Single-speech Hamilton": "Mr. Gerard Hamilton was as much distinguished by his speech as by his silence in the (Irish) House of Commons. The uncommon splendour of his eloquence, which was succeeded by such inflexible taciturnity in St. Stephen's, became the subject, as might be supposed, of much idle speculation. The truth is that all his speeches, whether delivered in London or in Dublin, were not only prepared but studied with a minuteness and exactitude of which those who are only used to the carelessness of modern debating can scarcely form any idea."

VII. The prevalence of duelling in these countries in the eighteenth century and in the early decades of the last century is notorious, and the immense number of conspicuous men, and especially of conspicuous statesmen, who fought duels is very striking. The list of duellists includes Shelburne, Pitt, Fox, Canning, Castlereagh, and the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Lecky has well observed that "no revolution of public sentiment has been more remarkable than that which, in the space of little more than a generation, has banished from these countries, and in a great manner from Europe, this evil custom which had defied so long the condemnation both of the Church and of the Law." In the last case in which a serious challenge was sent to a public man the person challenged was an Irish Secretary. In 1815 Sir Robert Peel, when Irish Secretary, challenged O'Connell. In 1862 a challenge was sent by an Irish public man to another Sir Robert Peel, the son of the eminent statesman, when, like his father, Irish Secretary. The striking contrast between the manner in which the respective challenges were treated in the cases of father and son, both filling the same high office—a generation intervening—constitutes an object-lesson in "the revolution of sentiment" on the subject of duelling. Sir Robert Peel's challenge to O'Connell is as follows: "Dublin Castle, Sep. 4, 1815, six o'clock. Sir, having seen in a newspaper of this evening a letter bearing your signature connected with a communication which I have recently made to you imputing to me a paltry trick and concluding with the expression of your regret that I had ultimately preferred a paper war, I have to request that you will appoint a friend who may make with Colonel Brown, the bearer of this letter, such arrangements as the case requires, I am, Sir, etc., Robert Peel. Daniel O'Connell, Esq." The second arranged that Peel and O'Connell should proceed to the Continent and there fight. O'Connell succeeded in reaching London without detection, but he was arrested when stepping into a chaise

for Dover. He was bound in heavy recognisances to keep the peace everywhere, and informed by Mr. Justice Le Blanc that if he and Peel fought afterwards and either were killed, the survivor would be tried and assuredly hanged for murder. The malicious gossip of the day, for which there was no foundation, imputed to O'Connell a desire to be arrested. Some little time afterwards, in arguing a case before Lord Norbury, the Chief Justice of the Irish Court of Common Pleas, O'Connell said: "I fear your Lordship fails to apprehend me." "Well, Mr. O'Connell," was the genial reply from the Bench, "the fault must be with you. No one can be more easily apprehended than you if he so desire." In February, 1862, The O'Donoghue, a member of the House of Commons, felt aggrieved by language used in the House of Commons by the third Sir Robert Peel, then Irish Secretary. He sent a friend to Sir Robert Peel, and the friend was referred to Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister. The incident came before the House of Commons on February 24th, 1862, and the following extract from the Votes and Proceedings records the extinction of political duelling in these countries, and must stand to the credit of the office of Irish Secretary. "Complaint being made to the House by Viscount Palmerston that The O'Donoghue, Member for the County of Tipperary, had sent a hostile message to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Baronet, Member for Tamworth, and Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in consequence of words spoken by the latter in debate on Friday last, and The O'Donoghue being in his place, Mr. Speaker called upon him to express his regret that he had taken a course inconsistent with the privileges of the House and to assure the House that the matter should not proceed further. Whereupon, after an explanation from Major Gavin, Member for the City of Limerick, who had conveyed the message, The O'Donoghue stated that he desired to acquit himself of any disrespect to the House or its privileges, submitted himself to its pleasure and gave the required assurance."

VIII. Before the Union the relations between the Lord-Lieutenant and his Chief Secretary, even when not based on family connection, were generally very intimate and cordial. The Lord-Lieutenant had an authoritative voice in the selection of a Chief Secretary, who was not infrequently, if not a near relative, a close personal friend. The Chief Secretary of Lord Buckinghamshire in 1777, Sir Richard Heron, was his English land agent. The Chief Secretary of Lord Harcourt in 1772, Sir John Blaquiére, had been a member of an Embassy of which the Lord-Lieutenant had been the head. Sir John Blaquiére's intimacy and influence with his Chief may perhaps be gauged by one little

incident. Lord Harcourt, in a letter to the Cabinet in a correspondence of which copies have been preserved and annotated by Sir John Blaquiére, says: "I am persuaded it would be very undesirable to make the commission of judges (in Ireland) to continue during good behaviour." To this letter Sir John Blaquiére appends the remark: "I was in the country when this extraordinary letter was written.—J.B."

Again, Lord Carlisle in 1780 had as his Chief Secretary Mr. Eden (Lord Auckland), with whom he had been accompanied on his unsuccessful mission of conciliation to the American Colonies in revolt. When Lord Carlisle was removed from the Lord-Lieutenancy in 1782, under circumstances of great abruptness and discourtesy, Mr. Eden resolved to avenge the manner in which his Chief was treated. He refused positively to hold any communication with the new Government, and, availing himself of a seat which he still held in the English House of Commons, he appeared there on the first day of its assembly, and after a vehement speech in which he described the impossibility of withholding legislative independence from Ireland, he gave notice of his intention to move the repeal of the Act of George I. declaring Ireland to be bound by the laws of the English Parliament. Before the Union no Lord-Lieutenant and no Chief Secretary ever had a seat in the British Cabinet. The Lord-Lieutenant was an English nobleman, his Chief Secretary was generally a member of the English House of Commons who easily obtained a seat in the Irish House. These functionaries went in and out of office with the English Government whose nominees they were. A member of the English House of Commons did not vacate his seat in that Assembly on being appointed Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, as that appointment was not regarded as within the purview of the English Place Act of 1705, and the Irish Place Act of 1793 was not considered applicable, since the appointment to the Chief Secretaryship had been made before its holder had been elected to that Assembly. Lord Castlereagh, however, when appointed Chief Secretary in 1798, was a member of the Irish House of Commons. He sat for the County of Down, a constituency in which the voters were forty-shilling freeholds, and in which there was at least the semblance of popular election. He was not at the time a member of the English House of Commons, in which, however, he had previously sat. Mr. George Ponsonby, subsequently Lord Chancellor of Ireland in the Ministry of All the Talents and Leader of the official Opposition in the British House of Commons from 1807 till his death in 1817, raised the question as to whether Lord Castlereagh had not vacated his seat by his acceptance of office under the Crown under the provisions

of the Irish Place Act. The Irish House of Commons, however, refused to entertain Mr. Ponsonby's contention. If Lord Castlereagh had then been compelled to seek re-election for his constituency he would have been defeated. The petition against the Union from the County of Down had 17,000 signatures, whereas the counter-petition was signed only by 415, and at the general election after the Union Lord Castlereagh lost his seat for Down. It was not till after the Union in 1801 that by statute appointment by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to his Chief Secretaryship rendered a seat in the House of Commons vacant—the Chief Secretary being eligible for re-election, while it is provided by an amending Act that the Chief Secretaryship is not itself necessarily vacated by the resignation of the Lord-Lieutenant by whom the appointment has been made. On the formation of a new Administration the last appointment is usually that of the Irish Secretary. The reason is obvious. The Lord-Lieutenant formally appoints the Chief Secretary, who is generally a prominent member of the Administration, while a Lord-Lieutenant is not usually a member of a Cabinet. He occupies a position of great dignity but subordinate importance, the appointment to a Lord-Lieutenancy being frequently deferred till there is a certainty that the gentleman who is the prospective Chief Secretary will have no objection to his Chief. Before the Union, as I have said, no Lord-Lieutenant and no Chief Secretary ever sat in a Cabinet. In fact, both before and after the Union Cabinet Ministers, on appointment to the Lord-Lieutenancy, have retired from the Cabinet. Since the Union the Cabinet has frequently contained neither a Lord-Lieutenant nor a Chief Secretary. It is usual in recent times for a Chief Secretary to be a Cabinet Minister. On four occasions only has a Lord-Lieutenant been a member of the Cabinet—in the second Viceroyalty of Earl Spencer in 1882, in the Viceroyalties of the Earl of Carnarvon, Earl Cadogan, and Lord French. Until the appointment of the present Chief Secretary, a Lord-Lieutenant and a Chief Secretary have never been in a Cabinet together. The presence of a Lord-Lieutenant and a Chief Secretary in a Cabinet produces two results. It destroys Sir Robert Peel's grave objections in 1850 to making the Irish Secretary a Cabinet Minister on the ground, held previously by Lord Anglesey and subsequently by Earl Cowper and Lord Wimborne when Lord-Lieutenant, that it tended not only to disturb, but to invert, the relation of a subordinate to his Chief (the Lord-Lieutenant not being in the Cabinet) and that it encouraged the Chief Secretary to assume for himself the exercise of independent powers. Another result of the presence of a Lord-Lieutenant and a Chief Secretary in the Cabinet must be that

the theoretical subordination of the Irish Administration to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, who in pre-Union times was the medium of official communication between the Irish Administration and the Cabinet, has now ceased to represent anything more than a formal recognition of the constitutional principle that a Secretary of State is the proper medium for the transmission of the commands of the Sovereign to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland as to any other servant of the Crown, and that the responsibility of the Home Secretary for the peace of the Realm would no longer warrant his over-ruling the decision of the Lord-Lieutenant and Chief Secretary with respect to the administrative policy of Ireland.

IX. The contrasts and analogies between the administration of Scottish affairs in Scotland and Irish affairs in Ireland are of interest. In Scotland, as in Ireland, there was once a Secretary of State. On the abolition of that office in Scotland the Home Office took over the formal conduct of Scottish affairs, being advised by the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who discharged for the purpose of the domestic business of Scotland the duties of an Under Secretary of State. In 1885 the office of Secretary for Scotland, whose holder is not a Secretary of State, but a representative for local purposes of various Scottish Departments of Government, was created. The great essential difference between Scottish and Irish administration is that in Scotland since the union not only of the Parliaments in 1707, but of the Crowns in 1603, the administrative Government of Scotland has been all but invariably in the hands of Scotsmen, whereas the administrative Government of Ireland has been all but invariably in the hands of statesmen not connected by either birth, descent, or education with that country. Every Lord Advocate for Scotland and every Secretary for Scotland has been a Scotsman. Since the Irish Union there have been three and twenty Lords-Lieutenant and fifty-four Irish Secretaries. Five Lords-Lieutenant only and six Irish Secretaries only have been of Irish birth or antecedents. The appointment of Lord Castlereagh to the Irish Secretaryship is the subject of the following curious notice in one of the letters of Lord Cornwallis, the Lord-Lieutenant of the day, to the Duke of Portland, then Home Secretary, to be laid before the Cabinet : "Lord Castlereagh's appointment gave me great satisfaction, and, although I admit the propriety of the general rule (against the appointment of Irishmen) yet he is so very unlike an Irishman I think he has a claim to an exception in his favour."

J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL.

A RECOLLECTION OF "L'ADORÉE."

EVERYONE remembers *La Dorée*—*L'Adorée*, the lovely, the enchanting, and many must remember her touching farewell to the public who could hardly believe in the reality of her departure, and who stood for nearly an hour in the theatre shouting, "Come back, come back." To me above all, of course, the occasion was moving.

The first time I saw her was the first night she danced here in Paris. She had arrived from Brussels, whence report heralded her, that morning. Destined for a dancer as I had always been, my mother took me to see each new star who appeared, that I might learn or take warning from her as the case might be. I can remember the very smell of the theatre as we went in, but I forget the dull entertainment that preceded the *clou* of the evening. I know we seemed to wait through an eternity of boredom before the voices of the violins sang a prelude to the appearance of the dancer. She was billed as *La Dorée*, The Golden One, on account of her wonderful shining hair; but after that first night she was *L'Adorée*, for all hearts were hers.

There is no need for me to describe her dancing. Has not Europe rung with it, and America resounded on gongs? From her first arresting entrance in her thin green robes, with her air of a wearied sylph, to her last frenzied swirling over autumn leaves we sat spell-bound, and when at last she fell, as if exhausted, with her white arms flung wide, the whole house rose at her and shouted itself hoarse.

From that moment my fate was decided. If I could not dance as she danced, I would not dance at all. In vain my mother assured me that such dancing might prove only a passing fashion. I was obdurate. The only thing to be done was to take me to see her. Ah, the graciousness of her reception of us. Maman, shy and distressed, I, silent with admiration. We must have been an embarrassing pair. But she, even lovelier in her own rooms than on the stage, leant forward so kindly and so simply took my hand that all our shyness vanished and we freely asked, and as freely received, her directions. I was to leave Henri's at once, and to study for two years with Mme. Fantin; then *L'Adorée* would take me under her own care. But all this on condition that I danced for her in the big studio she had taken, and that she saw promise in me. Then distraction: she was so busy that she could not see me dance for a week. Thursday-week, at eleven o'clock, was her first hour of freedom. And now we must go, she was expecting a visitor.

What a drive home that was, both of us talking at once: Maman conquered by the dancer's charm, I her utter slave. And so I remained through the following two years of drudgery, lightened by periodic visits to my idol. For the trial at the studio proved a suc-

cess. How I trembled when I first stood up before her. The great mirrors round the walls seemed to mock the frightened figure they reflected. The heavy purple curtains were the colour of doom. And Prince X., who sat there with his quizzical smile, seemed to be only waiting for my discomfiture. I danced the few conventional steps that reveal training, and won approval but no interest in the tall dark man. L'Adorée watched me gravely.

"See now," she said as I finished, "Cesare here will play the 22nd Prelude of Bach. He will play it twice. Listen the first time. Go behind the screen and listen alone. Then, when he plays it again, come out and give to us in dance what the music has given to you."

Prince X. looked up kindly. "Forget us," he said. "Forget life. Forget your future. At any rate then you will carry something away."

I looked at him, and he seemed to send strength into my soul with his steady, kind look. I went behind the screen.

A miracle happened. L'Adorée had tears in her eyes. Maman wore her rapt air. The Prince looked at me questioningly, "How does she do it?" he asked.

But I am not here to tell you about myself. Let me tell you rather how she mothered me, worked with me, taught me, loved me, gave me all she could give, until at last the day came on which I was to make my first appearance in public and she her last in France.

We were in Paris, where L'Adorée had been dancing for a month before sailing on a two years' contract to America. She was to sail the day after her farewell performance, at which I also was to dance. X. was to follow her by the next boat and Maman and I were to join her after a three months' tour in Europe. All day she had looked at me with troubled eyes. She had no doubt of my success, she said, and yet she looked at me as if our life together were ending.

We were presenting a new dance for her farewell night, or rather a new version of the one in which I had first seen her. Were any of you there? It was a wonderful night. The curtain drew up on a grey hillside silent in twilight. One saw dim white flowers and trees with colourless fruits; a valley sloped away to the right, and grey fields shewed faintly against a grey horizon. The orchestra played a minor air that Striavine had written specially for the dance. Slowly, slowly, as one listened, a vague tremor of colour seemed to come to life. The grey faded, and deepened, and grew to green. A warm light shone in the sky. The air changed to a triumphant chant, and as the light throbbed and glowed the fields grew gold across the valley as if the sun himself were coming up the road that climbed the hill. And now one saw that the fields were of standing corn ripe in the ear. The indistinguishable grey creeper was a vine heavy with purple grapes. The dim tree bowed beneath

a load of figs. And now the sky was a bright hard blue, in which high summer set one white cloud sail. Then, as the whole orchestra seemed to sing with triumph, a figure came from the valley and stayed for a moment against the glowing sky. Tall and slender and golden, with golden sandals on her feet; veiled with gold and crowned with barley, Demeter stood before us. And then, the wonder-dance. The dance "of woven paces and of waving hands." And all the while the colour about her grew and the music gathered new and fuller themes. Then, almost imperceptibly, the music slowed and the brilliancy faded. The heavy grape clusters fell from the reddening vine. The figs dropped their purple from among the withering leaves. And now the fires of autumn burnt the gold from the landscape, and then their red died down till the dance ended with the dancer gazing with wild eyes at a leaf that fell at her feet from some arching bough above. She stood and looked and the music stopped, and leaf after leaf eddied down through the chilling air till, with the light gone from her gold-lit robes, a figure of dismay stood brown-clad among the brown and shrivelling leaves.

A feeling of foreboding struck at my heart as I stood ready to descend the hill. The hill that, waking only to green, was grey once more in the mist of autumn. Then my cue came. A shrill piping rose from the orchestra and then a thrill of bird-song. The mists lifted, and, as an opal light grew rosy with dawn, I set my bare feet on a green path that led downward through flowering hawthorn trees. Demeter lifted her stricken face and saw, treading tenderly between the spring flowers that starred her path, white-clad Persephone, with clustered golden hair crowned with pale wind-flowers. There had always been a slight likeness between us. This my teacher had cultivated. Her movements and carriage I copied partly from worship, partly from association. My hair, though paler than hers, she made me wear in her own fashion.

How can I describe the look she gave me? The long look of love, of renunciation, of despair. X. said after that he could never tell if it was that that so moved the audience, or the picture I made of youth but half-awakened, and with a pathos of troubled questioning in my eyes. Be it as it may, the audience rose in their seats and shouted at us—

"A miracle," "A re-incarnation," "La Dorée," "L'Adorée."

She lifted her hand, and the music of Striavine's enchanting Spring Song began. As I advanced she stepped back, but always with that look in her eyes. I drew inspiration deep into my soul, and, stooping to a daisy, began my dance. All the joy of resurrection after long sleep, of light after long darkness, was my theme. I forgot the still, watching figure. I forgot the audience. I listened to the music. I gave out what I drew in. Then as I stood listening to the thunder of the applause I became aware of one thing that struck at my heart like a sword. From the stage box X. leaned forward, and with his deep-set eyes looked straight into mine. I

stepped back and bowed to the audience. Demeter unbound the golden fillet that confined her veil and fastened it below my wreath. Then she took me in her arms and gave me a long tender kiss, there on the stage before all the people. How they shouted. The boards were covered with flowers. The golden light played on my idol's robes again and she turned to receive the incense that we shared. But in her eyes despair stayed.

She sailed the next day and that night I danced alone. I gave the Spring dance in a larch wood all tender green, while a little shepherd sat on a grey rock piping. Prince X. came into his box as my turn began. Afterwards he drove Maman and me home in his car. Every day that week he took us to lunch in the Bois and every night he came to the theatre. I began to grieve at the thought of how soon he would go to America. On the Friday I said to him, "This is our last lunch, is it not?"

An unhappy look came into his eyes, and he said that business would keep him a little longer in Paris.

A letter came from L'Adorée. She had had a tremendous reception in New York. I was to be good and to practise hard, and to remind X. to bring her signed copy of *Anatole France*. But X. lingered in Paris. Other letters came—shorter, messages to different people, commissions, but less and less of the personal. The day came when I was to journey to Milan.

"It is good-bye," I said to X., and as I spoke it was like a sword in my heart. A two-edged sword. X. did not look at me.

"I am coming to Milan," he said.

All my entreaties, all my tears—well, all the world knows how they ended. I swear I made a good fight both against myself and against him. "I have written to her," he said.

She did not write to me again, though I wrote letters of denial, of despair, of renunciation, of passionate adoration. I tried to be true. I was only nineteen.

L'Adorée never came to Paris again. She danced in every capital of the world and so did I, yet I never saw her but once more. It was five years later, and she had left the stage. I was staying at Heyste for a week before dancing in Brussels. One evening I was so restless in my rooms at the big hotel that I left my paid companion to write my letters, and went out on the long sands of the shore. From the lighted Casino one heard distinctly the sound of dance music. Couples walked about in the lighted gardens, but the sands were dark and deserted. I thought I saw one figure ahead of me, but no more. As I paced along the sea's edge, from the Casino came suddenly the minor opening notes of Striavine's *Demeter*. I sat down against a tussock of coarse grass and closed my eyes and listened. When I looked up a grey figure was on the smooth stretch of sand between me and the sea. A woman with a grey veil bound about her head. She swayed and lifted her hands.

I sat and watched her, unable to move. At last she stood still with head thrown back, gazing upwards as if a star had fallen at her feet. A shrill piping came from the orchestra, and then a thrill of bird-song. I threw back my cloak and rose to my feet, lifting my white skirts. For a moment we faced each other, then my tears came.

"Adorée!" I cried, and took her hands. She looked at me with eyes that burnt in a white face.

"C'est la petite Marguerite," she said. Then she detached herself from me.

"Believe me," she said, "I have always been glad of your success. I have watched your career and have rejoiced that it has been so great. I could not see you, I could not see you with him."

"If you knew——" I began. She stopped me.

"I know all," she said, "and it was perhaps the best way. I am not a woman who, having known passion, could see it die into kindness. You took my lover"—I raised my hands to protest—"No, you did it innocently. Say, then, my lover left me for you. I forgive you that now. You won greater fame than mine. But of that I am not jealous. It is what happened at the last that makes an eternal barrier between us. That makes it impossible for us to meet. You know." I bowed my head. "It is that that makes me a living grief. That stabs me unceasingly here."

She pressed her hands to her breast as if a bodily agony possessed her.

"I can never forget," she cried, and turned, and was gone. I threw myself down where one of her little heel-prints lay marked in the sand, and lay there weeping. I wept for myself, left alone in a grey world; I wept for her; I wept for X., the perfect, the faithless lover, who had been false to both of us, but who had sent for me as he lay dying and had died against my heart.

ETHEL DILKE.

A NEW ITALIAN HISTORICAL DRAMA.

It is a wise child that knows its own father; it is a good book that recognises its own artistic parentage. The writers of the present age are often so afraid of being accused of plagiarism that they clothe their best ideas in ridiculously transparent disguises, hoping thereby to lay claim to the laurel wreath of originality. As if Virgil were ashamed of recognising a certain debt to Homer, or as if it were any dishonour to Ariosto that Boiardo had "been there before"!

What a relief, then, to find a really great masterpiece that does not seek to disguise its origin. *Il Beffardo*, the new play of Nino Berrini, an almost unknown Italian dramatist, admits openly, even in its title, the influence of Som Benelli's *Cena delle Beppe*, but the enthusiastic reception the new play received, and continues still to receive, from the public of Milan and Rome, shows clearly that it is no mere copy, or literary *réchauffé*. The play has recently been published in book form, and now that it can be studied dispassionately without the additional advantages of the extraordinarily fine acting of the company that created it, and the beautiful setting of thirteenth-century scenery, it may be considered to rank unquestionably amongst the few great masterpieces of Italian drama, both ancient and modern.

Comparisons are always odious, but it is impossible not to compare the *Beffardo* with Benelli's earlier work, although there are few points of direct contact beyond the title; in fact there is even the difference of over a century and a half in the historical setting. But the conception of the early Renaissance as an age not of beauty and love, but of bitterness and hate; the scorn, the mockery, the hypocrisy underlying the gay and brilliant life in those Italian States, first inspired the *Cena delle Beppe*, and inspires also the *Beffardo*. No disparagement, therefore, of Benelli's great work is intended when one asserts that the *Beffardo* is undoubtedly its superior in human interest and fully equal to it in dramatic power. The main defect of the *Cena* is its lack of any dominating female personality: it consists merely in a study of hate between two men, one strong, the other weak. The *Beffardo* is also a study of hate, but of that between a mother and son, and the personality of the mother is quite as important as that of the protagonist.

Berrini, greatly daring, has selected as the latter an historical personage, the poet, Cecco Angioliero of Siena, who died about 1313, friend and companion of Dante, with whom he exchanged many sonnets and finally quarrelled. The play is founded on his famous sonnet, "S'io fossi foco, arderei lo mondo," which has been

so admirably translated by Rossetti, and is skilfully led up to and introduced into the play itself:—

S'io fossi foco, arderei lo mondo;
 s'io fossi vento lo tempesterei;
 s'io fossi acqua io l'allagherei;
 s'io fossi Dio lo manderei 'n profondo.
 S'io fossi Papa, allor sare' giocondo
 chè tutti i Cristian' tribolerei:
 s'io fossi Imperator, sai che farei?
 A tutti mozarei lo capo a tondo.
 S'io fossi morte, anderei da mio padre,
 s'io fossi vita fuggirei da lui:
 similamente faria di mia madre.
 S'io fossi Cecco, com'io sono e fui,
 torrei le donne giovani e leggiadre
 le brutte e vecchie lasserei altrui.¹

The unnatural hatred of the son for his parents, which inspires this sonnet, is, in Berrini's play, the result of his neglected childhood, and the hatred they have always shown him, and it is this mutual hatred that dominates the play.

The author has made admirable use of all the historical material available, for Boccaccio tells how Cecco was once sent to a Papal Legate in the March of Ancona, and how, having met evil companions, he was forced to return to Siena robbed of all but the clothes on his back. This return of the prodigal marks the beginning of the play's action. The news is received at home with fury. Cecco's father is an old man whose only thought is gain, and who naturally hates his spendthrift son. His mother, Monna Lisa, young and beautiful, hates her old husband and their son equally, and all her favours are kept for Mino Zeppa, a false friend of old Angioliero, whose business he transacts, cheating him constantly.

Cecco forces an entrance into the house to discover the reason for his mother's fierce and unnatural hate.

E allor perchè, com'à costume dolce,
 non mi raffrena il padre ma l'aizza,
 non mi sorride mai come una mamma,
 ma sempre guata con malvagia cera.

¹ SONNET.

If I were fire, I'd burn the world away;
 If I were wind, I'd turn my storms thereon;
 If I were water, I'd soon let it drown;
 If I were God, I'd sink it from the day;
 If I were Pope, I'd never feel quite gay
 Until there was no peace beneath the sun;
 If I were Emperor, what would I have done?—
 I'd lop men's heads all round in my own way.
 If I were Death, I'd look my father up;
 If I were Life, I'd run away from him;
 And treat my mother to like calls and runs.
 If I were Cecco (and that's all my hope)
 I'd pick the sweetest girls to suit my whim
 And other folk should get the ugly ones.

perchè si empiosamente si comporta
e tutto fa contro natura e m'odia?
Perchè . . . perchè . . . aver nemica e ostile
colei ond'io mi nacqui . . . di' . . . perchè?

And the answer comes at once, threatening vengeance;

Perchè c'è Mino fra mia madre e me;
E guai a l'uomo che 'ntra sè congiunti
Di carne e sangue, male s'intrometta.

Prophetically the old servant, who loves him and who brought him up, begs him not to seek to find out dark and hurtful secrets. He says:

E quando avrai chiarito e visto, allora
piangerai come non hai pianto mai.

CECCO.

No; canterò un mio novissimo canto,
per rallegrarmi del mio novo pianto.

During his search after revenge Cecco discovers that Mino has a house on the outskirts of Siena where live a young woman, Monna Gioiosa, ostensibly Mino's mistress, and a girl, Fioretta. Seeking vengeance, on May day he abducts the two women and hands Monna Gioiosa over to one of his companions, reserving Fioretta for himself. But her purity and sweet innocence disarm and enchant him, and he carries her off, not to harm her, but to use her as an hostage against Mino, when he discovers him to be really her father. Mino, in despair, seeks Cecco out, but neither threats nor entreaties will make him restore the girl. Then suddenly Cecco's own mother appears on the scene and implores him not to harm Fioretta with such tenderness and passion that Cecco realises the truth, and for the first time sees his mother truly maternal.

" V'ho pur veduta finalmente mamma . . .
Se non per me, per altri . . . ma v'ho vista
Materna anch'io che non vi vidi mai."

So Fioretta is actually his sister, and Mino and his mother together cheat him and his father of wealth and affection to bestow it all on their own daughter. But a terrible question left unanswered is still tormenting Cecco. "Why does my mother love Fioretta and hate me? Has she not borne us both?" And the mother at last answers: "Fioretta I conceived in love, whilst thou——"

LISA.

E sia:

sia come un atto di redenzione.
Ti dirò tutto, tutto, anche l'osceno
dirò per la salvezza di Fioretta,
imagin rediviva della prima
mia giovinezza. Come lei mi aprivo
sorridente alla vita, ignara e lieta,
quando gittata fui a l'Angioliero . . .
al vecchio . . . ! Ah come vivo m'è 'l ricordo!

Ah quelle mani sue rapaci sopra
 la mia purezza . . . ! Ah quelle notti . . . ! Ed io
 così fui madre . . . ancora giovinetta,
 ma non ne l'odio . . . forse ne l'orrore . . .
 nel disgusto . . . in un sogno tenebroso—
 senza l'amore . . . ecco.

CECCO.

Così fu senza
 l'amore anch'io, sin da l'infanzia.

Meanwhile the father discovers suddenly that Mino has been robbing him, not only of his wife, for whom he pretends to care nothing, but also of his money, for which he cares a great deal. But he will not employ Cecco to avenge him; he himself, as befits a gentleman, will guard his own honour without need of help. In his house he slays Mino Zeppa with his own hand, receiving at the same time a mortal wound.

The author has been exceedingly careful to avoid any anachronism, and has steeped himself in the literature of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. He has written his work in the pure Tuscan of that day, and many lines are even drawn bodily from early songs and poems. The chief interest, however, of the drama centres on the study of Cecco's character, naturally warm-hearted and affectionate, but hardened and embittered by his neglected childhood. His parents' cruel treatment has distorted an otherwise fine character and made of him a ne'er-do-well, caring only for wine, women, and song, chief of a band of foolish youths, who spend their days in the taverns of Siena. But now and then his natural good qualities get the better of his bitter cynicism, and he then continues laughing only in order not to weep. He is capable of real and profound affection, and Fioretta's tender and innocent love completely disarms him. Nevertheless the least thing makes him return to his usual fierce, almost savage character. The entreaties of his mother soften him for an instant, but a word suffices to remind him of her paramour, the hated Mino. "Ah, no! Ritorno Cecco!"

The only other character in the play of equal psychological interest is that of the mother. Hers is, however, not drawn so clearly as that of her son. The author's fine artistic sense has left the outlines to be filled in by the reader's imagination. The terrible conflict that agitates Monna Lisa between her hatred of her husband and her affection for Mino, her dislike of her husband's son, and her love for her lover's daughter, though both are her own children, is not expressed, and cannot be expressed in words but only in the play's whole action.

These two are the personages that dominate the drama, but all the others are skilfully individualised and studied with consummate care and skill, greatly superior in this to the *Cena delle Beffe*. An admirable contrast is formed by Fioretta and Monna Gioiosa, one of the very embodiment of girlish purity, the other a lady of more than doubtful morals. Of the men Mino Zeppa is an odious hypo-

crite, full of honeyed words and treacherous acts; his only redeeming quality being his love for Fioretta. Cecco's father, Angioliero, seems merely to be a miserly old merchant at first, who is ever regretting his youthful commercial expeditions, but he becomes wonderfully ennobled towards the close of the play when, single-handed, he avenges his honour.

It is impossible, unfortunately, to quote as fully as one would wish, from the beautiful lyric passages. Berrini has been careful to avoid the pitfall of so many Italian dramatists, of D'Annunzio, and sometimes even of Benelli, and has kept these lines in very strict bounds. But some of Cecco's delicate and tender words to Fioretta show him to be a poet of no mean order; as for example:

O Fioretta che splendi a maggio come
a tutti i tempi, fior d'ogni stagione,
gelsomino di bella notte, giglio
di mattinata, bocciuolo di rosa
dischiusa appena appena al novel tempo
Fioretta dilicata e timorosa
nel tuo desio s'apirti e di sbocciare;
o creatura dolce e graziosa
che ancora stai alla sorgente chiara
della fiumana della vita, ignara
del torbido venturo, e intorno spandi
la dolcezza del tuo sorriso senza
saperla, gli occhi tuoi aprendo grandi;
quando mi giungo lieto in mia parvenza
ma dentro tutto di corruccio roso,
se a te m'accosto e se tu ridi e guardi,
del mio tormento presso te riposo
come un stanco pellegrino presso
una fontana, sul meriggio a l'ombra;
e l'anima del suo male si sgombra
e mi pervade non so quale strana
e non provata mai nova dolcezza,
tanto è il bene inatteso che mi viene
dalla tua pura fresca giovinezza.

Other passages there are, some mournfully cynical, others full of deep and exquisite feeling, expressed in sonorous and poetic verse, too many, alas, to quote, but perhaps those few that are given here may inspire lovers of Italian literature to read and judge for themselves this beautiful poetic drama, *Il Belfardo*.

GILBERT BAGNANI.

*** * * The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written.**

The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SERBIAN LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—Last year the Committee for the Reconstruction of Serbian Libraries (working under the Entente Committee of the Royal Society of Literature) issued an appeal for gifts of books for the reconstruction of Serbia's ruined libraries, to which you were kind enough to give publicity in your REVIEW. As a consequence of the appeal, local committees have been, or are being, formed in university and other towns in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and about 7½ tons of books are already being shipped to Serbia, representing about 6-7,000 volumes. The Natural History Museum (S. Kensington) has, moreover, despatched books to the value of several hundred pounds, and has also promised to send a selection of specimens from the duplicates in store.

Last year we hesitated to appeal for money, owing to the more pressing material needs of Serbia, but the time has come when financial help is absolutely necessary in order to buy volumes that have not been given, but without which a library would not be thoroughly representative, and also to pay for the heavy cost of freightage, which has already reached £80.

May we again ask for the kind help you gave us last year? It is hardly necessary to recall to the minds of the British public the tragedy and the heroism of the Serbs; but we should like to emphasise the peculiar desirability of fostering that mutual understanding between Great Britain and Jugoslavia, in which books are bound to play so large a part, and of keeping up the interest in this country of those Serbian boys who have been educated here.

Cheques should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Lord Charnwood, The Royal Society of Literature, 2, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1. The Hon. Organising Secretary, Miss L. F. Waring, will be glad to receive lists of books offered, at the same address.

Yours, etc.,

(Signed) CHARLES OMAN, *Chairman.*

CHARNWOOD, *Hon. Treasurer.*

HENRY NEWBOLT, *Hon. Foreign Sec.*

ARETHUSA.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to allow me space to say a few words concerning the Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship, for they are greatly in need of funds to enable the Committee to carry on without impairing the efficiency of the work.

Five years of war have added enormously to the maintenance charges and the situation becomes serious. The committee are loath to close down any of the Homes, and appeal to the British public for a generous response and increased support. Think of the "Arethusa" lads in 850 vessels under the White ensign during the late war, of old boys from their Country Homes of the society, in 150 home and dominion regiments, of the large number trained

for useful citizenship in this country and the Dominion, and of the 1,100 boys and girls now being trained for useful employment. The "Arethusa's" splendid record for last year in sending 70 per cent. of her boys to sea should be gratifying to the British public. The vessel which came next to them in output out of the four voluntary ships reached only 40 per cent. The Country Homes are equally successful in school work and manual training.

Surely it would be a disaster to the nation, if any curtailment became necessary through lack of funds. The treasurer, C. E. Malden, Esq., will be glad to receive gifts at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2, to avert closing down of any of the work.
—Yours obediently,
H. G. COPELAND, Sec.

FREDERIC HARRISON ON ZIONIST ZANGWILLISM.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—Only my reverence for the Victorian era, and its rare surviving supermen, prevents me characterising more vehemently Mr. Harrison's crude summary of Jewish history and the moral claim of Zionism upon the world. That claim seems to him as absurd as would be the demand of men with red hair to rank as a nation. But men with red hair are not now being massacred all over mid-Europe. The advancing Polish-Ukraine army does not single out the men with red beards and pluck them off. The heads of seventy red-haired children have not been sent to their elders in a barrel. Red-haired men have not prayed for Palestine a dozen times a day for nineteen centuries.

But I must limit myself to Mr. Harrison's ascription to me of a policy of "dispossessing the Arab population even by force and constituting a Maccabæan kingdom." If there is in this programme any of the "ridiculous 'hot air'" he curiously calls "Zangwillism," it lies in Mr. Balfour's pledge to reconstruct "a Jewish National Home," from which to "a Maccabæan kingdom" is no far cry. How a country already inhabited can be obtained or controlled without force I do not know, nor does a study of history from the conquest of Canaan to the amenities of Amritsar enlighten me. But all I have urged is that the Arabs—whose numbers, as Mr. Harrison perceives, reduce Mr. Balfour's promise to "hot air," and who have already made a pogrom in Palestine—should be bought out, or, if they elect to remain in Palestine, should recognise that the road of their renewed national glory lies through Bagdad, Damascus, and Mecca, and all the vast territory freed for them from the Turks, and be content to be politically submerged in Palestine. The Powers which freed it and them have surely the right to ask them not to grudge the petty strip necessary for the renaissance of a still more down-trodden people.

However, with the Arab problem left unsolved, and a "British Mandatory" submerging both Jews and Arabs, and the one real Zionist—Jabotinsky—in a British prison, it is Mr. Harrison's apprehension of the fulfilment of Britain's "rash pledge," not my exposition of the conditions indispensable to its fulfilment, that is "ridiculous."—Sincerely yours,
ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

RAJAHS

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NOVISSIMA VERBA.—(VIII.)

THE Conventions at Chicago and at San Francisco have now made it plain that no American help in the pacification and restoration of Europe can be expected before March, 1921, and, indeed, little, if any, and that very doubtful, during that year at all. It is a momentous and disastrous result of the world's high hopes; for the chaos and strife in which Europe exists to-day are mainly caused by its accepting the extravagant utopias of Woodrow Wilson. We stand practically alone—faced with an accumulation of menacing tasks:—sore-stricken and almost desperate allies, intolerable mandates thrust on us, jealous and bitter colleagues, impracticable promises to weak States, veiled or open rebellion, bankruptcy, even revolution, seriously discussed by statesmen. Look round the world. France in very reasonable anxiety, Italy in very bitter complaint, our enemies restless, defiant, and almost chaotic, Russia entirely chaotic, China nearly as bad, Japan in a dilemma, Poland in great peril, the Balkan people on the edge of war, Armenia deserted, Syria, Mesopotamia, Palestine in ferment with monstrous liabilities, Egypt, India, Ireland, in revolt more or less violent.

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It is a sea of dangers to make the boldest feel grave. The mighty people of America, to whom not one-tenth of our difficulties were even tendered, have now formally refused to touch any outside tasks, and have resolved to give all their efforts to their own troubles at home. There are times when I could wish that we did so, too. I feel often that within our Empire, within the United Kingdom, are tremendous problems to solve, some almost beyond our strength, even if we let the world outside go to ruin in its own way, as American patriots say is the right thing to do. It may be—but Englishmen never shrink from tasks and duties to which they have once put their hand and given their best blood. The conditions of the world, more than our own desires

or plans, have involved us in these accumulated liabilities. We have not the geographical aloofness of Americans, and we are not prone to run back into a moral aloofness, either. *Noblesse oblige*. The historic traditions of an ancient nation force it to hold fast, even in extreme risks. We smile at gambols to twist the tail of the sham heraldic lion; it is not safe to pull the tail of the bulldog. No! I am sorely tempted to say: we have done enough for alien nations—let us turn to do for ourselves. But I know that England must play her great part out.

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Much as I feel the impossibility of retiring from our duties, I repudiate the intolerable burden which many of them present in their official form. It is hopeless to do anything at all with regard to Russia. We can do nothing in arms or by embargo or official intercourse. Nothing can be done to Russia: nothing can be got from Russia. Let who will do business with Russians and get anything they can. Our Government had better leave Russia alone. So, too, let the Baltic peoples settle their own affairs. I fear we can do little to save Poland from the fate which it has so rashly drawn on itself. Fiume, Constantinople, Smyrna, Anatolia, even Armenia and Cilicia are imbroglios in which we may seek to be useful—but which we cannot settle by ourselves, and in which we ought not to exhaust our own strength. Italy and Yugo-Slavia must settle their claims by themselves. We have no right to back up the Greek adventure in Anatolia, nor have we anything to do with the Turks in Cilicia. As to Constantinople, the Dardanelles, and free sea-way into the Black Sea, we already have secured it, and can make it permanent. It is extravagant for Britain to attempt to settle the whole world in a state of internecine turmoil.

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Our Asiatic responsibilities, our "mandates" there, our African liabilities, are an even more tremendous charge. That "blessed word"—that fatal name—Mesopotamia, seems to open on us an interminable mirage of desert and wild nomads. The prospect of civilising a vast tract of raw wilderness, over which restless Musulmans rove, is a dangerous delusion, which would be intolerable in the height of our former prosperity. If it be impossible at once to withdraw altogether, let us prepare to place it as soon as possible under the independent rule of some native chief, such as the Emir Abdulla. As to Palestine, which in a fit of perverse sentiment our statesmen promised to the Jews in the vein of rhetorical folly, in which Disraeli seized Cyprus, "as a means of

civilising Asia Minor," the sooner we get out of this escapade the better. Why a Christian Power should surrender the scene of the Gospel to those who cried out "Crucify Him!" no one can say. If the French choose to conquer and hold all Syria, it is their adventure, and we should not assist. At any rate, let us get rid of mandates and spheres of influence as soon as possible. They are intolerable burdens and incalculable risks. It is monstrous that, in a time when bankruptcy, riot, and revolution yawn for us at home, we should be flinging countless millions and our best blood into these bottomless pits of Sheitan.

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It is surely time that Ministers returned from interminable conferences abroad to look after the imminent perils that gather round us at home. Debates in Parliament, especially those in the House of Lords, where statesmen can speak freely what they think and what they know, and the warnings of men of great financial experience must convince the most thoughtless that the economic state of our country—indeed, of all Europe—has never been so near the brink of ruin. That is our first care, for it has behind it infinite dilemmas and perils. Then, the very constitution of the United Kingdom is in urgent need of repair. There are two problems concerning it which must be undertaken this very year. One is a systematic scheme of Devolution based on the report of the Speaker. The other is the reform or recasting of the House of Lords. For my part, as to Devolution, I rather incline to the views of Mr. Murray Macdonald. For the Lords the report of Lord Bryce prepares the ground. In any case, what is needed is a real, efficient, independent Second Chamber to embody the counsels of the Elder Statesmen. Nothing can be worse than the democratic nostrum of a Single Chamber autocracy. The worst of all autocracies is an ochlocracy. As Lord Grey has said: Single Chamber rule would be "the very devil."

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To everyone who has to do with our economic problems, be he workman, employer, or politician, a really indispensable book is the new revised edition of *The History of Trade Unionism*, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb (Longmans and Co., 1920). The original edition of 1894 was an exhaustive and authoritative account of this great element of modern industrial life; and the indefatigable authors have now extended their work to the present year, adding about 250 pages, or something like a third of the whole. They say with truth that the thirty years which have elapsed since 1890 have been momentous in the history of Trade

Unionism; have enormously increased its numbers, wealth, and power; have recast its legal and internal organisation—that Labour are already the "Opposition," and make a bid to be the "Government." This is indeed to write what is practically a new book—and it is one which every public-man, whether his part lies in the theory or the practice of economics, will do well to master. As one who has been in close association with this movement now for at least sixty years, and who in its latest development differs widely from the theories of these authors, I make bold to say that the new volume is a permanent contribution to the history of our times.

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During the last thirty years—which the new part of the work covers—the membership of the societies increased from about one and a half millions to more than six millions—from about 20 per cent. of the adult male manual workers to 60 per cent., or 12 per cent. of the census population; and this increase has been nearly continuous during that period, common to various grades of workers and in both sexes. And this has been accompanied by a series of Acts of the Legislature and new organisation within, such as various Amalgamations and Federations, the Shop Stewards' movement, and the Guild System and the claim to "Direct Action." The outstanding feature of the Trade Union world has been the enormous advance in organisation and influence of the miners, the railway men, and the transport workers. The history of all these is elaborately worked out with figures and incidents, including the famous Sankey commission, and the railway strike of September, 1919. Needless to say, that both of these are described from the workmen's point of view, Mr. Sidney Webb being their representative on the Commission; and the story would be very differently told by those who defend the interests of the public and the institution of Property which it is sought to "socialise."

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But on the whole there is only a minimum of partisan colour in this book as a real *history* of Trade Unionism. It is rather an encyclopædia of industrial facts; and not a single element in this immense field is omitted, nor is the historian sunk in the advocate. The long, tangled, and confused series of Acts of Parliament from the beginning of the nineteenth century is accurately stated, the various Commissions of Inquiry beginning with 1867 and the consequent settlement of 1875, the entrance of Socialism about 1880-82, the growth of the Congress, the dock strikes, the eight-

hours' day movement, the miners' strike of 1911, the Osborne judgment, the effects of the great war, the demand for socialisation, syndicalism, share in management, "direct action," co-operative alliance, the Labour Party in Parliament, Soviets and the Independent Labour Party, profit-sharing and the Whitley Councils—all of these are treated with accuracy and with necessary detail. The book, in fact, is the material by which this vast and growing industrial power may be studied, rather than a body of opinions by which it is to be judged.

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And now, as I look back over the sixty years of my own experience of Trade Unionism, I am filled with a mixture of feelings of confidence and of anxiety, nor can I altogether share the exultations of my friends the authors. In the present century the fundamental character of Unionism has changed. What was once a movement to equalise the resources of Labour in dealing with Capital has degenerated into a vast social war to eliminate Capital. When I sat on the first Royal Commission of 1867-9 Unionism was a constitutional movement to bring employers to satisfy the claims of the wage-earners. For forty years it did this with signal success, and all men of good will rejoice in the blessed improvement in the moral and material conditions of the workers it has achieved. They are vast, general, and permanent. But to-day Unionism, at least in its official and vocal form, is Socialist—it stands for a catastrophic social revolution, aiming at the removal of Employers as an order, the elimination of Wages as an institution, at the workers being (under universal democracy) their own employers, in a word in being masters not only of Industry, but of Society. Our authors recognise this momentous change in their first sentence. In 1894 they described a Trade Union as a continuous association of wage-earners to improve the conditions "of their employment." In 1920 they alter this to the conditions "of their working lives." They explain that Unionism no longer recognises a capitalist or wage-system at all.

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Now a catastrophic social revolution such as this is not to be faced with a light heart and pæans over the "record" majorities of the card-vote. Will the secular strength of British Capitalism and Conservatism submit without resistance? Will the good sense of the forty millions who are not Unionists accept the lead of the six millions who are? Are the six millions all convinced followers of the eloquent leaders and of the dexterous managers at Congress and Conventions? Do the Labour chiefs feel sure that

they can organise a tremendous industrial revolution without its ending in the ghastly ruin of Pétrograd and Moscow? For my part I feel doubts. I spoke of "the official and vocal part" of Unionism, for I believe this new claim of Socialism to be the work of a quite moderate minority. I doubt if one-tenth of these six millions are convinced Socialists—or if one-twentieth are convinced Communists—and, after all, Socialism is only a colourable, half-way, unworkable kind of Communism. The prodigious increase in numbers of Unionism has its dark side; for much of it is the result of bullying, boycotting, strikes, anti-social and inhuman tyranny to destroy personal freedom. These six millions are no more converts to Socialism than are the Russian people converts to Leninism. These mass meetings of miners, railway men, and dockers too often ring with appeals to envy and malice, with false accusations, wild rumours, and a venomous mendacity of the kind made familiar by Soviet Commissars at a massacre of *bourgeois*.

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With all my heart I rejoice in the immense improvement "in the working lives" of our people. All good men and women rejoice in it, bless it, and work for it. But this indispensable material progress, directly due to Unionism, has been soiled by a deep moral and spiritual degeneration of character. In forty years Unionism has become a class-war, degraded by the moral and social evils inevitable in a class-war. The principle of forcing a minority—even a majority—to join an official order is defended by leaders as an essential duty. The cause of the "Trade" as superior to any rights of the public or even of the nation is paraded as if it were a sacred law. The resort to "direct action" as a means of penalising their fellow citizens till they get their money is a social crime. What would they say if doctors, nurses, and undertakers struck work for another 15 per cent.? And when "direct action" or penalising their fellow citizens is used to force the Government to change its foreign policy, it is the Soviet system in full cry. Altogether, Organised Labour stands charged at the bar of Humanity with a veiled sympathy with the Bolshevik dogma of Labour domination and exclusive mastery of Society, with whatever tends to the violent dissolution of the British Empire, with a friendly indifference to the orgies of plunder and assassination in Ireland. In the United Kingdom, in Europe, in Asia, Africa, or the Empire, the cause of Labour, we are told, is the one thing that counts, or which working men ought to promote.

The avowed aim of organised Labour now is not to improve "the conditions of employment," but to extinguish Capitalism; and Labour now is absolute master of the Constitution if it chooses to act in concert. The "dictatorship of the proletariat" means the devotion of the national wealth to the interests of the manual labourers. There will be no spare capital in the hands of any upper or middle class to be used for social and charitable purposes; there will be no upper or middle class at all. We need not discuss whether this is a good or a bad result. Many social reformers, as well as the whole order of workmen, look on it as a blessed hope, and I sympathise with that hope myself. But, as soon as it comes about, the vast sums annually given to relieve disease, infirmity, and destitution will have to be found elsewhere. The parrot-cry of State-aid is obviously futile in the ever-growing danger of national bankruptcy as well as of bureaucratic incompetence. The cost of maintaining free hospitals, free homes, any kind of liberal relief, will have to be met by the workmen themselves out of their societies and clubs. But as yet workmen have not learned the habit of giving. They expect "the Rich" to give, and they want to do away with "the Rich."

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We hear much of the cry of distress that goes up on all sides from the hospitals which are menaced with bankruptcy and dissolution. As yet this cruel end of our great voluntary institutions is heard only from the principal hospitals, which hope to find temporary help. But let us look at this problem in all its tremendous possible breadth. Not only are these splendid fruits of modern civilisation faced with bankruptcy, but all the minor forms of charitable endowments and of social benevolence are in the same peril. That peril is caused by two general and increasing forces which are transforming modern society. The first is the enormous increase of all prices—doubling or trebling the values everywhere. The other is the general and increasing impoverishment of the whole order of property holders. It was this class alone which year by year found the vast sums devoted to all kinds of charitable endowments. And this class is being reduced to extreme pressure and even to penury. If the social revolution designed by Socialism were to succeed, this class would end in extinction.

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• As a matter of fact, the world is immensely the poorer. Some fifty or sixty thousand millions (£60,000,000,000) of wealth has been lost; and we have wasted at least two or three years of our

national income. Nothing can replace this huge deficit but production. And Labour demands are making production impossible.

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By the sudden demand of double and treble wages, by breaking contracts, and defying discipline, Labour is grasping at the exclusive receipt of the whole profits of industry. The result is that capital will not embark on undertakings of which the whole produce is claimed by the manual workers. The enormous wealth invested in railways, mines, and factories is becoming insolvent and unsaleable book-debits, for Labour, dominant in the Commons, refuses to vote the inevitable rise in prices. "Direct action" means the government of this Empire by excited groups of workmen, obviously ignorant of the complications of international politics. It is aiming at what all history proves to have been the worst of all forms of government, when, as at Athens, on the death of Pericles, noisy bands of some thousand of mob orators dragged down their State to ruin.

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Hitherto the bulk of all these "voluntary" endowments has been found by "the upper and lower middle-class"—the *rentiers*—retired people of the educated orders living on invested savings and inherited property. The rich and the speculators, of whose doings the Press takes note, really do no great part of "the charities." It was done by the millions out of small earnings and "fixed incomes." But the small traders, the hard-worked "professional" men, the *rentiers*—"the new poor"—are doomed to extinction. They can hardly get "a living" as it is. The "profiteering" and the speculation due to the war, which show so large in the public eye, are soon to come to an end. They never did—and never will—do much in charity giving. This henceforth will have to be done by Labour. Labour does not yet realise this. In time, no doubt, it will realise it. But the idea of a workman subscribing his guineas to a Hospital or a Home for Incurables sounds like a jest. Their societies, which deal in hundreds of millions, will do it some day. But till "The Day" of the emancipation of Labour comes there will be cruel times for hospitals and all forms of "good works" of relief to want and misery. No temporary help, no State aid, no petty charge will suffice. Till Labour learns its new duty, the sick, the helpless, and the destitute will be sorely pinched.

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It is not merely the Hospitals and Charities which are menaced with ruin, until the People in the mass undertake their support.

The most urgent case of all is that of Ministers of religion of all the different Churches. The celibate Priesthood of the Roman Church, maintained on very modest lines by the continuous gifts of the entire congregation, may struggle on even in these times. The humble and less literate Ministers of the Free Churches will survive. But the episcopal Church and its clergy have to pass through a cruel time of pressure, in which many of their better aspects, and some of their worse aspects, will be lost. It will be transformed—we trust not extinguished—in the process. The country vicarage and rectory, with their culture, graces, learning, and humanity, will be no more known. Many will rejoice that these outworks of the "landed gentry" will be, with their ancient "patrons," only a memory of the past. And some, too, will grieve that the courtesy and benevolent help of the parson and the squire, and all the charities and civilities they often worked together will be swept away, when the speculating business man and the popular orator have succeeded to squire and parson. Labour, no doubt, one day, by its wonderful co-operative energy, will supply the village reading-room, dispensary, the games, the holiday-making, and all the spiritual education of the ancient Church of their fathers. But the intervening time before Labour has learned how to replace what it is bent on destroying—this will be a hard time for the old poor as well as for "the new poor." •

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And it is not hospitals, charities, and churches alone that will suffer if the extinction of capitalism and middle-class is achieved by "direct action" securing the mastery of society by workmen. Literature, learning, science, art, and culture have disappeared under Bolshevism, and the essential aim of what to-day is called Socialism is the prohibition on the accumulation of capital, even of small savings, in the hands of private families. Now, any general view of history, even a biographical dictionary, will show that almost all forms of civilised progress have been bred and nurtured in families where some inherited resources enabled its members to devote their living to study, to thought, to poetry, to art. All these must be *free*. They cannot be produced to the order, or maintained by the allowance, of a workman's club—a Soviet, in fact. We may hope that in a distant future a victorious and cosmopolitan *ergatocracy* will find a means to supply the intellectual, moral, and spiritual needs of modern civilisation, but the passing of capitalism and personal property to communism and the supremacy of organised Labour will be a process both long

and somewhat painful to what has presumed to call itself "an upper" and "a middle class."

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The impulse of the reader no doubt will be to treat all this as an impossible future, and the warning as that of an alarmist. It is quite true that our solid and sensible people are very far from being Leninists, and have no sort of dream of abolishing wages, employers, and capitalism. But the course which organised Labour is taking has the gradual and concealed effect of paralysing and drying up capital. The tumultuous interchange of values, and the sudden blazing up of emergency industries during the war, coupled with the reckless inundation of paper money, caused conspicuous cases of profiteering wealth, and a general impression of increased spending power. But this impression is a mere illusion, as in Russia, where bank notes pass by the cwt.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

"UNDER WHICH KING?"

"We have a form of Government not fetched by imitation from the laws of our neighbouring States (nay, we are rather a pattern to others than they to us) which, because in the administration it hath respect not to the few but to the multitude, is called a Democracy."—PERICLES.

"L'Angleterre est à présent le pays le plus libre qui soit au monde, je n'en excepte aucune république."—MONTESQUIEU.

"There is only one way of choosing a Government in a democratic country."—MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

WHAT Pericles said of ancient Athens is true of modern England. What Montesquieu affirmed of England in the eighteenth century is equally true of the England of to-day. In the course of the centuries England evolved a Constitution which was *sui generis*; it was based upon no precedents save those formed by itself, nor did any State, either of the ancient or the modern world, offer a parallel to it. That Constitution may alternatively, but with equal propriety, be described as *Constitutional Monarchy*, *Responsible Government*, or *Representative Democracy*. Whichever description be adopted, it may be taken to connote three things: an *Electorate*, comprehending all those persons who may be deemed worthy to exercise political power; a sovereign *Legislature*, fairly and fully representative of the electorate; and an *Executive* responsible to the Legislature.

During the last hundred years this form of government, originally peculiar to ourselves, has been largely imitated, with varying degrees of success, by other States. Most of the Constitutions adopted by the States of the modern world are frank and avowed copies of our own. The English Colonies were naturally among the first countries to adopt, in imitation of the Mother Country, the principle of "responsible government"; but out of the four great Dominions of the British Commonwealth two have been compelled by circumstances to combine the principle of "responsible government" with that of Federalism. How far the latter principle is consistent with the former is one of the most interesting problems which contemporary political science has to solve. Canada and Australia offer admirably equipped laboratories for the trial of this experiment, and the results will be watched with close attention by all students of political institutions. Similar experiments may perhaps be attempted nearer home; but the topic, though attractive, must not beguile us from the main purpose of this paper.

The English type of democracy has, as we have seen, been imitated largely, but by no means universally, even by States which are avowedly democratic, and not less truly democratic than our own. Swiss democracy, for example, is so far removed from, and even opposed to, the English type, that Swiss publicists habitually speak of "democracy" as a form of government contrasted with that of "representative government." What is much more remarkable is that the American type of democracy should differ so widely from the English. It is clear, from the classical essays of Alexander Hamilton and other "fathers" of the American Constitution, that in framing the terms of the original Covenant between the thirteen republics, Hamilton and his coadjutors were far more concerned as to the strength of the Executive than as to its "responsibility"; consequently they were more inclined to imitate the practice of Cromwell than the theory of Pym; their President was nearer akin to Bolingbroke's "Patriot King" than to Walpole's Constitutional Monarch; in a word, their ideal of the executive function was "Presidential" and not "Parliamentary."

These reflections may seem to be somewhat remote from the contemporary situation in English politics. I hope to show in the paragraphs that follow that they are, on the contrary, strictly and immediately relevant.

In English politics to-day there is, I submit, one supreme and dominating issue. There are plenty of secondary issues of great moment, but there is one which embraces and dominates them all, and Mr. Lloyd George has recently, in a few pregnant sentences, probed to the heart of it. With a power of intuition which is as remarkable as it is to opponents disconcerting, the Prime Minister has exposed the issue in terms which the dullest can apprehend. To say that in a democratic country there is only one way of choosing a Government is a statement which lacks scientific accuracy. The Americans do not choose their Executive in the same way as we choose ours; the scenes lately enacted at Chicago and San Francisco are sufficient proof that an American President is not in the same position as an English Premier. It may be, as some hold, that the latter is approximating to the former. In so far as it does, so far will it modify the innate and peculiar genius of the English Constitution. But let that pass. Mr. Lloyd George's aphorism, though lacking in scientific precision, is, in its obvious meaning, profoundly true and profoundly significant. Under a representative democracy—so a precisian would have phrased it—there is only one way of choosing an executive. In England, so long as our Constitution stands, there is only "one way of choosing a Government."

Is the Prime Minister's proposition disputed? Is the substantial accuracy of his aphorism challenged? In terms perhaps not; in fact, yes. It is vain, and it is dangerous, to ignore the truth that there are tendencies in operation, in the sphere of government as in the sphere of industry, which threaten to subvert the representative principle and to substitute for it a more direct form of democracy. More than that; there are men who are prepared, with or without regard to ulterior consequences, to proclaim, in place of the Rule of Law, the triumph of Anarchy.

This is the situation by which the country is confronted; this is the danger to the imminence of which the Prime Minister sought to compel the attention of his fellow-citizens.

It is important to recall the circumstances under which the words quoted at the head of this article were spoken.

Within recent weeks, a powerful Trade Union—the National Union of Railwaymen—has found itself involved in a difficult position and has attempted to escape from it by "negotiations" with the Government. As all the world knows, certain railwaymen in Ireland have refused to handle cases of munitions intended for the use of soldiers or police in Ireland; others have refused to work on trains carrying more than a limited number of soldiers. Whereupon—though not endorsing the action of their Irish comrades—the N.U.R. attempted to negotiate terms with the Government. The Prime Minister, while willing to confer, declined, very properly, to parley, and the words in which he laid down the position of the Government will be endorsed by every responsible and law-abiding citizen in the United Kingdom :—

" We cannot possibly accept any decree issued by any body, however powerful that body may be, which denies to the Government the facilities which it regards as essential for carrying out the functions for which it has been chosen. . . . It is quite impossible to accept any sort of limitation upon the legitimate action of the Government in the establishment and enforcement of what is, after all, the elementary duty of the State, the protection of the life of every citizen."

Mr. J. H. Thomas, who headed the deputation from the National Union of Railwaymen, candidly "recognised that to support these men (the Irish strikers) meant a declaration of war on the Government." The Prime Minister's retort was swift and effective : "Not on the Government, but on government, which is a much more serious thing." It was finely and appositely said, and Mr. Lloyd George emphasised and enlarged his point at a subsequent interview :—

" We shall defend the men who represent the democracy of this country, because, after all, it is the democracy of this country that has sent them

there. We are not a body of people who have arrogated to ourselves the rights of government. It is only eighteen months since we had an election. We shall have another in about three years' time, and whoever is chosen then, these people in Ireland, unless there is some sort of settlement, will be representing the democracy of Great Britain. Millions of them voted to put us here to govern. You thought they were wrong, but you accepted the verdict, as we will accept the verdict if your people are chosen next time. We shall bow and obey."

The spirit of anarchy is not, however, confined to Ireland. Early in June some of the employes of the Great Northern Railway Company refused to handle certain packages addressed: "War Supply Department, Reval." They stated that they were acting upon instructions issued by their Trade Union, and they produced the following notice in explanation of their conduct:—

National Union of Railwaymen,
Unity House, Euston Road, N.W.
May 25th, 1920.

O.1648.

To the Branch Secretary,
Dear Sir,

MUNITIONS FOR POLAND.

The Executive Committee have been carefully watching the developments of the attack on Russia, and after considering the speech of Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons last Thursday, they decided that, in the interests of the workers of Europe, effective steps must be taken to compel the capitalists of Europe to cease their attacks on the Soviet of Russia. I was therefore instructed to forward the following resolution to all branches, and to explain the precise object of it.

"That having regard to the false statements on the important questions as to international relations as made by Bonar Law in the House of Commons concerning the Allies' policy with regard to Russia, and the obvious futility of the League of Nations, this E.C., being convinced that the policy of Poland is being carried-out at the behest of the capitalist nations of Europe, feel compelled to recognise that in order to render humane service to the peoples of the countries the action of the dockers in refusing to load the 'Jolly George' is worthy of practical support. We therefore instruct our members to refuse to handle any material which is intended to assist Poland against the Russian people."

(Not signed.)

Thereupon the men were informed by the General Manager that if they persisted in their refusal to obey orders they would be dismissed the service. The manager also reported this matter to the General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, pointing out that the recalcitrant employes were "hindering the company in the discharge of their legal obligation." The reply from the National Union of Railwaymen intimated that "the instructions under which the men acted have now been withdrawn," and the incident, which threatened ugly consequences, terminated. The credit for its satisfactory termination may, perhaps, be allowed to rest between the firmness of the

company and the wise second thoughts of the Trade Union concerned.

A satisfactory issue does not, however, detract from the significance of the incident. Wherein does it consist? Plainly in this : A group of citizens flung down a challenge to the Executive Government, which is in its turn directly responsible to the elected portion of the Legislature. That the House of Commons represents the opinion of the electorate is not disputed ; and the electorate is virtually co-extensive with the adult population of the country. Nevertheless a small number of individual citizens, not content with their fair share of political representation, not content with a position of industrial and economic privilege conferred upon them by the law which they choose to defy, have arrogated to themselves the right to dictate the policy of the State of which they are citizens. " Effective steps must be taken to compel the capitalists of Europe to cease their attacks upon the Soviet of Russia." In plain words, foreign policy must be controlled not by the Cabinet or by Parliament, but by Unity House ; not by the elected representatives of the whole people but by the Executive Committee of a particular Trade Union. The claim would be ridiculous were the menace it involves less grave. In both the cases referred to in the foregoing paragraph, the individuals concerned happen to be members of an exceptionally powerful Trade Union ; they are also members of a service which is not only vital to the economic life of the community, but is under certain statutory obligations to the public. Railway companies are common carriers ; they cannot choose what goods they will handle and what passengers they will carry. In order to enforce their views on political questions—on methods of government in Ireland, or on the relations between Poland and Russia, certain servants of two great railway companies threaten to impede the performance of their masters' legal obligations.

No conduct could be more politically arrogant, or more entirely subversive of the elementary principles upon which all States, monarchical, aristocratic or democratic, must ultimately rest. As Plato pointed out more than two thousand years ago, the citizen by the mere fact of accepting and retaining the privileges of citizenship enters into a tacit compact with the State to obey its laws. Crito, it will be remembered, urged Socrates to save his life by escape from prison. Socrates demurred on the ground that by so doing he would violate the covenant and agreement he had made with the State. " Do you imagine," he asked, " that a State can subsist and not be overthrown where the decisions of law have no power but are set aside and overthrown by

individuals?" Assume that the laws are unjust and the interpretation of them partial, you may indeed do all in your power to get the law altered, but failing to do so you must obey. "When we are punished by our country, whether with imprisonment or stripes, the punishment is to be endured in silence; and if she leads us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow as is right; neither may anyone surrender or retreat, or leave his rank, but whether in battle or in a court of law, or in any other place, he must do what his city and his country order him; or he must change their view of what is just." Crito confesses that the argument is unanswerable; and Socrates concludes the discussion with the words: "Then let me follow the intimation of the will of God." The passage is classical, but I make no apology for quoting it since, apart from its beauty, it summarises with precision the Greek view as to the reciprocal relation of the individual and the State.

That view may with advantage be recalled to-day. It is implicit in the argument addressed by the Prime Minister to the recalcitrant railwaymen. The political and philosophical truths at which slower and duller minds arrive by laborious thought and tedious speculation, Mr. Lloyd George seems to perceive intuitively. With an intellectual dart he pierces to the core of a great problem, and with winged words he proclaims the truth so that even the dullards can apprehend it. And never was there more urgent need to proclaim it *urbi* if not *orbi*.

In a constitutional sense we seem to be at the parting of the ways. Not since the revolution of the seventeenth century have the British people been called upon to make a choice so fateful. Personal and political liberty was then threatened by the Stuart theory of government. Had that theory prevailed the liberty of the individual citizen would have lain at the mercy of the Executive. Bacon would have had the judges lions, but "lions under the throne." In more technical language the Executive would then have asserted its superiority over the Judiciary, and instead of the Rule of Law resting ultimately, on the one hand upon the right of all citizens to a speedy trial in the ordinary courts, and according to the ordinary law, and, on the other, on the amenability of all officials to that same law and those same courts—instead of this we should have had the *droit administratif* and the whole apparatus of *tribunaux administratifs*. From that we were saved by the Petition of Right and the legislation of the Long Parliament, and, not least, by the abolition of those extraordinary courts, such as the Star Chamber, which the Stuarts had perverted into instruments of tyranny and extortion. The Habeas Corpus Act provided a sanction for our existing right,

and personal liberty was henceforward assured. Political liberty—as we Englishmen understand the term, was more gradually attained; but after 1688 it was not seriously in jeopardy, though it was not yet certain in what manner it would be attained. The shrewd sense of Sir Robert Walpole, assisted by the fortunate accident of a King who had no English, found the solution in a device adumbrated by Pym—a Parliamentary Executive.

Thy, in both respects the seventeenth century was critical. Since those days there has been in our domestic politics no issue so profound and fundamental as that which threatens to divide us to-day.

Many tendencies, economic, social and industrial, even more conspicuously than the purely political, have converged in an assault upon the citadel of Representative Democracy. Among these I select two widely divergent in origin but convergent in operation: the rapid growth of Imperial responsibilities and a blind reliance upon the efficacy of State intervention. Imperialism and Fabianism have little in common, but they have between them gone far to break the back of the Parliamentary camel. The English Parliament is unique among the Parliaments of the world for the diversity and variety of the functions it is called upon to fulfil—for the Empire, for the United Kingdom, for England, Scotland and Ireland. It is manifestly unequal to the task; and, unless there be a speedy and substantial simplification in the functions of government—a consummation to be desired rather than to be expected—its inadequacy will become increasingly apparent. Meanwhile, the extension of the suffrage, combined with the diffusion of an education, still in predominant measure literary, has stimulated the growth of a proletarian *intelligentsia* quick to detect the existence of diseases and weaknesses in the body politic, but slow to understand the difficulty of prescribing remedies which are at once appropriate and safe. The ferment of political ideas finds insufficient vent in a quinquennial election, and in watching from afar the slowly revolving wheel of the Parliamentary machine. Similar dissatisfaction with the working of the industrial system tends towards a parallel movement in the economic sphere. The desire for self-government in the workshop is imperfectly fulfilled by a trade union organisation which is, of necessity, increasingly bureaucratic in character and increasingly remote in operation.

Since the foregoing paragraphs were written I have lighted

upon a little book¹ by Mr. G. D. H. Cole, which, whatever its philosophical value, is admirably illustrative of the dissatisfaction which, in some quarters, exists with the representative principle. Mr. Cole's point of view may be indicated by the following sentence (p. 207) : " Anyone with the smallest degree of social vision can see that the existing structure of Society is doomed either to ignominious collapse or to radical transformation." According to him " the most essential conditions of successful associations consist in the principles of democratic functional organisation and democratic representation according to function." By this formula I understand Mr. Cole to mean (but I confess to some uncertainty) something in the nature of political syndicalism or guild socialism ; at any rate, he is in complete revolt against the existing order in politics, in economics, and in Society. In particular in politics. Naturally, therefore, his finest scorn is reserved for that hoariest of anachronisms, the Imperial Parliament. " Misrepresentation," he writes, " is seen at its worst to-day in that professedly omniscient ' representative ' body, Parliament, and in the Cabinet which is supposed to depend upon it. Parliament professes to represent all the citizens in all things, and therefore, as a rule, represents none of them in anything. It is chosen to deal with anything that may turn up quite irrespective of the fact that the different things that do turn up require different types of persons to deal with them. It . . . does everything badly, because it is not chosen to do any definite thing well. . . . There can be only one escape from the futility of our present methods of parliamentary government, and that is to find an association and method of representation for each function, and a function for each association and body of representatives. In other words, real democracy is to be found, not in a single omniscient representative assembly, but in a system of co-ordinated functional representative bodies." From which I conclude that Mr. Cole favours a policy of decentralisation, and the idea of the representation of economic interests in place of that of localities. He would doubtless repudiate my crude and simple interpretation, but this much is clear : he is the devoted disciple of Rousseau, and, like his master, the apostle of some more direct form of democracy than that which in England, as in most of the great States of the modern world, prevails to-day.

At this point, however, some discrimination seems to be called for. In the word " direct " there lurks a confusion which it is essential to clear up. Between representative democracy and direct democracy the case is arguable, though it is important to remember that whereas in ancient Athens Direct Democracy

attained its most perfect form, the " State " was coincident with the " City." Participation in Government was confined to citizens; the qualification for citizenship was exceedingly restricted. The " citizens " were relatively few; leisure was secured to them by the fact that all manual labour and much of the commercial and professional work was done by those who were either " slaves " or non-citizens—in a word, the perfect democracy was, in fact, a close oligarchy. Again, the State which Rousseau had in mind when he denounced as slavery the parliamentary system of England was his own native State, the city-republic of Geneva. Of the Commonwealths of the modern world the Helvetic Republic comes nearest perhaps to the principle of " direct " democracy. The Government of the Forest cantons is still literally direct; and to the Federal constitution the *Referendum* and the *Popular Initiative* supply a considerable element of " direct " control. But the problems which confront a small and neutralised State like Switzerland are simplicity itself compared with those which perplex the citizen-rulers of France or Britain. Even more simple were the problems which occupied the minds of the leisured oligarchy of Athens: all the terribly complex questions raised by the relations of capital and labour discreetly concealed under the cloak of slavery; all franchise questions determined by the test of birth; the whole problem of Church and State and the many auxiliary and dependent problems solved by the simple identification of the two loyalties—what wonder that the Athenians could devote their intellectual abilities to the task of contemplation on ethics and politics and æsthetics?

When, therefore, a plea is entered on behalf of a more direct form of Democracy (and I am far from attempting to prejudge the issue) it is imperative that we should recall the circumstances under which the experiment has hitherto been tried. The desire—natural and intelligible—for some more direct participation in the affairs of State may perhaps find partial satisfaction in the process of decentralisation and devolution which cannot be much longer delayed. But a discussion of that particular solution would carry me beyond the limits of the present paper.

When people talk of the decadence of the representative principle and the dangers to be apprehended from " direct action," what they have in mind are not so much rival systems of democracy, but the use of the industrial weapon for the accomplishment of political ends. It was against this menace to the Commonwealth that the Prime Minister's warning was directed. Under the complex conditions of the modern world there is " only one way of choosing a government "—by the ballot box. That government once chosen must, for the duration of its tenure, govern.

No matter what the political complexion of the government may be, be it Conservative, Radical, or Socialist, or a combination of more than one, it must either enforce obedience to the law or abdicate in favour of anarchy. There is no *sors tertia*. No government, if it is to retain the respect of the governed, can tolerate sectional defiance of political authority.

That some of the great Trade Unions have, in recent years, shown a marked disposition to arrogate to themselves functions which properly belong exclusively to the Legislature and the Executive can be denied by no student of contemporary affairs. On this point it is important to avoid misapprehension. In the industrial economy of to-day Trade Unions perform functions which are not merely important, but indispensable. Ever since the general adoption of the wage-system they have rendered invaluable service to the wage-earning classes. Nor have their activities been entirely militant. It is their belligerent functions which have mainly—and naturally—attracted public attention; but their work as benefit societies, their practical inculcation of the habits of thrift and self-restraint, if less obtrusive has been more beneficent. Whether even in the industrial sphere power has not engendered some of the vices incidental to its exercise is perhaps an arguable point, but it will not be argued here. Most reasonable men will admit that during the last half century the benefits secured to the wage-earners by Trade Unions have been of material advantage to the whole community, and that the Unions have rendered to the cause of industrial peace high and unforgettable service.

Power brings in its train temptations. That the great Trade Unions, having attained in the industrial sphere to a power not far short of omnipotence, should be tempted to use that power to promote political objects is not remarkable. Nevertheless, it is a temptation which in the best interests of labour should be resisted, a menace which in the interests of the Commonwealth must, at all costs, be defeated. No section, interest, or class can be permitted either to dictate policy or to set aside the laws made by the only authority legally competent for the task. To permit such dictation or infraction is to enthrone Anarchy in the seat of Democracy. This obvious truth is perceived by none more clearly than by the responsible leaders of the Labour Party. Mr. Clynes, among others, has emphasised it again and again. " 'Direct action,' " he said to his fellow Trade Unionists, " would give to every other section of the community the right, in the days of a Labour Government, to imitate the bad example which Labour had set." Again: " Looking ahead, I can see Labour in the seats of power, and I want Labour's laws to be respected and observed, just as I ask Labour to observe and respect them now."

Those are the words of patriotism and of prudent statesmanship. Anarchy is the prelude if not to tyranny, at least to dictatorship. Never has this truth been more clearly demonstrated than in Soviet Russia. In the mouths of many witnesses it is established. Not least conclusively in that of Mrs. Philip Snowden. "The conditions," she said recently, "are closely approximate to those of some phases of slavery. . . What I hated most in the *régime* was the suppression of liberty." It needed not the testimony of Russia to prove that liberty is the complement of law and the antithesis of anarchy, but the recent demonstration of an ancient truth is both timely and convincing.

Will the lesson be learnt? The sympathy felt and exhibited for the existing *régime* in Russia by some sections of our own people is almost unintelligible. If the sympathy were confined to the suffering masses in Russia, to those who are the victims of the existing tyranny, it were easy to understand, but the argument would seem to be on this wise: "The Russian Revolution destroyed the autocracy of the Romanoffs; therefore the Russian Revolution was a blow struck in the cause of freedom; the present tyranny is a transitory stage; democracy will emerge triumphant." It may be said the time for a final judgment has not come; meanwhile, as Mrs. Snowden said, "The Russian Soviet is not democratic, and makes no pretence of being so."

The Russian Revolution and the appropriate attitude of the British Government thereto is, as regards the main argument of this paper, merely accidental or illustrative. The point at issue is whether the policy of our own country, foreign and domestic, is to be controlled by those who have been invested by the democratic electorate with legitimate authority or whether it is to be dictated by those who, having failed to convince their fellow-citizens by argument, are determined to enforce their views by more rudimentary methods. "The greatest discovery ever made in political science was when men took to counting heads instead of breaking them." It was a picturesque way of stating an important truth. The essence of Representative Democracy is the counting of heads. There seems to be some danger of a reversion to more primitive types of government. Those who favour such reversion will do well to recall the warning of Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, that civil society rests upon contract, that the pre-contractual stage was a condition of perpetual war, and that in that stage the life of man was "nasty, brutish, and short." The argument of the *Leviathan* may be discredited historically; philosophically it stands. Law is the cement of civil society. The only alternative is war.

It is for the electors of this country to decide under which

banner they will enlist, which King they will serve. The Prime Minister has been accused, in some quarters, of having attempted to force upon the country a class issue. Such an attempt would argue either criminality or insanity. The critics are mistaken. What Mr. Lloyd George has done repeatedly is to warn his fellow-countrymen of the existence less of a party than of a temper, born perhaps of the circumstances of the hour, which constitutes a grave menace not to the present Government, but to government, which threatens to destroy the fundamentals of civil society.

Parliamentary government pre-supposes, as Cromwell saw and said, " agreement on fundamentals." About " circumstantials " men may argue to their heart's content without detriment to the commonwealth. Unless there be, in regard to " fundamentals," a reasonable measure of agreement representative democracy becomes impossible. The choice would then lie between anarchy and autocracy. True at all times, this is especially true of critical days such as those of the Protectorate, such as those in which we live. A great war means more than the destruction of material wealth; it creates an upheaval of thought, in the course of which we are apt to lose the accumulated wealth of political and ethical tradition, unless special pains be taken to preserve it. To that tradition different men will attach very different values. It is not a question of class nor of party, but of temperament and training. The issue so plainly stated by the Prime Minister is not one between class and class; if it were one might well despair of the Republic. It goes, in truth, far deeper than disparity of material conditions. There is, therefore, solid ground for the belief that when the gravity of the issue is realised there will be little hesitation among the vast majority of Britons as to the banner under which they will enlist.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

P.S.—Since this article went to press, its main argument has been powerfully enforced by the decision of the special Trade Union Congress in London on July 12. By a card vote of 2,760,000 to 1,636,000, the Congress demanded the withdrawal of all British troops from Ireland and the cessation of the production of munitions of war destined to be used against Ireland and Russia. In the event of refusal, the Congress recommended a general strike.

WILL GERMANY KEEP THE PEACE?—REFLECTIONS ON THE SPA MEETING.

THE Spa meeting has revealed the fact that Germany has retained organised armed forces of nearly a million men and arms sufficient for equipping several millions. We can, therefore, not wonder that many men are anxiously asking: "What is the meaning of all these preparations? Will Germany settle down, forget her defeat and keep the peace, or will she embark upon a war of revenge at the earliest opportunity?" The philosophers of all times, from Plato and Aristotle to Descartes, Hobbes, Spinoza, Hume, Kant and Bergson, are by no means agreed as to whether we frail humans possess true freedom of the will and the power of acting in accordance with the dictates of logic and of reason. After all men and nations are largely impelled by the inexorable fate of the Greek tragedians, by inherited character and traditions, by incalculable impulses and passions, by unexpected events and by chance incidents. It would, therefore, be perhaps as well to enquire: "Can Germany keep the peace?"

The character of nations has remained curiously fixed through the ages and is apparently almost unchangeable. The French, the Germans and the English bear an extraordinary resemblance to the ancient Gauls, Teutons and Britons depicted to us in the pages of Cæsar and of Tacitus. Since the earliest ages the Gauls and the Teutons, the French and the Germans, have been fighting for superiority and for the possession of the Rhine Valley, and every defeat was in due course followed by a war of revenge on the part of the vanquished. For centuries the Prussians and the Poles, likewise, have been fighting each other for power and territory, and the spirited Poles, though partitioned and powerless, would not give up the hope of a re-birth and of revenge. As a rule nations accept defeat only when a war has been unpopular and has not been truly national, as was the war with the North American colonies on the part of England, or when a war has led to the ultimate and irretrievable downfall of one of the combatants, who, recognising his impotence, strives to forget his defeat, feeling incapable of ever again challenging the victor. Thus Sweden abandoned her warlike policy and her position as a Great Power after the disaster of Fredrikshald in 1718. Germany has been severely defeated, but she has as yet not been reduced to similar hopelessness. In fact, many Germans assert

that their army has been victorious, but that it has been crippled by the trickery of the Allies and the treason of the Socialists.

The German nation has grown great and wealthy by successful war. The rise of Prusso-Germany resembles that of ancient Rome, and there is a good deal of resemblance between the Prussian and the ancient Roman character. The spirit of the Prusso-German people has been militarised to an incredible extent by centuries of military success and of chauvinistic education given by the schools, the universities and the Church. Thus militarism has become a tradition and an important part, if not the very essence, of the German character. The average German is at least as much interested in military affairs and in war as the average Englishman is in sport and politics. The warlike character of the Germans, and especially that of the narrow, stubborn and intolerant Prussians, will scarcely change overnight. The Prussians did not lose hope when, during seven years, nearly all Europe made war upon Frederick the Great, nor when Napoleon had totally destroyed the glorious Frederickian army, and when the French were garrisoning Berlin and holding the country in bondage during another seven years.

The German people in general are, as I had an opportunity of learning during a recent visit, heartily sick of militarism and of war. That sentiment is only natural: It is the inevitable reaction after five years of iron compulsion, repression, hardship and want. But although the Germans have discarded the Hohenzollern monarchy, they have not by any means become enthusiastic Republicans. On the contrary, they are discovering the shortcomings of democracy and are turning once more towards that autocratic form of government under which they have lived and flourished for centuries. That may be seen from the result of the recent elections. It should also not be forgotten that the revolution of November, 1918, did not break out because the Germans had a serious quarrel with the monarchy as a political institution, but because the Germans believed that William II. was chiefly responsible for the war and for Germany's downfall. Besides, they believed, largely owing to Allied propaganda and President Wilson's proclamation, that they would receive far easier terms if they demonstratively repudiated the man who had begun the war and the system for which he stood. Hence the Prussians rose against William II, and the inhabitants of the minor States followed suit and abolished their figurehead monarchs, most of whom were harmless political nonentities, rather from a spirit of imitation and of emulation than from conviction. Herein lies the reason that the Germans have treated their discarded rulers with consideration and have not even driven

them out of the country. The Germans, though democrats by profession, are militarists at heart. Most Germans blame the ex-Emperor rather for his failing as a soldier than for his failing as a ruler. Leading democrats, in discussing and abusing William II, call him a crowned coward and a despicable deserter before the enemy. Such attacks are greeted with loud cheers at public meetings. Many Germans maintain that the revolution would probably not have occurred, and would certainly not have succeeded, had the Emperor played a soldier's part, placed himself at the head of his troops and braved death.

The majority of Germans still believe that the war was forced upon them, that it was unavoidable, that the military party was not responsible for its outbreak. The German generals always had, and still have, a far greater prestige with the people than the civilian statesmen, diplomats and politicians. Hence Bismarck habitually attended the Reichstag in a general's uniform. To the Germans the words of their generals are gospel truth. Hindenburg has remained their idol. The military leaders have not been reproached for Germany's defeat. Now these infallible military men, supported by a mob of professors and journalists, have asserted in countless books, pamphlets and newspaper articles that Germany was defeated, not owing to the fault of the generals but owing to the incapacity of the statesmen and the politicians. Most Germans have recognised that it was a mistake to fight all the world at once. One hears often expressions of opinion such as : "Our army was not properly supported by our statesmen. The troops were magnificent but our diplomacy was beneath contempt. Had we had a Bismarck, we should have won the war."

Germany's pride and faith in the army have scarcely been diminished by the defeat. Many Germans talk with serene confidence of a future revival, reminding one another of the seven years of disgrace which followed the battle of Jena and Auerstädt, and expressing the hope that their invincible army will once more re-establish Germany's greatness as it did in 1813-1815. Most Germans believe that Germany can re-conquer her position only by a successful war of revenge. Only a very few, the Socialists excepted, express the opinion that Germany may rise once more to greatness by patient and peaceful labour.

German education has for many decades fostered the spirit of pride, of Chauvinism and of intolerance. The German historians have deliberately falsified not only the history of Germany but that of all countries. They have taught the young for decades that the Germans are the salt of the earth, the foremost nation in war and in peace, in industry, in art, and in science. The

vast majority of the German university professors were, and are still, the advocates of aggressive Pan-Germanism, of autocracy and of reaction and implacable enemies of democracy. The German professors have belittled to the utmost the achievements of all other nations, and they have always treated with particular contempt the French and the Poles. They have depicted the French as the hereditary enemies of Germany, restless, aggressive, envious, mean, cowardly, tyrannical, vicious, frivolous and utterly despicable. They have habitually described the Poles as the Frenchmen of the East, as men who are incapable of governing themselves and who have repaid with black ingratitude the blessings of German domination and the priceless gifts of German organisation, of German discipline and of German culture which they received from their conquerors. The Germans have not forgotten that centuries ago Poland was a Great Power, that Poles ruled over Prussia, that the Great Elector had to pay homage to the King of Poland.

The Germans dislike, of course, all the nations which were ranged against them during the war. However, realising that they cannot fight once more all the world, they have, for prudential reasons, determined to be on more or less good terms with England and America and have reserved their bitterest hatred for the French and the Poles. The seed sown by their historians has borne fruit. Many naturally peaceful men would with alacrity go to war with France or Poland. The hatred borne to these two nations is almost indescribable.

Nations are guided in their actions partly by their passions and partly by political and economic considerations. A war with France or with Poland would satisfy Germany's hatred and would therefore be very popular. Besides it would, if victorious, be exceedingly profitable to Germany both from the political and the economic point of view. Before the war, Germany was the leading Power on the Continent. Her predominance has passed to France. The defeat of France would restore to Germany her old pre-eminence in Continental Europe, while a victory over the Poles would give back to Germany her old frontiers in the East and would vastly increase Germany's power and influence in Eastern, South-Eastern and Southern Europe. It might force some of the newly-created weak States to place themselves under Germany's protection.

Economic considerations would urge Germany still more strongly to go to war with France or with Poland, or with both countries. The economic factor has the greatest influence upon warfare and upon the fate of nations. Germany's soldiers and professors have been teaching the nation that it was defeated

partly owing to the incompetence of the German diplomats, partly owing to the disastrous effect of the blockade. The blockade had been so deadly because Germany did not possess sufficiently great economic resources. Recognising that the resources of Germany did not suffice to maintain the people, many prominent Germans advocated during the war vast territorial annexations which were to increase very greatly Germany's man power and her production of food and of indispensable raw materials, such as coal, iron, leather, copper, oil, cotton, wool, etc. Unfortunately for Germany, the territories which were lost to her by the peace contain not only an important part of her population but also a very notable portion of her agricultural soil and of her raw materials. According to the official German estimates, the districts lost, or likely to be lost, contain 9,000,000 inhabitants or about 13.8 per cent. of the population. That loss would reduce Germany's inhabitants from 67,000,000 to 58,000,000 people. These 9,000,000 would have furnished at least 1,000,000 soldiers in case of war. As producers they represent a very large portion of Germany's wealth. The Germans are particularly aggrieved at this loss of population, because approximately 5,000,000 are officially stated to employ the German language. However, of these 1,600,000 are German-speaking inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine.

While, owing to the territorial losses consequent upon the peace, Germany's population is likely to be diminished by about 13.8 per cent., her agricultural and mineral resources should shrink far more severely. According to official German estimates, the territories lost, or likely to be lost, affect Germany's production as follows:—

Shrinkage caused by territorial losses.

Wheat harvest	17.4 per cent.
Rye harvest	21.7 „ „
Barley harvest	22.3 „ „
Oats harvest	15.9 „ „
Potatoes	23.3 „ „
Clover	18.1 „ „
Lucerne	16.5 „ „
Hay	13.3 „ „
Sugar beets	18.4 „ „
Horses	20.6 „ „
Cattle	15.8 „ „
Pigs	16.4 „ „
Sheep	14.2 „ „

By the various cessions Germany may lose some of her best agricultural districts. While she may lose 13.8 per cent. of her population, she may lose 21.7 per cent. of her rye crop, which provides her with the bulk of her bread, 23 per cent. of her potatoes,

etc. Consequently her dependence upon foreign food will be greater than it has ever been in the past, notwithstanding the diminution of her population.

While her defeat has been very serious to her agricultural position, it has been absolutely disastrous to her manufacturing industries. Unfortunately for Germany a very great proportion of her most valuable minerals is situated within the ceded provinces. Upper Silesia and the Saar Valley contain 45.7 per cent., or nearly one-half, of Germany's coal. These districts contain approximately as much coal as the whole of the United Kingdom. The Saar district, which has fallen to France, and the Silesian coalfields, which may fall to Poland, show the following record of production :—

Coal Production.

		In Upper Silesia.	In the Saar District.
1881	...	10,404,000 tons	5,952,000 tons
1890	...	16,871,000 ..	7,425,000 ..
1900	...	24,783,000 ..	11,137,000 ..
1910	...	34,461,000 ..	14,413,000 ..
1913	...	43,435,000 ..	17,013,000 ..

During the period under review coal production in the Saar Valley has almost trebled, and in Upper Silesia has more than quadrupled. In 1913 these two districts produced 31.9 per cent., or nearly one-third, of Germany's coal. These two districts produce fifty per cent. more coal than the whole of France. The manufacturing industries usually settle about the coal pits. With these coalfields Germany would lose a very large part of her manufacturing industries.

Before the war the principal German industry was the iron industry. Germany produced twice as much iron and steel as the United Kingdom. Her iron industry was approximately as important to Germany as the mighty cotton industry is to Great Britain. Nearly 80 per cent. of Germany's iron ore was situated in Lorraine. The peace has transferred by far the largest portion of Germany's iron ores to France. In addition it has given to that country huge and exceedingly valuable potash deposits which occur in Upper Alsace. The precious potash monopoly which Germany had enjoyed up to the war has been destroyed. Germany's historical and traditional hatred of the French and of the Poles has, of course, been greatly increased by the fact that these two hated and despised nations are the principal beneficiaries by Germany's discomfiture, that a large portion of Germany's population and a very large proportion of her natural resources have been transferred to these two peoples. Germany is a very densely-populated country. The number of inhabitants

per square mile is almost as great in Germany as it is in the United Kingdom. Hitherto Germany was able to nourish her teeming population because of the vastness of her natural resources. The mere fact that she possessed more than twice as much coal as the United Kingdom gave her an enormous advantage over the other European nations in the development of the manufacturing industries. Unless she should regain those invaluable resources which she has lost to France and Poland, Germany seems bound to decline in wealth, in population, and in power. A British Government report on the conditions prevailing in Germany (Cd. 280) stated not inappropriately :—

"The great increase in German population during the last twenty-five years was rendered possible only by exploiting the agricultural possibilities of the soil to the greatest possible extent, and this in turn depended on the industrial development of the country. The reduction by 20 per cent. in the productive area of the country, and the 40 per cent. diminution in the chief raw material for the creation of wealth, renders the country at present overpopulated, and it seems probable that within the next few years many million (according to some estimates as many as 15,000,000) workers and their families will be obliged to emigrate, since there will be neither work nor food for them to be obtained from the reduced industries of the country."

If this estimate should prove correct, the population of Germany would be reduced to a figure approximating that of France, and Germany's hope of future greatness would be gone for ever. The conviction of the Germans that they were destined to rule the world was based on the constant and very great increase of the German population. In 1870 the number of Germans and of Frenchmen was equal. In 1914 Germany had nearly twice as many inhabitants as France.

For many decades German statesmen, scientists, and publicists had advocated the creation of a greater Germany. They formed two schools. The one recommended expansion on land and the other urged expansion over sea. Bismarck belonged to the former. He saw the danger of challenging at the same time France, Russia and England. The advent of William II altered Germany's policy. Pronouncements of his, such as "Germany's future lies on the water" and "Neptune's trident must be in our fist" became the watchwords of young Germany. Her statesmen began to embark upon an aggressive oversea policy, to the intense dislike of Bismarck's disciples and of the Junkers, who thought it safer and more profitable for Germany to concentrate all her energies upon strengthening the army and pushing forward her frontiers by successful land wars in accordance with her old traditions. The land owning Conservatives hated the manufacturing industries and commerce, which created large towns and bred millions of Socialists. In their opinion Germany ought to

remain self-supporting and self-sufficing, at least with regard to food. Besides, agriculturists were the most loyal citizens and furnished the best soldiers. So they advocated Germany's expansion towards the East.

The lack of food and of raw material caused by the prolonged blockade induced many Germans to turn from the new-fangled oversea policy to the old continental policy pursued by all the rulers of Prussia. Even many of those who desired that Germany should wrest from England the rule of the sea abandoned the idea of competing with the English Navy and urged that the control of Russia in some form or other would supply Germany with all the food and raw material which Germany required in time of war, and would, at the same time, make it possible for Germany to destroy England's sea power and the British Empire by an attack in Asia. For instance, a lengthy and detailed survey of Russia entitled "The Mobilisation of the East—Asiatic Russia as a German Aim in War and in Peace," written by Werner Daya and published in Munich during the war, stated in the concluding chapter :

"For the first time in history the world-embracing naval policy of England would be met by an equally gigantic land policy. . . . The world war has shown that Germany's oversea interests are suspended in the air as long as we are not able to meet England on *terra firma*. As long as England cannot be approached by us and as long as she can hope to defeat us by cutting off our trade and our supply of food and of raw materials, we are helpless. If, however, we create an economic organisation which firmly and permanently connects Asia with Germany, we shall not only be able to obtain by railway those imports, such as cotton and copper, which at present we obtain by sea, but we can, in case of a future war, march down to India and throw the British into the sea. As under such circumstances England cannot hope for victory against Germany, we shall possess a guarantee that we shall be able to retain our oversea interests notwithstanding the power of England's fleet.

It ought also to be pointed out that a world-embracing land policy would so firmly unite Germany, Russia, and Japan that these three would form a belt of steel around the globe which no Power could break. A Russo-Japanese-German union is the most natural political constellation. It is the alliance of the twentieth century."

From the German point of view a union with Russia in some form or other is of course exceedingly tempting. It would provide Germany with all the means for obtaining the domination of the world. The Russian Empire within its limits of 1914 was forty times as large as the German Empire. It was more than twice as large as the United States. It was larger than the United States, China and India combined. Russia is very sparsely populated and has room for a gigantic population. The number of its inhabitants has increased from 45,000,000 in 1815 to 174,000,000 in 1913. Russia may become the greatest human

reservoir in the world, and man power determines military power. The principal characteristic of the Russian people is its docility. The Russians might comparatively easily be made to fight Germany's battles. Besides, Russia possesses gigantic resources which can be developed to an almost unlimited extent. Before the war she produced 51 per cent. of the world's rye, 25 per cent. of the world's oats, 88 per cent. of the world's barley, 22 per cent. of the world's wheat. She possesses by far the largest agricultural plain in the world. She might, therefore, produce far more food than the United States, Canada and Argentina combined. In 1913 Russia had 84,000,000 horses, 51,000,000 cattle and 74,000,000 sheep. She might, therefore, furnish unlimited numbers of military horses and equally unlimited quantities of meat, fat, leather and wool in case of a blockade. She has vast deposits of coal, iron ore, copper, zinc, salt, etc., and she produced in 1913 more petroleum than Rumania, Galicia, Mexico, the Dutch East Indies and British India combined. In her southern provinces she raises vast quantities of cotton, etc. The control of Russia would make Germany militarily and economically irresistible.

The idea that Germany might secure the domination of the world by the control of Russia was frequently expressed during the war, but was by no means abandoned after Germany's defeat. We read, for instance, in a book "Stretch Out the Hand to the Russian—A Book for the Reconstruction of Germany," written by Siegfried Doerschlag and published in Berlin in autumn, 1919:—

"As regards German settlements in the East, circumstances are favourable in the Ukraine and in Siberia if we succeed in obtaining large stretches of land which might be cut up and distributed among Germans. They would form islands in a foreign country, and there is no reason to fear that they would be lost to Germanism. . . . The problem of the present and of the future is to create German settlements in the East. The Government and the various organisations should immediately set to work to lay the foundations upon which may be reared an edifice for Germany's rebirth and which can resist all the storms blowing from the east and from the west."

The author shows in detail how the Baltic Provinces, Central and Southern Russia, the Caucasus, Finland and Siberia, might be permeated with German settlers, and how eventually German enterprise might penetrate southward, controlling Persia, etc. The author admits that before the war the Germans were respected in Russia but disliked. They were disliked largely because of their ability, ambition, and success, and he believes that devastated Russia can be rebuilt only with Germany's assistance. He writes:

"It is particularly important to remember that the German is predestined to stretch out his hand to the Russians when they have been freed

from the dictatorship imposed upon them by criminals and fanatics and to help them in recreating their country. Being well acquainted with the psychology of the Russians, I think I may say without fear of contradiction that no Frenchman, no Englishman and no American will be as welcome in this beneficial work as the German."

The Germans have, indeed, a great advantage over all other nations with regard to Russia. They are Russia's immediate neighbours. They have controlled Russian military, political, commercial, industrial and scientific affairs ever since the time of Peter the Great. Hundreds of thousands of Germans speak Russian fluently and have intermingled with the Russian people. Besides, the Germans have a vast surplus of men who are forced to emigrate and who would scarcely be welcome in the British Empire and in the United States. On the other hand, there is no similar surplus of men in the Anglo-Saxon countries and in France. Their unexploited territories and resources are so vast that men for reorganising gigantic Russia cannot be spared. In order to facilitate the opening up of Russia by Germans and its colonisation by millions of Germans, the writer of the book mentioned recommends that Russian should be made a compulsory subject in the German intermediate schools, that in the so-called gymnasia Greek should be replaced by Russian and that German education should be shaped with the deliberate object of preparing a Russo-German *rapprochement* which should be followed by the most intimate co-operation of the two countries and by their eventual amalgamation. The late Imperial Government pursued, apparently, a similar object. That may be seen by the creation of the East European Institute in Breslau in 1917. In his introduction Herr Doerschlag writes :—

" Fate bids Germany to follow the signposts which point eastward. We must obey its bidding if we wish to save the German nation from the yoke imposed upon it by the robber States and if we wish to lead it towards future freedom by creative labour. Therefore, if the question is put whether Germany should lean eastward or westward the reply should be : ' Let us stretch out our hand to Russia, though not to Lenin.' "

An Eastern policy appears highly attractive to many patriotic Germans, not only because they think that their country may militarily, politically and economically re-establish its pre-eminence with Russia's help, with the assistance of the boundless resources of that country, but also because in such a policy they hope to receive the support of the Magyars, who are as warlike, as stubborn, and as irreconcilable as are the Prussians themselves. Poland and the other border States have become independent at the cost of Germany, of Hungary and of Russia. It is, therefore, not inconceivable that at some time or other these three countries might re-establish the old triple alliance of the

eighteenth century and partition once more Poland and deal with the other States which have recently arisen.

Incalculable circumstances and events may determine the action of Germany, Hungary, and Russia. Tradition, passion, and interest may bring about their co-operation. Germany may either deliberately try to re-draw the map of Europe according to her own ideas, or she may choose to participate in the quarrels of her neighbours, or she may be dragged into a new war more or less against her will. In any case it is, of course, quite clear to the Prusso-Germans who wish to re-create Germany's pre-eminence by force of arms that Germany's political and military power is lamed as long as the country is disunited. A bold and daring foreign policy is, naturally, impossible for Germany as long as it remains a democracy. Therefore, the first step towards the rehabilitation of Germany would be the destruction of the Republic and the re-introduction of a strong autocratic Government.

The Spa meeting has revealed the fact that the Germans have retained vast organised military forces and armaments sufficient for mobilising several million men. The Germans have refused to disarm and have hidden vast quantities of weapons and of ammunition which are primarily for internal and only secondarily for external use. The reactionaries wish to destroy the democracy by means of a civil war, and the democrats, and especially the Minority Socialists, are equally determined not to be slaughtered by their enemies, but to exterminate the reactionaries, should the Kapp attempt be followed by a counter-revolution on a larger scale. While many German reactionaries talk hopefully of shooting the pestilential Socialists, many Socialists, equally hopefully look forward to the day when they can revenge the murder of their leaders, Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Eisner, Haase, and others, and establish a true democracy in Germany.

The supporters of the old *régime* have opposed the disarmament of Germany and have declared that such a step would inevitably be followed by the rise of Bolshevism. Civil war in Germany seems very possible and seems, indeed, very probable. At the recent elections the Moderate Parties, the Majority Socialists and the Democrats, lost a great deal of ground to the extremists, to the Conservative reactionaries on the one hand, and to the revolutionary Socialists on the other. Circumstances seem, therefore, to point to a collision between the two. However, their armed encounter could scarcely lead to the Russification of Germany. The Russian masses were starving and propertyless. They had nothing to lose by a policy of blind destruction. On the other hand, property is widely distributed in Germany.

Millions of prosperous peasants possess freehold farms and houses, and millions of town dwellers own the houses they live in. A true proletariat is to be found only in certain narrow districts, such as the Rhenish-Westphalian coal field, where, indeed, Bolshevism has a considerable hold upon the workers. However, the majority of the workers are thrifty and possess some property. Before the war the German Savings Bank alone contained more than £1,000,000,000 in deposits, the bulk of which belonged to the working masses. The argument that Germany may fall a prey to Bolshevism has confessedly been used by leading German reactionaries for the purpose of frightening the Powers of the Entente.

J. ELLIS BARKER.

THE GREAT SIEGE: BRITISH LABOUR AND BOLSHEVISM.

No movement in modern times has been initiated with more psychological insight, political skill, and plodding patience than the agitation for nationalising the coal mines, making a levy on capital, and advancing wages beyond the economic level; and there is evidence that neither Ministers, employers, the mass of hard-headed workers, nor the country generally are yet conscious of the character of the siege operation now in progress, which, unless it is arrested, will bring down in ruins about our ears the whole political, economic, and social world with which we are familiar.

It is a cardinal error to conclude that, because some of the Labour leaders express moderate views, there is little danger. These men constitute merely a few of the figureheads of Trade Unionism, which, from an industrial movement, is becoming a great fighting, political organisation, with funds amounting to several millions sterling at its disposal, apart from the share and loan capital of the industrial co-operative societies exceeding £74,000,000,¹ which it is hoped eventually to capture, as the proceedings at the Co-operative Congress last spring revealed. The movement for nationalising the mines and making a levy on capital is not being engineered by working-men leaders, most of whom have had few advantages of education. Behind the Labour leaders, the moderate men as well as the extremists, are visionaries with trained brains and organising craft who realise that the apparent confusion in the ranks of the Labour Party, with its forward and moderate wings, assists in diverting attention from the significance of the main campaign, which goes steadily forward. The greater the outward appearance of division the better, it is urged, because thus the strength and cohesion of the movement is concealed, and there are effective means of whipping in the stragglers, inclined towards moderation, when they threaten to become troublesome.

Is it imagined that any leaders of the Labour Party with whose speeches, reported in the newspapers from day to day, the nation is familiar, were responsible for the long and skilfully-worded pamphlet, "Labour and the New Social Order," which is the new testament of the Labour Party? Did any of them write those well-rounded phrases in which the crudest revolutionary ideas are cleverly hidden? Is it merely an indica-

(1) *The Labour Year-Book*, 1919.

tion of Trade Union solidarity that general support should have been given to the demand of the Miners' Federation for the nationalisation of the coal mines, in spite of the urgent need of other workers than miners for cheap coal for factory and home? Has the cry for a capital levy been wrung from the workers themselves by any sense of injustice in the distribution of wealth at a time when they are making incomes—real incomes—beyond the wildest dreams of their fathers, as attested by the high level of home consumption of all kinds of goods? Are the repeated demands for higher wages prompted merely by a desire to keep pace with the increased cost of living, since the wage-earners are the principal consumers as well as producers? There is ample evidence to suggest that behind these and other manifestations of "the awakening of the proletariat" there are able men, as well as women, of whom little or nothing is heard, but who are conducting the siege of society after the manner known to soldiers. They are working by means of "parallels," which are the trenches drawn by besiegers in a generally parallel direction to the front of the fortress chosen for attack. These parallels are being employed along with "zigzag approaches" in the "frontal attack," or siege proper, on our well-established, healthy and prosperous society. They are traced in short zigzag lengths (the prolongation of each length falling clear of the hostile works), in order to avoid enfilade; but the obliquity is, of course, made as slight as is consistent with due protection in order to save time and labour. The engineers of the Socialist clique are now busy planning zigzags to be dug to the rear (when necessary) to give sheltered access to the parallel, and from this new zigzags will be pushed out towards the defenders, to be connected by a 'second parallel,' and so on until finally a parallel can be made sufficiently close to the fortress to permit of an assault over the open, the parallels becoming stronger and more solid as they approach to closer range.¹ The siege operations on our industrial, economic, and social systems are being assisted by persons of education, but no practical knowledge of trade, commerce, or statecraft, whose names may be found in the lists of the staffs of the School of Economics and some of the provincial universities, of the Consumers' Council under the Ministry of Food, as well as the Central Labour College, Ruskin College, Oxford, the Fabian Society, and other organisations, far too numerous to be mentioned here, which are all more or less directly concerned in preparing the way for "The New Social Order," representing the new world in which the manual worker will reign supreme.

What is the case as presented in the pamphlet, "Labour and

(1) *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xx., p. 762.

the New Social Order," which was foisted upon the Labour Party in 1918 by the little clique of superficially clever persons who are really responsible for the siege which is now in progress?¹ In this new testament of British Labour, to which even the most moderate leaders of the Labour Party have been led to subscribe, revolutionary doctrines are carefully concealed in complacent and more or less innocent phrases. It is announced :—

"We need to beware of patchwork. The view of the Labour Party is that what has to be reconstructed after the war is not this or that Government Department, or this or that piece of social machinery, but, so far as Britain is concerned, society itself. The individual worker, or for that matter the individual statesman, immersed in daily routine—like the individual soldier in a battle—easily fails to understand the magnitude and far-reaching importance of what is taking place around him. How does it fit together as a whole? How does it look from a distance? Count Okuma, one of the oldest, most experienced and ablest of the statesmen of Japan, watching the present conflict from the other side of the globe, declares it to be nothing less than the death of European civilisation. Just as in the past the civilisations of Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Carthage, and the great Roman Empire have been successively destroyed, so, in the judgment of this detached observer, the civilisation of all Europe is even now receiving its death-blow.

"We of the Labour Party can so far agree in this estimate as to recognise, in the present world catastrophe, if not the death, in Europe, of civilisation itself, at any rate the culmination and collapse of a distinctive industrial civilisation, which the workers will not seek to reconstruct. At such times of crisis, it is easier to slip into ruin than to progress into higher forms of organisation. That is the problem as it presents itself to the Labour Party to-day."

So much for the general statement of the position, for which none of the Labour Party leaders whom the nation knows was, it may be conjectured, in any way responsible. The authors of this funeral oration over the ruins of what they claim to be a dead civilisation then proceed to explain exactly what are their aims :—

"The individualist system of capitalist production, based on the private ownership and competitive administration of land and capital, which has in the past couple of centuries become the dominant form, with its reckless 'profiteering' and wage slavery; with its glorification of the unhampered struggle for the means of life and its hypocritical pretence of the 'survival of the fittest'; with the monstrous inequality of circumstance which it produces and the degradation and brutalisation, both moral and spiritual, resulting therefrom, may, we hope, indeed have received a death-blow. With it must go the political system and ideas in which it naturally found expression.

(1) It was announced that "the report on the General Policy of the Labour Party on 'Reconstruction,' prepared by a Sub-Committee of the Executive and submitted to the Annual Conference in January, 1918, was specifically referred to the constituent organisations for discussion and submission to the Party Conference in June, 1918, when it was amended and ordered to be issued in its revised form as the programme of the Party."

"We of the Labour Party, whether in opposition or in due time called upon to form an Administration, will certainly lend no hand to its revival. . . . We do not, of course, pretend that it is possible, even after the drastic clearing away that is now going on, to build society anew in a year or two of feverish 'reconstruction.' What the Labour Party intends to satisfy itself about is that each brick that it helps to lay shall go to erect the structure that it intends, and no other."

No apology is necessary for quoting at what may seem unnecessary length from this pamphlet, because it has hitherto attracted little attention among those most directly concerned. It represents a declaration of war on the whole political, economic, and industrial organisations of this country, which have made it the exemplar of the world in ordered government—"government of the people, by the people, for the people"; in sane finance based on ability to pay as exemplified in the light direct imposts on goods consumed and the heavy burdens placed on income and capital by means of graduated income tax, super tax, and death duties; and in the conditions of labour for manual workers of all classes, affecting the standards of both hours and wages, which are far in advance of anything to be found in any other country, the working classes incidentally receiving free education, subsidised medical attendance, and, when age is advancing, old age pensions, about to be supplemented by unemployment allowances, also subsidised by the State.

The authors of "The New Social Order" state—and the Labour Party has agreed—that their aim is to pull down the "pillars" on which society has hitherto rested, and to erect in their place four other "pillars"—(a) the enforcement of the National minimum; (b) the Democratic control of industry, including insurance and banking, as well as railways and shipping; (c) a revolution in National Finance; and (d) the distribution of surplus wealth "for the common good." As to the first, we are told—as though this country were self-dependent and self-sustaining, with no concern with foreign trade, the working conditions in other countries, or the periodical depressions which pass over the world—that:—

"The first principle of the Labour Party—in significant contrast with those of the Capitalist System, whether expressed by the Liberal or by the Conservative Party—is the securing to every member of the community, in good times and bad alike (and not only to the strong and able, the well-born or the fortunate) of all the requisites of healthy life and worthy citizenship. . . .

"It has always been a fundamental principle of the Labour Party (a point on which, singularly enough, it has not been followed by either of the other political parties) that, in a modern industrial community, it is one of the foremost obligations of the Government to find, for every willing worker, whether by hand or by brain, productive work at Standard Rates. . . .

"In so far as the Government fails to prevent unemployment—whenever it finds it impossible to discover for any willing worker, man or woman, a suitable situation at the Standard Rate—the Labour Party holds that the Government must, in the interest of the community as a whole, provide him or her with adequate maintenance, either with such arrangements for honourable employment or with such useful training as may be found practicable, according to age, health and previous occupation."

This is the first "pillar"; and the second—the democratic control of industry—is described with no less lucidity and frankness, the language, it will be seen, not being that usually used by the members of the Labour Party. After a declaration against compulsory military service—urging, in opposition to Lenin and his associates in Soviet Russia, that "the first condition of Democracy is effective personal liberty"—and demands for adult suffrage and "Home Rule all round"—the new gossellers proclaim, with the courage of ignorance, that "the Labour Party insists on democracy in industry (including insurance and banking) as well as in government":—

"It demands the progressive elimination from the control of industry of the private capitalist, individual or joint-stock, and the setting free of all who work, whether by hand or by brain, for the service of the community, and of the community only."

"The Labour Party stands not merely for the principle of the Common Ownership of the nation's land, to be applied as suitable opportunities occur, but also, specifically, for the immediate Nationalisation of Railways, Mines and the production of Electrical Power."

"Hence the Labour Party stands, unhesitatingly, for the National Ownership and Administration of the Railways and Canals, and their union, along with Harbours and Roads, and the Posts and Telegraphs—not to say also the great lines of steamers which could at once be owned, if not immediately directly managed in detail by the Government—in a united national service of Communication and Transport: to be worked unhampered by the capitalistic, private, or purely local interests (and with a steadily increasing participation of the organised workers in the management, both central and local) exclusively for the common good."

After references to the State control of the drink trade, attention is turned to "Local Government," with payment of the members of public bodies as well as travelling expenses, and to "agriculture and local life." Then the authors of "The New Social Order," with a courage based on ignorance of the world-wide ramifications of British credit and trade, deal with "A Revolution in Finance":—

"For the raising of the greater part of the revenue now required the

(1) How this principle applies to ex-sailors and ex-soldiers is not explained—a matter to which Earl Haig, Lord Methuen and Lord Rawlinson have directed attention.

(2) The virtue of the socialisation of industry is, presumably, illustrated in every Post Office, in the Labour Exchanges, in the Telephone service and in every Government office where the workers, with altruistic devotion, labour for the community and not for the profit of the individual.

Labour Party looks to the direct taxation of the incomes above the necessary cost of family maintenance; and for the requisite effort to pay off the National Debt, to the direct taxation of private fortunes both during life and at death. . . .

"It would involve the raising of the present unduly low minimum incomes assessable to the tax, and the lightening of the present unfair burden on the great mass of professional and small trading classes by a new scale of graduation, rising from a penny in the pound on the smallest assessable income up to sixteen or even nineteen shillings in the pound on the highest income of the millionaire. . . . We need, in fact, completely to reverse our point of view, and to rearrange the whole taxation of inheritance from the standpoint of asking what is the maximum amount that any rich man should be permitted at death to divert, by his will, from the National Exchequer, which should normally be the heir to all private riches in excess of a quite moderate amount by way of family provision.

"But this will not suffice. It will be imperative at the earliest possible moment to free the nation from at any rate the greater part of its new load of interest-bearing debt for loans which ought to have been levied as taxation; and the Labour Party stands for what is called the 'Conscription of Wealth'—that is to say, for a special Capital Levy to pay off, if not the whole, a very substantial part of the entire National Debt—a Capital Levy chargeable like the Death Duties on all property, but (in order to secure approximate equality of sacrifice) with exemption of the smallest savings (say, up to £1,000), and for the rest at rates very steeply graduated, so as to take only a small contribution from the little people and a very much larger percentage from the millionaires."

That is the programme of a little coterie of wreckers which the Labour Party has adopted, and it is only in the knowledge of the "pillars" of "The New Social Order" that the significance of the demands for a "Capital Levy" on the one hand, and "Mines Nationalisation" on the other, can be understood, and that we can appreciate the successive demands for higher wages, irrespective of the ability of the industries to bear them. A capital levy is intended to extinguish, by stages, all accumulated funds of industry and thrift, one levy after another being made. The nationalisation of the mines, since coal is the motive power of all industry, as well as of transport by land and sea, is regarded as the first step to the nationalisation of every trade. For, once the Miners' Federation were in control of the coal measures of the country—which is the real end in view—the miners could, by threatening words and menacing acts or a policy of "down tools," subordinate the whole industry of the country, as well as the railways and shipping, and force a general policy of nationalisation on the community, refusing supplies to all who oppose their will. The encouragement of large classes of workers to demand uneconomic wages is intended to render it impossible for private firms to continue, and then the demand will be made that the State must step in. The whole campaign, it is evident, has been

carefully thought out, and we are confronted by what is, in fact, a great siege operation, the demand for nationalisation of mines, the insistence on a capital levy, and the agitation for uneconomic wages being the "parallels" known to the engineer skilled in siege craft.

It is, perhaps, no matter of surprise that the architects of "The New Social Order" should have succeeded in imposing their programme on the moderate leaders of Labour, whose claim is that, owing to the defects of our educational system, their minds are more or less untrained. But it is surprising that neither Ministers, the captains of our great industries, nor the brain-workers of the country have recognised the character of the movement. No sooner was the cry for the nationalisation of the mines raised than the Government, unconscious of the trap into which it was being led, agreed to set up the Sankey Commission on the Coal Industry, which, in view of the large representation of the miners by the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of the Miners' Federation, reinforced by Sir Leo Chiozza Money and Mr. Sidney Webb—the inevitable Mr. Sidney Webb—can hardly have been looked upon as an impartial body. When, as might have been expected, the majority reported in favour of the concession, in principle, of nationalisation, the Government seemed inclined, despite the influence which such a step would have had on the future of every industry, to toy with the question, and, only after a good deal of delay, declared against the proposal. Whether, even when this policy was decided upon, Ministers had come to realise the character of the wide-sweeping scheme, involving eventually the nationalisation of all industries dependent upon coal, is uncertain; but, at any rate, they did at last announce that they would have nothing to do with the nationalisation of the coal mines. It is now apparent that the nationalisation of coal was to be the thin end of the wedge, and once the thin end had been inserted it was thought that it would be a comparatively simple matter to drive it in, thus in a few years fulfilling the aims of those who are working to "socialise" all industry.

The experience was much the same when pressure was exerted on the Government in favour of some form of capital levy. There was a curious blindness to the far-reaching character of the proposal. For, once that levy had been made and a precedent created, what more simple than to go on making levies, a specious excuse being advanced at each stage? What was the attitude of the Government when it was insinuated—who was really responsible for the variation of the demand so as to enlist a measure of popular support?—that at least there should be a levy on war wealth? Everyone, it was assumed, would want to get

at the money of the "profiteers." In financial matters the Chancellor of the Exchequer expresses the views of the Government, and, on May 12th, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in the innocence of a neophyte, declared that: "I view with favour the proposed tax on war wealth." A committee of inquiry was forthwith set up, a great many witnesses were examined, elaborate schemes were brought forward by the Board of Inland Revenue—at the instigation, it has been said, of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the Committee drew up a colourless report, in spite of pressure exerted upon it, and then Mr. Chamberlain announced that he had never favoured a levy on war wealth and that the Government would have nothing to do with the proposal.

In connection with the railways, the experience was, again, the same. An outcry was made that the railways were bankrupt; misleading figures were prepared to frighten the country; a scheme of control was suggested; then Mr. Winston Churchill announced that the railways would be nationalised; and finally "a grandiose policy" was announced, and the Ministry of Transport was constituted with an enormous and costly staff under Sir Eric Geddes. The House of Commons, forgetting that, on the eve of the war, we possessed the most efficient railway system in the world, proved amenable to flamboyant speeches; and, now that nationalisation has been abandoned under the pressure of public opinion, the country is saddled with a new Ministry without duties which can justify its existence.

In reference to the wage movement, much the same blindness has occurred. Demand after demand has been made, the Government, very amenable to pressure by Labour, has intervened, and whether, as in some cases, an attempt by the Trade Unions to justify the demand has been made, or whether, as in others, including the later agitations of the miners and railwaymen, no justification has been attempted, all or most of the demands have been conceded, until many industries have been rendered unstable and must go under when a wave of depression occurs, the foreigner reaping the benefit.

Such incidents, marked by indecision on the part of those who should lead the country, are not only in themselves deplorable, but they undermine the confidence which lies at the foundation of credit in this country and abroad, on which in the last analysis employment depends; discourage the adventuring of capital in starting new enterprises and developing old ones; make those responsible for the conduct of industry nervous in conducting their day-by-day affairs; and interfere generally with the process of national resettlement. For what is our situation now that active hostilities have ended for a matter of nearly two years?

The country is in much the condition of a patient who has suffered from a long and exhausting illness; the patient, physically weak and, probably, with nerves shaken, is fortunate in that his doctor orders him a period of convalescence in order that he may recuperate his strength. In our case as a nation, there was no interval between the close of the war and the insistent demands of peace. The turnover from war to peace had to be made at once, for our own needs and the needs of the world, worn out by four and a half years of devastating war, had to be supplied without delay. The one condition essential to a rapid recovery was stability. The architects of "The New Social Order" had laid their plans some months before the signing of the Armistice, and they immediately began to put them into operation. The community generally was distressed in mind and body and confused, and for a time the revolutionaries, with a General Staff in the background directing operations, worked without meeting with serious opposition. The result was that capital became cautious, the leaders of industry were afraid of moving, and the work of making good the arrears of development in all our industries which had accumulated since August, 1914, was arrested.

Those who should have been foremost in defending the nation against the siege craft of the men behind the figureheads of the Labour Party failed to recognise the real significance either of the claim for coal nationalisation, or the demand for some form of capital levy, or the agitation for wages above the economic level. On the one hand, there was a well-organised movement on the part of a small clique who had captured the Labour Party, and, on the other, the leaders in finance, insurance, and industry generally evinced little or no concern because, after all, it was only coal that was being attacked, only the war fortunes which were to be confiscated, in part or in whole, and only a few industries which were being bled white by the wage demands. That phase of disorganisation and indifference is fortunately passing, but it is doubtful if even those who recognise the insidious character of the campaign of the authors of "The New Social Order" have yet realised the close parallel which exists between that programme and the tenets which have brought Russia to ruin.

The Socialists who put forward this "New Social Order" would no doubt protest that they and the Bolsheviks are as the poles asunder. The theories of the latter may with enlightenment be compared with those to which the Labour Party has given its adhesion. The Bolsheviks had recourse to repression by force of all opposition in order to introduce their principles, but the moderate elements among the British Labour leaders still proclaim,

in opposition to the dictators of Soviet Russia, their devotion to freedom of speech, freedom of meeting, freedom of labour, and freedom of the Press. For the rest, contrast with the guarded phrases in "The New Social Order" the statement of the aims of the Bolsheviks in the proclamation calling the first Congress of the Communist International:—

"The present is the period of destruction and crushing of the capitalistic system of the whole world, and it will be a catastrophe for the whole European culture, should capitalism with all its insoluble contradictions not be done away with.

"The aim of the proletariat must now be immediately to conquer power. To conquer power means to destroy the governmental apparatus of the bourgeoisie and to organise a new proletarian governmental apparatus."

After a paragraph defining in florid terms "the new apparatus of the Government" expressing "the dictatorship of the working class," the Bolsheviks continued:—

"The dictatorship of the proletariat must be the occasion for the immediate expropriation of capital and the elimination of the private right of owning the means of production, through making them common public property. The socialisation (meaning doing away with private property and making it the property of the proletarian state, which is managed by the workers on a socialistic basis) of the large-scale industries and the central bodies organised by the same, including the banks, the confiscation of the capitalistic agricultural production, the monopolisation of large-scale commerce, the socialisation of the large buildings in the towns and in the country; the establishment of a workmen's government and the concentration of the economic functions in the hands of the organs of the proletarian dictatorship—are the most essential aims of the day."

What is the difference between the programme of the Bolsheviks and that of the "New Social Order," to which the Labour Party in this country has given its adhesion? It is apparent that the aims of Russian Bolshevism and British Labour are much the same. The similarity does not, however, end there. Both represent minorities in the community. The Labour Party in the United Kingdom, like the Bolsheviks of Soviet Russia, are really only a comparatively small section of the nation, but a very compact and highly organised minority in which the tail wags the head. How, then, are the leaders of the advanced wing of Labour in this "benighted country," as the Prime Minister ironically described it, to make their will prevail? So far, the nation has obtained little conception of the strength and vitality of the forces which lie behind "The New Social Order," supreme among which is the Trade Union Congress, blind as to the precipice towards which it is being pushed by the revolutionaries. "With an affiliated membership of somewhere about four and a half millions, the Trade Union Congress," it is claimed,¹ "is in a position to

force the issue in the above questions." Is it true that a body representing about four and a half million people can, without recourse to violence, coerce a Parliament elected by a nation of about twenty-one million electors? That is the repeated assertion, and confidence in the complete success of the present siege operations encourages the architects of "The New Social Order." It is on the basis of the close organisation of all Trade Unions, and the suppression of the opinions of the quieter and wiser elements in the Labour movement generally—Mr. Clynes and other leaders have been shouted down—that those who are responsible for "The New Social Order" count in conducting their attack on the community generally. They realise, what indeed is apparent, that, on matters of political principle; as well as industrial welfare and social order, no mean portion of the electorate is lethargic; a large percentage of the voters did not trouble to exercise the franchise at the General Election in December, 1918, when the future policy of this country on the morrow of the war was the commanding issue.¹ The Socialists, dominating organised Labour, place their hopes, first, on those sections of the electorate who abstain from voting, sneering at what they describe as "politicians," as though "politicians" were not essential in every country with any form of parliamentary government; and, secondly, on the want of cohesion among those who are opposed to Socialism and blindly maintain their separate and unco-ordinated organisations. It is a common error to assume that the majority must rule: as Soviet Russia illustrates and as the authors of "The New Social Order" believe, a compact and well-organised minority can seize and retain power.

As has been suggested, there is a close similarity between the theories embodied in "The New Social Order" and the principles preached by Lenin and his associates. If the Trade Union Congress is unable to force the issue by peaceful means, then apparently an attempt will be made in this country to carry out a revolution, possibly by means of the "general strike" weapon, as a considerable section of the members of the Miners' Federation advocate, or, failing that, in spite of the recent vote of the Labour Party Conference at Scarborough, by recourse to violence; it is no great way from violence of words to violence of acts. Even in these early days of the siege, it is affirmed that "Parliamentary government, which is necessarily based upon a general acceptance of the main lines of the organisation of society, is clearly passing," and that "to it is succeeding a new phase, the struggle

(1) "Of the present electorate—increased from 8 500,000 to 21,000,000 in 1918—not more than half recorded their votes. This solid mass consists, in the main, of people of moderate views, for the extremists on both sides always vote."—Lieut.-Col. Archer-Shee, *House of Commons*, June 23, 1920.

for power between the military and the workers." "To that again," it is said, "before settled convictions can supervene, must succeed a period of dictatorship—dictatorship of the proletariat or a dictatorship of the generals." This, it is confessed, is "to many people an unpleasant prospect," but not to the forward wing of the Labour Party, who delight in "facing unpleasant realities."¹ That is the policy of Bolshevism which has ruined Soviet Russia, and in view of such declarations it is well not to attach too great importance to the vote of the Labour Party Conference against joining the Moscow International. The differences between the Bolshevik leaders and the forward wing of the British Labour Party are, at most, differences of method and not of aim, and in imaginable circumstances the differences of method might be composed.

Have the bloodthirsty visionaries within the Labour Party, or the mild-mannered but revolutionary Socialists who were responsible for "The New Social Order" noticed that there is a marked difference between the economic conditions in these islands and those which existed in Russia when the Bolsheviks seized power by rapine and murder on a wholesale scale? The Russian Empire was not merely self-supporting, but it produced under the Tsarist system a vast surplus of food for exchange with other countries for manufactures. It cannot be honestly suggested that the blockade arrested the production of food and caused the breakdown of transport, but, nevertheless, Soviet Russia is slowly starving to death. As one of the British refugees—a resident in Russia for thirteen years—has stated: "It is childish to persist in saying that our blockade has caused starvation and fuel famine in Russia. These are due to the general stagnation which has followed the suppression of private enterprise, or, in other words, the extreme policy of nationalisation." He has reminded us: "I am one of about a thousand refugees, yet I have not found one among us to speak in favour of Bolshevism. None of us are, few of us ever were, capitalists, but the majority are plain working men and women. We stayed on in Russia to see what Bolshevism would give humanity; many of us were Socialists. Now we have fled the scourge, and are happy to be here, destitute but free." That is a picture of the fruits of Bolshevism in a country which seven years ago was producing more grain than it could consume, to the extent of 589,900,000 pounds, besides exporting vast quantities of timber, naphtha, flax, oil cakes, furs, leather, hemp, wool, and ores, of a total value of 550,223,000 roubles.

(1) *Daily Herald*, June 11, 1920, which is supported out of the funds of many Trade Unions.

Our economic equilibrium is very different from that of Russia in 1913. We live in an island, and a small island at that. Where in the days of Queen Elizabeth a population of 5,000,000 persons supported itself on a low level of comfort, we now exist to the number of 47,000,000; we obtain four-fifths of our food and most of the raw materials for our factories from other countries, offering in payment coal¹ and manufactured goods. More than half our population exists on foreign trade, and practically all the food of everyone has to be brought overseas, and brought in ships. That is the delicate poise of economic factors in the United Kingdom, its stability depending on the maintenance of British credit throughout the world. The authors of "The New Social Order," ignoring the essential factors of industry, commerce, and transportation, have set out to break down the existing order on which life itself depends, and if fair arguments and the arts of siege do not succeed, then we are told, in other quarters, that we must be prepared for a revolution, succeeded by a dictatorship, when the streets of our towns and villages will run with blood, the workers submitting, as in Russia, to a system of compulsory labour, and freedom of speech, public meeting, and the Press being presumably denied, of course for "the common good."

If the workers of this country realised the path along which they are being led, we should have little to fear, for British common sense is not confined to one class. But they are necessarily in ignorance, as the proceedings of successive Trade Union Congresses reveal, of the dangers associated with the "New Social Order." How can they learn the truth? What do they read, apart from Sunday newspapers which amuse, but do not profess to instruct them? There are upwards of seventy weekly or monthly or quarterly publications, either Labour or Socialist, which are devoted to preaching the new gospel, and, in addition, there are about forty Trade Union journals, many of which have been enlisted in the same cause. A great variety of organisations of one kind and another are engaged in propaganda on behalf of the "New Social Order" by public meetings or pamphlets or cinema films. *In its widespread ramifications this movement ignores the fundamental economic factors, and the workers must inevitably conclude that their prosperity depends on supplying the home market.* What do they know

(1) If the miners, under State control and therefore working for "the common good," with a strict limitation of the profits of the investors in the collieries to the 1913 level plus 10 per cent.—profits which have a spending value to-day less than half that of 1913—were producing coal at the same rate as seven years ago our coal exports this year would increase our wages fund by £150,000,000 to £200,000,000.

of the importance of foreign trade to them as manual workers as well as to millions of brain-workers? How can they appreciate the value to them of our "invisible exports" in the form of shipping freights, and insurance and banking services abroad, and the dividends on investments made in the Dominions and foreign countries? Who reminds the individual worker of the influence on himself or his fellows of our trade in foreign markets—mainly manufactured or semi-manufactured goods? Last year's exports, in spite of the influence of the war and the crippling of our coal export trade, reached a total of £798,372,971, and the re-exports of foreign and colonial merchandise represented a further sum of £164,321,940? Does he realise that those exports and re-exports assist in paying his wages, and that under "socialised industrialism" they would decline, if not entirely cease? What does he know of the "invisible exports," which also go to the payment of his wages? It is calculated that last year they amounted to £520,000,000 and that in the present year they will probably attain a total of £640,000,000. Who tells him that exports pay for his food and clothing, and that "invisible exports" help to keep down the burden of the family budget? You may read the literature of the "New Social Order" in vain for any such revelations as these, and yet these factors lie at the very basis of the high standard of comfort which the workers in this over-crowded country enjoy. *Everything depends on efficiency of service to foreign nations—service of commerce, shipping, and capital—and under any system which eliminates competition and the natural desire for gain, which is common to all classes and to humanity at large, efficiency would be replaced by inefficiency, with the result that at least half the population would be unemployed, and the United Kingdom, far more speedily than Soviet Russia with its vast resources, brought to penury, suffering, and actual starvation.*

The urgent need of the moment is that the people of this country, irrespective of class—the brain-workers as well as the manual workers—should be reminded of our absolute dependence on the services which we render to other countries in return for the food and raw materials with which they supply us. We cannot live unto ourselves, but must rely, in an ever-increasing degree as the number of mouths to be fed grows, on our ability to produce what other nations require. Is it imagined that we could do that if capital, which provides the buildings and plants for our factories, and bridges the interval between the making and

(1) Capital is accumulated wealth, the result of industry and thrift—in other words, exceptional energy in income producing and self-denial in income spending. Most of the capitalists of to-day are men of unusual powers as organisers who either came out of poor homes or are the grandsons of poor men.

selling of the goods, often a matter of months, were taxed out of existence ; if the great commercial and industrial captains, with their inherited traditions, cultivated aptitudes, and wide experience, were deposed ; if the experts in manufacture and trading, shipping, banking and insurance, with their competent knowledge, were superseded and controlled by some "democratised" bureaucracy ? The theories of the "New Social Order" are not merely chimerical, but perilous in their influence, and it is only necessary for the commanding factors in our economic situation to be presented fearlessly to the mass of the workers, men and women of sound common sense, to bring them to a realisation of the concentrated folly which is compressed into the programme to which the Labour Party, however unwittingly, has committed itself.

The whole programme, like the theories of the Bolsheviks, is based upon the glorification of the manual worker. Everyone who studies British industry, whether from the bench in the factory, the desk in the office, or the wharf by the waterside, is forced to recognise that labour is only one of the constituents of industry and commerce, and that not the most important in an island State with a delicate economic equipoise. Capital and brains must be co-partners with labour, and any denial of their part in industry and commerce, any revolt against the superior brain equipment which finds employment for labour in our foreign trade, and the fructifying influence of capital which pays labour's wages, must result in more speedy ruin overtaking an island people such as ourselves than has been the case in Soviet Russia, formerly independent, to a large extent, of outside sources of supply. As the Bolsheviks have found to their cost, after deposing the "capitalist," throwing into prison the expert, and undermining the necessary discipline of civil life, capital resembles the ice which the child grasps in its hot hand ; it dissolves under the pressure of revolution ; and with the suppression of the experienced organiser and trained expert industry languishes : the freedom of the worker becomes the anarchy of licence, arresting production and bringing suffering and starvation inevitably in its train.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

DISRAELI'S TRIPLE CROWN.

MR. BUCKLE has been supremely fortunate in the materials placed at his disposal. Many biographies are interesting because the subject characters, not in themselves interesting, have been connected with important events. Neither the first Lord Guilford nor Dudley North was an attractive person ; but they played leading parts in the reigns of the last Stuarts, and the quaintness of their brother Roger's recital of their virtues is amusing. The second Pitt was so formal and reserved that it is impossible to care much about his private life, enthusiastically as one follows the story of his public career. Johnson, on the other hand, was never connected with any transaction more important than the sale of Thrale's brewery ; yet one dotes on his letters, his talk, the habits of his life, because Boswell has stamped an original individuality on our attention. Lockhart has done something of the kind for Scott : and Trevelyan has invested Macaulay's second-rate political career with the charm of a first-rate man of letters. In Disraeli Mr. Buckle had the handling of the rarest of combinations, that of an original, detached personality, of exotic origin, with a leading participation in the political events of half a century. Mr. Buckle has made the most of an opportunity, which none will grudge him. I doubt whether anyone could have done the work better. After Lord Rowton's death there was much talk of the application by the Rothschilds to various prominent men, the late George Wyndham, Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, to write the life. Had some famous politician undertaken the task, we should probably have had less of Disraeli and more of the editor. Mr. Buckle's training as editor of *The Times* has taught him the difficult duty of self-effacement, perhaps the greatest merit of a biographer. Mr. Buckle gives us just the right amount of explanation and introduction to enable his readers to understand what the play is about ; and having done so he lets his actors speak for themselves. He sides with his hero, naturally, and defends him from attack. But there is no violent partisan wrangling. It is, of course, impossible that a *Life* in six volumes can ever become popular, or read by "the general." Mr. Buckle has written an historical work of reference, out of which a shorter story might be cut. Literary men sneer at abridgments ; they forget how books go on multiplying, while life grows no longer ; the reading hours seem to grow fewer, owing to the multiplication of mental and physical activity by telephones and motors. In my humble opinion, all the historians—Gibbon, Clarendon, Macaulay,

Carlyle, Froude—might be abridged with great advantage. It is better to read selections from these classics than not to read them at all. And assuredly in their present bulk they will be less and less read by the impatient rising generation. The six Disraeli volumes might, I think, be reduced to three, or even two, without damaging the portrait of one of the greatest men who ever lived.

Disraeli had three kingdoms; not three tails like Johnson's Duchess, nor three hats like the humbler of his tribe, but three realms where his sovereignty was acknowledged at one and the same time. Has there ever lived, at any time, in any country, a man who was hailed as monarch in three provinces at once, namely, (1) the province of romance, (2) the province of London society, (3) the province of Parliament? For a fleeting hour in his troubled life Sheridan came near it, when Byron said that he had written the best comedy, made the best speech, and was the most popular diner-out in London. But Sheridan's triumph was quickly extinguished, and of it next to nothing remains.

1. Taking the whole empire of literature in the last half of the nineteenth century it would be absurd to claim for Disraeli the position of sovereign. His competitors, even in fiction, were Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, Trollope, George Eliot, Surtees, Whyte Melville. But in the *enclave* of political romance Disraeli is without a rival. His style is never feeble or commonplace, but it is not always correct, and is sometimes cumbrous; there is an "and which" on every other page, allowed by Mr. Saintsbury alone amongst critics. But he is simply the only writer who has succeeded with the political novel. John Oliver Hobbes tried it in *Robert Orange*, and failed; Trollope and Meredith tried it and failed woefully; George Eliot tried it, and came nearer success. All these great novelists could paint the outside of politics well enough, a contested election, for instance, because they had seen it. But the inside of politics, the House of Commons, and the intrigues of the great political persons, they could not write about, because they did not know more than they read in the newspapers or heard from fourth-hand gossip. Not only was Disraeli the first Prime Minister who wrote political novels, but his literary gift of presenting what he observed was of the rarest kind. Nothing that Gladstone wrote was literature; everything that Disraeli wrote was distinguished by a literary hall-mark peculiarly his own. Bagehot was not a friendly critic, and said many hard and unjust things of the Tory leader. But he records his judgment that "Mr. Disraeli is one of the most observant students of human life in England," and adds, "whether in fiction or in debate, there are few who have drawn so many true and subtle sketches of those whom they have actually seen and known."

The famous trilogy, *Coningsby*, *Sibyl*, and *Tancred*, was written between 1840 and 1846, and though that was Disraeli's intellectual meridian, and there is more grip and passion about these earlier novels than in *Lothair* and *Endymion*, the two last have a mellow wisdom and a terrible knowledge that can only come from life at the centre. Disraeli in 1867 had persuaded his Tory squires that the working men of the large towns were really Conservatives and might safely be enfranchised, the Queen and Lord Derby aiding and abetting, and Lord Cranborne scornfully breaking away. Gladstone countered with the disestablishment of the Irish Church, reckoning on the votes of the Catholics and the Non-conformists, as James II. did in 1687. Gladstone was more successful than the Stuart king, and Disraeli was turned out of Downing Street. His popularity with his party fell to zero, and there was much talk of finding another leader. Characteristically, Disraeli withdrew to write a novel. The young Marquess of Bute had just gone over to Rome; and "the spirit of equality," as he told the students of Glasgow on a later occasion, "was rising like a moaning wind throughout Europe." Looking round the world of 1869 it struck Disraeli that the death-struggle was between the Clericals and the Anarchists. As Cardinal Grandison was coming out from Mrs. Putney Giles's party in Hyde Park Gardens and stepping into his coach, a man with rings in his ears, standing in the little crowd on the pavement, muttered, "A bas les prêtres!" This exclamation, unintelligible to the populace, was noticed only by the only person who understood it. The Cardinal, astonished at the unusual sound (for hitherto he had always found the outer world of London civil, or at least indifferent), threw his penetrating glance at the passenger, and caught clearly the visage on which the lamplight fully shone. This is the keynote of the book; and here the two enemies are brought face to face—Rome and the Revolution. In the background are the Dukeries, and all the order of settled, sweet English life. One of the most extraordinary features of the novel is the cool, good-humoured, impartiality with which the writer quizzes the three parties. Captain Bruges, the Physical Force party, what to-day would be called the Third International or the Bolsheviks, is gravely revealed in his impotence. Mr. Phœbus, the revolutionary high-brow, the expositor of Aryan ideas, is exquisitely "guyed." But the author's full power of irony is reserved for the scheming Cardinal and the Monsignori. Disraeli said that Newman's secession had dealt the Church of England a blow from which it still reeled. *Lothair* pierced the armour of the Vatican with the rapier of ridicule, and it still smarted from the wound. The only two characters tenderly and respectfully dealt with are, of course, women. Madame Phœbus,

Theodora (the Mary Anne of the secret societies) incarnates the idealism of Revolution, as well as it can be done. Clare Arundel, the innocent decoy of the scheming Cardinals, is beautifully, if lightly, sketched; and Disraeli has succeeded, where Thackeray and Dickens failed, in making a *good* young woman attractive, if not interesting. One loves Clare, even when one yawns a little at her enthusiasm. Finally, to be sure, the dukeries come into their own, for Lothair escapes both Theodora and Clare. Disraeli was very human, though he was perhaps more magnanimous than most politicians. In all his novels he revenges himself on one of his enemies. Croker, Abraham Hayward, Thackeray, Goldwin Smith, and Gladstone were the people he hated. In *Lothair* the Oxford professor, whose information would have made the fortune of a magazine, but who, like most sedentary men, was a social parasite, is modelled on Goldwin Smith.

The General Election of 1880 was a far more bitter defeat to Disraeli than 1868. He recognised it as "the knock-out blow." Not only were the sands of his life running out fast, but it came after the triumph of Berlin; the dictator of Europe was the rejected of Britain. It must be admitted that his sitting down to finish *Endymion* in his seventy-sixth year, after such a blow, and with three such cheerless companions as gout, asthma, and debt, was a wonderful feat of courage and philosophy. He sold *Endymion* to Longmans for £10,000, and Mr. Norton Longman has given Mr. Buckle a very humorous description of Lord Beaconsfield's solemn delivery of the manuscript at Hughenden. As the first sales did not go as well as had been expected, Lord Beaconsfield offered to cancel the bargain. But Messrs. Longmans honourably refused, and it is well to know that in the ensuing spring (1881) they were rewarded. The cheque enabled Lord Beaconsfield to buy the nine years' lease of the fine house in Curzon Street, and so to die with dignity, which should be every man's ambition. Some critic said of *Anne of Geierstein*, Walter Scott's last and unfinished novel, that it "smelt of apoplexy." The expression is coarse; but toning down its terms, it must be said that about *Endymion* there is an aroma of decay. *Endymion* is a nincompoop, whom no amount of feminine influence could ever have hoisted above £2,000 a year in a Government office. His sister, Myra, is a heartless, scheming minx; altogether an odious wench. The other characters are old ones, furbished up, and not improved in the process. Lord Montfort is a pale and benevolent replica of Lord Monmouth; Mr. Neuchatel is a platitudinous Sidonia. It was unfortunate that Thackeray was dead; otherwise St. Barbe would have been an admirable and quite legitimate

revenge for "Codlingsby." The classical portrait is that of the elder Ferrars, the disappointed politician, who committed suicide, "from a lack of imagination." First-rate is the description, redeeming the book from failure, of Canning's death, and the attempt of the Duke of Wellington to meet the storm of the Reform Bill. But after all the same thing is better done in *Coningsby* and *Sibyl*. As letter-writing is a branch of letters, I cannot leave this sketch of Disraeli's literary kingship without a word about his letters. In these volumes the best letters are written to the Queen, and Lady Bradford, with brief notes to Lady Chesterfield. The letters to Queen Victoria are a deft combination of serious business with the compliments of a distant lover to a mistress beyond his reach, and the tact and taste with which the blend is achieved must extort the admiration of all artists. The Queen's answers raise our estimate of her mental calibre, for the common sense and dignity never fail, even when the Sovereign condescends to playful affection. A stout Philistine, an ardent Imperialist, and an invincible optimist, Queen Victoria imprints herself on our allegiance as a typical Englishwoman. I have already expressed my opinion elsewhere that the love-letters to Lady Bradford ought not to have been published. It was a passing folly, the passionate craving of an isolated septuagenarian for the sympathy of a charming woman of the world. Disraeli admitted that he had made himself ridiculous, which alone ought to have secured the suppression of one or two letters. The fever past, the correspondence is a lively and witty chronicle of social and political events of surpassing importance. But Disraeli's really good letters are those he wrote in the heyday of his youth to his sister Sara, between 1830 and 1850, published by Longmans in 1887. They are letters! They have all the freedom, the dash, and the wit of Byron's, with which alone they are comparable. Though not within the scope of the volumes before me, I can't help saying that *Popanilla* and *Ixion*, smothered as they have been by the novels and the Prime Minister's speeches, are satires equal if not superior to *Candide* and *Gulliver's Travels*.

(2) As a personage in society there is a gulf between Disraeli's younger and closing years. When he was one of the stars of the fashionable Bohemian set, in which Lady Blessington, D'Orsay, and Bulwer Lytton were attendant planets, there is contemporary evidence that he "set the table in a roar." He was, of course, insolent, like Sheridan and Wilde, of which one instance shall suffice. "What do you think of this wine, Mr. Disraeli?" queried a vulgar host. Disraeli muttered a conventional compliment. "Ah, but it's nothing to what I've got in my cellar!" Disraeli glanced round the table, and answered, "I daresay; but

this is quite good enough for the *canaille* you have here to-night." In later years, however, Disraeli was silent as a diner-out, partly from sheer exhaustion and partly because he had grown like Julius, "*indocilis privata loqui*"; the very mould of his trivial conversation was imperial. When someone complained of Fox being dull at The Club, Johnson explained, "Fox never talks in private company, not from any determination not to talk, but because he has not the first motion. A man who is used to the applause of the House of Commons has no wish for that of a private company. A man accustomed to throw for a thousand pounds if set down to throw for sixpence would not be at the pains to count his dice." Disraeli was an intellectual Croesus, but, unlike Mr. Pinto, his pocket was not full of sixpences. He considered it his duty as leader of the Tory Party to go round the great houses in the autumn, though he must have been bored to death. What is a man who neither shoots, nor hunts, nor fishes, nor even walks, to do for a week at Longleat or Raby? His wife, who was lively and fond of society, kept him up to it; but after her death in 1873 he struck, and doesn't seem to have gone anywhere but to Hatfield and Woburn, where he had a royal suite at his disposal. Weston, Castle Bromwich, and Bretby were different; he was quite at home there, almost as happy as at Hughenden, though an old and very famous person may have weighed a little on his hosts. A Minister told me that as a boy he was so frightened by an apparition of Methuselah creeping about the shrubbery at Weston that he ran away and hid! But to the pleasure of dining out in London Lord Beaconsfield clung until a few weeks of his death. There is no accounting for tastes; and what amusement an old, sick man can have found in dragging out his weary bones night after night to dinner-tables where he neither ate, drank, nor talked, it is difficult to understand. Fashion, the complexion of good society, the rouge of bad (as Mr. Mallock said), always had a fascination for Disraeli. What he loved was a small dinner at Stafford House, or the Lonsdales, with "Harty-Tarty," Louise (the German Duchess, then at the height of her vogue), Lady Lonsdale, or Lady Dudley, the reigning beauties. Most people will learn with surprise from Disraeli that "Harty-Tarty" (Hartington) was "a clever talker." Lady C., Wilfrid Blunt's Egeria, dismisses Harty-Tarty as "a good fellow, but quite without intellect." Lord Glenesk told me that he was at one of the little Stafford House dinners to the Prince of Wales (King Edward) and Lord Beaconsfield. He said the great man talked a little during dinner, and that in the drawing-room he fell asleep. From these accounts, and some passages in the letters, I doubt whether Lord Beaconsfield liked meeting serious talkers. Indeed, he

mentions a small dinner of politicians at Lord Granville's where he was bored. During the last four of five years of his life, certainly after Berlin, Lord Beaconsfield was in society what our young moderns call "It." No really smart dinner-party was complete without him. That he should have gone on with it is merely one more proof of his inexhaustible vitality and power of will. It is rather pathetic, though, this ruling passion sticking to his last sand; and one can't help thinking of Pope's line,

"Like sober Lanesb'rough dancing in the gout."

(3) Disraeli had been twice Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons for a year, in 1851 and in 1858; he had been Prime Minister for a year (on Lord Derby's retirement in 1867) always in a minority. In 1874 he was at the head of what was thought to be a big majority in those days, viz., 100 over the Liberals and 50 over Liberals and Irish, for there was then no Labour Party. But he was seventy, and thirty-seven years of unceasing combat for a beaten party had used up much of his physical and mental capital. It was the fashion of a certain type of intellectual, Tory, Whig, and Radical, to laugh at Disraeli's Premiership. Bagehot said that "his chaff was exquisite, but his wheat was poor stuff," and declared that he was first-rate as a Leader of Opposition, and "ninth-rate as Prime Minister." Wilfrid Blunt is very merry over his friend Meynell's enthusiasm, and while admitting that "your Dizzy is indeed a creature of lovable qualities," declares that politically he is "a very complete *farceur*." This Ha! ha! line towards Disraeli was started by the Whigs, and Bagehot and Blunt in echoing it merely prove that they did not follow the details of politics. By amending the law relating to combination and conspiracy, Disraeli gave their first charter to the trade unions, whom he brought within the law, but did not place above it, as the Liberals did in 1906. He passed an Act to provide power and funds for artisans' dwellings, and did finally settle the load-line for ships. Undoubtedly he got entangled in two troublesome measures, not worth the trouble they caused, the Royal Titles Act and the Church Worship Regulation Act. The Queen wanted to take the title of Empress of India, and Disraeli agreed with her that it would have a good effect in India. It is difficult to-day to understand the childish and spiteful opposition of the Liberals, but it gave Disraeli the chance of unhorsing Lowe. The Bill "to put down Ritualism" he had better have avoided. It seldom answers to try to put down emotion, particularly religious emotion, by law, and Disraeli did not shine in ecclesiastical controversy. He would have been wiser if he had pursued his quest for "High Church deans who were not damned fools" with Lord Salisbury's assistance, and had allowed

the Ritualists to make the angels weep by their fantastic tricks before high Heaven.

Lord Beaconsfield's reputation as a statesman must stand or fall by his foreign policy in Eastern Europe. In 1875 he bought the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal for £4,000,000, advanced by the Rothschilds, without the authority of Parliament. It was a bold stroke, whether suggested by Greenwood or Rothschild, and was his first move in a policy which had for its basis the proposition that Britain was a great Power in the East with a large number of Mohammedan subjects. In 1876 an insurrection against Turkey broke out in Serbia and Bulgaria, carefully encouraged, if not instigated, by Russian agents. The rebellion was put down with barbarous severity, and Russia declared war on Turkey, defeated her, and at the gates of Constantinople dictated the peace of San Stefano, which gave to Bulgaria the greater part of Turkey's European provinces. Lord Beaconsfield refused to recognise the treaty; declared that the settlement of the Balkan peninsula concerned all the European Powers, to whom he demanded the reference of the treaty. The Tsar refused, and Beaconsfield ordered the British Fleet to enter the Sea of Marmora, called out the reserves, and summoned Indian troops to Malta. The Congress followed, and the Treaty of Berlin, though modified shortly afterwards, preserved the peace of Europe for thirty-six years, which is perhaps as long as any modern treaty is likely to last. The late Lord Salisbury said towards the end of his life that in the Crimea and at Berlin "we put our money on the wrong horse." The epigram is not marked by Lord Salisbury's usual sagacity; indeed, judged by events, it is a most unfortunate one. Did we put our money on the wrong horse? Lord Beaconsfield put our money on Turkey, and kept the peace for thirty-six years. Sir Edward Grey put our money on Russia, and landed us in Armageddon. Which was the right horse? It was really England that Beaconsfield backed, not Turkey; he would have gone to war with any Power—Austria, or Germany, or Russia—that was making for Constantinople, because he saw that England, as a great Mohammedan Eastern Power, could not afford to let any Power but herself be predominant at Constantinople. It was not love of Turkey, but a just apprehension of the danger to England, that made him act. At the same time he had no prejudice against the Turks because they were Islamic. Sir Edward Grey actually made a bargain with Russia to give her Constantinople. If you want a complete defence of Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy you have only to contrast it with Lord Grey's. After the election of 1880, and Beaconsfield's death in '81, Gladstone and Granville set to work to undo and reverse the

Disraelian policy in Eastern Europe. Sir Edward Grey accepted and developed the Gladstonian policy, which was anti-Islamic, and allowed anything to be done provided it was against Turkey. It suffered Austria to annex Bosnia; it allowed Italy to take Tripoli; it sat with folded arms during the two Balkan wars, and permitted the Balkan States to beat and strip Turkey. The Bosnian stroke was certainly done against Russia's wish, naturally; but the result of the two Balkan wars was jointly agreed to by Russia and England. Naturally, because Turkey was crushed and despoiled by the Christian Slavs, a triumph of the Cross over the Crescent. We know the terrible results. Turkey appealed to Germany, and Sir Edward Grey failed even to secure Bulgaria as the price of his Russian alliance. If you seek a monument of Lord Grey's foreign policy look around on Soviet Russia and the ruins of Europe! Let us hear no more of Beaconsfield's having put our money on the wrong horse.

Quite one of the strangest traits of Disraeli's character was his insensibility to pecuniary embarrassment. Mr. Buckle tells us that at his death his debts were £57,000, including, of course, the mortgage on Hughenden, which was said to be £25,000. Besides the purchase money of his estate, Disraeli must have borrowed £32,000 for his personal expenses. He got £10,000 from his father, £5,000 from his brother James, £35,000 from Mrs. Brydges Williams, and he made £20,000 or more by *Lothair*, *Endymion*, and the sale of his earlier novels, in all £70,000 seems to have come to him by inheritance and writing. His wife had £5,000 a year and the house in Grosvenor Gate for life. On leaving office in 1859 Disraeli took a first-class political pension of £2,000 a year, which was in abeyance when he was drawing £5,000 a year as First Lord of the Treasury between 1874 and 1880. His will was proved under £63,000, subsequently raised to £84,000, so that his executors had no difficulty in paying his debts and handing Hughenden over to his nephew free of mortgage. There were £40,000 in Consols standing in his name when he died. What on earth did he do with the £32,000 which he borrowed? As Neefit, the tailor, used to ask himself when he counted in his ledger Mr. Newton's pairs of breeches, what does he do with them? Why did Disraeli borrow £32,000?

Mr. Buckle tells us nothing, nobody has told us anything, of Disraeli's method of preparing his speeches. All his speeches contain at least passages which bear the mark of careful literary preparation. No man can speak literature without preparation; and Disraeli's and Bright's speeches are the only ones that bear reading, because they are literature. Bright, as we know, wrote his speeches out in full; but into Disraeli's workshop we are not

permitted so much as a glance. From the gallery of the House of Lords I heard Lord Beaconsfield explain the Treaty of Berlin. The speech was not oratory. It is not fair, of course, to judge by what was one of his last great efforts, for he was then a "noble wreck in ruinous perfection." But there are certain physical requisites for oratory, good vocal cords, good teeth, a tongue not too large for the mouth, and commanding presence. The last requisite Disraeli certainly had. I happened to see him take his seat as a peer, and no more dignified figure ever appeared in the crimson robes. The famous Hittite nose was not his, and he did not look as Jewish as, for instance, the late Lord Lytton or Lord St. Helier. But I doubt whether his voice, strong and penetrating as it was by all accounts in his prime, ever had the music and flexibility of Bright's and Gladstone's. It was rather harsh and monotonous when I heard it, and I have been told by Lord Rathmore and Lord George Hamilton that a long speech from Disraeli was only made tolerable by the flashes of epigram, so tiresome was the want of variety in the tones. The enunciation was perfect, staccato and slow. Gestures he had none. In the middle of the speech he stopped, and drew from the breast-pocket of his frock coat a silver flask, which he unscrewed, and took a deliberate draught, the "business" occupying perhaps three minutes. After screwing up the flask and returning it to his pocket, he said, "And now, my lords, I will ask you to accompany me into Asia." Gladstone, on the other hand, had superb, theatrical, gestures. Once, in urging us to pass some of his Home Rule measures, I remember that with the words, "there is danger in delay," he threw up his arms, allowing the long artistic hands to hang straight down, looking like some bard or prophet, in a "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king" attitude. The effect was very dramatic.

What will happen to Disraeli at the hands of that unknown and capricious person Posterity? Will he suffer the ignoble fate of Francis Bacon and be called Lord Disraeli? During the century in which he died (the seventeenth) the great philosopher-lawyer was rightly called the Viscount St. Alban; he is so called by Milton and Halifax. It was Swift who first committed the solecism of Lord Bacon, and settled it, even among educated men. But will Disraeli be called anything? Will he be remembered? He himself (in *Sybil*) notes the fact that there are certain characters in history over whom oblivion is encouraged to creep. Will he be one of them? "There is no antidote against the opium of Time," as Sir Thomas Browne says. But surely forceful individuals, whether good or bad—Thersites has lived as long as Agamemnon—are those who do live after death.

However that may be, the youth who wrote, at the age of twenty-five, "A man may speak very well in the House of Commons and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite: I intend in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both. In the Lower House Don Juan may perhaps be our model; in the Upper House *Paradise Lost*"—the youth who *wrote* that and lived to *do* it as Prime Minister, whatever his fortune at the hands of posterity, in his life must be said to have enjoyed what our famous doctor calls "an handsome anticipation of Heaven."

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

BOLSHEVIK PROPAGANDA IN THE EAST.

WHEN serving in a somewhat important Whitehall Office during the last twenty-one months of the war, I had exceptional opportunities of studying the "propaganda" policy of all enemies of the British Empire. I gathered then that the deliberate and far-seeing plan of campaign of the Bolshevik leaders was to direct their main operations against us in the East, where that nebulous and indefinable quality "prestige" has a powerful influence, particularly susceptible to the machinations of the propagandist. By such operations on the circumference of our widely distributed territorial responsibilities, they hoped in course of time to draw the best and most patriotic of our manhood away from the United Kingdom, thus leaving the core of the Empire more liable to rot under the insidious influence of anti-patriotic sentimentalists.

Events in Afghanistan, Persia, Transcaspia, and the Caucasus tend to confirm this opinion.¹ Unfortunately the various authorities responsible at different times for our war strategy on land have never explained clearly to the world in general the strategical reasons for our conquest of Mesopotamia, or for our extended advance through Palestine and Syria. In previous modern wars, like the Spanish-American War of 1898 and Japan's wars—against China in 1894-5, and against Russia in 1904-5—it is easy to draw a distinction between operations undertaken to win the war and those undertaken to influence the terms of peace. Santiago de Cuba was attacked in 1898 for the first reason; Cervera's squadron lay in the harbour. Porto Rico was occupied for the second reason. Similarly, Port Arthur (1894-5 and 1904-5) Wei-Hai-Wei (1895) were attacked in order to win the war, which could only be achieved by destroying the hostile squadrons sheltering there. The Pescadores Islands (1895) and Saghalien (1905) were occupied in order to influence the terms of peace. Such ventures are generally attributed by hostile propagandists to "Imperialism" or "Capitalism," and full use is now being made by the Bolsheviks of these words to describe our policy in the East. We are said, for instance, to have special designs upon the oil supplies, which are becoming daily of more vital importance to a sea-Power now that oil is taking the place of coal, both in men-of-war and in merchant ships. This impression of our "Imperialism" is becoming widespread, not only in

(1) See also the text of communications between the Bolsheviks and Kemal about Turkey, Armenia, and Persia, published in *The Times* on July 1st.

enemy countries, where our hypocrisy is assumed as an axiom, but also amongst neutral and friendly peoples, as, for instance, in the United States, where our Ambassador not long ago was obliged to make a special pronouncement about oil fuel. In the absence of "counter-propaganda"—in other words, a clear explanation of the war strategy which has produced this aftermath—it seems important to pay special attention, if we really believe in ourselves and our principles, to our weak spots, to the plans made by the Bolsheviks to ruin the British Empire, and to the methods adopted in their propaganda policy, which I believe to be following the lines I have stated.

I happened to meet lately a staff officer who has recently returned to this country from the shores of the Caspian. Finding him to be fully in accord, from personal knowledge and experience, with these views of Bolshevik policy in the East, I asked him to write down a few notes, based upon his own personal knowledge. Extracts from these notes are appended below :—

NOTES ON BOLSHEVIK PROPAGANDA.

BY A STAFF OFFICER.

To one who has had exceptional facilities for studying Bolshevik propaganda in Persia and in the Caucasus it seems that even now the British public do not realise the elemental principle of Bolshevism, still less do they realise the danger of the spread of this principle.

Since my return to England I have made a practice of asking workmen, railwaymen, etc., what their ideas of Bolshevism were. Sometimes I have had the reply, "Bolshevism is Socialism," but generally the reply was that "Bolshevism means Liberty." I have an excellent friend in this Surrey village—a taxi-driver, who is as punctual in keeping his appointments as he is punctilious in his manners; he even makes a practice of touching his cap and addressing me as "Sir." Yet all my arguments have failed to convert him from the conviction that the one remedy for all the ills of to-day in England is the adoption of Bolshevism. It is well that this man has not been found by the Bolshevik agency in London, for there is such an organisation.

But I am writing of the East, and it is a long step from Surrey to Suez, where conventionally the East begins. I have mentioned the instance of the Surrey taxi-driver merely to illustrate the misconception which exists in this country as to the aims of Bolshevism. It is a misconception which I have found to be by no means confined to what might be described as the semi-

educated or to the ignorant classes. Let us get to rock-bottom at once and make it clear that Bolshevism is not national, but anti-national. "Break down the frontiers," such is the keynote of the ambition of the Bolshevik leaders. To Lenin and Trotsky the names "Russia," "Germany," "France," etc., are mere geographical expressions. "Perish Russia," said Lenin as he seized the government of that ill-starred country. His dream is not confined to Russia, because he aims at setting up Soviet Governments in Washington and in London, in Ottawa and in Simla, as he has done in Petrograd and in Moscow.

Even the literal meaning of the word "Bolshevism" is, to my mind, incorrectly given in the few books of reference which define it. The meaning attributed to it is "The majority." Bolshevism is a coined word, and why should the Russian coin a word expressing "The majority," when there exists a word expressive of this meaning in their language (*Bolshinstvo*)? It is more probable that the derivation is from the Russian word "*Bolshe*," which means "more"—i.e., the extremists were not content with what they had gained by the Revolution, but they wanted "more," they advocated advancing in a stride to extreme Socialism. There exists a minority party known as the "Menshevists." This word undoubtedly comes from the Russian word "*Menshe*," which means "less"—i.e., they advocated advancing to extreme Socialism by successive stages. In brief, the one party advocates advance by revolution, the other by evolution. To understand the effect of Bolshevik propaganda in the East we must go back to the situation which existed in the spring of 1919.

At that period Denikin's Volunteer Army had swept the Bolshevik forces from the Crimea to the Volga. Tsaritsin (about 150 miles up the Volga) had surrendered. Thus the Bolshevik stronghold of Astrakhan and the "Red" forces of the South were cut off from their main armies in Great Russia. North of Tsaritsin the Volunteer Army successfully held the Red main armies. In the East Koltchak had practically driven the Bolshevik forces from Siberia, and was pressing the "Red" line back in Moscow. The loyal Russian armies then possessed that advantage which the Allies in the West so tardily recognised in the war, the advantage of one Supreme Command. Denikin had submitted to Koltchak, and had acknowledged the latter as Supreme Chief of all the armies fighting for a reunited Russia. The British were in occupation of the Caucasus, Transcaucasia and Transcaspia. The British Navy had accomplished one of those feats by which the seemingly impossible had been attained. The White Ensign flew in the Caspian, and the Bolshevik naval forces in Astrakhan were practically blockaded, because, after two

encounters with a squadron manned by British seamen and marines, the Bolshevik seamen showed no inclination to put their fate to the test again.

All seemed fair. The "pincers" were closing round Moscow. And yet, what was the prediction of the Russian Staff at Ekaterinodar? I was working in liaison with the Staff, and I know what their anticipations were. They said that, even if they attained their main object, the overthrow of the Central Soviet Government in Moscow, they would have gained but a partial victory, because Bolshevism had moved East. Denikin's staff had realised then, when their cause seemed on the eve of triumph, that the Bolsheviks had established themselves in Turkestan, and that in Turkestan there existed a focus from which the tentacles of Bolshevik propaganda could reach China, Persia, Afghanistan, and the frontiers of India. For the latter countries the Russian Staff naturally cared little, for their task was the redemption of their own country. But the Government in London is deeply concerned with Persia, Afghanistan, China, and India. When I arrived in London last September I found that the same opinion prevailed in Whitehall as in Ekaterinodar. It was recognised that, even with success in Great Russia, we should have to reckon with Bolshevism in Turkestan and all its inherent dangers.

Could not much have been done by a wiser policy in Turkestan? After the collapse of Imperial Russia the Turkomans started to set their own house in order. They had no dynastic ambition. They did not even desire sovereignty for their own country. All the freedom they wanted was to live their own lives in their own way. They sought the protection of a Great Power, and selected the Power which had ruled with success, and still rules with success, millions of their co-religionists. I am now referring to a fact which is not generally known, and that is that the Turkomans pleaded that their country might be brought under British protection. We were wise perhaps in not adding to our commitments by acceding to their appeal, but we may yet rue the day when we withdrew our support from them in their struggle against the Bolsheviks.

When the Bolsheviks invaded Turkestan, the Turkomans resisted as best they could, but they needed organisation, training, and munitions, and, above all, they needed moral support. At that period we had the equivalent of an Indian Brigade on the frontier. We had British troops in Northern Persia and in Transcaspia. There was a British military mission in Merv, which was perhaps of more value even than the troops, for it proved to the wild Turkomans that they had behind them the support of a great Empire. The result was eminently satis-

factory. The Turkomans put up a resistance which gave every promise of success. And then, at the critical moment, came the order to evacuate. In vain the Turkomans asked: "Cannot the great British Empire spare us a few soldiers to help us in our struggle?" Impossible, the fiat had gone forth. "Leave us but one British soldier, even without his arms, and we will continue the struggle," pleaded the leading Turkoman chief; but even this was refused, and with our withdrawal the Turkoman resistance collapsed. Could we not have saved Turkestan, and thus have prevented the bitterest foes of the British Empire establishing in that country a focus from which their pernicious propaganda radiates throughout the East?

It may justifiably be asked, What is the use now of raking up the blunders of the past? My answer is that it is safer to realise and to acknowledge a danger than to burke it. It is difficult to visualise the danger by the mere use of the vague word "propaganda." It is also difficult to give a concrete explanation of an insidious system, which works mainly below the surface. The Bolsheviki may have failed in most things, but they certainly have shown genius in their propaganda. What is this system, and what is the secret of its success? Probably no one outside the inner circle knows accurately the answers to these questions.

I have watched and studied the working of the system in the Caucasus and in Persia and have succeeded in gleaning but a rough outline. One of the first institutions established in Moscow under the Bolshevik *régime* was the "Propaganda School." This school was established with two objects. The first, and for the present generation the most important, was to spread throughout the world, *outside* Russia, the Bolshevik intention of causing a world revolution against the sovereignty of States, Capitalism, Imperialism, and generally against the existing order of things. The second was to educate the rising generation in the tenets of Bolshevism.

With the latter I am not dealing. To effect their immediate purpose they employ agents of various types, and in placing their agents so as to obtain the best results they have shown a rare psychological insight. In this connection it should be mentioned that it is a mistake to suppose that Bolshevism in Russia is confined entirely to the uneducated classes. Amongst them are to be found men of the professional and merchant classes, as well as professors from the now defunct universities. The whole world has heard of their Commander-in-Chief, General Brusiloff. The last Governor-General of Turkestan under the late Imperial *régime*—General Kuropatkin (of Russo-Japanese War fame)—is also suspected of having adopted Bolshevism. He is certainly

protected by them, even if he has not turned Bolshevik. As regards the officers of the former Imperial Army and Navy who now are serving the Bolshevik cause, there is no doubt that most of them are serving under compulsion. The method is simple. Their wives and families are held as hostages by the Bolshevik authorities. But whether the educated civilians are Bolsheviks by conviction or by compulsion is immaterial. The important fact is that they are used as propagandists. There is another type, men like Litvinoff and Krassin, of whom so much has been heard in the Press of late.

Instead of generalising, it is simpler to give a concrete example, of which I have had experience in Baku. My description must needs be only an outline, for it is difficult to penetrate the veil that hides the machinations of Bolshevism. In Baku, in the autumn of 1918, there resided an Armenian doctor. He was a man of undoubted refinement. He posed as one of the refugees from Great Russia, who "had lost all" in Bolshevism. To the poor he devoted his medical skill, and among his fellow-practitioners his professional reputation was high. Correspondence intercepted by the officials of the Azerbaidjan Republic revealed the fact that this cultured philanthropic Armenian doctor was the chief agent for the Bolsheviks in Transcaspia.

In the shipyards, in the factories, on the oilfields among the skilled workmen, the Bolshevik agents were distributed, according to type. Similarly amongst the labourers. The whole system was based on the principle of putting an agent to work among men of his own class. But there were no meetings, no speeches. The agents did their work insidiously. The individual confidential conversation did its work better than any tub-thumping. Apart from these agents, there was a noisy gang, who held meetings and paraded the streets with banners flying on holidays. This gang was used as mere camouflage.

I have before alluded to the Propagandist School in Moscow. The activities of this institution are not confined to Russians. Following the policy that the best agent is a man of the same type as that of the class they wish to influence, they have adopted the principle that the best agent to influence a people is one of that people's nationality. For this reason, with a view to spreading their propaganda in the East, the advantages of the Moscow school are at the disposal of Chinese, Persians, Afghans, Indians, etc. But they have not waited for their foreign friends to avail themselves of these privileges. They have invited them as guests, and maintained them at their own expense.

Hence, in Turkestan, there is now a depôt of these specially trained propagandists. To every caravan that crosses the fron-

tiers towards Afghanistan or to Persia, there is detailed a propagandist mission. The minimum is two for a small caravan, and, of course, more in proportion according to the importance and size of the caravan. Hence the caravans bring with them, to Persia, Persian Bolsheviki enthusiasts; similarly, Afghan enthusiasts to Afghanistan; and across the latter country Indian agitators, specially trained in anti-British arguments. An example of this propaganda is the recent Afghan war. In this case the propagandists began with the highest in the land, for they succeeded in influencing the Ameer himself. In Northern Persia there exists a society known as the "Janglis." It is essentially a socialistic society, and is peculiarly susceptible to the Bolsheviki doctrine.

It has been said that Islam is a protection against Bolshevism. It is true that the doctrine of Bolshevism does not appeal to the Mahommedan; the tenets of his religion teach him to respect his elders and to respect his neighbour's property. But the Bolsheviks have successfully toned down their propaganda to suit Mussulman psychology.¹ The situation was bad enough when we evacuated the Caucasus and handed over the British armed ships on the Caspian to the Bolsheviks, for that is what in effect we did, by transferring them to Denikin. At the time of the transfer Denikin's star was on the wane, and to us in the Caucasus it was obvious that in a short time the ships would pass to the enemy. But, if the situation was unfavourable then, it is now ominous. The Bolsheviks have invaded the Caucasus and Northern Persia.² The Azerbaidjan Republic has gone "Red," and probably the Georgia and Armenian Republic will follow the same lead. [Note: Latest Reports do not support this view.]

The following, from the *Morning Post* of May 18th, may serve to show what are the intentions of Lenin and Trotsky:—

"We have the firm hope of being able to make an end of our enemies in a short time." Then the Bolsheviks will devote their energies to economic reconstruction. As these economic difficulties in Russia are overcome, Trotsky hopes to extend the Bolshevik Revolution to Asia and to Western Countries. He wrote: "We shall overcome the economic and the food crises as we have overcome Koltchak, and as we are about to overcome Denikin. Our triumphant battalions in the Siberian steppes and on the road to Turkistan are sowing the seeds of an outburst of revolutionary enthusiasm amongst the enslaved peoples of Asia. And at the same time we have never

(1) According to a recent article in the *New Europe*, the Bolsheviks have experienced greater difficulty than they anticipated in reconciling the principles of Bolshevism with the faith of Islam.

(2) On June 30th it was announced in Parliament that Soviet troops had not been withdrawn from Enzeli and neighbourhood in accordance with the promise of the Bolshevik Government.

for a moment lost faith in our belief that the hour of active help from the West was near, and the hour of the social revolution in all the countries of Europe was at hand."

The letter concludes with "Long live the World Social Revolution."

These views, of a man with recent personal experience of the spreading of Bolshevik propaganda in the East, seem to me to be worthy of the attention of all who put their trust in the principles for which the British Empire stands. We are most of us, no doubt, familiar with the writings of Francis Bacon on "The True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates." They are worthy of notice at the present juncture by those responsible for the conduct of affairs:—

The greatness of an estate in bulk and territory doth fall under measure, and the greatness of finance and revenues doth fall under computation. The population may appear by musters, and the number and greatness of cities and towns by cards and maps. But there is not anything amongst civil affairs more subject to error than the right valuation and true judgment concerning the power and forces of an estate. The kingdom of heaven is compared, not to any great kernel or nut, but to a grain of mustard seed. . . .

For Bacon "anti-militarism" had no terrors. His specific for the endurance of a State was that "the people be stout and war-like." In order to make them so, he praised King Henry VII's device in "making farms and houses of husbandry of a standard—that is, maintained with such a proportion of land unto them as may breed a subject to live in convenient plenty and no servile conditions." If the main stock should fail or deteriorate, he warns against reliance upon other races: "As for mercenary forces, which is the help in this case, all examples show that, whatsoever estate or prince doth rest upon them, 'He may spread his feathers for a time, but he will mew them soon after,' " and, changing the metaphor, "By all means it is to be procured that the trunk of Nebuchadnezzar's tree of monarchy be great enough to bear the branches and the boughs—that is, that the natural subjects of the Crown or State bear a sufficient proportion to the stranger subjects that they govern."

These quotations seem to me to be apposite when studying how to keep the body politic of the Empire healthy and fit to resist the virus of Bolshevik poison. Bacon, in the same essay, drew a comparison between the Spartans and the Romans. The former he classified amongst people who, even with the greatest courage and policy in the world, "when they spread, and their boughs were becoming too great for their stem, they became a windfall upon the sudden," while "it was not the Romans that

spread upon the world, but it was the world that spread upon the Romans. And that was the sure way of greatness." He maintained that "above all for empire and greatness it importeth most that a nation do profess arms, as their principal honour, study, and occupation." But such "militarism" is now discredited. "Bolshevism" remains, and tries to spread itself upon the world. Will it break itself against the British Empire? Will the "world spread itself" upon the Bolsheviks, or upon us? And will our ideal be realised, as set forth by General Smuts, who gave some of the best years of his life to fighting a policy which he interpreted as "Imperialism" or "Capitalism"? The passage occurs in his speech on May 15th, 1917, at a banquet given in his honour by both Houses of Parliament :—

All the Empires we have known in the past, and that exist to-day, are founded on the idea of assimilation, of trying to force human material into one mould. Your whole idea and basis is entirely different. You do not want to standardise the nations of the British Empire; you want to develop them towards greater, fuller nationality. These communities, the offspring of the Mother Country, or territories like my own, which have been annexed after the vicissitudes of war, must not be moulded on any one pattern. You want them to develop freely on principles of self-government, and therefore your whole idea is different from anything that has ever existed before.

And :—

After the great catastrophe which has overtaken Europe, nations in future will want to know more about their foreign policy. I am sure that the after-effects of a change like this, although it looks a simple one, are going to be very important and far-reaching, not only for our Commonwealth of Nations, but for the whole world.

Therein lies the problem before the Bolshevik propagandists, who have set out to arrest the progress of such principles in order to spread upon the world those of Bolshevism (which have brought their own country to ruin). Their policy is to try, by propaganda, and, when that fails, by the use of Red armies like those now operating in the Middle East, to "force human material into one mould." The staff officer whose notes I have given *in extenso* writes of a system of Bolshevik propaganda holding no meetings, the agents working insidiously by individual confidential conversation. To thinking men of all classes, more especially to those engaged in manual labour, there remains the more silent but potent appeal of the condition of the workers of Russia under Bolshevism, as compared with the condition of those of all races and nationalities who dwell under the protection of the Union Jack.

GEORGE ASTON.

NO. 2 THE PINES.

[Early in the year 1914 Mr. Edmund Gosse told me he was asking certain of his friends to write for him a few words apiece in description of Swinburne as they had known or seen him at one time or another; and he was so good as to wish to include in this gathering a few words by myself. I found it hard to be brief without seeming irreverent. I failed in the attempt to make of my subject a snapshot that was not a grotesque. So I took refuge in an ampler scope. I wrote a reminiscential essay. From that essay I made an extract, which I gave to Mr. Gosse. From that extract he made a quotation in his enchanting biography of Swinburne. The words quoted by him reappear here in the midst of the whole essay as I wrote it. I dare not hope they are unashamed of their humble surroundings.—M.B.]

IN my youth the suburbs were rather looked down on—I never quite knew why. It was held anomalous, and a matter for merriment, that Swinburne lived in one of them. For my part, had I known as a fact that Catullus was still alive, I should have been as ready to imagine him living in Putney as elsewhere. The marvel would have been merely that he lived. And Swinburne's survival struck as surely as could his have struck in me the chord of wonder.

Not, of course, that he had achieved a feat of longevity. He was far from the Psalmist's limit. Nor was he one of those men whom one associates with the era in which they happened to be young. Indeed, if there was one man belonging less than any other to Mid-Victorian days, Swinburne was that man. But by the calendar it was in those days that he had blazed—blazed forth with so unexampled a suddenness of splendour; and in the light of that conflagration all that he had since done, much and magnificent though this was, paled. The essential Swinburne was still the earliest. He was and would always be the flam-miferous boy of the dim past—a legendary creature, sole kin to the phoenix. It had been impossible that he should ever surpass himself in the artistry that was from the outset his; impossible that he should bring forth rhythms lovelier and greater than those early rhythms, or exercise over them a mastery more than—absolute. Also, it had been impossible that the first wild ardour of spirit should abide unsinkingly in him. Youth goes. And there was not in Swinburne that basis on which a man may in his maturity so build as to make good, in some degree, the loss of what is gone. He was not a thinker: his mind rose ever away from reason to rhapsody; neither was he human. He was

a king crowned but not throned. He was a singing-bird that could build no nest. He was a youth who could not afford to age. Had he died young, literature would have lost many glories; but none so great as the glories he had already given, nor any such as we should fondly imagine ourselves bereft of by his early death. A great part of Keats' fame rests on our assumption of what he *would* have done. But—even granting that Keats may have had in him more than had Swinburne of stuff for development—I believe that had he lived on we should think of him as author of the poems that in fact we know. Not philosophy, after all, not humanity, just sheer joyous power of song, is the primal thing in poetry. Ideas, and flesh and blood, are but reserves to be brought up when the poet's youth is going. When the bird can no longer sing in flight, let the nest be ready. After the king has dazzled us with his crown, let him have something to sit down on. But the session on throne or in nest is not the divine period. Had Swinburne's genius been of the kind that solidifies, he would yet at the close of the nineteenth century have been for us young men virtually—though not so definitely as indeed he was—the writer of *Atalanta in Calydon* and of *Poems and Ballads*.

Tennyson's death in 1892 had not taken us at all by surprise. We had been fully aware that he was alive. He had always been careful to keep himself abreast of the times. Anything that came along—the Nebular Hypothesis at one moment, the Imperial Institute at another—won mention from his Muse. He had husbanded for his old age that which he had so long ago inherited: middle age. If in our mourning for him there really was any tincture of surprise, this was due to merely the vague sense that he had in the fulness of time died rather prematurely: his middle-age might have been expected to go on flourishing for ever. But assuredly Tennyson dead laid no such strain on our fancy as Swinburne living.

It is true that Swinburne did, from time to time, take public notice of current affairs; but what notice he took did but seem to mark his remoteness from them, from us. The Boers, I remember, were the theme of a sonnet which embarrassed even their sternest enemies in our midst. Swinburne likened Mr. Kruger's men, to "hell-hounds foaming at the jaws" (if I remember rightly). This was by some people taken as a sign that he had fallen away from that high generosity of spirit which had once been his. To me it meant merely that he thought of poor little England writhing under the heel of an alien despotism, just as, in the days when he really was interested in such matters, poor little Italy had writhen. I suspect, too, that the first

impulse to write about the Boers came not from the Muse within, but from Theodore Watts-Dunton without. . . "Now, Algernon, we're at war, you know—at war with the Boers. I don't want to bother you at all, but I do think, my dear old friend, you oughtn't to let slip this opportunity of" etc., etc.

Some such hortation is easily imaginable by anyone who saw the two old friends together. The first time I had this honour, this sight for lasting and affectionate memory, must have been in the Spring of 1899. In those days Theodore Watts (he had but recently taken on the -Dunton) was still something of a gad-about. I had met him here and there, he had said in his stentorian tones pleasant things to me about my writing. I sent him a new little book of mine, and in acknowledging this he asked me to come down to Putney and "have luncheon and meet Swinburne." Meet Catullus!

On the day appointed "I came as one whose feet half linger." It is but a few steps from the railway-station in Putney High Street to No. 2 The Pines. I had expected a greater distance to the sanctuary—a walk in which to compose my mind and prepare myself for initiation. I laid my hand irresolutely against the gate of the bleak trim front-garden. I withdrew my hand, I went away. Out here were all the aspects of common modern life. In there was Swinburne. A butcher-boy went by, whistling. He was not going to see Swinburne. He could afford to whistle. I pursued my dilatory course up the slope of Putney, but at length it occurred to me that unpunctuality would after all be an imperfect expression of reverence, and I retraced my footsteps.

No. 2—prosaic inscription! But as that front-door closed behind me I had the instant sense of having slipped away from the harsh light of the ordinary and contemporary into the dimness of an odd, august past. Here, in this dark hall, the past was the present. Here loomed vivid and vital on the walls those women of Rossetti whom I had known but as shades. Familiar to me in small reproductions by photogravure, here they *themselves* were, life-sized, "with curled-up lips and amorous hair" done in the original warm crayon, all of them intently looking down on me while I took off my overcoat—all wondering who was this intruder from posterity. That they hung in the hall, evidently no more than an overflow, was an earnest of packed plenitude within. The room I was ushered into was a back-room, a dining-room, looking on to a good garden. It was, in form and "fixtures," an inalienably Mid-Victorian room, and held its stolid own in the riot of Rossettis. Its proportions, its window-sash bisecting the view of garden, its folding-doors (through which I heard the voice of Watts-Dunton booming mysteriously in the

front-room), its black marble mantelpiece, its gas-brackets, all proclaimed that nothing ever would seduce them from their allegiance to Martin Tupper. "Nor me from mine," said the sturdy cruet-stand on the long expanse of tablecloth. The voice of Watts-Dunton ceased suddenly, and a few moments later its owner appeared. He had been dictating, he explained. "A great deal of work on hand just now—a great deal of work" . . . I remember that on my subsequent visits he was always, at the moment of my arrival, dictating, and always greeted me with that phrase, "a great deal of work on hand just now." I used to wonder what work it was, for he published little enough. But I never ventured to inquire, and indeed rather cherished the mystery: it was a part of the dear little old man; it went with the something gnome-like about his swarthiness and chubbiness—went with the shaggy hair that fell over the collar of his eternally crumpled frock-coat, the shaggy eyebrows that overhung his bright little brown eyes, the shaggy moustache that hid his small round chin. It was a mystery inherent in the richly-laden atmosphere of The Pines. . .

While I stood talking to Watts-Dunton—talking as loudly as he, for he was very deaf—I enjoyed the thrill of suspense in watching the door through which would appear—Swinburne. I asked after Mr. Swinburne's health. Watts-Dunton said it was very good: "He always goes out for his long walk in the morning—wonderfully active. Active in mind, too. But I'm afraid you won't be able to get into touch with him. He's almost stone deaf, poor fellow—almost stone deaf now." He changed the subject, and I felt I must be careful not to seem interested in Swinburne exclusively. I spoke of *Aylwin*. The parlour-maid brought in the hot dishes. The great moment was at hand.

Nor was I disappointed. Swinburne's entry was for me a great moment. Here, suddenly visible in the flesh, was the legendary being and divine singer. Here he was, shutting the door behind him as might anybody else, and advancing—a strange small figure in grey, having an air at once noble and roguish, proud and skittish. My name was roared to him. In shaking his hand, I bowed low, of course; and he, in the old aristocratic manner, bowed equally low, but with such swiftness that we narrowly escaped concussion. You do not usually associate a man of genius, when you see one, with any social class; and, Swinburne being of an aspect so unrelated as it was to any species of human kind, I wondered the more that almost the first impression he made on me, and would make on anyone, was of a very great gentleman indeed. Not of an *old* gentleman, either. Sparse and straggling though the grey hair was that fringed the immense

pale dome of his head, and venerably haloed though he was for me by his greatness, there was yet about him something—boyish? girlish? childish, rather; something of a beautifully well-bred child. But he had the eyes of a god, and the smile of an elf. In figure, at first glance, he seemed almost fat; but this was merely because of the way he carried himself, with his long neck strained so tightly back that he all receded from the waist upwards. I noticed afterwards that this deportment made the back of his jacket hang quite far away from his legs; and so small and sloping were his shoulders that the jacket seemed ever so likely to slip right off. I became aware, too, that when he bowed he did not unbend his back, but only his neck—the length of the neck accounting for the depth of the bow. His hands were tiny, even for his size, and they fluttered helplessly, touchingly, unceasingly.

Directly after my introduction, we sat down to the meal. Of course I had never hoped to "get into touch with him" reciprocally. Quite apart from his deafness, I was too modest to suppose he could be interested in anything I might say. But—for I knew he had once been as high and copious a singer in talk as in verse—I had hoped to hear utterances from him. And it did not seem that my hope was to be fulfilled. Watts-Dunton sat at the head of the table, with a huge and very Tupperesque joint of roast mutton in front of him, Swinburne and myself close up to him on either side. He talked only to me. This was the more tantalising because Swinburne seemed as though he were bubbling over with all sorts of notions. Not that he looked at either of us. He smiled only to himself, and to his plateful of meat, and to the small bottle of Bass' pale ale that stood before him—ultimate allowance of one who had erst clashed cymbals in Naxos. This small bottle he eyed often and with enthusiasm, seeming to waver between the rapture of broaching it now and the grandeur of having it to look forward to. It made me unhappy to see what trouble he had in managing his knife and fork. Watts-Dunton told me on another occasion that this infirmity of the hands had been life-long—had begun before Eton days. The Swinburne family had been alarmed by it and had consulted a specialist, who said that it resulted from "an excess of electric vitality," and that any attempt to stop it would be harmful. So they had let it be. I have known no man of genius who had not to pay, in some affliction or defect either physical or spiritual, for what the gods had given him. Here, in this fluttering of his tiny hands, was a part of the price that Swinburne had to pay. No doubt he had grown accustomed to it many lustres before I met him, and I need not have felt at all unhappy at what I

tried not to see. He, evidently, was quite gay, in his silence—and in the world that was for him silent. I had, however, the maddening suspicion that he would have liked to talk. Why wouldn't Watts-Dunton roar him an opportunity? I felt I had been right perhaps in feeling that the lesser man was—no, not jealous of the greater whom he had guarded so long and with such love, but anxious that he himself should be as fully impressive to visitors as his fine gifts warranted. Not, indeed, that he monopolised the talk. He seemed to regard me as a source of information about all the latest "movements," and I had to shout banalities while he munched his mutton—banalities whose one saving grace for me was that they were inaudible to Swinburne. Had I met Swinburne's gaze, I should have faltered. Now and again his shining light-grey eyes roved from the table, darting this way and that—across the room, up at the ceiling, out of the window; only never at us. Somehow this aloofness gave no hint of indifference. It seemed to be, rather, a point in good manners—the good manners of a child "sitting up to table," not "staring," not "asking questions," and reflecting great credit on its invaluable old nurse. The child sat happy in the wealth of its inner life; the child was content not to speak until it were spoken to; but, but, I felt it did want to be spoken to. And, at length, it *was*.

So soon as the mutton had been replaced by the apple-pie, Watts-Dunton leaned forward and "Well, Algernon," he roared, "how was it on the Heath to-day?" Swinburne, who had meekly inclined his ear to the question, now threw back his head, uttering a sound that was like the cooing of a dove, and forthwith, rapidly, ever so musically, he spoke to us of his walk; spoke not in the strain of a man who had been taking his daily exercise on Putney Heath, but rather in that of a Peri who had at long last been suffered to pass through Paradise. And rather than that he spoke would I say that he cooingly and flutingly *sang* of his experience. The wonders of this morning's wind and sun and clouds were expressed in a glow of words so right and sentences so perfectly balanced that they would have seemed pedantic had they not been clearly as spontaneous as the wordless notes of a bird in song. The frail, sweet voice rose and fell, lingered, quickened, in all manner of trills and roulades. That he himself could not hear it, seemed to me the greatest loss his deafness inflicted on him. One would have expected this disability to mar the music; but it didn't, save that now and again a note would come out metallic and over-shrill, the tones were under good control. The whole manner and method had certainly a strong element of oddness; but no one incapable of condemning as unmanly the

song of a lark would have called it affected. I had met young men of whose enunciation Swinburne's now reminded me. In them the thing had always irritated me very much; and I now became sure that it had been derived from people who had derived it in old Balliol days from Swinburne himself. One of the points familiar to me in such enunciation was the habit of stressing extremely, and lackadaisically dwelling on, some particular syllable. In Swinburne this trick was delightful—because it wasn't a trick, but a need of his heart. Well do I remember his ecstasy of emphasis and immensity of pause when he described how he had seen in a perambulator on the Heath to-day "the most BEAUT-iful babbie ever beheld by mortal eyes." For babies, as some of his later volumes testify, he had a sort of idolatry. After Mazzini had followed Landor to Elysium, and Victor Hugo had followed Mazzini, babies were what among live creatures most evoked Swinburne's genius for self-abasement. His rapture about this especial "babbie" was such as to shake within me my hitherto firm conviction that, whereas the young of the brute creation are already beautiful at the age of three hours, the human young never begin to be so before the age of three years. I suspect Watts-Dunton of having shared my lack of innate enthusiasm. But it was one of Swinburne's charms, as I was to find, that he took for granted everyone's delight in what he himself so fervidly delighted in. He could as soon have imagined a man not loving the very sea as not doting on the aspect of babies and not reading at least one play by an Elizabethan or Jacobean dramatist every day.

I forget whether it was at this my first meal or at another that he described a storm in which, one night years ago, with Watts-Dunton, he had crossed the Channel. The rhythm of his great phrases was as the rhythm of those waves, and his head swayed in accordance to it like the wave-rocked boat itself. He hymned in memory the surge and darkness, the thunder and foam and phosphorescence—"You remember, Theodore? You remember the PHOS-phorescence?"—all so beautifully and vividly that I almost felt storm-bound and in peril of my life. To disentangle one from another of the several occasions on which I heard him talk is difficult because the procedure was so invariable: Watts-Dunton always dictating when I arrived, Swinburne always appearing at the moment of the meal, always the same simple and substantial fare, Swinburne never allowed to talk before the meal was half over. As to this last point, I soon realised that I had been quite unjust in suspecting Watts-Dunton of selfishness. It was simply a sign of the care with which he watched over his friend's welfare. Had Swinburne been admitted earlier to

the talk, he would not have taken his proper quantity of roast mutton. So soon, always, as he had taken that, the embargo was removed, the chance was given him. And, swiftly though he embraced the chance, and much though he made of it in the courses of apple-pie and of cheese, he seemed touchingly ashamed of "holding forth." Often, before he had said his really full say on the theme suggested by Watts-Dunton's loud interrogation, he would curb his speech and try to eliminate himself, bowing his head over his plate; and then, when he had promptly been brought in again, he would always try to atone for his inhibiting deafness by much reference and deference to all that we might otherwise have to say. "I hope," he would coo to me, "my friend Watts-Dunton, who"—and here he would turn and make a little bow to Watts-Dunton—"is himself a scholar, will bear me out when I say"—or "I hardly know," he would flute to his old friend, "whether Mr. Beerbohm"—here a bow to me—"will agree with me in my opinion of" some delicate point in Greek prosody or some incident in an old French romance I had never heard of.

On one occasion, just before the removal of the mutton, Watts-Dunton had been asking me about an English translation that had been made of M. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. He then took my information as the match to ignite the Swinburnian tinder. "Well, Algernon, it seems that *Cyrano de Bergerac*"—but this first spark was enough: instantly Swinburne was praising the works of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Of M. Rostand he may have heard, but him he forgot. Indeed I never heard Swinburne mention a single contemporary writer. His mind ranged and revelled always in the illustrious or obscure past. To him the writings of *Cyrano de Bergerac* were as fresh as paint—as fresh as to me, alas, was the news of their survival. "Of course, of course, you have read *L'Histoire Comique des Etats et des Empires de la Lune*?" I admitted, by gesture and facial expression that I had not. Whereupon he reeled out curious extracts from that allegory—"almost as good as *Gulliver*"—with a memorable instance of the way in which the traveller to the moon was shocked by the conversation of the natives, and the natives' sense of propriety was outraged by the conversation of the traveller.

In life, as in (that for him more truly actual thing) literature, it was always the preterit that enthralled him. Of any passing events, of anything the newspapers were full of, never a word from him; and I should have been sorry if there had been. But I did, through the medium of Watts-Dunton, sometimes start him on topics that might have led him to talk of Rossetti and

other old comrades. For me the names of those men breathed the magic of the past, just as it was breathed for me by Swinburne's presence. For him, I suppose, they were but a bit of the present, and the mere fact that they had dropped out of it was not enough to hallow them. He never mentioned them. But I was glad to see that he revelled as wistfully in the days just before his own as I in the days just before mine. He recounted to us things he had been told in his boyhood by an aged aunt, or great-aunt—"one of the Ashburnhams"; how, for example, she had been taken by her mother to a county ball, a distance of many miles, and, on the way home through the frosty and snowy night, the family-coach had suddenly stopped: there was a crowd of dark figures in the way . . . at which point Swinburne stopped too, before saying, with an ineffable smile and in a voice faint with appreciation, "They were burying a suicide at the cross-roads."

Vivid as this Hogarthian night-scene was to me, I saw beside it another scene: a great panelled room, a grim old woman in a high-backed chair, and, restless on a stool at her feet an extraordinary little nephew with masses of auburn hair and with tiny hands clasped in supplication—"Tell me more, Aunt Ashburnham, tell me more!"

And now, clearer still, as I write in these after-years, do I see that dining-room of The Pines: the long white stretch of tablecloth, with Swinburne and Watts-Dunton and another at the extreme end of it; Watts-Dunton between us, very low down over his plate, very cosy and hirsute, rather like the dormouse at that long tea-table which Alice found in Wonderland. I see myself sitting there wide-eyed, as Alice sat. And, had the hare been a great poet, and the hatter a great gentleman, and neither of them mad but each only very odd and vivacious, I might see Swinburne as a glorified blend of those two.

When the meal ended—for, alas! it was not, like that meal in Wonderland, unending—Swinburne would dart round the table, proffer his hand to me, bow deeply, bow to Watts-Dunton also, and disappear. "He always walks in the morning, writes in the afternoon, and reads in the evening," Watts-Dunton would say with a touch of tutorial pride in this regimen.

That parting bow of Swinburne to his old friend was characteristic of his whole relation to him. Cronies though they were, these two, knit together with bonds innumerable, the greater man was always *aux petits soins* for the lesser, treating him as a newly-arrived young guest might treat an elderly host. Some twenty years had passed since that night when, ailing and broken—thought to be nearly dying, Watts-Dunton told me—Swinburne

was brought in a four-wheeler to The Pines. Regular private nursing homes either did not exist in those days or were less in vogue than they are now. The Pines was to be a sort of private nursing home for Swinburne. It was a good one. He recovered. He was most grateful to his friend and saviour. He made as though to depart, was persuaded to stay a little longer, and then a little longer than that. But I rather fancy that, to the last, he never did, in the fulness of his modesty and good manners, consent to regard his presence as a matter of course, or as anything but a terminable intrusion and obligation. His bow seemed always to convey that.

Swinburne having gone from the room, in would come the parlour-maid. The table was cleared, the fire was stirred, two leather armchairs were pushed up to the hearth. Watts-Dunton wanted gossip of the present. I wanted gossip of the great past. We settled down for a long, comfortable afternoon together.

Only once was the ritual varied. Swinburne (I was told before luncheon) had expressed a wish to show me his library. So after the meal he did not bid us his usual adieu, but with much courtesy invited us and led the way. Up the staircase he then literally bounded—three, literally three, stairs at a time. I began to follow at the same rate, but immediately slackened speed for fear that Watts-Dunton behind us might be embittered at sight of so much youth and legerity. Swinburne waited on the threshold to receive us, as it were, and pass us in. Watts-Dunton went and ensconced himself snugly in a corner. The sun had appeared after a grey morning, and it pleasantly flooded this big living-room whose walls were entirely lined with the mellow backs of books. Here, as host, among his treasures, Swinburne was more than ever attractive. He was as happy as was any mote in the sunshine about him; and the fluttering of his little hands, and feet too, was but as a token of so much felicity. He looked older, it is true, in the strong light. But these added years made only more notable his youngness of heart. An illustrious bibliophile among his books? A birthday child, rather, among his toys.

Proudly he explained to me the general system under which the volumes were ranged in this or that division of shelves. Then he conducted me to a chair near the window, left me there, flew away, flew up the rungs of a mahogany ladder, plucked a small volume, and in a twinkling was at my side: "This, I *think*, will please you!" It did. It had a beautifully engraved title-page and a pleasing scent of old, old leather. It was *editio princeps* of a play by some lesser Elizabethan or Jacobean. "Of course you know it?" my host fluted.

How I wished I could say that I knew it and loved it well! I revealed to him (for by speaking very loudly towards his inclined head I was able to make him hear) that I had not read it. He envied anyone who had such pleasure in store. He darted to the ladder, and came back thrusting gently into my hands another volume of like date: "Of course you know this?"

Again I had to confess that I did not, and to shout my appreciation of the fount of type, the margins, the binding. He beamed agreement, and fetched another volume. Archly he indicated the title, cooing, "You are a lover of *this*, I hope?" And again I was shamed by my inexperience.

I did not pretend to know this particular play, but my tone implied that I had always been *meaning* to read it and had always by some mischance been prevented. For his sake as well as my own I did want to acquit myself passably. I wanted for him the pleasure of seeing his joys shared by a representative, however humble, of the common world. I turned the leaves caressingly, looking from them to him, while he dilated on the beauty of this and that scene in the play. Anon he fetched another volume, and another, always with the same faith that *this* was a favourite of mine. I quibbled, I evaded, I was very enthusiastic and uncomfortable. It was with intense relief that I beheld the title-page of yet another volume which (silently, this time) he laid before me—THE COUNTRY WENCH. "This of course I have read," I heartily shouted.

Swinburne stepped back. "You have? You have read it? Where?" he cried, in evident dismay.

Something was wrong. Had I *not*, I quickly wondered, read this play? "Oh, yes," I shouted, "I have read it."

"But when? Where?" entreated Swinburne, adding that he had supposed it to be the sole copy extant.

I floundered. I wildly said I thought I must have read it years ago in the Bodleian.

"Theodore! Do you hear this? It seems that they have now a copy of *The Country Wench* in the Bodleian! Mr. Beerbohm found one there—oh when? in what year?" he appealed to me.

I said it might have been six, seven, eight years ago. Swinburne knew for certain that no copy had been there *twelve* years ago, and was surprised that he had not heard of the acquisition. "They might have told me," he wailed.

I sacrificed myself on the altar of sympathy. I admitted that I might have been mistaken—must have been—must have confused this play with some other. I dipped into the pages and "No," I shouted, "this I have *never* read."

His equanimity was restored. He was up the ladder and

down again, showing me further treasures with all pride and ardour. At length, Watts-Dunton, afraid that his old friend would tire himself, arose from his corner, and presently he and I went downstairs to the dining-room. It was in the course of our session together that there suddenly flashed across my mind the existence of a play called *The Country Wife*, by—wasn't it Wycherley? I had once read it—or read something about it. . . But this matter I kept to myself. I thought I had appeared fool enough already.

I loved those sessions in that Tupperossettine dining-room, lair of solid old comfort and fervid old romanticism. Its odd duality befitted well its owner. The distinguished critic and poet, Rossetti's closest friend and Swinburne's, had been, for a while, in the dark ages, a solicitor; and one felt he had been a good one. His frock-coat, though the Muses had crumpled it, inspired confidence in his judgment of other things than verse. But let there be no mistake. He was no mere *bourgeois parnassien*, as his enemies insinuated. No doubt he had been very useful to men of genius, in virtue of qualities they lacked, but the secret of his hold on them was in his own rich nature. He was not only a born man of letters, he was a deeply emotional human being whose appeal was as much to the heart as to the head. The romantic Celtic mysticism of *Aylwin*, with its lack of fashionable Celtic nebuliferousness, lends itself, if you will, to laughter, though personally I saw nothing funny in it: it seemed to me, before I was in touch with the author, a work of genuine expression from within: and that it truly was so I presently knew. The mysticism of Watts-Dunton (who, once comfortably settled at the fireside, knew no reserve) was in contrast with the frock-coat and the practical abilities: but it was essential, and they were of the surface. For humorous Rossetti, I daresay, the very contrast made Theodore's company the more precious. He himself had assuredly been, and the memory of him still was, the master-fact in Watts-Dunton's life. "Algernon" was as an adopted child, "Gabriel" as a long-lost only brother. As he was to the outer world of his own day, so too to posterity Rossetti, the man, is conjectural and mysterious. We know that he was in his prime the most inspiring and splendid of companions. But we know this only by faith. The evidence is as vague as it is emphatic. Of the style and substance of not a few great talkers in the past we can piece together some more or less vivid and probably erroneous notion. But about Rossetti nothing has been recorded in such a way as to make him even faintly emerge. I suppose he had in him what reviewers seem to find so often in books: a quality that defies analysis. Listening to Watts-Dunton,

I was always in hope that when next the long-lost turned up—for he was continually doing so—in the talk, I should see him, hear him, and share the rapture. But the revelation was not to be. You might think that to hear him called "Gabriel" would have given me a sense of propinquity. But I felt no nearer to him than you feel to the Archangel who bears that name and no surname.

It was always when Watts-Dunton spoke carelessly, casually, of some to me illustrious figure in the past that I had the sense of being wafted right into that past and plumped down in the very midst of it. When he spoke with reverence of this and that great man whom he had known, he did not thus waft and plump me; for I, too, revered those names. But I had the magical transition whenever one of the immortals was mentioned in the tone of those who knew him before he had put on immortality. Browning, for example, was a name deeply honoured by me. "Browning, yes," said Watts-Dunton, in the course of an afternoon, "Browning," and he took a sip of the steaming whisky-toddy that was a point in our day's ritual. "I was a great diner-out in the old times. I used to dine out every night in the week. Browning was a great diner-out, too. We were always meeting. What a pity he went on writing all those plays! He hadn't any gift for drama—none. I never could understand why he took to play-writing." He wagged his head, gazing regretfully into the fire, and added, "Such a *clever* fellow, too!"

Whistler, though alive and about, was already looked to as a hierarch by the young. Not so had he been looked to by Rossetti. The thrill of the past was always strong in me when Watts-Dunton mentioned—seldom without a guffaw did he mention—"Jimmy Whistler." I think he put in the surname because "that fellow" had not behaved well to Swinburne. But he could not omit the nickname, because it was impossible for him to feel the right measure of resentment against "such a funny fellow." As heart-full of old hates as of old loves was Watts-Dunton, and I take it as high testimony to the charm of Whistler's quaintness that Watts-Dunton did not hate *him*. You may be aware that Swinburne in 1868, wrote for one of the monthly reviews a criticism of the "Ten O'Clock" lecture. He paid courtly compliments to Whistler as a painter, but joined issue with his theories. Straightway there appeared in *The World* a little letter from Whistler, deriding "one Algernon Swinburne—outsider—Putney." It was not in itself a very pretty or amusing letter; and still less so did it seem in the light of the facts which Watts-Dunton told me in some such words as these: "After he'd published that lecture of his, Jimmy Whistler

had me to dine with him at Kettner's or somewhere. He said, 'Now, Theodore, I want you to do me a favour.' He wanted to get me to get Swinburne to write an article about his lecture. I said 'No, Jimmy Whistler, I can't ask Algernon to do that. He's got a great deal of work on hand just now—a great deal of work. And besides, this sort of thing wouldn't be at all in his line.' But Jimmy Whistler went on appealing to me. He said it would do him no end of good if Swinburne wrote about him. And—well, I half gave in: I said perhaps I *would* mention the matter to Algernon. And next day I did. I could see Algernon didn't want to do it at all. But—well, there, he said he'd do it to please *me*. And he did it. And then Jimmy Whistler published that letter. A very shabby trick—very shabby indeed." Of course I do not vouch for the exact words in which Watts-Dunton told me this tale; but this was exactly the tale he told me. I expressed my astonishment. He added that of course he "never wanted to see the fellow again after that, and never did." But presently, after a long gaze into the coals, he emitted a chuckle, as for earlier memories of "such a funny fellow." One quite recent memory he had, too. "When I took on the name of Dunton, I had a note from him. Just this, with his butterfly signature: *Theodore! What's Dunton?* That was very good—very good indeed . . . But of course," he added gravely, "I took no notice." And no doubt, quite apart from the difficulty of finding an answer in the same vein, he did well in not replying. Loyalty to Swinburne forbade. But I see a certain pathos in the unanswered message. It was a message from the hand of an old jester, but also, I think, from the heart of an old man—a signal waved jauntily, but in truth wistfully, across the gulf of years and estrangement; and one could wish it had not been ignored.

Some time after Whistler died I wrote for one of the magazines an appreciation of his curious skill in the art of writing. Watts-Dunton told me he had heard of this from Swinburne. "I myself," he said, "very seldom read the magazines. But Algernon always has a look at them." There was something to me very droll, and cheery too, in this picture of the illustrious recluse snatching at the current issues of our twaddle. And I was immensely pleased at hearing that my article had "interested him very much." I inwardly promised myself that as soon as I reached home I would read the article, to see just how it might have struck Swinburne. When in due course I did this, I regretted the tone of the opening sentences, in which I declared myself "no book-lover" and avowed a preference for "an uninterrupted view of my fellow-creatures." I felt that had I known my article would meet the eye of Swinburne I should have cut

out that overture. I dimly remembered a fine passage in one of his books of criticism—something (I preferred not to verify it) about “the dotage of duncedom which cannot perceive, or the impudence of insignificance so presumptuous as to doubt, that the elements of life and literature are indivisibly mingled one in another, and that he to whom books are less real than life will assuredly find in men and women as little reality as in his accursed crassness he deserves to discover.” I quailed, I quailed. But mine is a resilient nature, and I promptly reminded myself that Swinburne’s was a very impersonal one: he would not think the less highly of me, for he never had thought about me in any way whatsoever. All was well. I knew I could revisit The Pines when next Watts-Dunton should invite me, without misgiving. And to this day I am rather proud of having been mentioned, though not by name, and not consciously, and unfavourably, by Swinburne.

I wonder that I cannot recall more than I do recall of those hours at The Pines. It is odd how little remains to a man of his own past—how few minutes of even his memorable hours are not clean forgotten, and how few seconds in any one of those minutes can be recaptured . . . I am middle-aged. I have lived a vast number of seconds. Subtract one-third of these, for one mustn’t count sleep as life. The residual number is still enormous. Not a single one of those seconds was unimportant to me in its passage. Many of them bored me, of course; but even boredom is a positive state: one chafes at it and hates it; strange that one should afterwards forget it! And stranger still that of one’s actual happinesses and unhappinesses so tiny and tattered a remnant clings about one! Of those hours at The Pines, of that past within a past, there was not a minute nor a second that I did not spend with pleasure. Memory is a great artist, we are told; he selects and rejects and shapes and so on. No doubt. Elderly persons would be utterly intolerable if they remembered *everything*. *Everything*, nevertheless, is just what they themselves would like to remember, and just what they would like to tell to *everybody*. Be sure that the Ancient Mariner, though he remembered quite as much as his audience wanted to hear, and rather more, about the albatross and the ghastly crew, was inwardly raging at the sketchiness of his own mind; and believe me that his stopping only one of three was the merest oversight. I should like to impose on the world many tomes about The Pines.

But, scant though my memories are of the moments there, very full and warm in me is the whole fused memory of the two dear old men that lived there. I wish I had Watts-Dunton’s

sure faith in meetings beyond the grave. I am glad I do not disbelieve that people may so meet. I like to think that some day in Elysium I shall—not without diffidence—approach those two and re-introduce myself. I can see just how courteously Swinburne will bow over my hand, not at all remembering who I am. Watts-Dunton will remember me after a moment: "Oh, to be sure, yes indeed! I've a great deal of work on hand just now—a great deal of work, but" we shall sit down together on the asphodel, and I cannot but think we shall have whisky-toddy even there. He will not have changed. He will still be shaggy and old and chubby, and will wear the same frock-coat, with as many creases in it as ever. Swinburne, on the other hand, will be quite, quite young, with a full mane of flaming auburn locks, and no clothes to hinder him from plunging back at any moment into the shining Elysian waters from which he will have just emerged. I see him skim lightly away into that element. On the strand is sitting a man of noble and furrowed brow. It is Mazzini, still thinking of Liberty. And anon the tiny young English amphibian comes ashore to fling himself dripping at the feet of the patriot and to carol the Republican ode he has composed in the course of his swim. "He's wonderfully active—active in mind and body," Watts-Dunton says to me. "I come to the shore now and then, just to see how he's getting on. But I spend most of my time inland. I find I've so much to talk over with Gabriel. Not that he's quite the fellow he was. He always had rather a cult for Dante, you know, and now he's more than ever under the Florentine influence. He lives in a sort of monastery that Dante has here; and there he sits painting imaginary portraits of Beatrice, and giving them all to Dante. But he still has his great moments, and there's no one quite like him—no one. Algernon won't ever come and see him, because that fellow Mazzini's as Anti-Clerical as ever and makes a principle of having nothing to do with Dante. Look!—there's Algernon going into the water again! He'll tire himself out, he'll catch cold, he'll——" and here the old man rises and hurries down to the sea's edge. "Now, Algernon," he roars, "I don't want to interfere with you, but I do think, my dear old friend,"—and then, with a guffaw, he breaks off, remembering that his friend is not deaf now nor old, and that here in Elysium, where no ills are, good advice is not needed.

MAX BEERBOHM.

RHODA BROUGHTON AS I KNEW HER.

By the death of Rhoda Broughton at the ripe age of eighty-two, English social life has sustained a real and irreplaceable loss, and the world of English letters is the poorer, in that the hand which fashioned Joan, Nancy, Gillian, and all that host of bonny healthy English girls is now for ever still. The fact that I have placed the loss to her friends before the literary loss to the public at large is deliberate, and is in many ways significant of an era of which Rhoda Broughton was one of the last and most distinguished survivors. Rhoda Broughton wrote her novels, or "Works," as she preferred to call them, with that twinkle in her eye, that twist to her humorous mouth, her friends knew so well, because she discovered early in life that she had a gift for story-telling, and because, to put it frankly, as she always put it herself, she also discovered that her stories were eminently marketable commodities. In other words, she wrote novels because it amused her to do so, and because the sale of them added considerably to her income and consequently to her rich enjoyment of life. The portentous attitude of the modern novelist towards his "Art"—such an attitude, for instance, as that revealed by Henry James in his recently published *Letters*, in which Art, whether that of the writer, the painter, or the musician, is regarded as the greatest thing in life, nay, more, as the highest form of life itself—would have been wholly impossible to her, and, so far as her own works were concerned, would have seemed to her frankly comic. She liked to think that her stories gave pleasure to a large public—the naming of a mountain in the Arctic regions, Mount Rhoda, by the members of one of the Markham expeditions, because of the pleasure her books had given them and the help they had been in whiling away the tedium of the long drear Arctic twilight, was one of the results of her writing which gave her most satisfaction—and she took her work seriously, in that, up to the last, she was always eager to correct faults of style or grammar, the latter never, as she frequently confessed, one of her strongest points. But there the matter ended, and it was as difficult for the habitual as for the casual, visitor to her house to remember her calling, so little did she conform to any preconceived ideas of "a literary woman," and one, moreover, of world-wide reputation. Her "tale of bricks," as she called her daily output, when she was at work upon a novel (as she nearly always was), was always accomplished in the morning, and varied a great deal in bulk, from several pages if she were in the mood, to as little as three-quarters of a page if she were not. But though she never allowed anything to inter-

fare with her daily task, at the same time when it was done, it was done, and by luncheon time, her work being finished for the day, she had dismissed it from her mind and was ready to enjoy, from then until bedtime, whatever pleasures, whether derived from friendly intercourse, from books, or from a good brisk walk, the passing hours might bring forth.

I do not propose in these few pages to give anything in the nature of a complete sketch of Rhoda Broughton's life. To begin with, the space at my disposal is too limited, and secondly, if this were not the case, the result would be valueless, for I only know—if indeed I can be said to *know* them at all—the details of her life, before I myself met her, at second-hand or by the merest hearsay. Our friendship was a singularly one-sided affair in that respect, or rather, perhaps, it was not singular, but in accordance with the fitness of things, that a friendship between a woman of forty-five, as Rhoda Broughton was when I first met her, and a girl of eighteen, should have been one-sided in the matter of autobiography. I had all my life before me, and was beginning to apply myself to the difficult art of living; Rhoda Broughton had more than half her life behind her, a half which, if report said true, had not been without its period of *Sturm und Drang*, and in which I had had no sort of share. Miss Broughton was, moreover, temperamentally extremely reserved, in regard both to those people and those events who and which had touched her most nearly, affected her most deeply, and though I know she had certain intimate friends among her contemporaries (of one in particular I remember her writing to me: "I am staying here with the one friend who knows me rather better than I know myself"), between whom and her no such barriers existed, it was natural that they should exist between herself and a very young girl. However this may be, certain it is that she never, or hardly ever, talked of her past with me, and equally certain is it that neither I nor, I think, anyone of my years, would have ventured upon an attempt to extract such confidence when none was offered. I used often to be appalled, at the end of one of my long daily visits to her house, to find how egotistic, on my part, most of the talk had been, and would resolve not to say one word about myself next time we met. But, alas, for such resolutions! Never were they proof against her extraordinary power of sympathy and the intense unfeigned interest she showed in every detail of one's daily life and thought. I remember pulling myself up one day in the middle of a long account of my day's doings and exclaiming, "Do forgive me for boring you like this, but somehow I have to tell you everything," and I can hear now her dry, staccato tone as she answered, "I like to be told things. I like nothing so much as knowing every-

detail of people's lives—not only what they are doing, but what they are thinking and feeling—so go on and don't waste time in unnecessary apologies. If you had bored me, I should have stopped you long ago." After that, I never bothered my head in that respect any more, but simply accepted the fact that she *was* interested in what she irreverently called my "long-winded stories," and that not only did they not bore her, but that, like Oliver, she was always "asking for more."

For nearly twelve years, namely, from 1883 to 1895, I saw Rhoda Broughton constantly and regularly—every day in fact during the first five years when we both lived in Oxford, and every Sunday during the last seven when she lived in Richmond and I in London. From the year 1895, when I left London and when Miss Broughton, after the death of her sister, Mrs. Newcome, had given up the attractive little house in Mansfield Place on the top of Richmond Hill, I saw less and less of her, to my great and lasting regret, and in the past twenty years my glimpses of her were sadly few and far between. Yet our friendship never changed, either in its reciprocal affection or in its distinctive character. Always there was the same eager interest as in the old Oxford days, always the same warm welcome, the same valedictory sentence, "And when will you come again?" with—on our last parting—the wistful addition, "You are the only friend I have left now who remembers the good old days." The last time I saw her was in the early autumn of 1914, in a flat she had taken for the winter. I found her sadly crippled with arthritis, unable even to get up from her chair without the skilled help of her faithful maid, who had been with her for over thirty years, unable to walk without the aid of two sticks, and the sight of her disablement, so bravely and cheerfully borne, brought tears to my eyes, as I remembered the gallant, erect figure of those far-off Oxford days. But never had I known her more intensely *herself* than she was that afternoon, and I shake now with inward merriment when I think of the visit. I had brought with me an American friend, who was filled with a great desire to make the acquaintance of so distinguished an authoress, and who was, I feel sure, looking forward with the utmost eagerness to the pearls of wisdom and the diamonds of wit which were to scintillate upon Rhoda's lips every time she opened them. As luck would have it, soon after our arrival, the door opened and Mr. Harold Newcome, Miss Broughton's nephew, appeared on the threshold, looking particularly well-groomed and spick and span. Catching sight of him, and before he had got well into the room, Rhoda exclaimed in tones of shrill amaze: "Oh, 'Arold! 'ow 'orrible you look! Whatever 'ave you done to yer 'ead?" To which greeting Mr. Newcome, quite

unruffled (which was perhaps natural, since there was literally nothing left to ruffle) replied that he had just come from a visit to his barber, an answer received with snorts of disgust from his aunt. As he reached her chair, he stopped for a moment and said reflectively: "Let me see—I forget—do we kiss or not?" "No, 'Arold," said his aunt firmly, "we do not." Whereupon they solemnly shook hands, and he drew up his chair to the tea-table. At this point, I stole a look at my friend, to see the effect of this somewhat remarkable exchange of greetings between aunt and nephew, and to this day I cannot recall the expression on her face without a return of the mirth which threatened to undo me utterly at the time it met my eye. Whether she thought that was the way distinguished English authoresses habitually conversed with their relations I know not, but I do know that the expression was more to be prized than much fine gold, and that it will ever remain among my treasures of memory.

And now from that last meeting, upon which I look back, for all its mirth-producing quality, through a mist of tears, I must return to the first. But before embarking upon my Oxford reminiscences, I must devote a few words to an explanation of Rhoda Broughton's rather peculiar position and standing in the Oxford society of that day.

Some few years before the year 1883, with which my particular "story" opens, Mrs. Newcome (who, I think, had recently been left a widow with two small boys to educate) together with her sister Rhoda, were looking about them with a view to establishing themselves in a permanent home together. Their joint income, even with the addition of Miss Broughton's literary earnings, was not, I imagine, large, and though their inclinations pointed to London, where both sisters had many distinguished and delightful friends, it was felt that, London rents and life generally being expensive, the said income might go further elsewhere. The idea of an ordinary provincial town did not appeal to either sister, yet it was necessary to settle in some town with educational facilities for the sake of the two little boys. It was at this juncture that my uncle, Matthew Arnold, an old acquaintance of Miss Broughton's, suggested Oxford. "You will find there a pleasant and cultivated society," he said, "and since no one is rich, life is necessarily lived on a simpler scale than in London. You will, I feel sure, receive a warm welcome from Oxford people." Admirable advice on the face of it! Its only weakness lay in the fact that it was based upon incomplete knowledge of the Oxford society of that day. My uncle, being a man of the world, and himself enjoying the company of a brilliant and witty fellow-citizeness of that wide domain, naturally supposed that a community, presumably super-

intelligent and living on and by the things of the mind, such as he imagined the Oxford community to be, would welcome her and her sister as gladly as he himself would have done, would regard them—as in truth they were—as valuable additions to its social life and as bringing with them something of the larger atmosphere of London, thus helping to clear the slightly stagnant social air of an ancient University town. But, alas! he little knew his Oxford, and if he had had any idea of the rebuffs, the slights, and the almost general attitude of hostile suspicion to which his pleasant friend was to be subjected during the first years of her Oxford life, needless to say the advice he gave would never have been given. That Rhoda Broughton won through to triumph in the end, that the *entrée* to the charming old house in Holywell, during the last years of their life there, had become one of the most sought-after privileges in Oxford, while it testifies to the fearless, potent personality of the younger sister, the tact and charm of the elder, and the brilliant social gift of both combined, does not, nor ever will, exonerate the Oxford society of the late 'seventies and early 'eighties from what can only be characterised as the stupid, the *provincially* stupid, hostility of its attitude.

The first hint of what was in store was given her—so Rhoda Broughton once told me—in a letter from Lewis Carroll, that paradox in clerical broadcloth—strange compound of the Bohemian and the rigidly conventional, of prejudice, prudery and provincialism with a sense of humour so fine and so universal in its appeal, as to provide food for laughter so long as the English tongue shall last. Miss Broughton was staying with an old friend of hers in Oxford, just before she and her sister took possession of the old house in Holywell, which they had had the good luck to find vacant, and the good taste to take, in preference to any red brick villa in the region of the Parks, and which, for so many years, was to form the fitting background of their lives. In the course of her visit, somebody happened to mention Lewis Carroll, or Mr. Dodgson, as he was more commonly known in Oxford. "Oh! do you know him?" exclaimed Rhoda, "I should so like to meet him." "Nothing easier," replied her hostess, "I'll write and ask him to dinner while you're here." The invitation was promptly dispatched, and the next day, when Rhoda and her hostess were sitting in the morning-room of an old grey house in St. Giles's, the latter engaged in writing letters, while Rhoda looked through the morning paper, a note was brought in and handed to the lady of the house. Glancing at it for a moment and recognising Lewis Carroll's characteristic hand, she tossed it across unopened to Miss Broughton saying: "Oh! here is Lewis

Carroll's answer—just open it, will you, and see what he says? ”—and went on writing. Presently, roused from her preoccupation by a silence louder than any noise, she turned round, and seeing from Miss Broughton's expression that something very extraordinary had happened, she exclaimed: “Why, Rhoda, what on earth is the matter?” “I think,” said Miss Broughton, in her driest tones and with her characteristic snort which yet had a hint in it of something perilously akin to tears, “I think perhaps you had better read it for yourself,” and rising from her chair she quietly left the room. And this, petrified with chagrin at having brought such a slight upon a much-loved friend, was what her hostess read: “Dear Mrs.—, it would have given me great pleasure to dine with you on such and such a day, but I fear I cannot do so, as I cannot bring myself to meet Miss Rhoda Broughton, of whose novels I greatly disapprove.—Yours sincerely, C. L. Dodgson.”

“It was the first of Oxford's ‘amenities,’ ” said Miss Broughton, in telling me the story long years afterwards, “and it hurt like a blow in the face. No one had ever *insulted* me before, and though I was to experience many more choice examples of rudeness and hostility, I never quite got over the bitter mortification of that first bludgeoning hint of the ‘warm welcome’ Oxford was preparing for the stranger knocking at her gates.”

When I first knew them, actual rudeness on the part of Oxford people had become a thing of the past, partly, I imagine, from the fact that turners of cold shoulders had had those same shoulders so soundly buffeted in the act, that a wholesome respect for, not untinged with fear of, the inflicter of the said buffetings, had gradually come into being. However this may be, I hardly realised, at the time of our first meeting, what those first years had meant to a proud and highly sensitive spirit, and I remember on one occasion expostulating with Miss Broughton, in regard to what had struck me as the rather unnecessary severity of a snub I had heard her administer. I shall never forget the sudden passion with which she turned upon me. “It's all very well, my dear child,” she exclaimed, “but I can't forget those early years of my life here, when those from whom I had every right and reason to expect kindness and hospitality showed me nothing but cold incivility. I resent it still, and *I shall resent it to my dying day.*” And for the first and only time in my life I saw those fine grey eyes—eyes which could be so kindly when they rested upon a friend, so steely when turned upon an enemy—fill with the slow-gathering, painful tears of middle age.

But, as I have said, before we met I had heard little of all this. I only knew of Miss Broughton as an authoress whose books I

adored, and read surreptitiously whenever I got the chance, and as a shadowy, slightly awe-inspiring personage, popularly supposed to be gifted with a witty and merciless tongue, to whom it was advisable to give a wide berth, especially as report had it that she disliked the genus 'girl,' and was apt to exercise her wit with extra relish at her expense. It may readily be imagined, therefore, with what alarm I was inspired when, in the course of a visit to our distant connections, the Wakefields of Sedgwick House, near Kendal, I was informed one morning that Rhoda Broughton was expected that afternoon. I did not, however, see her until we were all gathered in the big hall before dinner, when I managed to escape the dreaded introduction by "dissembling" myself among the numerous other guests, and it was not until we were seated at table that I ventured to cast a furtive glance at the so alarming presence established just opposite me. And what I saw was this:—A woman, obviously in the early forties, with greying hair, largely concealed, as was the monstrous fashion of that day, by a cap of old lace; a thin, somewhat sharp-featured face, with a keen aquiline nose, and decidedly truculent chin, held well up and slightly thrust forward, as though in instant readiness for the fray; large, prominent 'noticeable' grey eyes, with humorous lines about the corners; a somewhat large mouth which looked as though it could readily develop a sarcastic, almost sardonic twist, yet wore a kindly expression at the moment; the head small and carried erect and slightly thrown back upon what I think were the most beautiful neck and shoulders I ever saw upon a woman—certainly upon a woman of her age. Add to all this the air of an accomplished woman of the world, at home in any company, and filled with the blessed consciousness of being remarkably well-dressed, and you have a picture of Rhoda Broughton as I first saw her on that—to me—memorable August evening in the year of grace 1883. Once or twice during dinner I felt her eye fixed disconcertingly upon me, and was seized with a strong desire to get under the table, fearing lest she might, if occasion served, and she deigned to recognise the fact of my existence at all, crush me with a look or a neatly-turned, annihilating phrase. But in the course of dinner the conversation turned upon Oxford and Oxford people and, in one hideous rush of courage, I made a remark, slightly derogatory in character, about some Oxford big-wigs. Amazed at my temerity, and waiting breathlessly for my doom, to my surprise the keen face turned instantly towards me, the grey eyes emitted a flash of amusement, and the dry voice with its curious, characteristic "burr," said in tones of surprise: "Why, I thought you were 'one soul in two bodies' with the So-and-so's"!

I made some remark to the effect that having been brought up cheek by jowl with the members of a particular family did not necessarily prevent one from seeing their faults, and we plunged into a discussion of Oxford *personalia*, and, before I knew where I was, all my fear of her had vanished, and I had a nice, comfortable sort of feeling that I had known her all my life. Immediately after dinner, I remember, we all dispersed to put on wraps for the drive to Kendal, where a concert was to be held, at which Mary Wakefield, then in the zenith of her glorious voice, was to sing, and, as we were waiting to be packed into the roomy family omnibus, I felt a touch on my arm and heard the now undreaded voice saying, "Come and sit next me on top, and let's talk some more 'Oxford'"; and by the time that drive was over my subjugation was complete.

Such was the manner of our first meeting. Two or three days later, when the party broke up, her last words to me consisted of a command to come and see her as soon as she returned to Oxford in October.

The intervening weeks having passed, I was hastening along the road outside the Park one morning in late October, striving to be in time for an appointment, when in the distance I spied coming towards me a figure, which looked at once strange and familiar—strange, in that it was conspicuously well-dressed, always a strange phenomenon in the Oxford of that singularly shapeless period; familiar, from its intensely characteristic walk, which was marked by a kind of swing of the body on the neatly-shod, well-shaped feet, producing that swish of silken draperies which always heralded her approach—head erect, and chin slightly thrust forward and upward—in a word, Rhoda Broughton, taking her morning constitutional. I had no time to stop, but waved my hand and smiled gaily at her. She stopped, clearly not recognising me for the moment. Then her face lit up, and she smiled and waved back. On my return journey we met again, and this time we stopped and chatted for a minute or two. "You didn't recognise me at first," I said, laughingly.

"No," she said, "I didn't for the first moment, but I did directly you smiled, for nobody ever smiles in Oxford," and we parted on a promise from me to go to tea at their house in Holywell on the morrow.

My life was a full one in that old, far-off time, the days occupied in teaching, writing, etc., with, in the background of it all, a dear and sacred charge, to whom my days and nights were dedicate. I used generally, however, to get some two hours "off" in the afternoon, round about tea-time, and accordingly 4.30 on

the following afternoon found me standing outside the little house in Holywell, so soon to become the dearest of all houses to me. My entry into the drawing-room was, I remember, marked by a veritable tempest of barks in three distinct keys from two pugs and a Yorkshire terrier, who leapt from their baskets on either side of the fireplace and flew to meet me; the tempest quelled, and having been introduced to Mrs. Newcome, I was at liberty to take stock of my surroundings. My first impression of that low-ceiled room with its oak beams and its many-paned, bow-windows looking over the narrow, storied street, remains indelibly imprinted on my memory. Being a chilly afternoon in late October, a bright fire was burning in the old hob-grate, and, the lamps not having yet been brought in, the soft glow of the firelight fell on the charming medley of old furniture, late autumn flowers, old china-cabinets—on the large aviary filled with chirruping canaries in the east window, and all the pleasant furnishings of a room full of character and comfort, on the keen, clear-cut features I had dwelt upon so often in memory, and lastly on the immensely distinguished-looking figure presiding at the tea-table, with its snow-white hair, surmounted by a crown of old lace, its whole air so reminiscent of a French Marquise of the old *régime*—on the figure, that is to say, of Mrs. Newcome, Rhoda's widowed sister. I shut my eyes and see again those delicate, white hands moving among the old Worcester teacups, hear again the soft, low tones of that "most excellent thing in woman," a charming speaking-voice, punctuated now and again by her sister's sharper, drier tones, feel again the delicious sense of *bien-être*, as I sat drinking my tea in an armchair on the right-hand side of the fireplace—from that day onwards to be known as *my* chair—the sense of having found a new *home*, so warm was the welcoming atmosphere, so cosily, intimately withdrawn from the world without, so subtly charged with sympathy and understanding. From that day, it became an established custom for me to spend those afternoon hours in their company. Looking back upon them now, I realise afresh that those years from 1883 to 1888, despite the never-ending anxiety which cast its dark shadow over all my comings-in and goings-out, were the happiest, most fruitful, and the richest in satisfying companionship, of my life.

Not long after those daily visits of mine had become a settled custom—for one of the most admirable qualities possessed by the two sisters was that the witching-hour of 4.30 found them always so enchantingly "there"—I came to be known as the "prop of our declining years"; and much wholesome, if painful, discipline was meted out to the poor "prop" during those five years of infinite enrichment. A more stimulating, and at the same time chastening, influence than that of those two delightful women of

the world, in the life of a young girl, could not be conceived. Every now and then the discipline would be carried a little too far. And one such occasion is bitten into my memory. I being ill, Rhoda had come to tea with me, thus reversing our usual custom. It was the year of the Queen's first Jubilee, and a fund was being raised in Oxford for the purpose of presenting a Jubilee gift to Her Majesty. Being something of a Republican in those days, and finding it particularly hard just then to provide my beloved invalid with all the doctor ordered for her, I felt it would be more appropriate for the Queen to give me a present than for me to give her one, and said so with some acerbity. Rhoda, I need scarcely say to those who have read her novels, was a rigid Tory of the real "old vintage" brand, and a staunch supporter of Church and King (the former more in theory than in practice, I may remark *en passant*!), and exactly what she said I do not remember. One's memories are apt to be vague when one has been knocked down, trampled upon, and left for dead upon the field. But years after, Rhoda came upon the following entry in an old diary of that date: "Ethel ill, went up to see her 'to' console her, and succeeded in making her cry bitterly." My own chief recollection is that outraged dignity kept me away from Holywell for four days, at the end of which, having come to the conclusion that I had cut off sufficient of my nose to spite my face, I returned to my accustomed chair by the fire, to find my chastener in a singularly penitent—I may say *cringing*—mood. An offer to go round the room on all fours, if it would in any way make up to the "prop," having been rejected with scorn, the picture conjured up by the proposed act of propitiation caused my dignity suddenly to dissolve in helpless mirth, and peace and amity reigned once more.

Sometimes, when I had a little more time "off" than usual, I would join Miss Broughton in the brisk walk she always took between luncheon and tea. On one such occasion, I noticed that she was rather absent-minded, and at last I asked her what was the matter.

"Well, the fact is," she replied, "I have had two letters by this morning's post, which are sadly incompatible with one another, and I'm wondering which of the two is true. One is from the Income-tax Commissioners, entirely declining to accept my returns, on the flattering ground that so popular a novelist *must* make a great deal more by her books than I have set down. The other is from Bentley, informing me in words of sadness, not wholly untinged with reproach, that for the past 20 years he has steadily and persistently published my 'works' at a loss! Now, you know, both *can't* be true—the question is, which is?"

I brilliantly suggested that she should send Bentley's letter to

the Income-tax Commissioners and that of the Income-tax collector to Bentley, and await results, but, to my lasting regret, she rejected my admirable advice.

In the year 1888 the first year of our friendship, "*Belinda*" had not long been published, and the air of Oxford Society still re-echoed to the furious discussion it had evoked. The character of Professor Ford was almost universally held to be an unprovoked and unpardonable caricature of Mark Pattison, at that time Rector of Lincoln. Now there is no profit to be derived from the raking-up of old, forgotten gossip and scandal, but, as a matter of fact, Rhoda Broughton *had* received what *her* eyes regarded at any rate, as an extremity of provocation. At the same time, I am convinced that she herself lived to regret the book's publication, one of her best novels though it undoubtedly was. Its appearance, and the storm it aroused, had one result which Rhoda felt a good deal, and that was that, from the day of its publication she was never again bidden to any of the Master of Balliol's Saturday or Sunday dinner-parties. "It is not the book itself which I condemn," Jowett is reported to have said, "but I regard it as an attack upon the Order of Heads of Houses to which I belong, and out of loyalty to my colleagues I feel myself compelled to make the only protest open to me." And to the substantial justice of this sentence of banishment, Rhoda Broughton's innate sense of fair play forced her reluctantly to agree. The punishment was in fact no very severe one, except so far as her pride was concerned, for it did not deprive her of the society of the Master's guests, since almost all of them made a point of calling upon her on Sunday afternoons, to enjoy a pleasant hour of her racy, pungent talk. It was indeed in those days that the Oxford tide began to turn, and certain shining lights in the Academic Holy of Holies to realise that a light, even more shining than themselves, had shone in their midst for many years, its light either derided or ignored. The "whirligig of time" has a way of bringing in its revenges, and Rhoda Broughton supped full of hers before the end.

One or two of her sayings at this period have remained in my memory. One of them referred to a novel which had lately been published, and was being much discussed. "Well," said Rhoda, referring to a particular portion of the book, "all I can say is that some people may steal a horse, while others mayn't even look over the hedge. In my younger days I was considered to have written very improper novels—yet in my most unregenerate period, I never ventured to put my hero and heroine in bed together and make them hold long conversations in this compromising situation—especially when they weren't married.

But then," she added reflectively, "in this case they really were married all the time, *only they didn't know it themselves.*"

There was another of her *obiter dicta* for which I have always cherished a peculiar affection. We were discussing a quarrel which had taken place between two life-long friends. "Do you think they'll ever make it up?" I asked. "Never," said Rhoda firmly, "*Things have passed which can only be forgiven between sisters.*" How often that saying has recurred to my mind on my way through life, and how irresistibly its profound and subtle truth has forced itself upon me!

Not long after I first knew her, Rhoda Broughton's eyesight began to fail very markedly, and she could no longer read small print, nor any print for long at a time. In consequence of this, I fell into the way of reading aloud to her, and in the long winter afternoons sitting over the fire, the warm curtains drawn and the softly shaded lamps lit, I read to her by the hour together—Shelley, Keats, my uncle Matthew, the Elizabethan dramatists, and last but by no means least, Browning, then at the zenith of his reputation. Oh! those afternoons when we "wrestled" with Sordello, or racked our brains over some of the more cryptic of the minor poems—what fun they were! and what a liberal education to a girl on the threshold of life, was this daily intercourse with an older woman, possessed of a mind so richly stored with "the best that has been thought and said in the world." Her knowledge of English poetry was indeed wide and deep, and as a genuine lover of Shakespeare—as one who knew most of the plays literally by heart—I have seldom known her equal.

A few more words about those Oxford days, and I must bring this portion of my reminiscences to an end. No sketch of Rhoda Broughton's life would be complete that did not contain some reference to her beloved dogs. Readers of *Joan* and *Nancy* will have realised her love for the race in general, and the immortal "Mr. Brown" of the former must have a warm place in innumerable hearts. Her own dogs consisted of a succession of fat and puffy pugs, and a perky little Yorkshire terrier, her own special property, who rejoiced, when just washed, in the style and titles of "The Hon. Mink Twankle, Hon. member for Holywellkin," at other times, when of unkempt and slovenly appearance, he was just plain, "Mink, the Twankler." The first in the long line of pugs which I knew answered to the name of "Slutty," and never, I regret to say, was appellation more fitly bestowed, for a more indescribably dissipated, *louche*-looking old lady than she appeared as she trotted lazily along ahead of us on our walks abroad could hardly be imagined. Mink, on the other hand, was a shocking little prig, and I remember on one occasion, after he had been running

stiffly along by Slutty's fat side for some time, his suddenly turning back to his mistress, wearing a pained look on his silly little face under its neatly parted hair. Rhoda bent down to whisper in his ear, and then dismissed him sharply, bidding him rejoin Slutty. "What an insufferable little prig that dog is," she exclaimed, "he's just been telling me that he's so shocked by the improper Bible stories that Slutty *will* keep telling him that he really can't walk with her any longer. And what do you think the little hypocrite said at the end, in his most 'petiss' voice, 'Oh mamma! why is anyone *ever* naughty? it's so much *better* to be good!'"

Not long after this, Slutty's iniquitous life came to an end, brought on by over-eating and general self-indulgence of the grossest kind, and Sally, her daughter, whom Slutty cordially despised for the characterless little person she undoubtedly was, reigned in her stead.

In 1888 my mother died, and my Oxford life came to an end. I will not dwell upon my farewell visit to the little old house in Holywell, nor on the emotions which filled my heart as I said good-bye to the familiar drawing-room and *au receir* to its much-loved occupants. Something told me that I should never again sit by that fireside, never again look down from those windows upon the famous street. But, amid all the pain of parting, I knew that I had savoured to the full all the happiness that room and its owners had brought into my life, that at any rate I had missed none of its richness through indifference or staleness.

When I left Oxford, Rhoda Broughton was at the top of the wave. The wheel had come full circle, she had made of her enemies her footstool, her dinner parties or "Guildhall feasts" as she preferred to call them, were the most enjoyable gatherings in the old grey city, which had once turned to her so cold and scowling a face; her house was the meeting-place of all that was socially most "worth-while," both in the undergraduate world and in the world of Don-dom, and, as she explained to me, she who had once been looked upon as the Zola of English fiction was now regarded as its reincarnated Miss Yonge! But her triumph was not destined to be long-lived, for not long after I left Oxford, they, too, decided to uproot themselves and to move nearer London, and accordingly the scene in the next chapter of our friendship is laid in Richmond. There, in a pleasant little house in Mansfield Place, a small row of houses set well back from the road, facing the Star and Garter, on the top of Richmond Hill, I found them established one Sunday afternoon in the spring of 1890, and thenceforward practically every Sunday afternoon found me installed in the same identical chair as in the Oxford days.

Oddly enough, I remember hardly any of her racy characteristic sayings during this period of six years. I know that she must have given and did give, utterance to many a good thing, but my life was a very full one in those days, filled with an ever-increasing whirl of new people and new impressions, and my memory, never a good one at the best, is a blank concerning them. I only know that I found the renewed intercourse as delightful as ever, and that no new friend ever seemed to me quite to equal her, in the vividness of her personality or in the stimulating alertness of her mind. In 1895, I left London for the country, soon afterwards Mrs. Newcome died, the house in Mansfield Place was given up, and Rhoda went to live with a cousin in a joint *ménage* on Headington Hill. The old intercourse was broken off, never again, alas! to be renewed in its pristine regularity. We met in London from time to time, and always with the same affectionate cordiality on either side, and occasionally we fired off letters at one another. But I was never again "the prop of her declining years," and, though I had hosts of friends, no one ever filled the void created by the loss of her constant companionship.

And now, in conclusion, for a word or two about her books, not in the shape of literary criticism—for adequately to deal with Rhoda Broughton's place in English letters would need an article all to itself—but as they afford material for her biographer. Her first book, *Not Wisely but too Well*, was written when she was a girl of twenty-three, and was, as she expressed it herself with her customary frankness, "crude and vulgar and marred by that impropriety which is so often the fault of very young writers." On its completion, she read it aloud to two self-appointed critics—Sheridan Le Fanu, the novelist, who was her uncle by marriage, and another whose name I forget, but who was, I remember, a journalist and a man of letters. Its reception, she was fond of relating, was not flattering, for, on looking up at her audience on its conclusion, she discovered that one had fallen heavily asleep, while the other maintained a silence, blank and chilling as the grave. However, the upshot of the reading was that Sheridan Le Fanu offered to publish it in the pages of the *Dublin Review* (I think) and gave her for it the magnificent sum of £5, which, after all, as she used to say with a snort of amusement, was an historic sum, since it was the precise amount which Milton received for *Paradise Lost*. Her next novel, *Cometh up as a Flower*, was published by Bentley in the pages of *Temple Bar*, that treasure-house of English fiction of the lighter sort during the 'sixties, 'seventies and early 'eighties. Striking a new note in fiction as it did, the book had an instantaneous success, a success which ricocheted back upon poor *Not Wisely but too Well*, which

had practically fallen still-born from the Press but which Bentley now republished, uniformly with *Cometh up as a Flower*. The excessive fervour of the love-passages in all her early books, and the new type of heroine she created—these qualities made her the idol of the young of both sexes, while the salty flavour of her pungent humour gained her innumerable readers among those of maturer years. Bret Harte's skit upon the turgid, perfervid style of these early books, in his *Recipes for Sensation Novelists*, hit the nail on the head very neatly. "Take two large human hearts," it began, "and break one against the other, stir frequently with a long 'spoon,' serve at white heat, with a sauce composed of molten-lava kisses, and garnish freely with wild oats." This is not the whole of the recipe, but it is all I can remember at the moment, and 'twill serve.

Second Thoughts, which is my favourite among her novels, was also her own, partly, I think, owing to the circumstances which accompanied the writing of it. For while she was at work upon it, her beloved friend, Adelaide Sartoris, Fanny Kemble's sister, lay dying, and Rhoda used to sit by her bedside and read it to her chapter by chapter, as she wrote it. How much her great love for her friend and the shadow of her impending loss, affected her work, it is impossible to say, but the fact remains that, while the book contains just as much of her delightful humour as its predecessors, it is wholly without that touch of *malice*, that tendency to mock at physical, moral and mental infirmities, which sometimes detracts from one's enjoyment of her fun.

Up to *Alas!* which she nicknamed "Augustulus" while she was writing it, on the ground that, like the Roman Emperor of that ilk, it was to be "the last and worst" of her works, she was by no means a prolific writer, judged by modern standards of production, and was quite content with publishing a novel every two and a half to three years. But after *Alas!* which was the last to appear in the old three-volume form, she produced far more rapidly, and the publication of a novel a year became her almost invariable practice, a practice which, in spite of failing health and eyesight, much actual bodily infirmity, and steadily increasing age, her brave indomitable spirit maintained up to the very end of her long life.

Her handwriting was perhaps the most appallingly illegible ever inflicted upon the hapless tribe of compositors. Special printers had always to be assigned to her MSS. in the old typewriter days, and even so her proofs used to come back to her with whole sentences, even paragraphs, omitted in despair, which she used laboriously to fill in, in a kind of sprawling imitation of print. "You see," she said to me one day, "I have to be very

careful with my corrections, as once, in a purple passage, I made use of the expression "1,000 *shouts* rent the air," and as this returned from the printers disguised as "1,000 *snouts* rent the air," the effect was somewhat marred! I remember once asking her to read me a chapter of the novel she was at work on at the time. "Read you my MS.!" she exclaimed, in tones of grim amusement, "why, I have to spend hours as it is, passing my lean hands through my few remaining grey hairs in the frantic endeavour to decipher what I've written when I have to make a fair copy for the printers. You surely wouldn't expect me to go through the process *twice*?" I have in my possession the first MS. draft of *Cometh up as a Flower*, and I can only say that if an intoxicated spider, after being dipped in an ink-bottle, had been allowed to wander at will over a white and virgin page, the resultant marks would closely resemble the cryptic hieroglyphics—covering both sides of the sheet!—with which those four thin green copybooks are filled. This illegibility was due chiefly to the fact that, while thin and shapely, and full of distinction, her hands were singularly helpless members, and I never remember seeing her do anything with them, without producing a sense of awkwardness and ineffectualness.

With regard to the money she made by her books, I have already alluded to the divergent views of the Income Tax Commissioners and her publisher, but, of course, there was no doubt whatever as to which view represented at any rate what *should* have been the truth, for, indeed, for "so popular a novelist" she made, up to, and during, the years of our close companionship, monstrously and scandalously little. I do not deny that this was largely her own fault, and due to the element of obstinate conservatism in her make-up, for her friends—my eldest brother among them—often implored her to allow them to make more lucrative contracts for her. But nothing would induce her to leave Bentley, whom she regarded as a friend as well as a publisher, and when once loyalty was involved in her eyes there was no moving her. Moreover, she liked the handling of large-ish sums of "money-down"—the building up of a steady and substantial income out of royalties while retaining the copyright in her own hands, did not appeal to her. For the £1,000 she received for *Belinda*, she always said she had nothing to show but a few smart Paris gowns, and of the £1,300 she obtained for *Alas!*—this sum representing her high-water mark, so far as the sale of her novels "out and out" was concerned—she had much the same sorrowful tale to tell. Whether she at last yielded to advice, and kept the copyright of her later books as her own property, thus securing to herself the valuable cheap edition, American and Colonial, rights, I do not

know. But it is my earnest hope that for all that brave and patient labour, accomplished in the teeth of so much physical disablement, she obtained at least an approximately adequate pecuniary return.

And now my labour of love is over. The humble little wreath which I have sought to weave that I might lay it on your last quiet resting-place, is fashioned—such as it is, and you will, I know, forgive its clumsiness because of its sincerity. No one who knew or loved you will ever forget you—and just as you were always to be found in your charming, flower-filled drawing-room, with your chair drawn up to the tea-table, ready to give as lavishly of your wit and wisdom as of your China tea, so, in the hearts of your friends, a room will always be set apart for you, into which, weary and jaded with the rush of life, they can penetrate at will and hold converse with you as of old; hear again the salt tang of your speech, relish again your caustic turns of phrase, shake again with sudden laughter at some revelation of the ludicrous in unexpected places. In that haunted room of memory they will feel again the old stimulus, the old refreshment, the old inexhaustible sympathy you gave them while still you dwelt among them.

Unsparing yet kindly mentor of my raw youth, wise counsellor and witty companion of my maturer years, ever and always, through good and through evil report, true and loyal friend—dear, gallant Rhoda Broughton, good-bye,—and Hail!

ETHEL M. ARNOLD.

A MODERN SAINT.

THAT Christian tradition of the spiritual life which has been specially developed within the religious orders—with its definite objective, its methodical training in self-conquest and the art of prayer—is often regarded as a mere survival of mediævalism; lingering in odd corners, but having no points of contact with our modern world. Yet this tradition lives now, as surely as in the days of St. Gertrude or St. Teresa. It continues to exercise its mysterious attraction; transmuting those who give themselves to its influence, and producing that special type of character and experience so clearly marked in the histories of the Catholic saints. In a world of change it has hardly altered. Within the contemplative convents there obtains that same scale of values, that same contempt for the body and undivided attention to the interests of the soul, that same avoidance of all comfort or pleasure and eager acceptance of pain, which is revealed in the standard writings of Christian asceticism. In these houses mysticism is still a practical art: the education there given represents the classic spiritual discipline of the West, and still retains its transforming power. Through it, souls obtain access to a world of spirit, and apprehend under symbols eternal values which are unperceived by their fellow-men. By it they are supported through the difficult adjustment of consciousness and sublimation of instinct, which are needed when the centre of life's interest is shifted from physical to supernal levels. This is a fact which students of psychology, and especially of religious experience in its intensive form, should not ignore. They need not go to the Middle Ages for their examples of the effect of ascetic training and contemplative practice, or for characteristic specimens of the "saintly type"; for these may be found within our own period, and studied in their relation to the modern world.

Those who regard this saintly type as a hot-house plant, raised under conditions which appear to defend it from the temptations and distractions of ordinary existence, can have little acquaintance either with cloister ideals or with cloistered lives. A thorough-going monastic discipline is the most searching school of virtue ever invented. It withers easy-going piety and "other-worldliness" at the root. It confers a robust humility, which is proof against all mortifications and disappointments. It leaves no room for individual tastes and preferences, religious or secular.

Its pupils must learn to resent nothing, to demand nothing, to thrive on humiliations, to love and serve all, without distinction, without personal choice; even to renounce the special consolations of religion. The common idea of the cloister, as providing a career of impressive religious ceremonial varied by plain sewing, pious gossip, and "devotionettes" is far from the truth. On its external side, a well-ordered convent provides a busy practical family life of the most austere kind, with many duties both religious and domestic, countless demands upon patience, good temper and unselfishness, and few relaxations. On its hidden side, it is a device to train and toughen the spirit, develop the highest powers, and help it to concentrate its attention more and more completely on eternal realities. That training is still given in its completeness, and the classic saintly character is still being produced; with its special cultivation of love, meekness and self-sacrifice, balanced by energy, courage and strength of will.

Sanctity is the orientation of the spirit towards supreme Reality. To the believer in any theistic religion, nothing could be simpler, more natural than this. There is nothing about it which deserves to be called abnormal, archaic or fantastic. The complications with which it is surrounded, the unnatural aspect which it wears for practical men, all come from its collision with the entangled interests and perverse ideals of the world. Thus retreat from this tangle of sham interests, the building up of a consistent universe within which the self can develop its highest powers and purest loves, is felt to be imperative for those selves in whom this innate aptitude for God reaches the conscious level. In these spirits, the "vocation" for the special life of correspondence with the supersensual reproduces on a higher plane the vocation of the artist or the poet. All the self's best energies and desires tend in this direction; and it will achieve harmonious development only by unifying itself about this centre of interest, and submitting to the nurture and discipline which shall assure its dominance. The symbols with which the universe of religion is furnished, the moral law which there obtains, are all contributory to the one end; and find their justification in its achievement. Within the Christian Church, and especially in that which is technically called the "religious life," they have not varied for many centuries; nor has the type of personality which they develop changed much since it first appeared in monastic history. The sharp sense of close communion with, and immediate responsibility to, a personal God possessing human attributes; the complete abandonment of personal desires, combined with astonishing tenacity of purpose; contempt for the merely comfortable either in spiritual or physical affairs; a glad acceptance

of pain—these are the qualities of the Christian saint, and these are still fostered in appropriate subjects by the cloistered life. These facts have been abundantly demonstrated during the last thirty years in a group of French Carmelite mystics, of whom the best known is Thérèse Martin, already the object of a widespread *cultus* under the name of Sœur Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus. Others who will repay study are Elizabeth Catez, or Sœur Elizabeth de la Trinité (1880–1906), and Mère Marie-Ange de l'Enfant Jésus (1881–1909). It is clear that we have in these young women—for they all died before they were thirty years of age—a genuine renaissance of traditional Catholic mysticism. Their experience exhibits many close correspondences with that of the great mystics of the past; the same development of the interior life can be traced in them, and they knew at first hand some at least among those high forms of spiritual consciousness described by Ruysbroeck, Angela of Foligno, St. Teresa, and St. John of the Cross.

The first in time and in importance—for the others depended to a greater or less degree on her influence and example—was Thérèse Martin; who was born at Alençon in 1873, and died in 1897. The last nine years of her life were spent in the Carmelite convent of Lisieux; and she there wrote the spiritual autobiography, *L'histoire d'une âme*, which has since been translated into every European language. In her life—which shows with exceptional clearness the reality and driving power of that instinct which is known as religious vocation—and in the incidents connected with her death and *cultus*, we find many parallels with the legends of the historical saints. These likenesses often help us to determine the true meaning of statements in those legends; suggesting the origin of much that appears extravagant and abnormal, and restoring to their real position in the human race men and women who dropped their living characteristics in ascending to the altars of the Church.

We notice first in Thérèse the extent to which heredity and environment contributed to the formation in her of an exclusively religious temperament. She inherited from both parents an ascetic tendency. Her father, as a young man, had sought, without success, to become a novice at the Great St. Bernard; her mother had wished to be a Sister of Charity. Their marriage had the character of a religious dedication; and their one wish was for children who might be consecrated to the service of God. Nine were born, of whom four died in infancy. The five girls who survived all entered the cloister; for which, indeed, their whole life had been a perfect preparation. The idea of marriage seems never to have occurred to any member of the family.

Thus Thérèse, the youngest child, grew up in a home which was a veritable forcing-house of the spiritual life, though full of happiness and warm affection. By it she was moulded to that puritanism and other-worldliness which is characteristic of real Catholic piety. There, the conception of earthly existence as a "school for saints" was taken for granted, and the supremacy of religious interests never questioned. All deeds and words, however trivial, were judged by the grief or pleasure they would give to God; and as a tiny child she was given a string of beads to count the "sacrifices" made each day.

The Martin family lived within a dream-world, substantially identical with the universe of mediæval piety. It was peopled with angels and demons, whose activities were constantly noted; its doors were ever open for the entry of the miraculous; its human inhabitants were the peculiar objects of the Blessed Virgin's interest and care; every chance happening was the result of divine interference. For them this universe was actual, not symbolic. Their minds instinctively rejected every impression that conflicted with it; and its inconsistencies with the other—perhaps equally symbolic, and less lovely—world of daily life were unperceived. The most bizarre legends of the saints were literal facts, all relics were authentic, and most were full of supernatural power. The Holy House of Loretto, the face of St. Catherine of Bologna still marked by the kiss of the Infant Christ, found in them willing and awe-struck believers. Yet these symbols, thus literally understood, were the means of a real transcendence: the dominant interests of the home were supersensual, and in it a vigorous spiritual life was fostered, marked by true and great goodness, complete unselfishness, a courageous attitude towards misfortune and pain. Thus from birth Thérèse was protected from all risk of intellectual conflict, and surrounded by harmonious contributory suggestions, all tending to press her emotional life into one mould. Such a nurture could hardly fail to create either the disposition of a rebel or that of a saint: but there was in Thérèse no tendency to revolt. Her temperament—ardent, imaginative, abnormally sensitive, and psychically unstable—inclined her to the enthusiastic acceptance of religious ideas; and even in childhood she showed a fervour and devotion exceeding that of her sisters. When she was still a little girl, the two eldest left home one after the other, in order to become nuns in the Carmelite convent of Lisieux. The departure of the first, Pauline, was a crushing grief to Thérèse, at that time about nine years old, and was apparently the cause of her first desire to be a nun. She told the Superior of the convent that she, too, intended to be a Carmelite, and wished to take the veil

at once. The Reverend Mother, a woman of kindness and good sense, did not laugh; but advised her to wait until she was sixteen, and then to try her vocation.

There is less absurdity than at first appears in this childish craving. The religious type is often strangely precocious. As the tendency to music or painting may appear in earliest childhood, so the sense of vocation may awaken long before the implications of this mysterious impulse are fully understood. Thus Elizabeth Catez, afterwards Sœur Elizabeth de la Trinité, decided to be a nun when she was seven years old, and began at this age to govern her inner life. She and Thérèse help us to understand the stories of the visions and self-dedication of the little St. Catherine of Siena; or St. Catherine of Genoa and Madame Guyon, determined at twelve years old to enter the religious life. We are faced in all such cases by the strange phenomenon of accelerated development: strongly marked in the case of Thérèse, who undoubtedly had, in spite of the great simplicity of her nature, a real genius for the spiritual life. She had, too, the peculiarly sensitive psychic organisation which is observed in many of the historic mystics. A long and severe nervous illness had followed her sister's departure from home. It was cured by a form of auto-suggestion for which many parallels can be found in the history of adult religious experience; though few in that of children of her age. This incident Thérèse has described with great clearness and honesty. At a crisis of the sickness, when she was reduced to utter misery and weakness and tormented by hallucinations and fears, her three sisters came to her room and knelt before the statue of the Blessed Virgin, praying for her cure. The sick child, praying too as well as she could, suddenly saw the statue take life and advance towards her with a smile. Instantly the prayer was answered, her pains and delusions left her, and she was cured. This "vision" being told, and of course accepted at face-value as a supernatural grace, marked Thérèse from this time as a privileged soul. It certainly indicated in her an abnormal suggestibility, comparable with that which is revealed by the similar incident in the life of Julian of Norwich; and was not without importance for her future development.

The religious transformation and exaltation so often experienced in adolescence is seen in Thérèse Martin in its most intense form. The childish determination to become a Carmelite grew steadily in strength, and when she was fourteen she broke to her father her own intense consciousness of vocation; a certitude which nothing could shake. Her inner life, too, was now astonishingly mature. She was not a prig, but a sensitive and affectionate

little girl; yet her autobiography is full of touches which surprise us by their depth and wisdom, when we remember the age of the child who thought and said them. By the constant practice of small renunciations, self-denial was now habitual to her; it was by that which she called the "little pathway" of incessant but inconspicuous sacrifices that her character was formed. Even when we have made full allowance for unconscious imitation, it remains clear that she already knew at first hand many of the experiences which the mystics describe. Though perfectly free from all spiritual pride, she was strangely certain of her own communion with the divine order, and of the authority of the impressions which she received from it.

"En ce temps-là, je n'osais rien dire de mes sentiments intérieurs; la voie par laquelle je marchais était si droite, si lumineuse, que je ne sentais pas le besoin d'un autre guide que Jésus . . . je pensais que, pour moi, le bon Dieu ne se servait pas d'intermédiaire, mais agissait directement."

These are bold words for a young girl reared in the most rigid provincial piety, and taught to regard her director as the representative of God. In them we see the action of that strong will, that power of initiative, and clear conception of her own needs and duties which redeem her often emotional religious fervour from insipidity. It is true that she could and did express that fervour in the sentimental language which is the least attractive element in French piety: that the sense of a special relationship and special destiny which more and more possessed her impelled her to describe herself as the "fleuriste," the "petite fiancée," even the "jouet" of Jesus, and to note in many casual happenings evidence of "Les délicatesses du bon Dieu pour moi." Yet we cannot forget that similar declarations, equally offensive to modern taste, abound in some of the greatest historical mystics. Whilst no doubt they represent the invasion of human desires and instincts into the field of spiritual experience—its natural craving for protection and personal love—they also witness to the mystic's intense personal consciousness of close communion; a consciousness which far transcends the poor vocabulary and commonplace symbols through which it must be expressed.

We cannot dismiss Thérèse Martin as a mere victim of religious emotionalism, when we remember the amazing vigour and tenacity of purpose with which, when barely fifteen, this gentle and home-loving child, driven by her strong sense of vocation, planned and carried through a life-long separation from the father she adored and the world of nature she loved. With a certitude of her own duty which nothing could shake, Thérèse interviewed on her own behalf the Superior of the order, who snubbed her, and the Bishop of the diocese, who was kind, but

prevaricated with her : demanding from them permission to take the veil at once, instead of waiting till the usual age of twenty-one. Further, being taken by her father to Rome with a party of French pilgrims, when they were all received by the Pope, she had the courage to address him directly—although the priest in charge of the pilgrimage forbade it—and asked his support. The end of it was that she at last convinced the authorities of her special vocation, and was allowed to become a postulant in the most austere of all religious orders at the unheard-of age of fifteen.

Her career as a Carmelite was far from being the succession of mystical enjoyments, the basking in divine sunshine, which some imagine the contemplative life to be. She now experienced the common lot of the "proficient" in the mystic way; paying for her religious exaltation by reactions, long periods of aridity, doubtless due in part to exhaustion. Then, in addition to the perpetual little sacrifices, self-deprivations and penances which she imposed on herself, she seemed, as she says, to be plunged in a "terrible desert," a "profound night" of darkness and solitude, and prayer itself was dreary and unreal. "*Tout a disparu . . . ce n'est plus un voile, c'est un mur qui s'élève jusqu'aux cieux et couvre le firmament étoilé.*" Outwardly, too, her life was difficult. Her superiors seem at once to have scented in her that peculiar quality of soul which is capable of sanctity; and since it is the ambition of every community to produce a saint, they addressed themselves with vigour to the stern task of educating Thérèse for her destiny. Still a child, sensitive, and physically delicate, she was spared no opportunity of self-denial and mortification. Her most trifling failings were remarked, her good points were ignored. When her health began to fail under a rule of life far beyond her strength, and the first signs of tuberculosis—that scourge of the cloister—appeared in her, the Prioress, in her ferocious zeal for souls, even refused to dispense the ailing girl from attendance at the night-office. "*Une âme de cette trempe, disait-elle, ne doit pas être traitée comme une enfant, les dispenses ne sont pas faites pour elle. Laissez-la, Dieu la soutient.*"

This drastic training did its work. Thérèse had a heroic soul, though her courage and generosity found expression for the most part in small and obscure ways. She has said that she felt in herself the longing to be a soldier, an apostle, a martyr: and within the limits of the cloister she found means of satisfying these desires. "*Elle accomplissait simplement des actes héroïques,*" said the Superior after her death. Her brave spirit never faltered. She hid her mental and physical sufferings,

fought her increasing weakness, ate without hesitation the rough food which made her ill, refused every comfort and amelioration. By this hard yet humble way she rose in a few years to the heights of perfect self-conquest and moral perfection: passing through suffering to a state in which love, and total self-giving for love, was realised by her as the central secret of the spiritual life. "La charité me donna la clef de ma vocation. . . . Enfin, je l'ai trouvée. Ma vocation, c'est l'amour." In this completed love, stretching from the smallest acts of service to the most secret experiences of the soul, she found—as every mystic has done in his own manner—that unifying principle of action which alone gives meaning to life. So Julian of Norwich fifteen years after her first revelation was "answered in ghostly understanding": "Wouldest thou wit thy Lord's meaning in this thing? Wit it well, Love was his meaning. Who showed it thee? Love. What showed he thee? Love. Wherefore showed it he? For love. Hold thee therein, and thou shalt wit and know more in the same; but thou shalt never know nor wit therein other thing without end."

To live in this supernatural charity is to introduce into the world of succession the steadfast values of eternity: it is, as Fox said, to "keep within the Universal Spirit." This is the one essential quality of the saint. "Pour atteindre à la vie idéale de l'âme," said Elizabeth Catez, who so greatly exceeded her fellow-Carmelite in philosophic grasp, though not in moral beauty, "je crois qu'il faut vivre dans le surnaturel, prendre conscience que Dieu est au plus intime de nous, et aller à tout avec Lui: alors on n'est jamais banal, même en faisant les actions les plus ordinaires, car on ne vit pas en ces choses, on les dépasse. Une âme surnaturelle ne traite pas avec les causes secondes, mais avec Dieu seulement. . . . pour elle, tout se réduit à l'unité." Thérèse de l'Enfant-Jésus came to this consummation by way of a total and generous self-abandonment, a love which consecrated "les actions les plus ordinaires." She took as her favourite saint the Curé d'Ars because "he loved his family so deeply, and only did ordinary things." This was the "little pathway" to reality on which, she thought, all might travel and none could miss the road. "Aux âmes simples, il ne faut pas des moyens compliqués." Though the unquenchable thirst of her ardent nature for more suffering and more love did, more than once, express itself by way of ecstatic experience, she repudiated all abnormal "graces" and special contemplative powers. "Je ne suis qu'un pauvre petit oiseau couvert seulement d'un léger duvet: je ne suis pas un aigle, j'en ai simplement les yeux et le cœur." Her spiritual practice became simplified as she developed. In the

last years of her life the Gospels were her only book of devotion, and her prayer "un élan du cœur, un simple regard jeté vers le ciel." Yet the love thus expressed was no mere "divine duet"; she was not a victim of that narrow fervour which finds its satisfaction in a vertical relation with the Divine. Her religion was of a distinctly social type. She held that "le zèle d'une Carmelite doit embrasser le monde"; and this zeal showed itself, not only in the passionate love she gave to her family, but in radiant affection towards all living beings—the nuns in the convent, some of whom were extremely tiresome and even unkind, her friends and correspondents in the outside world, the animals and birds. She always had her eye on her fellow-creatures: she wanted to help them, to show light to them, to save them. The eager service and voluntary mortifications of her life closed with eighteen months of great physical suffering. She died in September, 1897, at the age of twenty-four.

Thérèse Martin had lived for nine years within the walls of a small, strictly enclosed convent in a provincial town. This building, and its dreary little chapel, formed the setting of her religious career. There was nothing impressive in her surroundings, nothing to satisfy those artistic instincts which she certainly possessed, to hint at the poetry and mystery of the spiritual life. Her opportunities of action had been limited on every side; her creative impulse found expression only in the writing of some conventional religious verse, and the record of her thoughts and experiences—composed, not for publication, but as an act of obedience to her Superior. Prayer, the teaching of novices, the family life of the community, and a small amount of correspondence with those in the world, were the only channels through which her passionate love of humanity could flow. This record may not sound impressive. Its sequel is amazing. Students of history have often discussed the stages and the circumstances through which a simple man or woman, distinguished only by a beautiful and humble life, has been transformed by the reverence, love and myth-making faculty of his contemporaries into a supernatural being endowed with magical powers. This transformation has happened within our own time in the person of Thérèse de l'Enfant-Jésus. This young girl, whose life was marked by no abnormal incident, who was brought up in an obscure Norman town, and deliberately shut herself in a convent of strictest enclosure to remain—as the healthy-minded would say—buried alive till her death, is now loved and invoked wherever the Roman Catholic Church is established. Her short and uneventful life has influenced and comforted countless other lives. Her "cause" has been introduced at Rome, and, although

not yet canonised, she is already regarded as numbered among the saints. To visit her grave in the beautiful hillside cemetery outside Lisieux, and watch the endless stream of pilgrims who come on every day of the year from all parts of the world to ask her help, to deposit letters explaining their needs, and to lay on her tomb for blessing the clothes of babies or the food of the sick, is to understand what the shrine of a mediæval saint must have been like. It is to understand also something of the triumphant power of character, and of the fact that the enclosing of a radiant personality within the cloister is not burying it alive.

Although the whole of her short adult life had been passed behind the high garden walls of the convent, and after she took the veil only the members of her family had seen her—and this under the most restricted conditions—yet at the time of her death Thérèse de l'Enfant-Jésus was already known and valued by the whole town. That death was an event of importance, evoking an extraordinary demonstration of affection and reverence. The events which followed it are of deep interest. Here, in our own day, we have the swift rise and diffusion of a *cultus*, exactly similar to those which followed the deaths of the great popular saints of the Middle Ages. Every element is present; the prompt setting up of a pilgrimage, the veneration of the tomb, the distribution of relics—at the Lisieux convent cards are sold bearing splinters and bits of straw from the cell of Thérèse—countless reports of visions, conversions, “supernatural perfumes,” and miraculous answers to prayer. The literature of the subject is already considerable, and a journal is published giving details of “graces” obtained by her help. The causes which lie behind such religious movements as this are still obscure; but we have in the cult of Thérèse Martin a valuable clue by which to interpret those reported from the past. Her “miracles,” in which students of psychic phenomena will find much to interest them, range from the cure of cancer to the multiplication of bank-notes, and even include the restoration of dead geranium-cuttings. Many are obviously explained by coincidence or hallucination, some are admirable examples of faith-healing. But a few, apparently supported by good evidence, seem to defy rationalistic explanation.

The cult quickly lost its local, and ultimately its national, character. Though French Catholicism rightly claims Thérèse as its peculiar possession, and devotion to her is probably more general in France than elsewhere, yet she is now venerated in every country in the world, and distributes her favours without regard to nationality. Scotland and America in particular have numerous stories of her benevolent intervention, at least as evi-

dential as much that is offered to us by the exponents of spiritualism. Her legend is in active formation, and many picturesque incidents were added to it during the war. She is even said to have appeared at the British Headquarters, and given advice at a critical moment of the campaign. A large proportion of the Catholic soldiers who fought for France probably placed themselves under her protection, and attribute their safety to her care. A little time before her death she said to her sister Pauline : "Une seule attente fait battre mon cœur ; c'est l'amour que je recevrai et celui que je pourrai donner. . . . Je veux passer mon ciel à faire du bien sur la terre" ; and, again : "Je compte bien ne pas rester inactive au ciel, mon désir est de travailler encore." In these sayings, so unlike in their vigorous activism the conventional aspirations of the devout, we have probably the germinal point of her *cultus*. It has come to be believed that this simple and loving spirit is indeed spending her heaven in doing good ; and the deeds attributed to her are just those practical and friendly acts of kindness through which during life she expressed and perfected her spirit of love.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

IN considering any aspect of education in America there are certain features and conditions peculiar to the country it would be unfair to overlook. Of the problem of the immigrant we have heard from time immemorial, but it is not until one is face to face with it in the schools that any real idea of its complexities and dimensions is possible. Year in, year out, a continuous stream of foreigners fills the American class-room. Not only does this occur in New York, where the current is most congested, but in all the cities of the East, West and Middle West States. In one quarter of a city Russian Jews will predominate; in another Italians; here the majority are Lithuanians, Syrians or Armenians; and so on. Into this cosmopolitan *mélange*, devoid as it is of homogeneity, unity of aim and cohesion, no time is to be lost in instilling the first principles of uniformity. These, together with some knowledge of the country, the Constitution, civics, a smattering of history, are comprised in the process known as Americanisation. Necessarily the medium through which the knowledge of these things can be conveyed is the English language. So that it behoves all educational authorities to see to it that their system of teaching the subject is of the best. Faced with this necessity a forcible and systematic method has been evolved and is applied with so much efficiency that at the end of two or three years the youngsters have acquired sufficient mastery of the language to meet all immediate needs—of the school at least. Should the parents of the children or their brothers and sisters who are beyond the school age require to learn it also, every facility for doing so is afforded by continuation, industrial, pre-vocational schools and others, many of which are established in connection with the different factories and industries, and largely supported by employers, time being allowed and paid for out of the working-day.

With the thoroughness that is a national characteristic, these men, for the most part ardent advocates of vocational education, have succeeded in establishing the finest plant and equipment for their purpose that is conceivable. Were money-making the be-all and end-all of existence, there would be nothing but unqualified praise for the single-mindedness of purpose and astuteness with which they pursue their aim.

The "socialising" methods of teaching arithmetic, grammar, history, which prevail in some of the schools have been adopted largely in vocational training. All, by now, realise that the

contented workman is capable of more endurance and finer work than the discontented one, so that everything is done that is likely to conduce to the workers' happiness and well-being. One of the most progressive firms, in this respect, is the American Rubber Company, which has branches all over the country. The one we visited has a school on the premises, a recreation room, lunch rooms, library, a rest room, dental and surgical operating and consulting rooms, and nurses in daily attendance. The Wanamaker Store in Philadelphia, probably the largest of the sort in the United States, is another establishment no less praiseworthy in its efforts to promote the welfare of its servants, especially in education as it touches the processes of buying and selling. Not for a moment must it be assumed that philanthropy plays any part in these activities. The sole aim is efficiency, a systematic, unassailable efficiency, to which the youngest and most insignificant individual unit in the building contributes something, not entirely, be it said, to the glory and pecuniary advantage of John Wanamaker, the proprietor, but something also to the industrial efficiency and pre-eminence of America and just a little to the edification of the employee himself.

The educational apparatus of the Wanamaker Store is situated at the top of the building, and consists of a dozen lecture rooms, a library, an auditorium, sick wards for male and female workers, and other conveniences. Here, also, the hours devoted to education are counted as work hours and paid for by the firm. The subjects taught are purely vocational, *i.e.*, suited to the particular department to which the student belongs and the kind of work each is to follow. Describing their efforts in this direction as the humanising of commerce, a firm of Boston clothiers made the principles of successful transactions between employers and customers their first aim. Manners and methods in approaching customers are regarded as essential as a direct knowledge of salesmanship. Everywhere in this huge emporium the personal factor is the most important. One has only to refer to the list of manufacturers and associations of manufacturers published by the National Industrial Conference Board to understand how general is this kind of educational activity. This Board is a federation of American industries existing primarily for the study of industrial problems, improvement in industrial relations and promotion of industrial prosperity in the country. The fact speaks for itself that something like twenty-five manufacturing associations, representing practically the whole industry of the United States, and ranging from the American cotton manufacture, the hardware manufacture, the paper pulp manufacture, to every trade association that can be imagined as existing in a

country of such diverse and multiple needs, are unanimous in extending to their employees education in matters pertaining to their daily labour, and sometimes of a more general type.

Though this work, for the most part, is carried on independently of the educational authorities of the different States, and also of Washington, these last are by no means averse to it. Rather, they do all they can, from time to time, to encourage it. For instance, the Smith-Hughes Bill of a few years ago allocated large sums of money to all schools, whether under State or Municipal control, which should provide continuous education for pupils between fourteen and sixteen, on condition that the education was industrial, agricultural, or concerned with home economics, and was not an intellectual education! The opinion is that no country can be permanently greater than its natural resources of wealth. Thoughts may obtrude, at this point, of the glory that was Greece and the greatness that was Rome, of imperishable Florence and Judea, whose permanence of renown had little to do with natural resources. The quest of the Americans, however, is for another kind of permanence and greatness. And at this stage of the world's fortunes who shall say they are not justified? The need of the hour is production, and yet more production. Commerce everywhere is the prize of the foresighted and the diligent. Scientific knowledge must be brought into relation with industry and agriculture, and should be everywhere the active co-operator with the daily needs of a nation. So that it is scarcely necessary to say that rather than underestimating the initiative and enthusiasm, the tireless enterprise and experimentation displayed, we feel that promoters of vocational education in America, up to a certain point, are deserving of the highest praise. But while these activities are in keeping with the best traditions of a manufacturing and commercial country, it needs no great business acumen to understand that they constitute a sound investment and that there is nothing greatly disinterested in them. Where we part issue with the employers and devotees of this kind of instruction is on the point that vocational education should be given at the factory, the continuation or vocational, and not in the public, elementary schools. Large employers of labour and masters of industry are constantly lamenting that the schools do not begin instruction in the vocational processes soon enough, that they do not, in a word, exist for the benefit of the master of industry. Factory educational organisation, it is argued, would not be required if the formal schools' systems met the requirements of the age, assuming that the requirements of the age are well-drilled armies of potential drapers, clothiers, engineers, butchers, bakers and

candlestick-makers, and the rest of them. Already in many of the pre-vocational schools boys and girls of ten years of age and upwards give something like six hours a week to mechanical employment in the school workshops; from which many of the boys obtain the necessary certificate of proficiency and go straight to wage-earning. It seems to us that the legitimate interests of the child under fourteen years of age, after he has mastered the three R's, are nature, literature, history and cognate subjects rather than those which have a direct reference to some vocation. The love of variety and change of occupation which exists in every child is, in this way, too early restricted to one set pursuit and youthful adaptability taken advantage of. While the tendencies, among adult workers, are all in the direction of mechanical, highly specialised efficiency—the artisan or workman so often being obliged to devote himself to the repetition of a single movement or a set of movements with monotonous precision—many people are intent on limiting the opportunities for acquiring tastes and ambitions which alone can neutralise the effects of monotonous toil, for it is only in youth that these tastes can have free expression and encouragement; and it is they alone that bring respite, enlargement, emancipation, as well as incentive, to endure the mechanical and monotonous.

The advocates of the more material kind of training are, however, so greatly in the majority in America that anything like a due recognition of the claims of a more liberal education is the last thing to expect. National greatness and pre-eminence, to the thinking of most people, as we have intimated, are commensurate with national wealth and nothing else. Only when the conviction is born that there are finer things in life than money-making, that, when all is said, life is more than meat and the body than raiment, will adjustment be possible.

Another factor that must not be lost sight of in considering the question of vocational education is the temperament of the American. It is the nature of the American with work in hand to be just a little in a hurry. A quick rather than a profound thinker, with abounding energy and initiative, if his ideals lean to material rather than spiritual enlightenment, it is not altogether a matter for surprise. Then, impregnated with the thought of the inexhaustible resources of his country, he wishes, naturally, to participate in an El Dorado so close at hand. There will be plenty of time later for culture and intellectuality, he argues. Just at present everyone's energies must be bent on material success. And education, as he understands it, means the training of the employee that he may become a producer in the quickest time possible. More than most people the American

is remarkable for an untiring adaptability to his surroundings, not only because his surroundings are vast and mutable, but largely because of his vitality and the virile pioneer spirit that is not nearly exhausted. Were he not so happy and good-tempered, and self-sufficing, he would not be nearly so pleasant to encounter. This kind of thing, however, is not without its disadvantages. A story is told of Mr. Southey, the poet. One day he was explaining his daily time-table to a North Country visitor. At one hour, he said, he was occupied with history; at another with science; later, literature absorbed him; and so on, allocating some pursuit to every hour of the twenty-four. The old Scot listened quietly until he had finished and then rejoined a little sceptically:—"It's all verra weel, Mr. Southey, but tell me, when is it ye find time to think?" It is something the same with the modern American. His assiduity in so many things does not leave him much time to think. However, he has sufficient acumen to realise that education is something that he cannot afford to disregard. Hence his hurry to adopt it as a hand-maid in acquiring a fortune. Now to be in a hurry over education is invariably to make mistakes and act from wrong premises. While education, which is dynamic rather than static in quality, requires continual adjustment, it demands thoughtful and deliberate adjustment. Clearly it is a process, an instrument, in the application of which, if one must hasten at all, it is necessary to hasten slowly. Everywhere in America experimentation is rife, and sometimes new theories and practices, largely because they are new, are substituted for old ones without justification. Not so long ago the Federal Government offered higher grants of money to the different States to encourage the teaching of agriculture and home industries, limiting the grants to students between fourteen and eighteen. The Government recognised the principle that no country can afford to neglect the scientific appreciation of its national resources. At the same time it found cause to denounce the older system because it tended to develop the power of the specialist and professional to the neglect of the farmer and manufacturer. We trust that some formal recognition of the fact that the discoveries of the specialist and professional admitted of the ultimate greatest success of agriculture was made and opportunities left them to continue their researches. The incident has the true democratic ring that would commend it to many.

Just at present there are additional reasons why the American should be in a hurry about education. Many weak places in the prevailing system were revealed by the army tests. Illiterates and the physically unfit were far too numerous to excuse any-

thing like complacency for many years to come. This helps to explain why everyone in America is interested in education, and particularly in vocational education. Not only the experts but the non-professionals and the non-political discuss, criticise, and suggest what is to be done for the best, a state of affairs not without a certain danger, implying as it does an impatience that, if not destructive of good results, may seriously retard them. While it has long been an occasion of boasting in the States that, given a fair intelligence, any boy or girl, rich or poor, white or coloured, can pass from the elementary school to the university, there are many people to-day advocating a college education (equal to our secondary school training) for all. This and other progressive measures are being mooted in the tremendous access of energy and interest which has attended the present need for oversight and expansion. Whether the world is to be made safe for democracy does not so much trouble the Americans, apparently, as that as a democracy America shall be made safe for the world. It is largely because education is such a personal matter in the country that so much has been achieved in a comparatively little time. The half-hearted attention it has received in the past in this country from people and ministers whose achievements, intellectual and other, would have presupposed more all-round visualising of so important a subject, has no parallel in the United States. The danger comes from an opposite quarter there, where everyone assumes he has a right to a finger in the educational pie.

It is, however, when all is said, round the question of vocational education, both in and out of the schools, that the most heated controversies rage. So conflicting are the opinions, so incontrovertible the arguments for a practical and technical and, at the same time, a liberal education that it has been said, rather pertinently, it is the American attitude towards education that is in greater need of readjustment than the curriculum. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that the consensus of agreement is on the side of the so-called vocational training. Of what this consists, at what its promoters are aiming, in what particulars it conflicts with the claims of a more liberal education requires little explanation, for vocational education is really no new thing either in America or elsewhere. Though over there one is expected to regard it as something of an enviable novelty, expressed, for the most part, in the terms of applied sciences like electrical engineering, chemistry, carpentry, or hygiene, or applied crafts like dressmaking, book-binding, and stenography. By right other subjects should be included. For instance, in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance Latin was vocational, the knowledge of it being indispensable to

all professions except arms. Mathematics was, and is, no less vocational, though it happens to be cultural as well. All training, we might say, that is directly applicable to the problem of subsistence is vocational, though it may vary with the needs of different ages, races, and environments. This, however, is to apply a much more comprehensive interpretation of the word than obtains, at present, in America. Brought down to first principles, the promoters of vocational education are teaching how to work in order to live as opposed to that older and more leisurely method of teaching how to live, in order, among other things, to work.

To assume in education that any one method is superior to another or that the inculcation of a certain class of facts and stimuli must be practised at the expense of others, on the plea that the future life of the child will demand more proficiency in one direction than another, is to run the risk of defeating the end for which education exists. The need of the State and the necessity of the industrialist should be secondary here to the preparation for the all-round adjustment of the child to life for which education primarily is undertaken. The most enlightened vocational training savours not of education, but rather of exploitation. It entails instruction in a limited number of processes instead of freedom in all. To restrict a child to one set of activities is to lose sight of the potentialities that defy all computation by teacher or educationist of the child mind, while to proceed in defiance of these possibilities may often make education prove a curse rather than a blessing.

This is the danger in America. With the best intentions in the world, vocational education is assuming the features and character of specialised training, a mere adaptation to the economic side of life. So that with all their talk of ideals and panaceas, of future expansion and the rest of it, to the impartial observer it seems that they are much more bound up with the letter of the law than with the law itself. It is as if they would assert, in defiance of educational precedents and opinion established for something like five hundred years, and of the fact that children of to-day are identical with the children of the fifteenth century in their educational needs and requirements, that their way is best. If it is not best for everybody it is best for America. In effect they declare that a wheaten loaf may be a fine, digestible and nourishing thing, but maize, being a national product, it shall be maize cake and no other that shall be eaten there. The attitude is not dissimilar to that of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers in regard to railway development. An omnipresent proof of the virulent obstinacy of the railway mania of last century is the "Elevated" of New York City, probably the most hideous struc-

ture extant, and in one of the most potentially beautiful cities in the world. So obtrusively obvious is it that none but a vigorous and preoccupied race could tolerate it. They would rise in a body and destroy it in a night. Persistence in a too strictly vocational education may have similar disastrous consequences. But in the case of education it is impossible to pull down, as they are pulling down portions of the "Elevated," because the superstructure, whose foundations are education, admits of no reconstruction once the time for building has passed.

However, we must bear in mind that the advocates and supporters of vocational education are not having it all their own way. From the seclusion of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton the opprobriously termed armchair educationists are denouncing in no uncertain voice the too exclusive training in industrial arts. They plead eloquently and consistently for at least some acquaintance with the more cultural subjects—the opening and keeping open of some windows of the soul, truly magic casements, through which, only too likely, all that many of the children are ever to know of beauty and romance may freely enter.

Writing on the subject of vocational education in the *Atlantic Monthly*¹ of last November, one of the foremost educationists of America says:—"A special programme of training—vocational or business—before the end of the high school training is a menace to democracy. Moreover, it is German. . . Such vocational training was in Germany, and is here a deliberate attempt. A working-class vocational education before the end of a high school course is education backward, the training of a man into a machine, a soul into a pair of hands. It is education for autocracy: the German system which in its People's Schools carries 90 per cent. of German children up to an eighth grade (seventh standard), then blocks all further education except in trades and continuation schools." So speaks the progressive and true educationist of America. In accordance with this view the President of the Stetson Shoe Company said the other day: "We don't want boys taught to make shoes in the schools. We can teach them better here at the factory. We want them to be educated at school. We need intelligent, adaptable men, interested men who see that their welfare and our welfare are one. A few hours in a shoe-shop will give a green hand skill enough for wages, doing for him all that the years of distracting vocational work in school would do and do but poorly."

As yet, in America, the great awakening of the workers to the consequences of their children being trained largely for the pur-

¹ "Pioneers of Democracy"—Dallas Gore Sharp.

poses of the employer has not come. Beguiled by the somewhat ambiguous promises and possibilities of a democratic system of education, they are at present as credulous of benefits as they are heedless of the fact that the cleavage between the education of the rich and the poor is almost as sharp there as in England. So that in spite of the American pride in a system of education that makes a point of giving free access to the university, the advocates of vocational education are as guilty of exploitation as we, though we have the courage to denounce it as short-sighted and capitalistic. When all is said, education must be judged from the point of view of the advantages it will be likely to bestow on the child—not the child as a potential wage-earner, a potential carpenter, but a potential human being.

The more intelligent of the working-class everywhere in the United Kingdom are demanding that everything shall be done in education to place the child in touch and keep it in touch with the best that has been said and done in the world, that care should be taken for the whole lives of the children, and that their school training must not be one-sided and fragmentary. To be entirely beneficial it must also be free from class prejudice and class antagonism, essentials which the more short-sighted and bigoted among the Labour Party in their desire to strengthen their organisation are apt to ignore.

The question naturally arises as to what kind of education is to be substituted for the vocational, that while not actually equipping the children for wage-earning, will, pending that necessity, be really worth while. The education which a few of the best colleges in America are supplying, approaches, as near as anything can, to the old-termed liberal education which has been the ideal of the greatest thinkers on the subject since Ascham, da Feltre, and Milton. It should not, for instance, exclude one set of subjects which are likely to supply a broad and comprehensive understanding of life for another, nor does it mean specialised training in the classical languages at the expense of modern. It must always be borne in mind that the services it performs are to be transmuted ultimately into life and living. Mathematics which acquaints the young with abstract thought is scarcely more important than history that affords some sort of background and perspective to modern life; while the power to perceive and enjoy beauty, to interpret character, and participate in the highest emotions should employ attention in their turn. Dogmatism, above all in the class-room, however, is to be avoided as unlikely to conduce to an open mind and as a deterrent to an ability to weigh all evidence before committing oneself. Or, as Mr. Bertrand Russell has defined it: "The more purely intellectual aim of

education should be the endeavour to make us see and imagine the world in an objective manner as far as possible as it is in itself, and not merely through the distorting medium of personal desires."

This is not for a moment to underestimate the need of vocational training when the time comes for it. The working ability of the youth of any nation must be trained effectively and completely, but not until an age when the boy or girl can judge, to some extent, what he or she would like to be. To oppose the claims of technical and vocational skill by empty talk about the humanities would be as dangerous as foolish in a nation whose resources are so vast and numerous, and especially when there is so urgent a demand, the world over, for commodities and workmen.

As to the product that the better kind of education is likely to evolve at the present juncture, we need have no qualms. All are alike insisting on the development of character and capacity with instruction upon such broad lines that, given occasion, boys and girls will have no difficulty in adapting themselves quickly and efficiently to any need or change that occurs. In other words, what are wanted are young men and women of character, all-round ability, and a quick and efficient adaptability.

Could men live by bread alone we might be content with vocational education. But when the wherewithal to meet the daily needs has been procured there is that in the soul of man that requires a different kind of satisfaction. Ambiguous terms like aspiration, ethics, religion, ambition do not nearly cover or explain the yearnings for something beyond the material and the everyday. Despire and abuse these, fail to respect and encourage them in the early years, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. The subsequent dissatisfaction with life and the unrest engendered by their neglect is fraught with much evil, none the less potent because it is intangible and obscure in its cause, as the psycho-analysts are proving. Nor are these things less the domain of education than training in the vocational subjects. Though they belong to the realm of the ideal and the spiritual, their demand for cognisance and approval can be no less urgent, for the control of them means the control of thought, which is as essential as the control of matter. When all is said, culture will persist in a certain percentage of mankind in defiance of the most exclusive vocational preparations. Men and women are born into the world every day who struggle and succeed, against apparently insuperable odds, to maintain in their lives the sweetness of knowledge, so that so far as an education fails to recognise this as necessary for certain types of mind—be it one

that would give the mastery of every trade on earth—it is fundamentally unpractical.

Then again, the responsibility and leadership to which all men aspire bring with them the obligations of culture—of a training higher and more comprehensive than the mechanical, as also a desire for an increase of knowledge. While in a condition of savagery nothing is practical that does not help to support life, in civilisation everything is practical that helps one to live happily in an intricate and complex environment. The ability to build a bridge, to plough a field is practical ability, so in no less degree is the power to appreciate good literature, and music, to debate and reason correctly, etc. This being so, and the fact that the number of young people is negligible that have not a quota of idealism and spiritual ambition, if one is at pains to discover it, a general education will be more beneficial in the long run than a special training and technical knowledge.

Instances will occur to most of those who, unfitted by tastes and aptitudes for technical work, though not an iota behind in intelligence, in order to be made practical have been sent to engineering, chemistry, and the like, sometimes regardless of an unmistakable bias towards different things. While the highly talented among authors, artists, and musicians are able to retrieve early mistakes of this sort, many of the less endowed never recover the advantages lost by the false start. Surely nothing could be more wasteful than the education that necessitates abandonment and a new beginning along different lines when the receptive and impressionable years have passed. So that with or without regard for the fact that present circumstances necessitate the greater application of the principles of vocational training, the danger, we think, of sacrificing the greater essentials of education is not without a certain menace to the future of America.

LUCIE SIMPSON.

THE DRAMAS OF HENRY BERNSTEIN AND THE WORSHIP OF STRENGTH.

CLEAN-SHAVEN, angular, strong-willed and a Jew, M. B. is to-day the celebrated and wealthy author of fifteen successful plays. From the *Marché* to the *Secret*, each of his works has been received with enthusiasm or hostility, never indifference, and when, in 1911, a clique tried to exclude him from the Comédie Française, 2,000 signatures were found in three days to protest against this "Insulte à la Liberté de l'Art." If victory belongs to those who seek one aim only and struggle for it with all their strength, it was inevitable that Monsieur Bernstein should succeed, for it is evident that the only aim of his career was to gain success. His purpose is not, like that of Brieux, to defend a social theory, nor to unfold on the stage, like Bataille, the analysis of a complex and personal sensibility. The sole object of Bernstein, despite his pretensions, is the applause of the public. By means of his well-chosen characters, the brutality of his subjects, his *coups de théâtre*, his bone-and-muscle style, Bernstein has shaken multitudes, taken them by the throat, made them gasp, but always applaud . . . and pay.

Now, these multitudes, that public which Bernstein intended to conquer at any cost, had been by degrees completely transformed. The ancient aristocracy, with its native taste for harmony and delicacy, having supported all the classical *surricances* of the nineteenth century, from the boring Ponsard to the sparkling Pailleron, was falling asleep in its *ricux faubourg*. Empire financiers and their successors of 1880, who had succeeded in creating a certain atmosphere of substantial elegance and real fashionable manners, were in their turn overtaken and passed by the greedy and brutal pack of enriched democracy. The type of the *nouveau riche* had not been created by the war. Monsieur Poirier and even Monsieur Jourdain were already types of the *nouveaux riches*. Yet the twentieth-century *parvenu* is a new, violent, powerful and vulgar type of man. He has remained lying in wait for Fortune as a highwayman at the cross-roads. Audacious and obscure, he has not been noticed, and, suddenly, he springs out of the darkness, wealthy and mighty, gambling, trading, speculating, and silently leaning his square shoulder on one of the pillars of the "Bourse." This type of man is not without qualities: self-confidence, will, tenacity, decision. He despises talent, birth, art, but feels a kind of awe

for them, the awe of the unknown : his God is money, his worship, strength. He feels himself the master of the hour, and looks scornfully at the weak, coward and eager crowd gravitating in his shadow. Being a man of business, he considers life as a business where interests clash together. Being a fighting man, his only morality is the morality of success. As he remains a common workman, he enjoys nothing but violent sensations, and his whole youth, spent in hard labour and misery, avenges itself in a burning and late thirst for enjoyment and gross delight.

Such is the new public that Bernstein has recognised—he has understood its qualities and defects, its limited intelligence, its love of action ; above all, he has understood that, in order to interest it and win its applause, he must speak chiefly of its idol—Money. This explains why most of Bernstein's plays have, as their turning-point, a matter of money. As soon as the curtain is raised in *Le Marché* we know everything about the state of Gaston Cernier's fortunes. Ruined by his own carelessness, he leaves to his wife the direction of his affairs. She endeavours to make him general secretary of the "Nouvelle Croisade" with an enormous salary. But, in order to succeed, Germaine has to make all possible sacrifices : she has to accept the dishonourable proposals of Du Prancey, and finally does not refuse the advances of Forou, who sincerely loves her, but whom she despises. Germaine has for her husband the most sincere love, but it is precisely because she loves him, because she wants to defend his fortune and happiness that she accepts all these compromises. So the whole drama, which consists in the opposition between the careless egotism of Gaston Cernier and the energy of his wife, is overshadowed by the eternal ghost of Money. Such is also the central point of *La Rafale*—Robert de Chacéroy has gambled and lost, and robbed 640,000 francs to pay his debts. Hélène de Bréchebel, like Germaine Cernier, sacrifices her honour, and dares even threaten her father with the menace of a scandal, in order to get the sum which will save the man she loves. The title itself of *Le Voleur* shows that the drama turns around a money matter. But, even when money is not the centre itself of action, there is not one of Bernstein's plays without a market or a speculation. *Israël*, *Le Bercail*, *La Griffes*, have more than one scene which might be acted on the steps of the "Bourse" or in the office of a business man. Shakespeare's spectators enjoyed dramas sometimes mixed with interludes of dancing and singing. Molière's comedies used to stop and give way to some *divertissements*. In our sad time dialogues between traders or parvenus have been substituted for pageants and ballets. Balzac, haunted by his own financial problems, used to dwell, in each

of his novels, on the fortune or debts of his characters. Bernstein has brought the question to the foreground. He speaks of "passif—options—cours—conseil d'administration" exactly as Racine or Quinault used to speak of "feux—flammes—chaines." He has adopted and systematised the theory which Hervieu developed in *L'Armature*. Money is for him the only basis of society, the aim towards which all activities are bent, the true explanation of every action or feeling; a matter-of-fact, realistic philosophy which kills all noble aspiration and virtue except Action.

"Men of Action," indeed, describes almost all Bernstein's characters. They do not know those delicacies *aux multiples nuances* which make François de Curel's dramas so enticing and complex. Bernstein's public would not understand. It likes to recognise on the stage the rudimentary feelings of its own heart, above all, Ambition, which creates Action. Listen to Farou, for instance :—

"Quand j'étais tout jeune et que je vivais chez mon père, qui était aubergiste dans un petit pays perdu, une fois, il est descendu à la maison deux ou trois voyageuses de Paris. . . . Leur parfum dont on avait plein les narines, leurs toilettes bien serrées à la taille, avec des jupes qui faisaient du frou-frou quand elles marchaient, leurs rires clairs qui ne sonnaient pas comme les gros rires du village, . . . tout ça m'avait saoulé."

And the child will sacrifice forty years of his life, forty years of labour, of sleepless nights, to enter that world of whose existence he had not even guessed till then, but whose fragrance he has felt on the threshold of his father's inn.

Etienne Landry, in *Le Bercail*, has the same strength of ambition. His whole purpose is action. He never reads, never thinks, never dreams: "La plupart des vers que j'entends," he says, "me paraissent un peu bêtes," and his philosophy of life explains why he despises so much all that deals with thought and art: "J'accepte le monde tel que je l'ai trouvé. Et je suis certain, du reste, que les paroles, les rimes et les poètes ne changeront rien à rien," a utilitarian philosophy which would develop manly qualities, help towards success, but is not sufficient to give happiness. Etienne Landry, ambitious of money; Farou, ambitious of luxury, have a brother, Jacques Brachard, ambitious of power. Jacques Brachard, indeed, is the *résumé* of all the ambitious of the theatre of Bernstein. Born—God knows where, Jacques has been a porter on La Joliette quays. Fifteen years after he lives in Egypt, assumes the title of Brachard-Pacha, is manager of an important newspaper, administrator of two big companies. One fine morning he settles in Paris, where he came

to launch his famous Egyptian Copper Stock. He knows everyone, his fortune doubles, trebles, he is one of the Kings of modern society. Thus every form of ambition is to be found in the theatre of Bernstein. Achilles Cortelon, in *La Griffe*, even more his wife Antoinette, represent political ambition. Somewhere else we see Baron Lebourg, mere parvenu, whose ambition it is to be considered on a footing with the ancient aristocracy.

If all the principal characters of Bernstein's dramas have such souls, it is easy to guess what kind of morality we may expect in their lives. To pay one's debts or instalments due is the highest idea of honesty most of them can conceive. *La Griffe* is the lamentable history of a man who, starting life as an honest journalist, fighting for ideas in which he sincerely believes, by degrees betrays his party, and sells his conscience to become a deputy and a minister. In the last act of the play we see him suddenly going mad at the accusation of the Parliament. Let us listen to Jacques Brachart, when, far from social conventions, far from affected politeness, he speaks the real language of his thought :—

"Ah! Ah! je l'attendais ce mot là, l'honneur! Mais je m'en f . . . de l'honneur! Je n'ai pas d'honneur. Le faubourg de Marseille où je suis né, on l'appelait le coin aux voleurs. Les passants crachaient à terre, en signe de mépris. La maison paternelle—un mont de piété clandestin. A l'Ecole, les autres gamins formaient des ligues pour me rosser. . . . Plein d'effroi, je subissais leurs coups. Une fois pourtant, dans une bataille, d'instinct j'ai mordu. Ce jour là, j'ai forcé une hypocrite complaisance. Ma carrière est à cette image. Honni des hommes, j'ai avancé parmi eux, les poings serrés, les mains moites, la bouche menaçante, le cœur craintif, redoutant, redoutable. . . . Aussi, je vous le dis, j'ai de la ténacité, j'ai de la férocité . . . j'ai de la rage, j'ai parfois des élans, j'ai de la passion . . . oui . . . de la passion! Mais je n'ai pas d'honneur. Où l'aurais-je pris, mon honneur? . . ."

For these elementary and brutal characters we feel at first a kind of repulsion. But, once more, we must not forget what public Bernstein addresses. He has not only to present to it its own image, but to flatter it, to present it in a favourable light. The fact is that such characters as Samson always have *le beau rôle*. They are the heroes who win sympathy. Immutable and wanting in the finer shades, they are the backbone of the play. Besides, everything is not despicable in them. In their desire for social elevation, there is the more or less conscious recognition of their inferiority, a true desire to make themselves better and greater in their own eyes. "Je me souviens," says Landry, speaking of his wife, "des paroles qu'elle a prononcées le dernier jour, dans sa colère. Ces paroles là, je les ai méditées. C'est vrai que je ne me suis jamais occupé ni de son cœur, ni de ses

désirs, ni de ses goûts. . . . C'est vrai." Cannot we see there the sincere acknowledgment that he is himself a primitive being, and that he suffers for it. Everything, indeed, is primitive with those characters but their worship of frankness, which is not far from a certain dignity. "Je comprends tout," says one of them, "excepté la lâcheté. Homme contre homme, tout est franc jeu." There lies the reason of their appeal to our sympathy. And the reason is that, as they had no leisure to ponder on their feelings, they have kept in *affaires de cœur* something young, something even childish, but always deeply sincere. Bold and steady in business methods, they appear suddenly shy, awkward and pathetic when they love.

"Pour moi, l'important, c'est de ne plus souffrir comme ces temps passés. . . . Voyez-vous, ce calvaire-là, ça ne se recommence pas! . . . Je sais bien que jamais vous n'aurez rien pour moi, madame, j'en ai fait mon deuil il y a longtemps. Tout ce que je voudrais, c'est vous rendre moins odieux ce que je vous demande et qui est toute ma vie, à moi! Vous serez touchée malgré vous, tant je serai humble, tant je me ferai petit! N'est-ce pas, à mon âge, c'est difficile de changer complètement, mais j'essaierai quand même. Je regarderai les gens qui vous plaisent. Je les imiterai. . . . Je serais tellement heureux si je savais seulement que je ne vous agace pas, quand je suis là!"

And there is in this frankness itself, as in the already-mentioned brutality, an element of strength.

That impression of strength is made still more obvious by the opposition between the outstanding characters and those who surround them. In comparison with the energy of the former, the latter appear to be mere tame-spirited puppets. It seems as if, for Bernstein, humanity was divided in two kinds—the strong and the weak. One single point is common to both—love of vulgar and gross enjoyment: but the first ones know how to struggle to reach the object of their ambition, the others only know how to enjoy the present. Gaston Cernier, still yawning after his too long night, and stretching himself on his sofa, says to Vignolis: "Vois-tu, mon vieux, ce qui m'effraie dans la ruine, ce n'est pas tant la perspective de l'existence médiocre, des privations, du travail. . . . Non, j'ai tant bêtement peur de la tête que me feraient les gens. . . . tiens, l'autre jour, j'ai rencontré Saguery. . . . tu sais bien l'ex-spéculateur, l'homme des blés, comme on l'appelait. . . . Il n'a plus le sou. . . . Il m'a dit une chose qui m'a donné froid dans le dos. . . . Il m'a dit: 'Ce qu'il y a de plus terrible quand on se ruine, ce n'est pas de voir les amis devenir indifférents. . . . on s'y attendait—mais c'est de voir les indifférents se changer en ennemis.'" And yet, in spite of his fear of misery, in spite of his thirst for a comfortable and cosy life, Gaston Cernier remains on his sofa, motionless

and sluggish. One feels inclined to say to him: "Get up and work." But work is unknown to these people. They live only out of expedients, in the shadow of a speculating cousin. Maximilien d'Andeline is twenty-six, spends all his nights in some gambling-house, or standing at the bar of some well-known house. Flatteries, sarcasms, intimidations, are his three means of making money. A well-drawn type of the smart young scoundrel, sometimes he looks almost dangerous. One feels that his premature scepticism enables him to analyse very acutely the weaknesses of his contemporaries, and that he could, if so inclined, avail himself of his special human knowledge. In the main, he is a mere coward: before the authority of his ruined but still powerful brother-in-law, his eternal smile of bravado vanishes away. This scene of *La Rafale* is worth quoting: —

MAX: Mon vieux Jacques, vous me connaissez, je suis à la coule, moi! Mais suivez bien mon petit raisonnement. . . .

JACQUES (mettant sa main sur l'épaule de Max): Ce serait avec plaisir, seulement vous oubliez votre rendez-vous.

MAX: Quel rendez-vous?

JACQUES: Dans cinq minutes, chez Maxim.

MAX: Mais je ne suis pas attendu chez Maxim.

JACQUES: Mais si, dans cinq minutes.

MAX: Je vous affirme. . . .

JACQUES (péremptoire): Moi aussi, je vous affirme. Partez, partez, il vous reste à peine le temps.

MAX: Voyons, je . . .

JACQUES (impressionnant): Vous serez en retard, partez-donc.

MAX (le regardant à la dérobée): Tiens! Tiens! . . . vous avez peut-être raison. . . . Chez Maxim? parfaitement! Je n'y pensais plus! parfaitement (avec une rare énergie). Je file—Au revoir, petite sœur.

ANNE-MARIE: Au revoir, Max.

MAX (de plus en plus troublé): Mon vieux Jacques. . . . Voilà! . . . Que voulez-vous? . . . D'ailleurs ça va, ça vient.

JACQUES: Certainement.

MAX: Eh bien! mon vieux Jacques . . . (un temps). A un de ces jours.

JACQUES: A un de ces jours, Max.

MAX: A un de ces jours. (Vigoureuse poignée de mains. Max, tout en gagnant rapidement la porte, consulte sa montre et murmure le "Zut" d'un homme que le temps presserait terriblement.)

So vanishes the smoke of a cigarette when the window is open. And these types of the weak, with, of course, some differences which it is useless here to insist upon, are to be found in each of Bernstein's dramas. They are the sons of rich *bourgeois*, like Le Govain, or ruined noblemen, like Comte de Brécabel. They marry the daughter of a parvenu. Robert de Chacéroy gambles and commits suicide. The Marquis Honoré contents himself in giving his daughter as a wife to a wealthy son-in-law. In opposition to the aristocracy of money, and to flatter it, Bernstein shows the aristocracy of birth and ridicules it.

So, in that extremely simplified world, where individuals are grouped in two very distinct classes, conflicts must be very simple and violent. If we except two or three plays, the whole work of Bernstein is built on the type of *Le Bercail*. *La Rafale*, *Samson*, and *Le Marché* are mere replicas of the same type. The violence of the drama lies in the absolute opposition between the two classes of characters in presence. We need insist upon the fact that those characters do not represent real modern society. They are minorities, exceptions, and the dramatic art of Bernstein is to produce between those characters of exception scenes of exception. Thibault de Clar, for instance, who is one of the leaders of the anti-Semitic party, challenges the Jew, Gutlieb, to a duel. When back at his mother's, he is astonished to see her exaggerated terror, and, by degrees, discovers that Gutlieb has been her lover years ago, and that his worst enemy, that Jew, is his own father. The melodramatic art of Bernstein is, at any rate, perfect. There is not one useless reply. Every word is converging to the central scene, where the two parties have to meet. Everything is carefully explained, and the *coups de théâtre* themselves are never mere *dei ex machina*. They are logically called forth by the situation itself.

So the impression made by any play of Bernstein's is the impression of a rapid and violent struggle. The plot reaches in a very few scenes the climax of dramatic energy, and, compared with the beginning, the end of the play seems always to be weak and inferior. *Le Voleur*, *Le Bercail*, even *Le Secret*, which is, in some ways, a kind of exception in the theatre of Bernstein, have almost the same end—"Let us wait! Time will heal all our wounds"—and the definite solution is practically postponed for ever. But, if we except *La Griffe*, the action of which unfolds a whole life, all the other dramas last but a very short time. *Le Secret*, for instance, is composed of a kind of exposition which precedes the drama. The third act so closely follows the second that the whole action is on the stage and does not last more than the real time of the performance.

Bernstein, by this effort of concentration and unity, may be in some ways compared to the French Classics. Perhaps it is the only point he has in common with them; perhaps it is the reason why certain real artists have applauded him, in spite of his lack of delicacy, true psychology or poetry.

J. ALLARY.

NOTES ON THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SITUATION.

POLITICAL symptoms apparent in current events in America indicate a swing of the pendulum towards conservatism in thought and action. The general election, which is held in the United States every four years, comes always on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. This year it will come on November 2nd, the earliest day in the month possible. The preceding June and July in a presidential year witness the first really important steps, for in those months are nominated the candidates for the office of President of the United States, each political party mustering a sufficient following to make a fight, thus selecting its standard bearer. While it is true that the successful aspirant is elected in November, he does not succeed to the office until the fourth of March of the following year. This arrangement has its advantages as well as disadvantages, but on the whole the long interval is welcome to the incoming administration, as it gives time to arrange personal affairs, to shape policies, and, above all, to select men for the new Cabinet and other important places which must be filled immediately the new President takes office.

The two great parties, the Republican and the Democratic, chose their nominees this year after long and strenuous sessions, the results indicating many conflicts within party lines, and compromises having been brought about. In both cases extremists were eliminated early in the game. The American people have already shown, three months in advance of the election, a desire to return, if possible, to a quieter status in their political affairs than has prevailed for some time past. The men nominated by the two great parties, one of whom will be successful, are both conservative, neither of them is a "crusader," and, in view of the recognised fact that the Democratic nominee is not considered as especially acceptable to President Wilson, no one has been placed in the field to carry a flaming sword for the declared policies of the man who came to Paris from Washington regarded by the world as a great leader with a great purpose, and who returned to Washington to find his following in rebellion and the wisdom and soundness of his purpose questioned.

Outside of the question of the ratification of the Paris treaty and the League of Nations three important and entirely domestic questions presented themselves to vex the Republican and Democratic platform makers. These were prohibition, the Irish question, and the expressed attitude towards labour. Both parties

side-stepped anything positive or anything that would commit them to a hard and fast policy. Those who favour the sale of beer and wines find some encouragement in the tendency shown towards relaxing the rigours of the present prohibition law. The much-talked-of Irish question proved to be no question at all when the conventions registered their votes, thus justifying the claims of well-informed Americans to the effect that the Irish agitation so much in evidence in the United States for some months past was but a surface disturbance kept up by interested parties, and that the American people as a whole were not deeply concerned about Ireland, certainly not enough to make it an important political issue in home politics. It may be said safely that at least eighty per cent. of the people are entirely unconcerned as to foreign affairs, notwithstanding the energy and enthusiasm with which they went to war in 1917. The war now being over, it is looked upon as a job done, and it has been followed by a reaction, which, while not bringing the nation back to the same degree of provincial-mindedness as prevailed before 1914, makes the present state approximate at least the status of pre-war days.

Many Americans who have clung to the belief that in the end the Versailles treaty would be ratified by Congress, though probably with some modifications, are now of the opinion that this will never come to pass. As time goes on and the terms of the treaty become more and more discredited in Europe itself, the American critics of the treaty find their arguments strengthened from abroad as well as at home. The course of events since the signing of the treaty has been such as to place its supporters on the defensive, and a majority of the American people are becoming more and more convinced they do not want any of it. So far as the League of Nations is concerned the idea has universal support, but no plan of operations has yet been suggested which would bring whole-hearted American support. In such non-committal directions as the codification of international law and the adjustment of international practices America is willing to participate even now, and is doing so.

Many reasons have been given for America's apparently suspicious attitude towards international co-operation in political and economic affairs, and resentment is felt in England at American criticism of English policy and action since November 11th, 1918. It may surprise many Englishmen, however, to learn that just two things have had more influence in bringing about this attitude and this criticism than all the discontent with the treaty, the League of Nations, the state of affairs in Ireland, and other causes to which they are attributed. One of these is that as a result of the war, territory aggregating about 800,000 square miles has come

newly under British control, and the other is the making of the Persian treaty. A prominent and well-informed American recently remarked during a discussion of Anglo-American relations that he did not believe Englishmen realised the effect in America of the terms of the Anglo-Persian agreement, and that it was of no use to try to tell them, as they would not believe it, or if they did they would not be able to understand why it was so. The obvious retort was forthcoming to the effect that no Englishman could see what business it was of Americans as to what was done in Europe, inasmuch as America refused to have anything to do with European affairs. The matter is not disposed of quite so easily, however, for the real question lies deeper. It is taken as evidence of Imperialism rather than internationalism, and the spirit of the League of Nations as dreamed of by its American sponsors does not allow of special privileges in international affairs. The favoured nation principle is to be applied universally, so that private citizens of all countries shall enter a foreign land upon an equal and competitive basis, no one being given an advantage through the political efforts of his particular country. This is, roughly stated, the idea underlying the present American antagonism to mandates and special international agreements confined to a few signatories. The spirit of this contention is not wholly selfish, as might be supposed, for no nation in the world is in a better position financially and otherwise than America to engage in exploitation on a grand scale.

It is with such complicated questions as these the candidates for the Presidency will have to deal in their pre-election declarations of belief, but the present indications are that neither of the men nominated by the two great parties will arouse more antagonism than is unavoidable. Caution and conservatism will be the political catchwords, and the more cautious and the more conservative the candidates the better it will please the astute political managers who engineered their nomination. As a reaction against this return to conservatism, a third and even a fourth party will be in the field. The so-called "committee of 48" has gathered together some of the more radical spirits. The vote for their candidate will not be large, and what there is of it will probably come out of what would otherwise be the democratic total. The Labour party will also have a man in the field, but in the United States labour is not yet organised into a concrete political force. Its numerical strength will be fairly large, but it will be scattered and ineffective. The time is coming in the United States as elsewhere when labour is to become a power in politics as a party organisation, but that time is yet far distant. There is one feature of American social life which is new in that

it has not been experienced for many years past. Owing to the war and the resulting check to immigration, nearly everyone now in the United States has been there five years or more. In each of the years immediately preceding the war nearly one million people were newly arrived. In their new and strange surroundings they were bewildered and uncertain. They had no knowledge as to their importance in the economic plan, nor had they any political leanings. Things are different in the present election. All the people have been long enough in the country to have formed associations, to have joined this or that organisation, and to take part more or less intelligently in political discussion and action. It is this new solidarity of the community which has helped to bring about increased effectiveness to social unrest, to swell the membership of radical organisations, and in many instances to complicate the labour situation.

Warren G. Harding, the man who finally secured the Republican nomination, was elected for the position many days in advance of the Convention, and in a conflict with other candidates had the advantages of being the choice of what is known in the Republican party as the "Old Guard." This is composed of the men who for years kept the party at the height of its power, and they only met defeat when they pitted themselves against the late Theodore Roosevelt, and failed to prevent the organisation of a new Republican or so-called "Progressive Party." This party was not powerful enough to elect Mr. Roosevelt, but it so split the Republican vote as to elect President Wilson, and thus ended the long term of Republican ascendancy. The old-time Republican managers are men of affairs. They are great organisers backed by wealth and conservative business interests. In the days of its triumph the Republican party was a business organisation second to none in the world, for it drew to its support the best business brains available. Some of the ablest men of the old régime have passed away, but not all of them by any means, and to one familiar with politics in the days of President McKinley the list of "those present" at the recent Chicago convention recalls vivid memories of the battles fought by the Old Guard before they went into obscurity, eclipsed by the flashing smile and daring methods of the Colonel of the Rough Riders. Two years ago the Republican party as a going concern came to life again, and elected a Republican Congress to be-devil a Democratic President. Encouraged by this victory and heartened by the tactical errors of President Wilson, the trained and seasoned leaders of the organisation have been at work to enable them to have their own way at the National Convention this year. How well they planned and how skilfully they moved

is now apparent, and "Hell Roaring" Hiram Johnston, General Leonard Wood, and Governor Frank Lowden, the defeated candidates for the nomination, could probably give the details as to how they were one by one eliminated from the situation, and Warren G. Harding was chosen as the banner bearer for the election this year.

Some of the ablest of these party managers avoid the limelight. They are not speech makers, and newspaper notoriety is the last thing they want. They are content to secure the nomination of a man they consider safe, and who will recognise that the good of the party must come before insistence upon personal beliefs. There is no reflection upon the honesty, sincerity, or personal independence of any of those men in such a course, nor upon the candidate himself. This type of citizen is simply averse to trying experiments with the social, economic, or political machinery. They may certainly be called reactionaries from certain points of view, and probably are, but the country knows they are dependable, and there have been many signs in America of late that the people were reacting strongly to the emotional crisis of the past five years, were alarmed at the disturbance made by radical elements, and would welcome a return to normal and more or less unemotional politics for a period at least. Senator Johnston, an eloquent radical, was gotten rid of early in the contest. General Wood was acceptable, but the militarist is not in favour just now. Governor Lowden was handicapped by personal and family connections with large business interests. In the midst of these distractions and contentions appeared the towering figure of Senator Harding, reminding the delegates of the late President McKinley, and possessing all the qualifications necessary to being just a plain American citizen, appealing for the support of a class that constitutes a majority of the voters. The Old Guard had chosen well, as might be expected, and with relief the Convention accepted their suggestion, cast aside all controversial candidates, and rallied to the support of a man who promised, if elected, to restore something like order to the disorganised political and Government machine in Washington. As a running mate Governor Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, was selected. This was in deference not only to the fine character and excellent record of the man himself, but also to the vote and influence of New England, still a powerful factor in the affairs of the nation. Governor Coolidge also gives tone to the ticket in the eyes of what is known as the "silk-stockings vote." The political platform on which these two men will appeal to the voters is more important for what it does not say than for what it does. The candidates are thus left free to express their own views, and the

orators of the party can each interpret the present situation, and forecast the probable future actions of the party, according as they may desire or as may suit the occasion.

Governor James M. Cox, of Ohio, was nominated as a Presidential candidate by the Democratic National Convention on July 6th in San Francisco. The nomination of Governor Cox was a final compromise after a prolonged and desperate struggle between his own followers and those of Messrs. McAdoo and Palmer. William McAdoo, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, and a son-in-law of President Wilson, was looked upon as the President's choice to succeed him should the Democrats be successful in November. The personal unpopularity of the President, which was brought into strong relief during the Convention, and a general opposition to his policies as a whole, resulted in the defeat of the administration. Governor Cox is a man who has made a very good record as Chief Executive of the State of Ohio, and has shown considerable courage and initiative in handling many troublesome situations. Both he and Senator Harding, the Republican candidate, were sons of farmers, have lived and learned their politics in the same State, and have come into public life through the medium of journalism. Neither has the advantage of the other from any personal point of view. The Democrats also recognised the power of the eastern States in the nation's affairs by nominating Franklin Roosevelt, the present Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. The Democratic nominations have a peculiar interest, however, inasmuch as they have been made by the party to which President Wilson belongs, and of which under normal conditions he would now be the acknowledged leader, and even dictator. President Wilson's loss of prestige with his own countrymen must be admitted, however, when his own candidate for the Presidency is turned down, and a man nominated for the Vice-Presidency who has been expected to give up his office for some time past owing to lack of harmony with the occupant of the White House.

The platform itself is far from being a Wilson document, for that for which he has so bitterly fought, the ratification of the peace treaty and the endorsement of the League of Nations, has been turned down to such an extent as to indicate more or less agreement in the negative by the voters of the United States, Republican and Democratic alike. The Democratic platform inclines more to "wetness" than the Republican, notwithstanding the tearful plea of Mr. William Jennings Bryan for a "bone-dry" declaration. The Democrats have gone so far as to suggest the possible use of beer and light wines, and this will give them

the not inconsiderable support of the liquor interests and a certain element among labour. It must be borne in mind, however, that the normal vote of both these interests is democratic, hence such platform declarations might not change the result appreciably, even if they had much influence. To pass a resolution to the effect that the Versailles treaty and the League of Nations should be approved by the United States subject to such reservations as would meet American requirements does not mean much or get anywhere as a declaration of policy.

There is indeed a remarkable unanimity of opinion underlying both Democratic and Republican platforms, and this may be safely regarded as expressing the attitude of a vast majority of the American people. Just what the outcome of this policy may be no man can say at this time. The United States is still technically at war with Germany. This state of affairs must be ended. The American people favour a League of Nations to end war and bring about disarmament, but in just what form this desire will be presented to the world later on is still to be written. America will make peace with Germany in good time and in her own way. A definite proposition for an international League and for disarmament will also be forthcoming. These things are inevitable, but just how they will come about is outside the realm of reasonably accurate conjecture at the present moment. It now seems possible that no national policy towards a treaty with Germany or a League of Nations will be declared before next winter, and even possibly before next March, when it is likely that the newly-elected President, whoever he may be, will call an extra session of Congress to dispose of important and pressing unfinished business.

The betting in America is now in favour of the Republican candidate, and probably reflects the true state of affairs. It is many years since the Democratic party has been well organised or well led. Within its ranks there is a shortage of commanding personalities as compared with the number available for the Republicans. The uncertain quantity in the whole situation is the ever-increasing floating vote. Party ties have weakened in recent years, and political affiliations are not so much a matter of inheritance, association, and prejudice. Men, and women, too, can vote for one party or another without serious disturbance to established customs or precedent, or without effect upon their social environment, as might have been the case in other times. One element in favour of the Republican party is a certain bewilderment as to what the state of the world means to humanity. Thousands of fresh, eager minds are seeking a solution of present difficulties. Lecturers who treat of international topics have large

audiences, and are given earnest attention. Questions are freely asked and as unsatisfactorily answered. During the war the pure flame of self-sacrifice burned high, and the best motives were attributed to the efforts of the Allies to stamp out the German menace. With the end of the war came a relaxation, and as the terms of the treaty became understood, the state of Europe became worse instead of better, and some of the victors gave signs of self-interest in the administration of conquered territory, doubt crept in, and exaltation gave place to a desire that America should make no mistakes in her participation in international affairs. The fact that America stood out after the making of the treaty was at first taken as a reproach and a reflection upon their country, but as time goes on sentiment grows to the effect that perhaps it is as well America does stand out until the atmosphere clears. When men like H. G. Wells and others who stand high with American readers endorse this point of view, it is not surprising that President Wilson's dogmatic insistence meets with a growing resistance.

The psychology of the American political situation at the present time is not only intensely interesting, but of enormous importance to the world, for in its final result will be found the movement which will influence and lead all nations along the path to be accepted in the end. In the meantime the American people appear inclined to seek refuge in conservatism to obtain a breathing spell for thought and the selection of a considered action. The whole attitude of the people indicates at present a bewilderment due to a shattering of ideals, and that moment of depression which is the reaction from exaltation. They will come back strong and purposeful when this moment has passed, for America is governed by its youth, a generous, high-minded youth, ready for friendship in the open, and without reservations, but, like all youth, self-conscious and sensitive perhaps to an extreme.

"Z."

THE CRIMINAL LAW AND THE INSANE.

THE war and its aftermath have forced upon us the consideration of many new problems and the renewal of many an old controversy. In the latter class is the question of the treatment of the insane by the criminal law of England.

Many trials in which irresponsibility has been pleaded in answer to charges of atrocious crimes have stirred the public mind, and the disputations of theorists based on the facts deposed to have led even reasonable persons to ask whether the relation of the criminal law to the insane is consistent with the principles on which social life should be based.

This state of unrest is not limited merely to the criminal law; for in a lesser degree there is anxiety about the provisions of the civil—as opposed to the criminal—law, which is concerned with the wills, divorces, torts, contracts of the insane, and with the regulations of the Lunacy Acts which affect the certifying and control of persons who are deemed to be insane.

But all these matters are more or less matters of detail, and it is to the dispositions of the criminal law that public attention is directed. And this attitude of the public is not extraordinary, for the civil law is designed only to protect the supposititious or the proved idiot or lunatic, while the criminal law is concerned with the obnoxiousness to punishment of all the individuals who compose the State.

And, again, it is generally realised that, although it may be a hardship in certain cases to deprive a person of his liberty on the ground of his insanity, the deprivation is made in the interests of that person; but that, where a person has been improperly punished, the State has offended against one of the principles on which it is founded and maintained.

That principle is that a State shall not inflict artificial pain on a subject member except for the purpose of inducing that member to subordinate his anti-social inclinations to the welfare of the State, and to deter, by example, other members who have similar inclinations.

It is not within the scope of this article formally to establish the truth of the foregoing propositions; and, indeed, it is thought that they do not need demonstration, but may be treated as axiomatic.

On this assumption it follows that, if the mind of a particular individual is, from any physical or functional cause, in such a

condition that it cannot be beneficially affected by punishment, that individual should not be punished for misdoing, but should be given into the charge of medical men.

And so it is provided by the criminal law of England, according to which a person who, at the time of his committing an alleged offence, is proved, by reason of mental defect, either to have been ignorant of the physical nature and the physical quality of his act (or omission), or not to have known that the act (or omission) was itself wrong, is deemed to be insane and not liable to punishment therefor. And such a person, on the finding of a jury that he was guilty of the act (or omission) but that he was insane at the time, is held to be not guilty of a criminal offence, and is placed in a lunatic asylum.

Further, it is also provided that if a person who is mentally defective, though not insane—i.e. is an idiot, an imbecile, a feeble-minded person, or a moral imbecile—is convicted of a criminal offence—or, in some cases, is only charged with such an offence—he may be ordered to be placed in an institution for mental defectives.

Again, it is provided : (1) That if a person who has been committed for trial is certified to be insane, the Secretary of State may order that he shall not be tried, but shall forthwith be removed to a lunatic asylum—and this course is frequently taken in cases of infanticide and other cases where it is clear that the accused is suffering from acute mania. (2) That if a person is arraigned for an alleged offence, and he does not plead to the charge, a jury shall be empanelled to try whether he stands mute of malice or mute by the visitation of God, and, if the jury find the latter, and further find that he is incapable of pleading, he shall be deemed to be insane and be placed in an asylum. (3) That if a person who is arraigned asks for a jury to be empanelled to try whether he is capable of pleading, a jury shall be empanelled, and, if it finds that the accused is not fit to plead, he shall be placed in an asylum.

It should be noted that in all cases of a trial as to whether a person is fit to plead to the charge the proceedings are not identical with those taken when the main issue is insanity, and the prosecution generally takes upon itself the duty of proving affirmatively that the accused is fit to plead. This is said so as to avoid confusion between a preliminary and a main trial.

It may also be added that if a convict under sentence of death becomes insane, the execution of the sentence must be deferred until he regains sanity; and that a prisoner undergoing a sentence of imprisonment who becomes insane is removed to a criminal lunatic asylum, and there detained until the expiration

of his term, when he is either given into the charge of his relatives or is sent to a lunatic asylum.

The above statements show how careful the State is to inflict punishment only where it can subserve the objects of punishment, and it is *prima facie* somewhat difficult to understand why the treatment of the insane by the criminal law is the source and subject of increasing discussion.

How does all the trouble arise? The question can be answered summarily in the words of a distinguished barrister: "The law says that no one is insane: the medical profession says that no one is sane: the ordinary man inclines to the belief that 35 per cent. of the population is mad."

This truly represents the position; for at law all men are *prima facie* sane, and no man may evade punishment for his conduct unless he proves that he is in fact insane; the mental specialist's view is that all men are *prima facie* insane, and that, if any person wishes to maintain that he is not as other men are, he must prove it to the satisfaction, not of a jury, but of the mental specialist.

The ordinary man—generally termed the "man in the street," who, according to Mr. Justice Darling, is never seen but often heard—remarks, when he hears that a brutal crime has been committed by anyone: "He must have been mad to do it."

And, eliminating the man in the street, the reason for the perennial discussion is the difference of opinion which obtains between the law and medicine.

Now the medical profession, which is represented *pro hac vice* by the "mental expert," does not insist that the law is unkind to the insane when it has found them, but it does say strenuously, and both in and out of lawful occasion, that the method adopted by the criminal law of finding its insane is neither reasonable nor decent.

Indeed, so strenuously and so often does it state its opinion, that even unimaginative members of the Bar—particularly those who are unacquainted with the processes of criminal courts—add their voices in support of the complaint.

What method is it that the medical profession advocates? It is—but before stating or discussing it the writer will briefly state the law applicable to the case of an accused person who makes a plea of insanity his answer to the charge preferred against him. Every person is presumed at law to be sane, and, if a person on trial for an offence wishes to evade punishment on the ground of his insanity, he must affirmatively prove that, when he did the act or made the omission which is the subject of the charge, he was either an idiot, suffering from *dementia naturalis*, or a

lunatic suffering from *dementia accidentalis vel adventitia*—i.e., either permanent or temporary, or partial or total insanity."

In certain other cases, which are known as those of *dementia affectata*—i.e., acquired insanity due to alcoholic drunkenness or the drug habit—a partial or complete defence may be founded on that kind of *dementia*; but for the moment it will not be considered.

Now, dealing first with the cases in which a person accused pleads idiocy or lunacy—insanity—in answer to a charge, the law is broadly as follows: Assuming that the accused has pleaded, or that a plea has been entered for him, he may, either personally or by his counsel, cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution and call witnesses to show that he was insane when he did the act or made the omission charged against him. No man may be convicted of a criminal offence unless it is established that he did the act or made the omission and that at the time of the act or omission he had a "guilty mind" (*mens rea*), by which is meant that he intended either, generally, criminal consequences, or, specifically, a particular criminal consequence. In order to establish that, judged by the tests applicable, he is not responsible, he may call expert medical witnesses, who may say (1) that they examined him and discovered a state which was consistent with his insanity; (2) that facts deposed to by other witnesses are consistent with his insanity. An expert may not, as a right, be asked whether, in his opinion, the accused was insane when he did the act or made the omission, because that is the question that the jury have to determine; but, where an expert has been in court throughout the trial and has heard the evidence, and where the facts are not disputed, the judge may allow him to be asked the question directly.

In practice, the procedure is cumbersome, and it is suggested that in all cases the expert should be asked directly to state his opinion and give his reasons for it.

However, that is but a small point, especially having regard to the well-known fact that expert is generally balanced by expert and that the jury not infrequently ignore their evidence.

To return to the trial: when counsel have finished the judge sums up and explains the law of insanity to the jury, and he instructs them in the tests applicable to insanity.

What are those tests?

In the year 1843 a man named Daniel McNaughton was tried for murder. He pleaded insanity. The judge at the trial was Chief Justice Tindal, and he directed the jury in these words: "If upon balancing the evidence in your minds you should think that the prisoner is a person capable of distinguishing right from

wrong in respect to the act of which he stands charged, he is then a responsible agent."

The jury acquitted McNaughton on the ground of his being insane. Afterwards a discussion took place in the House of Lords about the sufficiency in law of the direction of the Chief Justice, and the Lords put certain questions to the judges about the law applicable to the commission of criminal offences by persons who were alleged to be insane.

The answers given by the judges to these questions are still the main tests by means of which the jury are directed to ascertain whether a person accused before them is or is not insane. These are the questions and answers summarised:—

(1) If a person otherwise sane commits an offence under the influence of insane, although partial, delusion, with the object of redressing or revenging a supposed grievance or injury, or of producing a public benefit, he is sane and punishable if, when he committed the offence, he knew that he was acting contrary to the law of the land.

(2) On the trial of a person for an offence the direction by the judge to the jury should be that every person accused of an offence is presumed to be sane and responsible for his conduct until he proves to the satisfaction of the jury that at the time of the committing of the act he was labouring under such a defect of reason from disease of the mind as not to know the physical nature and quality of the act he was doing, or, if he did know it, that he did not know that he was doing what was wrong. (The same rules would be applicable to a charge of omission.)

(3) A person otherwise sane who commits an offence under an insane, although partial, delusion as to facts is punishable if he would be punishable if the facts in respect to which the delusion exists were real.

These tests do not include the cases of "uncontrollable impulse" or "moral insanity," and a word as to them may be said. It has been said that, if a person is prevented by disease from controlling his impulses, he is not punishable for any criminal result of his conduct, unless, according to the late Sir Fitzjames Stephen, the absence of control has been produced by his own fault. But it would seem that, without the qualification, the proposition would be good in law, for even if such an offender were not deemed to be insane, he would (except in the comparatively few and unimportant cases in which *mens rea* is conclusively presumed to exist) be found to be without the criminal intention necessary to his obnoxiousness to punishment.

It may be remembered that Mr. Justice Greer, at the recent trial for murder of a man named Holt, left it to the jury to say

whether Holt had killed his victim because he was uncontrollably impelled to do so, and thus, it is believed, for the first time, put such a defence before a jury.

However, the question hardly concerns insanity, as, if a person charged with an offence could prove that he did the act under an uncontrollable impulse, he would not need to pray in aid insanity, but would merely object that *qua* the act charged he acted in circumstances which precluded the possibility of the existence of a criminal intention.

"Moral insanity" is a pet of the medical profession; but, in reality, it means anything or nothing. If it amounts to such mental defectiveness as constitutes insanity, the sufferer is insane; if it does not so amount, the sufferer must console himself with the reflection that the term in its full extension includes any pronounced deviation from the orderly habits of civilised man. Indeed, if "moral insanity" were to prevail as a defence, the only valid part of the criminal law would be that which deals with street betting, failure to take out a dog-licence, and other trivialities which exhibit either forgetfulness or a mean desire to get something for nothing from the State.

Acts done by a person in his sleep or in a somnambulistic condition are not punishable on the ground either that there was no criminal intent or—it is submitted—that the person did not will, and therefore was not responsible, for the act and its consequences. This question, however, is one rather of psychology than positive law, and it must be left as it is stated.

These are the tests, and, as the late Lord Brampton once said, they are admirable, although they need careful handling, and the second test of insanity will cover any case—other, perhaps, than one where "delusion" is relied on. Practically, the jury are asked first to say—*e.g.*, in a case of murder—whether the accused knew that he was killing a human being; and, secondly, if he did so know, whether his mind was in such a state that he did not know that he was doing wrong.

Practically, the question that the jury put to themselves is: Was the man mad when he did it?—and using the term "mad" in its popular sense. The writer has had some experience as an advocate in criminal cases, where insanity has been the issue, and he has read over many of the records of the cases in which insanity has been pleaded, and, with the utmost submission, he has no hesitation in endorsing Lord Brampton's opinion.

Then, taking the answers about delusion—unless one accepts the medical view, that a man labouring under an insane delusion must be held irresponsible—it would appear to be impossible to find more complete tests than those furnished in the answers.

There is, however, a body of opinion in favour of the medical contention, and many people think that, *e.g.*, a man who, in order to preserve the public mind from pollution, goes into Hyde Park on a Sunday and kills an orator who is praising the benevolent activities of the International Financier-Politician is *ipso facto* a lunatic.

Well—*tot homines, tot sententiæ*—but, all the same, it would seem to be better to divide the community into law-abiding citizens, criminal citizens, and those who—to speak in everyday terms—do not know what they are doing, than into those inside and those outside lunatic asylums.

And, on the assumption that this statement is true, the above tests, in conjunction with the principles of criminal law, sufficiently protect the insane from injustice.

Now it becomes necessary to discuss the question of the effect of *dementia affectata*—*i.e.*, mental disturbance due to drunkenness (or drug-taking). The question is difficult, but it has to some extent been solved by recent judicial decisions. In 1909 a man named Thomas Meade was tried for the murder of a woman by striking her with a broomstick. The defence put forward was that, although the accused was not, at the time when he killed the woman, insane, he was so drunk that he was incapable of forming the intent which was an element of the felony of murder.

The case came before the Court of Criminal Appeal, and Mr. Justice Darling, in a judgment which in its style and conciseness is a model, gave the decision of the court. He said that "originally the law was that, although an insane man was not liable as a sane man was, yet a man suffering from what was called *Dementia affectata*—*i.e.*, mental disturbance due to voluntary drunkenness—had no excuse (Hawkins' *Pleas of the Crown*, Book I., Cap. I., Sec. 6), and he who is guilty of any crime whatever through his voluntary drunkenness shall be punished for it as much as if he had been sober. The contrary was first decided in *R. v. Grindley* in 1819. Since then there have been many decisions, some of which have been cited to-day, to the effect that, where intent is of the essence of the crime, that intent may be disproved by showing drunkenness. . . . If the prisoner meant to do the woman grievous bodily harm and she died from the effects, that was murder. The defence is that you cannot presume this intent . . . because he was drunk at the time; . . . our decision rests on the following reasoning: Everyone is taken to intend the natural consequences of his acts, but this presumption may be rebutted (1) in the case of a sober man in many ways, (2) in the case of a man who is drunk, by showing his mind to have been so affected by the drink he had taken that he

was incapable of knowing that what he was doing was dangerous—i.e., likely to inflict serious injury . . . by their verdict the jury must have meant that he was capable of having the intent to injure or kill, and, in fact, did have such intent."

This statement of the law was at once discussed and criticised. It was said that it did not represent the law, which was that a man was presumed to intend the natural—i.e., the reasonable—consequences of his act, and that once a man did an act and it was established that he intended—that is, contemplated—the immediate consequences of the act, he could not be heard to say that the remote consequences were not within his contemplation; and, therefore, if, in the course of the commission of a felonious act, a person was killed, the doer of the act was guilty of wilful murder.

This, truly enough, was the old law—harsh in its methods and unaffected by considerations of human frailty—and from it sprang the baneful doctrine of constructive murder.

Then the judges, ever, as now, anxious to temper the rigours of elementary penal law and to suppress a doctrine which deemed a man guilty of a crime which never was in his contemplation, sought to mitigate the evils that resulted from the doctrine by means of merciful administration.

In 1887 the late Sir Fitzjames Stephen, and in 1898 the—happily—present Lord Mersey, held that only where a person, while committing or attempting to commit a felony, does an act which is known to him to be dangerous to life and likely in itself to cause death, and the death of another person results as a consequence of that act, the person causing the death is guilty of murder.

Thus did those eminent judges partially destroy a doctrine under which a man who intended to do one act was held punishable for another act which he had never contemplated.

This was the state of matters when the case of *R. v. Beard* came before the courts in 1919 and 1920.

In that case a man named Arthur Beard had been convicted of the murder of a girl and had been sentenced to death. The evidence was that he had outraged the girl, and, in order to prevent her from crying out and giving the alarm, he put his hand over her mouth and accidentally suffocated her. It was shown that he had been drinking heavily that day, and it was contended that he was in such a drunken condition that he was incapable of knowing that what he was doing was likely to inflict serious injury upon the girl, and was therefore unable to form the intent requisite to murder.

On appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal the conviction of murder was reduced to one of manslaughter. The President of

that Court was the Earl of Reading, the Lord Chief Justice of England, a judge who, it is generally admitted, possesses every quality of judicial greatness, including that of mercy. In the course of his judgment the Lord Chief Justice said: "The appeal is based upon . . . (b) that the direction upon the law as to drunkenness was not in accordance with the law, but was the test applicable where the defence was insanity? . . . The law relating to drunkenness as an alleged excuse for crime, so as to reduce the crime of murder to manslaughter, was considered in that Court in *R. v. Meade*, and the decision then given has been followed in numerous directions by judges at criminal trials and in judgments by that Court. It distinguished between the law relating to insanity and that which was applicable to drunkenness. It established that the presumption that a man is taken to intend the natural consequences of his act might be rebutted, in the case of a man who was drunk, by showing his mind to have been so affected by drink that he had taken that he was incapable of knowing that what he was doing was dangerous; *id est*, was likely to inflict serious injury. If that were proved, the presumption that he intended the natural consequences of his act was rebutted."

It will be seen that this great and humane judge, while nominally basing the judgment of the Court on *R. v. Meade*, really followed in the track of those who had laboured to destroy the doctrine of constructive murder; and, although he afterwards stated that he and his brethren treated *R. v. Meade* as binding upon them, neither he nor his colleagues dissented from the proposition established in that case.

In the result the Court reduced the conviction to one of manslaughter. Thereupon fresh discussion raged, and every lawyer who had been nurtured on Austinian scraps denounced the decision. It was variously stated that the kindness of heart of the Chief Justice had warped his judgment, that Mr. Justice Sankey was the victim of obsession by an idea, and that he dreamed about the wickedness of "constructive murder," awake and in sleep; and that Mr. Justice Coleridge (the other member of the Court) had taken up an apathetic attitude of mind because he was the judge who tried Meade.

Well, the non-contents had their way, and the case was taken to the House of Lords, and was argued before the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and certain Lords who had won distinction in Commercial, Ecclesiastical, Admiralty, and Chancery Courts.

Lord Birkenhead delivered what has been described as a "masterly" judgment, and he dealt exhaustively with previous decisions and the statements of jurists on this question.

He stated : (1) That insanity, whether produced by drunkenness or otherwise, is a defence to the crime charged. The distinction between the defence of insanity in the true sense caused by excessive drinking and the defence of drunkenness which produces a condition such that the drunken man's mind becomes incapable of forming a specific intention, had been preserved throughout the cases. (2) That evidence of drunkenness which renders the accused incapable of forming the specific intent essential to constitute the crime should be taken into consideration with the other facts proved in order to determine whether or not he had this intent. (3) That evidence of drunkenness, falling short of a proved incapacity in the accused to form the intent necessary to constitute the crime, and merely establishing that his mind was affected by drink so that he more readily gave way to some violent passion, does not rebut the presumption that a man intends the natural consequence of his acts.

The Lord Chancellor also said that the difficulty had arisen largely because the Court of Appeal in *R. v. Meade* used language which had been construed as suggesting that the test of the condition of mind of the accused was not whether Beard was incapable of forming the intent (to commit the felony of rape), but whether he was capable of foreseeing or measuring the consequences of his act.

In the result the appeal was allowed, and the conviction of murder was restored.

It is not within the scope of this article to criticise the decision of the House of Lords, and it may be stated that the Lord Chief Justice was a party to it, and that there was no doubt that if the case had been left to the jury in the light of *R. v. Meade*, they would still have convicted Beard of a peculiarly vile murder; but this may be said : it is regrettable that at this stage of our national development the merciful and reasonable administration of the criminal law should have been checked by a decision of the highest appellate tribunal, which based that decision upon psychological definitions and the strict principles of formal jurisprudence.

Now, leaving the statement of the method actually employed to discover whether an accused is or is not criminally responsible for his acts and omissions, we will come to the opposition of the medical profession to that method.

The medical profession say that, instead of a jury, assisted by mental experts and directed by a judge, being the tribunal to decide whether a person is sane or insane, a mental expert or a number of mental experts—it is not clear which—should be the tribunal. In other words, they demand that it should be left to the experts and not to laymen to decide whether, in an universe

of lunatics, any particular lunatic is so insane that he ought not to be treated as a criminal but as a patient.

They explain their demand in this way : the degree of insanity of a person is a question of opinion, and, being such, it is a question, for those who are by training qualified to give an opinion. It is absurd to try as a business proposition the issue whether a person subject to delusions is sane or insane, for a mental expert would recognise that no victim of delusional insanity is sane, and the degree of his insanity is for the expert to ascertain ; and so on. They also complain that at present the mental expert is almost a negligible quantity in a criminal court.

Now, dealing with this last complaint, it is undoubted that the evidence of a mental expert has little or no weight with a jury ; but that is not because his evidence is contemptible, but because it is almost invariably balanced by the evidence of another expert. Recently, in a trial in the High Court, one eminent mental specialist said that a certain person was congenitally weak of mind and had also acquired a large amount of adventitious insanity ; another equally eminent specialist said that that person was entirely sane and that his only defect was that he laboured under too great an amount of femininity in his composition.

The writer has conducted prosecutions and defences where insanity was in issue, and he has never been at a trial where the expert opinions did not almost completely balance. The lack of weight of expert evidence in a trial is therefore attributable, not to the system of trial, but to the bewildering difference of opinion manifested by the experts.

Then, coming to the demand that insanity shall be determined by an expert or experts : if the contention is that one expert opinion should prevail, it is a contention that cannot be seriously considered ; but if it is that there should be a sort of jury of experts, who would either privately or in public examine the plea of an alleged offender and give a final verdict on it, there seems to be a fatal objection to it which is founded on the presumed necessity for finality in the determination of a person's sanity.

Now, suppose that a jury of experts were sworn to decide on a plea of insanity, is it conceivable that they ever would agree ? The writer has the honour to number among his friends and acquaintances some distinguished doctors—mental experts and others—and he has come to the conclusion that of all the divergencies that disturb the placidity of life there is no more potent divergency than that of medical opinion.

It may be said that, as the writer belongs to a profession whose members never disagree except about each other's personal merits, his view is not normal, but, for all that, there it is.

But, assuming that there could be found two doctors to agree, would they agree on identical grounds? If they did not, then one of their opinions would be founded upon an insufficient appreciation of the facts. In a recent notorious case one expert said that the prisoner was insane because he had a jerky manner and wore a glassy look; another said that he was insane because, among other small things, he took a long time in playing a hand at bridge.

And, without multiplying illustrations or even positions, is it at all likely that a jury of medical experts would ever agree in anything except that the whole world was mad? There is no higher profession than that of medicine, and humanity is greatly indebted to those who follow its calling; but it is submitted that, among its many admirable qualities, there is not a fitness to undertake the duties at present discharged by a judge and a jury in relation to the sane and the insane. And, further, one may ask whether any good reason has been shown for holding that the present system of trial is inadequate.

In that system the opinions of the medical experts are given in open court; an experienced lawyer—at all events in serious cases—disentangles these opinions from their formal expression, and a jury of twelve men of the world decide whether any opinion or set of opinions sufficiently disposes of the case before them.

One might be pardoned for thinking that no better system could be devised; but, whether that be so or not, no better system has yet been submitted to the test of efficiency.

E. BOWEN-ROWLANDS.

NEW GIRLS AND OLD LADIES.

It is amongst the eternal verities that woman builds herself upon sacrifice and devotion. She never tires of adding bricks to the edifice. Give her freedom or let her take it, her course will be the same. Free-love hampers itself, and while woman talks of independence, demands and obtains the Franchise, punctiliously joining all Freedom leagues, her feelings fetter her, and hold her in eternal unbreakable bondage, her feelings make freedom impossible. Member of Parliament, Guardian of the Poor, Ecclesiastic dignitary, Mistress of Arts or of Science, she will yet be the tolerant mother to a thief at the prison gate; the sympathetic wife to a dissolute drunkard, and she will stand by a leper on an island of despair and follow a convict into the depths of a desert. Else the world could not go on.

It is the merest convention that the preceding generation in the feminine line should persist perennially in blame of the speech, manners and customs of its immediate successors. The more woman changes the more she is in essentials exactly the same thing. Of course, she fails to recognise herself at once in her grand-daughter, and there is now some prejudice in favour of the "temporary" job with a surface provocation for the complaint of sadly different standards and the War as a responsible offender.

We have only, however, to take to the lightest skimming of social history and we find ample excuse to acknowledge that ladies and licence have fraternised merrily in bygone periods. The women at the Court of Queen Elizabeth were not conspicuously reticent, the Restoration did not speak the first or last word in modesty—of clothes or conduct, Lely's pictures proving at least the generous display of charms. Fashion and fancies were at any rate careless under the Regency, and we know Queen Victoria was as hard put to it to enforce law and order in her surroundings as a later Royalty who is accredited with the sternly repellent attitude towards the short skirts of the best lawn tennis champions at the court of Wimbledon.

It is enlightening to glance at a record of a woman's cricket match in 1811, and contemporary chronicles tell of that match lasting three days, and that the ages of the players varied from 14 to upwards of 40. Rowlandson's caricature is delightful in its showing of the players in full short skirts with sandals, shoulder sleeves and low-cut square bodices, which were not exactly protective. The same artist was also responsible for a damsel in light attire descending rapidly under a parachute from a balloon. We do

dress our athletic parts better than this in the already maligned twentieth century.

Without dwelling too triumphantly upon those later Victorian days when education with physical efficiency was enthusiastically encouraged to proceed in the feminine interest with the privilege to earn a livelihood outside the kitchen range, development of the individual woman's brain and muscle can be marked as rapid.

Incidentally this latter progression will tend to placing highway robbery amongst the lost arts, while allowing the more cautious burglars and pickpockets to count amongst the unemployed.

It is joyous reading of a "hold-up" artist being held down by stalwart damsels in lonely post-offices; and that the enterprising house-breaker can find his purpose and his person in imminent danger from a hefty housemaid, who, doubtless, was endowed with courage and enlarged biceps on some training ground not remote from the front in Flanders.

But, although thief-trapping and slapping may be counted in the advantages of the extension of feminine culture, together with tennis, high jumping and long swimming, the thoughtful will do well to reflect upon the mischief of including rowing in the list of all British sports for women; and to grant that rowing in races should not be encouraged. The mere desultory sculler may desultorily scull to her heart's content and her body's improvement, and she may punt to the greater beauty of the riparian view; but, in spite of the rule of the stationary seats, and the taboo of the sliding variety, rowing in races should be well counted outside the arena of games for girls. The most casual can realise the strenuous pressure and straining are very ill-advised. The expert knows that a stroke of thirty-six movements cannot pull through to its righteous finish if all feminine rights are to be sacred, and it is a simple certainty that the exigencies of continual practice, and first-class performance on a given day with a penalty on the dependent others may be definitely injurious.

Yet the School of Medicine contributes its crew to compete with Newnham, and other fixtures loom ahead. And it must be admitted, anyhow, that the female rowing match is no novelty on the river at Chelsea, for 1817 saw a notable contest between six watermen's wives, and the surprise result of a winner who was the mother of four children; a very hopeful reflection.

But in 1817 such feats were exceptional, and they now threaten amongst the common round; and if we continue to enlarge our bones with our active proficiencies, our followers after will have more cause than ever to exclaim at the incredibly small corsets and laced bodices preserved in the museums and royally labelled from sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Apart from the physical side of this rowing in races comes the mere æsthetic interest, which we would scorn to consider, all others being safeguarded. The female figure, unless of the two straight boards type, is ugly under great exertion, coming to a too frank confession beneath the no-pressure of a loose shirt; and although this drawback has been duly provided for by the square-cut tunic, which in serge is dedicated to most gymnastic exercises, yet the result of a silhouette may not be deemed entirely becoming.

Perhaps the elongated stocking does something to compensate, but then, again, the general effect of dripping face, dishevelled hair, all ribbon-bound though it be, might prove as unpropitious an answer to the urgent matrimonial question as ever mixed bathing through the glass of a municipal censor in his age of innocence.

However much or little in the bygone years, flirtation with sport was recognised as legitimate, any evidence of the widely spreading commercial ambition seems lacking. Now when feminine talent in the office and the warehouse has been practically proven, sex-jealousy lurks behind the robe of justice and Re-administration would like to pronounce upon the "as you was" order; men first.

"I ring, I am not rung for" is the aim of every woman who adopts a business career, and prejudice cannot for ever withstand the right of entrance to that feminine generation which is not exactly knocking at the door but gaining entrance without knocking. Time and tolerance must adjust the scales, when, mayhap, Fathercraft will become as national a problem as Mothercraft, while Mr. Fisher may include husband training in his favourite curriculum. First get your husband being a prominent clause in this scheme. "Are there enough husbands to go round" may be flippantly concluded "there are not enough who will go square." If only those worthy of mating were the appointed, Justices Duke, Horridge and Darling might find themselves less busy, and the police courts prove less happy hunting grounds for melodramatists with mind and appetite to sup or lunch, full of horrors and sorrows.

The gravest indictment against the new girl of the working classes is that, being equipped for the battle of life with full knowledge and some capacity, she may in all sincerity prefer to fight it alone.

Lacking the erotic and romantic impulses, the old bluffing boast "I don't care for men" must be accorded of a possibly true significance, since it is less likely to spring from the unsweetened produce of the vineyard or to be founded upon ignorance, than to be based upon clear-sighted appraisement and direct experience.

One half-century of practice cannot decide upon the wisdom of

the widest outlook, or determine if wisdom be a word to apply to the shirked responsibility, to the deliberately decreased growth of a population, and no entirely grateful concentration on the discomforts of labour round an empty domestic hearth in proximity to a scanty larder and the casual or even constant companionship of an exacting spouse.

The new girl in high social or artistic circles, and of the more idle chance, despite her far reaching freaks and short reaching frocks, has much to commend her. She may, indeed, be favourably contrasted with her ancestresses, for she cultivates a general efficiency, and plays all games with a sincerity and an appreciation of the top score. Even when necessity does not appear likely to call her to the practical path she trains herself on some ground of labour and has always the desire to excel. She has flagrant faults; she is "cocksure," and she is none too courteous, but she is conscientiously ready in the good cause; while she practises patience, endeavouring to attain the fictitious virtues of the diplomat and to make for her goal with selfless ardour—film actresses exclusive. This educated and enlightened new-comer to practical politics desires to be useful if anxious to be ornamental, for which all should praise her. Pure sportswoman or mere housewife she may be in inclination, yet she endeavours to accomplish well any task she may undertake. Shy, she will force herself to become eloquent, and as an endowed and proportionately respected member of a committee the most timid have spoken much. Artist or dreamer by nature, she will grapple with the brains which are in her, seriously if not triumphantly, with figures of finance; she is always a "trier," and even the busiest dancer to the tune of mere frivolity finds leisure to sit at the twinkling feet of the Russian mistresses to learn as well as to applaud the balance and the perfect poise. Cup-hunters on the green, card-players at the Bridge clubs, competitors over the net, all are imbued now with the dogma, if a thing is worth the doing it is worth the well doing.

It is a pity that the old lady who is for ever with us to censure, will compete as well as criticise; whilst deprecating she will imitate, and amongst painful instances are efforts on the golf course at the age of sixty-five, and the heroine of half a century of winters, prancing and pirouetting in the subscription ballroom. The number of such practitioners might be diminished in the more becoming interests; and in the same righteous cause might be admitted that blue-powdered cheeks and red-painted lips and crimson *coiffure* are not improving to the wrinkled, who would be well persuaded to shirk the short sleeves of fashion which reveal disastrously the scrawny or fat-laden arms of age. Also an age limit might be profitably, if unkindly, set upon the sentimental desire, for now

anyone with the sympathetic tendency may be liable to be called upon to hear and believe that some obviously old lady is beset with suitors, and that the proposal with the good or bad motive is in her daily programme. The elderly coquette is an unpleasant survival, she should be sternly relegated to the picture gallery of the past. It would be better if she would devote her ardours to the more suitable pastimes; failing to appreciate work and to eschew the pleasures of rest and home and the philanthropic way, let her spend her enthusiasm and her savings at the Club, where she can at least put her stringy or swollen ankles beneath a table and not parade these to the knees in silken stockings priced at 17s. 6d. at sale time. The old lady might cultivate her mind in museums of art or at Christie's, but even with the patriotic excuse in the largest of transparent hats she should not too cordially embrace the opportunity of selling roses and chasing raptures in the clear light of day.

It is really amazing how the oldest in fashionable and unfashionable circles will persist in copying the newest girl. See her even emerging from the bedclothes after an attack of pneumonia, well learned in her adoption of a Georgette blouse, you will find her alien locks tied up with rose-coloured ribbon, a scarf round her shoulders, of chiffon to match, and a Ninon or Nainsook night-gown cut down to her chest which is outlined as low as may not be with ribbons threading lace, and beset with flimsy embroidery.

Confession may be made to a brief for the new girl of humble or exalted birth because she can be so capable, and she spares no trouble in learning any job which seems good to her: sporting, social, political, domestic, or merely technical. Philologically smattered, she can talk of everything, and wisely she insists upon doing it. International tolerance, finance and literature, and engineering; she will appraise, dismiss, applaud or condemn with an equal certainty of tone and as much chance as many others possess of proving true prophet. She can listen, too, and act, if need be, without undue fuss, and she is always supremely industrious. Maybe her manners escape perfection, and it was rumoured that as a 'bus conductor one, if not two, of the lower type stood in danger of bettering their instruction, and would at times emulate some masculine predecessor in the use of language.

But as a traveller by public conveyance she improves, and old gentlemen may be found to complain that they only realised the fragrance of their years when girls uprose to offer them seats.

Recently we have cause for congratulation on the advent of woman to the hitherto restricted brotherhood of stage criticism. *Time and Tide* proves right to existence in thus introducing

candid Rebecca West, so suitably god-fathered by Ibsen, and very welcome to all save the theatrical manager. Didactic old ladies "set to unfair" in favour of other days might be counselled to observe the virtue of ambition to excel, and may, if they will, recognise in all domains of literature that feminine authorship has no longer need or desire to be concealed beneath the masculine signature.

"I wrote that play in four days" was the frank brag of a dramatist who suspected his failure was not entirely undeserved.

One brave novelist of the feminine gender, and in the foremost rank, was heard to attribute her triumph to her determination "to live and feel before I wrote upon life and emotion." Such a course might be easily carried to excess, but it would nevertheless prove the craftswoman to be of the earnest outlook.

Whilst it will be argued that the inposts were guarded, it may be conceded that in no times have so many women emerged from obscurity. There will be a few to regret this, and to note that previously feminine fame was due to beauty and its generous bestowal, and that wit with the artistic graces have been in a rarer class for distinction.

Many names now rush to the mind to emphasise the advance of Woman towards a foothold in some department of Olympus. The drama becomes daily the richer for feminine interference, whilst the realms of painting, poetry and sculpture are positively crowded with pre-eminent persisters, and the gates of Sport, with Literature and Science, are wide open to admit them in joyful numbers.

But since, in the flagrantly prejudiced chronicle, praise must be tempered with blame, in order to promote the popularity of the new girl, before she disappears into the old girl, and re-appears as the old lady to contend in the eternal battle of the ages, let us urge her to remember Matthew Arnold's dictum "Conduct is three-fourths of life." Let us pray for a millennium when the charm and courtesy of the day before yesterday can stand up with the courage and competence of to-day. Such alliance faithfully held, and due indulgence being bestowed upon Man, it can be recognised that the new Book of Woman is only the old one rebound, and her last edition finds her not greatly revised from her first; she is yet willing in the spirit and the flesh for self-immolation, applying a mileage of informed intelligence to her most primitive traditions of love and service and the maternal task.

E. ABIA.

THE CASE FOR STATE PURCHASE AND CONTROL OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.—A REPLY.

WHILE I am compelled to disagree with much of Miss Picton-Turbervill's article in the June FORTNIGHTLY, I am in complete agreement with her in thinking that the question of Temperance Reform is one of profound importance to the women of our country. The burden of the drink evil falls heavily on the woman : it crushes the child. Hitherto there has seemed to be a general assumption that the *man* has an inalienable right to drink, regardless of the interests of the woman, and even more so of the child ; but the passing of the Reform Act has now given to woman the right to pronounce an effective judgment on political affairs, and it is, therefore, henceforth in her power largely to mould the domestic and social policy of the nation in accordance with her wishes.

If, however, women are to realise the fullest hopes that are set upon them, they must bring to their task an instructed judgment to guide into fruitful action that instinctive sense of right and wrong, and that natural tenderness and sympathy which are their God-given possession.

With hearts full of the spirit of the home they must lift their eyes to the larger world outside their doors. Instinctive shrinking from all that is base and cruel must not make them shut their eyes to the dark places of our civilisation, but rather urge them on to a fixed determination to secure for their weaker brethren and sisters, and most of all for the children, all those happy conditions which are the almost unthanked-for blessings of their own more sheltered homes.

To the women, who by position, ability, and character are to-day the leaders of their sex, there has come a great opportunity. They have to give guidance to their sisters on many important matters, and upon them, therefore, falls the heavy responsibility of ensuring that such advice is the result of sound reasoning based on ascertained and understood facts. Mistakes on matters of social policy may mean direct injury and loss to whole classes of people, and may retard the development of the nation for generations. Not the least important decision which must be made by women is as to their attitude to the Liquor Traffic. They approach the question as, in a very special sense, trustees for the 12,000,000 girls and boys under sixteen years of age who form approximately one-third of the total population of England and Wales ; and upon them must largely rest the responsibility of deciding whether alcohol shall continue to tempt the coming generations as it has tempted

the past, or whether the children that are, and that are to be, shall be free to grow up in homes and amid surroundings where drink has no place.

Towards the decision of this momentous question Miss Picton-Turbervill has contributed the article which appeared in the June *FORTNIGHTLY*, and a careful perusal of it compels me to say that the advice which it gives is, in my judgment, neither the result of sound reasoning nor based on ascertained facts. The writer of the article preaches a new evangel: the burden of proof rests upon her to show that the remedy which she advocates—Liquor Nationalisation—would be effective in removing those evils which she rightly states to be so universal and pressing.

Writing for women, who, though "always interested" in the question have strangely "no pre-conceived theories" on this vast subject, there rested upon her a very special duty to see that her statements as to questions of fact, at any rate, were "the truth, and nothing but the truth"; but a very cursory examination of the article by even an elementary student of this question would satisfy him that this essential condition has not been complied with. For example, on page 948 Miss Picton-Turbervill states that "the licensing system as it obtains to-day dates from 1880, when Mr. Gladstone created the present full publican's licence . . . thus doing away with the separate ale, wine, and spirit licences." That two clauses in an Inland Revenue Act altering the form of an excise licence and increasing the duty should be the foundation of our licensing system must startle the veriest first-form student of licensing history who has learnt as a commonplace that the Licensing Acts of 1828 and 1872, now consolidated in the Licensing (Consolidation) Act, 1910, are the basis of our modern English licensing system. Still more extraordinary is the statement made and repeated that since 1880 "no addition has been made in the charge for licences!" Has the writer really forgotten the great Lloyd George Budget of 1909-10—the conflict with the House of Lords—and the increase of Liquor Licence Duties from £2,172,000 in the financial year ending 31st March, 1909, to £4,572,000 in the year 1912?

Miss Picton-Turbervill is also apparently ignorant of the fact that there are on- and off-beer licences as well as publicans' licences, for she quotes the figures as to publicans' licences under the word "licences," and assumes that the increase in the National Drink Bill between 1881 and 1908 "passed through the coffers of the existing public-houses," regardless of the fact that immense quantities of drink were sold in licensed premises other than public-houses. Nor is her version of the Brewing Companies' Boom in the 'nineties more accurate. She states that "two hun-

dred million pounds was invested in the Trade, thus enabling it to extend its business and at the same time to broaden the basis of self-interest." Here again the facts are not correctly given. The total value of the Trade, "and all other trades in connection with alcoholic liquors," was stated in the official *Brewers' Almanack* of 1894, and subsequent issues, as having been in 1871, £117,100,000, in 1894, £200,000,000, in 1895, £220,000,000; in 1898, £230,000,000, in 1899, £235,000,000, and in 1900, £240,000,000, at which figure it stood as lately as 1916. Obviously, therefore, the amount of new money brought into the Trade was not £200,000,000, or anything but a small fraction of that sum.

The Trade was not extended, but consolidated; little publican brewers were recklessly bought up so that the brewery companies' barrellage might show large increases. The brewery firms were then transformed into limited liability companies for the exploitation of a misguided public, which looked at the barrellage rather than at the price at which that barrellage was being secured. The public bit at the bait, and out of the considerable sums received the brewer vendors took practically the whole of their original capital in cash or debentures, while large blocks of ordinary shares were allotted to them as the price of their greatly-inflated good-will.

I agree, however, that the flotation of brewing companies and their public subscription increased the number of shareholders and debenture holders from, say, 50,000 in 1889 to 100,000 in 1904, but that, surely, does not help Miss Picton-Turbervill's case, for precisely the same effect would follow if the Nation bought the Trade. Even at the price of £400,000,000 mentioned as a possible figure¹ (p. 953) the investment amounts to about £40 per family, and no practical person imagines that the scheme could be carried out to-day at less than double that sum, so that a Nationalised Liquor Traffic means a compulsory investment in the business of drink making and selling of over £80 for every family in the United Kingdom. It is difficult to see how this will help the progress of Temperance Reform, and if Miss Picton-Turbervill is right in saying that in nonconformist circles "generally," and in Welsh nonconformity "universally" (p. 953), there is a very strong religious objection to State Purchase, it seems not a little unjust to force upon a large body of citizens a financial and general responsibility for a Traffic which they abhor.

Nor is Miss Picton-Turbervill more reliable in her summary of official reports. She states (p. 953) that the Advisory Committee

(1) The figures in the *Report* of 1917 are incorrectly stated in the article as being £200,000,000 for England and Wales; the *Report* itself says £350,000,000 for England and Wales, £61,000,000 for Scotland, and a further sum for Ireland, substantially less than £500,000,000.

constituted in 1915 to inquire into the financial aspects of State Purchase reported unanimously that State Purchase was "not only practicable but *simple of achievement*." This is an entirely misleading gloss on the Report, and makes one doubt whether she has ever read the original. Nothing is more plain than that the committee was impressed with the great difficulties to be encountered, and the Report contains the grave warning that:—

1. The creation of a very large amount of new Government obligations cannot fail at any time to have an effect upon Government credit, even when, as in this case, they are issued for the purchase of a revenue-producing undertaking, and even when it is not a question of going to the money market for new capital, but of substituting capital in one form for capital already existing in another. At this moment it is more than ever necessary to avoid causing a general depreciation of Government stocks.

If this were true in April, 1915, it is far more relevant in 1920, and at least two of the signatories (Sir John Simon and Mr. Philip Snowden) have to-day declared that they are opposed to State Purchase. Referring to the report of the three committees in 1917, Miss Picton-Turbervill says: "The committee, however, point out that no large sum of money will be needed." No such statement appears in the Report, and again the writer's gloss is misleading. Even if the purchase were carried through by the issue of Government stock, the price paid is "money," and the Nation would increase its already enormous liabilities by that amount. It is simply juggling with words to pretend that the Trade can be bought for nothing, and without increasing the national liability. That liability would be a new and gigantic obstacle in the way of all efforts to reduce the sale of liquor. The advocates of the scheme are insistent that it will be a financial success. Mr. Lloyd George, on March 18th, spoke of the scheme as one which, if it had been adopted in 1915, "would have produced an enormous revenue to the State." That is the danger. We are to buy the Liquor Traffic in the name of Temperance, and make a vast profit out of it. You cannot promote temperance by selling drink. Under State Purchase you must provide interest on the vast purchase money, a sinking fund, and the equivalent of the taxes you already levy. All will come from selling drink, and from no other source. It will still involve either an enormous Drink Bill, or increased taxation, and any proposal to reduce consumption will be opposed as reducing the revenue needed to meet all these charges. It is idle for Miss Picton-Turbervill to say (p. 953): "We cannot afford to see the Drink Bill of the country mounting up to yet more millions"; we cannot afford to see it at its present figure of £386,000,000. Mr. Lloyd George told us we

could not afford it when it was £160,000,000; but, on any showing, to meet the current charges alone and the present taxation derived from the Trade, the Nationalised Traffic would have to earn a gross profit sufficient to pay the present taxation on liquor, which, with Income Tax and Excess Profits Duty, is not far short of £300,000,000, and a minimum of £30,000,000 as interest on purchase money, which, without reserving a penny for sinking fund, would mean a Drink Bill at least as high as that of 1919, and probably higher.

But if Miss Picton-Turbervill's paper is thus unreliable in mere matters of plain historical fact open to immediate verification, it is permissible to doubt whether her verdict on other matters is any more to be depended upon. In her opening paragraphs she makes the sweeping assertion that the United Kingdom Alliance and the Trade Defence Association are "two bodies that have done more to hinder legislative reform than all the men in the street." The statement is not original, but has been widely circulated by supporters of Liquor Nationalisation who are irritated at the hostility of the organised temperance forces of the country to their nostrum.

That was not the verdict of a very famous Englishman, who well knew the Alliance and its work—Cardinal Manning. His verdict was: To the action and power of the Alliance is to be ascribed the fact that the public conscience of England has been aroused, its intellect has been convinced, and its heart has been made half-ashamed of itself, and its will is already in motion.

The charge made on page 947, and again, in another form, on page 949, is wholly untrue. It is impossible for anyone to point to a single measure of genuine Temperance Reform, however small, which has been opposed by the Alliance, or which has not been heartily supported by that body. Miss Picton-Turbervill quite legitimately calls attention to the meagre results secured by what she calls "Mr. Balfour's *Bill* of 1904," which she inaccurately describes as making "a continuous property" of the annual licence. The vital portions of that Bill were drafted in the office of the Trade Defence Association (*Licensed Trade News*, November, 1904): it was fought to the last ditch by the Alliance and its friends in and out of Parliament. The great Licensing Bill of 1908, which would have changed the whole position of the Temperance question and delivered the nation from its bondage to the Liquor Traffic, was supported most strenuously by the Alliance, and would have been on the Statute Book to-day but for the unwarrantable action of the House of Lords in rejecting a measure passed by the immense majority of 350 to 113 in the House of Commons. How the Trade Defence Association fought that

measure will be familiar to all who recall the Peckham Election of 1908. The Temperance (Scotland) Act of 1913, which for the first time places the power of self-determination in this matter in the hands of any portion of the United Kingdom, was carried through Parliament with the active co-operation of the Alliance. The Alliance has supported Bills to effect Sunday Closing, the Prohibition of the Sale or giving of Drink to young children, the Exclusion of Children from Drinking Bars, the Payment of Wages in Public-houses—all measures vitally affecting the interests of women. It has supported, also, the Licensing Acts of 1872 and 1902; it supported the Restrictions on Drink during the War, upon which Miss Picton-Turbervill lays such stress, and it is earnestly opposed to any proposals for their relaxation. But it has never given away the Temperance Cause. It opposed the suggested compromise in 1903 which enabled the Balfour Government to legislate in the interests of the Trade in 1904, with such disastrous consequences to the Nation; and to-day it opposes the scheme advocated by (among others) the writer of the article under discussion; and it is, therefore, subjected to the ill-informed attacks of those who are annoyed to find their schemes for perpetuating the Liquor Traffic in the cause of sobriety shattered on the rock of fundamental Temperance principle.

The plain fact is that Miss Picton-Turbervill stands for the installation of the Liquor Traffic as a permanent State institution. She apparently does not expect or desire to see the elimination of alcoholic drinks from our national life—for her scheme contains no mention even of Local Veto over the traffic. Nationalisation is for her "a permanent solution of a grave social problem," and she asks the women of the nation to accept it regardless of the fact, proved by world-old experience, that alcoholic beverages cannot be sold or distributed throughout a nation without lowering the standard of national health, morality, and efficiency, and without drawing a large number of every rising generation within the grip of the Alcohol Habit and all that it means.

It is, however, on the alleged success of the "Carlisle Experiment" that Miss Picton-Turbervill principally relies. During the War the State took over the Liquor Traffic in the Carlisle and Gretna areas, and "it was this elimination of private interest in the sale of drink that worked the *Carlisle miracle!*" I trust it will not be deemed irreverent in me to investigate very briefly this "miracle." Much argument was, long ago, expended in showing that a 5 lbs. weight fell to the earth five times as quickly as a 1 lb. weight. Had not Aristotle said so? But Galileo tested the statement at the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and the arguments relied upon, the 5 lbs. weight and the 1 lb. weight all struck the

ground at the same moment! The question is, "*Did the miracle in fact happen?*" Let us examine the facts. Carlisle, a Border City of 50,000 inhabitants, was suddenly called upon to accommodate ten or twelve thousand navvies who were brought into the neighbourhood to prepare the ground for the great Gretna Munition Factory. The men, herded together under most uncomfortable housing conditions, flocked into the public-houses. Drunkenness became rampant, and at last, in the summer of 1916 the Control Board decided to take the Traffic into its own hands, and within the next eighteen months the breweries and licensed premises in an area of 500 square miles, with a war-time population of 140,000 inhabitants, came under State Purchase. That is common ground. Acquiring possession the Board carried out a number of changes, some of which are set out in the article in such a way as to suggest that they all came into operation in July, 1916, whereas many of them were not in operation until 1917. "With what results?" asks Miss Picton-Turbervill, and answers:

State purchase and control began in July, 1916, and a steady drop in the number of convictions for drunkenness began.

This statement is incorrect: the reduction began in *June, before Purchase took place*. Does Miss Picton-Turbervill seriously contend that during the months of July, August and September, 1916, the Board had secured any really efficient control over the Trade in Carlisle, by reason of Purchase? The hard fact is that at any rate during July and August there was practically no change in the method of conducting the trade in Carlisle over what was in operation previously. "The Board's scheme of control was inaugurated on July 12th, 1916, and became effective in the course of the next few weeks," says the official *Report* for 1919, and whatever took place in Carlisle up to the middle or end of August, and probably September, cannot fairly be attributed to State Purchase. The figures of convictions are quite conclusive; for the week ending

June 18th	32
June 25th	25
July 2nd	27
July 9th	26
July 16th	21

And for the four weeks which followed ending August 13th, when the Board was not yet in real control, the weekly average had fallen to 16½, and by September 10th to 11. From these figures it is beyond question that the remarkable decline was due, not to

Purchase, but to some other reason. That reason was given in the *Cumberland News* of August 26th, 1916 :

"Inquiries as to the causes of this diminution of convictions for drunkenness have elicited various opinions, but that generally held is that many of the men of the navy class who used to cause trouble when on drinking bouts from Gretna, have left the district."

and again in its issue of November 4th :

"These figures (of convictions for drunkenness) disclose three distinct movements :—A steady decline in the early months of the war, a rapid rise from October, 1915, to June of this year; and a pronounced decline afterwards. These movements are explainable without reference to the operation of the Control Board. . . . There was an invasion of many thousands of navvies, who are as a class intemperate; latterly, as the constructional work has reached completion, these navvies have been disappearing and giving place to skilled workers whose tastes and habits are more restrained. The fluctuations in the population are thus in themselves sufficient to account for the rise and fall in the list of convictions."

It is, therefore, a legitimate ground of complaint that Miss Picton-Turbervill, when purporting to state the facts as to Carlisle, should omit to mention this vital fact. To use the presence of the navvies to prove that "restriction entirely failed" (p. 951); and to proclaim the glorious reduction in drunkenness as due to State Purchase (which was not yet in effective operation!), without disclosing that, as one paper put it, "the wild men have departed" is, to put it mildly, not treating her readers with that honesty which they have a right to expect in a professedly serious sociological investigation on which so much is stated to depend. So far as the writer of the article is concerned the navvies might be in Carlisle to-day.

But if Miss Picton-Turbervill had been anxious to place the whole story before her readers she would have called attention to the fact that by the end of 1916 the condition of things in Carlisle was so serious that on December 30th the Chief Constable stated that "the city was in a shocking condition," notwithstanding that the "wild men" had gone, and that the Board claimed to have been in "effective control" since August! Why was it, then, that by the end of April, 1917, the convictions had dropped to 31 for that month as against 98 for the corresponding month in 1916, and soon reached the low level at which they stood at the end of 1919?

Two factors, apart from the exodus of the navvies, operated. The first was that towards the close of February, 1917, the Board prohibited the on-sale of spirits in the city and surrounding districts on Saturdays. The effect was that on the 23 Saturdays following the "spiritless" order there were only 17 arrests in Carlisle, and 7 of these were on St. Patrick's Day, whereas in the

corresponding Saturdays in 1916 there were 220 arrests (*Carter's Control of the Drink Trade*, p. 211). A simple prohibition which might, and should have, been applied throughout the whole country—not State Purchase—produced this result.

The second factor was the national restriction upon the output of brewing and upon the release of wines and spirits from bond. On March 17th, 1917, the Control Board defended its increase in prices as being attributable solely to the restrictions in supply and the consequent shortage. It becomes, they said, increasingly difficult for supplies of beer, stout and spirits to be obtained (*Cumberland News* of date). Thenceforth, as, indeed, Miss Picton-Turbervill admits (p. 952), "allowance must be made for the shortage of beer and spirits," and much more than "allowance"—*it was the governing factor*.¹ The plain truth is that no real Temperance Reform was carried out at Carlisle with Purchase which could not have been, with equal effectiveness, carried out by the Central Control Board, not merely in Carlisle but throughout the Kingdom, without Purchase. Miss Picton-Turbervill says (p. 953), "What has been done in Carlisle can be done throughout the United Kingdom." I agree; and without spending anything from £500,000,000 to £800,000,000 in doing it.

But, here again, I must comment on Miss Picton-Turbervill's omission to mention that Carlisle—now that the War is over—has no special cause for self-glorification.

I have lying before me a Table which shows that *out of the 237 Boroughs in England and Wales, at least 160—or more than two-thirds of the whole—show a lower rate of convictions for drunkenness in proportion to population than Carlisle does*, and that 69 Boroughs with a total population of 6,000,000 show a greater percentage of reduction in drunkenness per 1,000 population between 1913 and 1919 than in Carlisle. Indeed, Carlisle's percentage of reduction in drunkenness is lower than the average percentage of the whole of these 160 Boroughs. It is even more striking to compare the figures for England and Wales:—

England and Wales.				
Year.		Population.	Convictions.	Rate per 1,000.
1913	...	36,606,000	188,877	5.16
1919	...	36,855,000	57,947	1.57
Reduction, 70 per cent.				
Carlisle.				
Year.		Population.	Convictions.	Rate per 1,000.
1913	...	52,000	287	4.56
1919	...	53,000	78	1.47
Reduction of only 68 per cent.				

(1) It is not without significance that the convictions during the first 27 weeks of 1920 show a total of 65 as against 33 in 1919 and 53 in 1918, for a period of 26 weeks, though the population in 1918 was much larger than in 1920; but more drink was available in 1920.

Even if we concede that the population figure in Carlisle in 1919, admittedly difficult of ascertainment, is possibly too low, no addition that could reasonably be made would increase the percentage of reduction in Carlisle to a figure which, if it could be secured for the whole country, would justify the expenditure of hundreds of millions of pounds. Moreover, it should have been pointed out in the article that although the Control Board's manager boasts that : " an accounting system on the most modern principles has been devised, and it is doubtful whether there are many brewing firms which can show a more concise and useful analysis of trading results," the Government has three times refused to give the House of Commons the figures as to the sales of liquor in the City of Carlisle and the money expended thereon. The reason given is that the labour involved in getting them out would be too great ! There can only be one inference, which is that the sales and takings have been startlingly large, and this is borne out by a note in the *Economist* of November 29th, 1919, that : " In spite of the reduction of the total population to a normal level as a result of the closing-down of munition works, we understand that takings for the current year show a large increase, and that even more satisfactory results are anticipated for the year ended March 31st, 1920," which does not point to a large reduction of the Drink Bill under Nationalisation, and throws a serious doubt on the value of the drunkenness figures.

In face of these facts it seems inappropriate to speak of the " Carlisle miracle." With so much trouble taken over the scheme, with the energetic labours of such highly-skilled and extremely well-paid management as the Board was able to secure, with the advantage of the advice of a large body of local magnates, with the sympathy of the Corporation and the police authorities, and with the knowledge that Carlisle was under the limelight of public scrutiny, the miracle—if miracle there be—is, not that so much has been done but that such small results have followed so much effort and parade ; and yet it is no miracle, for the scheme is but another attempt to control the uncontrollable. In any case, there is nothing here to justify the expenditure of vast sums of money in setting up a huge new bureaucratic State Department under a Minister of Drink. Everything of value, and there has been much of value, which the Control Board has done under its general orders, has been done without purchase. If our present regulations are not effective, the State can make them more drastic with this advantage that it would act *as an outside authority*, without that tenderness characteristic of officialdom dealing with

its colleagues. It is not without relevance when considering the drunkenness figures at Carlisle to remember that on the Local Committee regulating the traffic are one member nominated by the Watch Committee (i.e., the police), and four representing the Licensing Committee (all magistrates); and that on June 11th, 1917, the Mayor on the Bench expressed his sorrow that there were three cases of drunkenness to be dealt with, as he "had hoped that they might have had the same records as they had in the past several weeks." A hope of this kind, expressed by the Chief Magistrate from the Bench, if not exactly a direction to the police standing round, is yet apt to be gratified, and the streets of Carlisle on Saturday nights, even now, plainly show that the official figures do not represent by any means the public drunkenness.

Miss Picton-Turbervill has no ground whatever for saying (p. 951) that :

" State purchase, acting in the best interests of the public, has proved itself the one remedy for a condition of things which was rapidly sapping the virility of our nation."

The remarkable decline during the War in drunkenness, alcoholic mortality, attempted suicides, delirium tremens cases, suffocation of infants, etc., had no possible connection with State Purchase. It had much to do with the amount of alcohol available, and the present increase in drunkenness, which we all deplore, is due to the large increase by the Government of the alcoholic supplies. The remedy lies, not in perpetuating drinking, even under "improved" conditions, but in getting rid of Drink. Only in this way can the women of England make their country "safe for heroes," or safe for girls and boys.

The true remedy, of which apparently Miss Picton-Turbervill has never heard, is to give to the people themselves, in their own localities on the widest possible franchise, the power by their direct votes to decide whether or not they desire to have the sale and distribution of drink in their midst, maintaining meanwhile such national regulations over the Traffic as the people, speaking through Parliament, will sanction.

Miss Picton-Turbervill said that " the scheme for State Purchase has the support of the Labour Party." In so saying she was mistaken, for on June 25th last, at its Annual Congress at Scarborough, *the Labour Party, by a vote of 1,672,000 to 1,352,000, rejected State Purchase, but by a vote of 2,003,000 to 623,000 accepted the Policy of Local Veto*, about which she says nothing.

" It seems to me," said Mr. Philip Snowden, formerly a strong supporter of Nationalisation, " a retrograde step for the Labour

Party in this country to advocate the purchase of the Liquor Traffic and to saddle this incubus permanently on the community. . . . For the trend of opinion in all democratic countries is towards the destruction of a traffic which is economically wasteful and socially injurious."

GEORGE B. WILSON.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

The prospects of peace not only in Europe but in Asia hang upon the results of the negotiations with M. Krassin and his Government. That much has been made abundantly clear. It is manifestly impossible for Germany to sit quietly under the sentence of disarmament imposed upon her by the Allies, while a dangerous militarist power is developed in a country she has feared acutely for more than a generation, and now fears all the more because Moscow has become the Mecca of her Communist Party. Poland is defeated, as indeed she was bound to be; the result has simply come sooner instead of later. The Allies can neither make war on Russia to defend her, nor can they allow her once more in her history to be utterly overthrown. They cannot do the former because their own people would not tolerate that, and because Poland's aims were too avaricious for them to endorse. They cannot do the latter because they have quite rightly decided to try to set Europe going again with a sensible map divided on nationalist lines, and a free Poland is an essential part of it. Farther East the Bolsheviks are still fighting or being fought in the Black Sea, in Asia Minor, and in Persia.

I have been told, on very good authority, that the attack on Persia was simply intended as a demonstration that if the Allies would fight, they would not be allowed to do all the attacking, and that the Bolsheviks desire peace more than anything else. As the policy of open war with them has failed, and has entailed disastrous consequences to our friends, and that of veiled war has failed, and promises to entail unpleasant consequences to ourselves as well as disastrous consequences to our friends, that of peace seems to be dictated by common sense. It is also in accordance with the best political principles, however anti-Bolshevik we may feel. For every observer who returns from Russia maintains that the Bolshevik *régime* is enormously strengthened by the attacks made upon it. Its opponents postpone their domestic differences in order to unite to repel what they regard as an invasion, which is exactly what might have been expected. Large numbers of the ablest officers of the old army are now leading the Red Army. In fact it may be said that with all its political and economic failures the Soviet Government has achieved one complete and astonishing success, and that is the creation of a powerful army, which has been as much the work of its enemies as its own.

It is important that we should be clear about the conditions of a resumption of relations. It is no longer pretended that a resumption of trade does not entail the conclusion of a real and definite peace, so there is no need for me to argue that very obvious point. The formal recognition of the Soviet Government is probably not necessary and is not desirable if it can be avoided, for we have every reason to believe that, once peace is restored, Bolshevism as we know it will be short-lived. But some sort of diplomatic relation with it will be necessary. Then there is the vexed question of the Russian

debts. Here, I think, an obvious distinction can and should be made. We cannot expect Russia to recognise rights of property abroad which she does not recognise at home. Everyone who invests money in a foreign country takes his risk of adverse political developments. They are generally recognised in the rate of interest offered. The time to raise the question both of the loans and of the rights of concessionnaires, will be when Russia asks for fresh foreign capital, as in the course of time she probably will. Then we shall be perfectly justified in making what conditions we please. In the meantime we ought to insist only on payment for goods actually delivered to Russia, or seized by Russians without payment to the foreigners to whom they belonged.

Those are conditions we may make, and I notice that the Prime Minister is including one or two others as preventives of Bolshevik propaganda, notably that we may at any moment declare an agent of the Soviet Government to be *persona ingrata*. These steps Lenin himself has invited by posing as the leader of a general crusade against the Governments of the world. But there are also conditions we shall have to observe. I do not think anyone can look back upon our Russian policy of the last two years without a certain feeling of very real shame. We have aided and abetted every sort of adventurer to fight against a government which the Russian people may not like, but which they obviously prefer to these self-chosen saviours and dictators we have tried to force upon them. Regardless of the peril we were bringing upon them we have encouraged the new States bordering on Russia to keep up a state of war. Some of them have resisted our schemes, others like the Poles have been only too ready even to anticipate and to go beyond them. I do not propose to go into the question of the Golovin memorandum and of Mr. Churchill's own particular part in this policy. Whatever Mr. Churchill did the Government were responsible for, for Mr. Churchill and his deeds have been sufficiently discussed, and he remains Secretary of State for War. But does anyone think that this has been a worthy way for a great Power to conduct its foreign relations? We have been always ready to wound yet afraid to come into the open to strike. We have refused to make peace, yet consistently endeavoured to explain away our wars and our blockades. We have given inadequate support to hopeless causes, and have in consequence brought terrible suffering upon a helpless people, a people of whom we have all along claimed that the vast majority were innocent of Bolshevism. If this has been our method of war-making, our peace-making must be of a very different order. It must be real and honest. There must be no more pin-pricks and no more intrigues. Russia's political future must be left entirely in her own hands.

The exact course her future development will take it is difficult to prophesy, but the accounts of recent visitors, notably of the Labour delegation, enable us to form a fairly shrewd idea. The Bolshevik system is being steadily watered down and that in two ways. One after another its original communist principles are being abandoned under the stress of circumstances, and more and more people who are not Bolsheviks are being drawn into the Government service, in the army, in the civil administration, and in the organisation of industry. The Soviet system is the only organisation

remaining in the country. To destroy it would be to invite anarchy, and any change that comes will probably be wrought through it and not in spite of it. But it is not conceivable that a small political party, which is already modifying its principles, can for ever rule autocratically a great people. As Mr. Bertrand Russell has remarked in his very interesting study of the Russian Government, there is any amount of dictatorship but very much less of proletariat about it. It is an irony of fate that liberal minded people in this country have been driven, by the Government's policy, to appear to plead the cause of a revolutionary government they cannot really sympathise with. One of the great benefits of peace will be that it will relieve us of that necessity. For it is quite obvious that the Russian revolution is still at its beginnings. It has destroyed one tyranny only to make another, and so far it has created little else. And above all else it has set its face against liberty.

It is becoming more and more apparent that the price of liberty is not only eternal vigilance on the part of those who are not exercising power, but also eternal forbearance on the part of those who are, and a determination shared by both not to fling away the good things they know already in a frantic search for others they know not of. The war to make the world safe for democracy has left it battling to preserve its freedom from assaults from the most unexpected quarters. At one end of the scale is the astonishing repression of certain radical opinions in the United States, at another the complete abnegation of belief in liberty by those who pose as the vanguard of progress in Russia. For some time startling stories have been coming across the Atlantic of the methods adopted by the Executive to stamp out Socialism and Communism. We in this country have observed with surprise the spectacle of five Socialist members excluded from the legislature of New York for the reason that they were Socialists, a crime to which a majority of their constituents would seem to have been accessory. Another Socialist is standing for the Presidency not from a log cabin but from a public gaol, where he is undergoing a sentence of ten years' imprisonment for delivering a Socialist speech. Other big sentences have been inflicted for similar reasons. But the most complete evidence is contained in an appeal to the American people just issued by twelve prominent American lawyers. These charge their Government not simply with excessive severity, but with actual illegality. They produce evidence, mostly from Government documents and from the mouths of its own agents, to show that it has employed *agents provocateurs* on a large scale, made arrests without warrants, treated its prisoners with inhumanity, and declared its object to be the punishment of certain subversive opinions irrespective of whether those opinions have led to any overt acts against society.

The American Government is a democratic one; it is elected on an extensive suffrage and liable to be changed if it offends against the general feeling of the people. There is no real reason to believe that it has so offended. There is no doubt that many Americans, valuing their traditions as they justly may, and revering their Constitution, quite genuinely feel afraid that this system may be upset by a scarcely digested mass of immigrants, many of them of low

types, from Central and Eastern Europe. A human society is a living entity and its definite life and continuity of development are things well worth preserving. These methods, however, would scarcely seem to be the best way to preserve them. The extremist, given enough rope, generally hangs himself without giving excessive trouble to anyone else. Hanged by his opponents he often becomes a dangerous force. That, of course, is what happened in Russia. I do not know how many Bolsheviks there were in Russia at the end of 1916 when the revolution was brewing. But even to-day, when the party has for two years been the governing force in the country, Lenin only claims 600,000 reliable members out of a population of about 120,000,000. But the Czarist *régime* left the progressive no choice but to be revolutionary. Instead of a pair of scales in which all opinion had its weight and the net result was a Government fairly representing the general will, there was a brick wall of autocracy against which Radicals had to hurl themselves or be silent. The result, when the strain of an unsuccessful war became too severe, was a chaotic revolution in which the most determined and the least scrupulous group came to the top. They in their turn have, as I have noted above, eschewed all care for liberty.

Those of us, therefore, who believe most fundamentally in the necessity of individual freedom, especially the freedom to believe what we will and to try to persuade others to agree with us, are faced with a dismal prospect. On the one hand executive governments and on the other revolutionary forces are preparing to fight over our bodies, and to carry on the struggle with a complete disregard for these principles. Of Bolshevism I am not afraid. In fact, I cannot see why anyone should either fear or expect to learn anything very profitable from the crude experiment of a people politically very backward, industrially undeveloped, and educationally almost illiterate. But I am afraid of the egoism of democratic Governments. Democracy is going to be a snare and a delusion if we forget that there are certain principles which apply to all forms of government. The tyranny of a majority may be as severe as that of an autocrat or of a ruling class, and it is quite likely to be much less cautious and less fearful and therefore much more thoroughgoing. If Governments try to take this line they can only succeed in producing an arid and intellectually comfortless civilisation, and in killing many hopeful and progressive causes. But as a matter of fact they will almost certainly fail. They will themselves create the monsters that they fear and they will provoke violence in the very societies which are so organised that violence should be wasteful and unnecessary. It is really important that some of the old battle-cries should be brought out again. There are quite enough people who do not believe in freedom, or democracy either for that matter, and this is no time for those who do to give anything away. We should not allow ourselves to be led even for a moment to support restrictive measures or repressive wars on the one hand, or subversive short-cuts to reform on the other.

While Parliament has spent much time in full-dress debate on matters of ephemeral interest, the closing stages of the Government's Unemployment Insurance Bill have been taken on odd

Friday afternoons. And yet I firmly believe that there is no question of more fundamental and far-reaching importance, and that there was rarely a Bill more completely inadequate. I wonder how often people stop to think what the life is like of a man who is engaged only on a weekly or even a daily contract. He has anxieties from which the middle and upper classes are totally free. Anyone who has even a small invested income can have no conception of them. Nor can the salaried worker in reasonably secure employment, working on a yearly contract and certain to retain his post so long as he gives satisfaction. Nor can the professional man once he has built up a connection. The ordinary manual labourer has to live permanently in a state of complete insecurity, quite uncertain whether his income will be forthcoming next week, constantly liable to be thrown out of work if trade slackens. In these circumstances he has to marry and bring up children, or else never marry at all. Unlike the middle class worker, it is no use his waiting until he is firmly established. He can never be firmly established.

Employers in the past have not faced this problem as they should, or rather as society should have forced them to face it. In many cases their labour requirements vary from month to month, even in the case of those employing casual labour from day to day. There was a time when dock employers said they could not even co-ordinate the labour requirements of different docks in the same town. They are reaping the whirlwind now. Their case was that they never knew how many men they might want and that they needed a permanent margin of unemployed people in order that they might be certain of the men they did want. Our social morality now condemns absolutely casual labour, but the same conditions obtain in a slightly mitigated form. Many industries do seem to require a reserve of labour, to be taken on when trade is flourishing and cast off when trade is slack. The result is that not only that reserve but the whole of the workers in those industries are left in the state of acute uncertainty that I have described above. Unemployment is not a remote contingency, it is an immediate probability.

The results are apparent in every form of labour unrest, and in every sort of trade union restriction which is a check on production. A great many of those restrictions stand now like a brick wall between the country and the wealth it might obtain by work. But to the worker himself they appear rather as a shield between himself and a disaster which would overwhelm him and his family. We hear of the restrictive rules of the builders; theirs is a trade which has been peculiarly liable to unemployment. There is now, in all probability, work sufficient to keep every operative employed for years, but it is not possible to eradicate in a month or two suspicion stamped into men's minds by the suffering of generations. The whole policy of 'ca' canny springs from the same source. Men think that if they work less quickly their employment will last longer. The specially apt and skilful worker is made to feel that though his efforts may secure his own position he will expose others to hardship. The old opposition to the introduction of machinery and of improved working methods had exactly the same cause. It is true that all these impressions are to some extent economically unsound, though not quite so unsound as the economists make out. It is

true that in the long run any increase in society's total wealth must make all more prosperous and must even by creating a greater demand for goods, create at the same time a demand for workers. But all that does not secure the individual against the loss of his particular job, and against a most disastrous period during which he and his family may suffer acute hardship. And a great many working men simply cannot afford to take the long view. In fact all these restrictions have arisen from bitter experience in the past, even though they are not all sound to-day. Some of them are still sound from the point of view of the workers they affect, though not from that of society as a whole. It is clear that we need most acutely a real and scientific solution of the unemployment problem.

What then is the Government's solution? It is a scheme under which each worker and his employer pay a premium of a few pence a week. And the worker when actually thrown out of work is secured the princely benefit of 15s. a week. With prices as they are now 15s. a week is not merely inadequate, it is irrelevant to the situation altogether. As a man cannot possibly live on it, it cannot really be expected to relieve his anxieties in the matter of unemployment at all. It is a slight mitigation which may help for a very short period a man who has accumulated some small savings or has some other resource to fall back upon. To my mind the question whether the scheme is or is not to be contributory, and whether profit-making societies are or are not to be permitted to share in its administration, though interesting enough in themselves, are merely trivial in face of the obvious inadequacy of the whole scheme. Other and much more drastic steps are necessary. In the first place each industry should be made responsible for the maintenance of the reserve of labour it requires. We cannot permit our industrial system to be based on the assumption that, except during an exceptional boom in trade, there is a permanent stratum of people suffering hardship through no fault of their own. In my opinion no system of insurance will be effective which does not make every industry responsible for the whole of its normal complement of workers. That course would not only remove the fear of unemployment from the worker; it would also prevent unemployment by encouraging employers to co-ordinate their work more efficiently. And the cost of it to industry would be more than compensated by the better work that would be done.

H. B. USHER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—I hope that no representative divorce law reformer will be suspected of wishing to revive through the machinery of the State the old ecclesiastical interference with domestic affairs, as suggested by Mr. Fellows in the May number of your REVIEW. It is precisely this attitude that prevents the public from realising that the doctrine of "collusion" is itself nothing but a survival of the ecclesiastical claim to treat adults like children.

On the other hand, why should the Church call in the State to enforce ecclesiastical ideas? Why should the secretary of, say, the Athenæum want to take out a police summons to prevent a member smoking in the drawing-room of the Club? If a church or club cannot enforce its own rules by excommunication or expulsion what is its *raison d'être*?—Yours, etc.,

88, St. John's Wood Park, N.W. 8.

E. S. P. HAYNES.

July, 1920.

. *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be typewritten.*

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NOVISSIMA VERBA.—(IX.)

At a time of unparalleled confusion in Europe—and in the world—along with complicated problems at home—it is the part of a good citizen to look straight, and to speak straight, if he speak at all. The United Kingdom, the Constitution, the Empire, our foremost place in the nations, were never before in such peril as they are to-day; but the glamour of victory and the show of prosperity blind men's eyes to the perils. At the same time, the unseen menace behind is unknown to the public, and they are amused by a grandiose stage play of cosmopolitan pacification. Why do all these conferences and councils, treaties and compacts, come to nothing, so that the so-called "peace" seems to breed new wars? Why do schemes of reforming the Constitution end in mere debates and essays? Why do treason, rapine, riot, and murder trample on law and government in Ireland? In one word, Britain is still busy with preposterous tasks which it is utterly unable to perform; and still seeks to give political reality to what is only the fading dream of pedantic idealists. On the other hand, these cosmopolitan visions draw off the mind of statesmen and the public from the urgent need of internal problems. And as to foreign problems as well as Ireland, the public does not see, and the statesmen will not acknowledge, the latent two-fold obstacle which makes action so feeble, so shifty, so futile.

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In this extraordinary crisis of our country it is a duty to speak without reserve. The present writer, entirely detached from any party or Parliamentary interest, whose utterances involve no other's responsibility, not even that of this REVIEW, may at any rate say what he thinks plainly, without fear or favour, as he has done all his life. The enormous complications of the situation and the multiplicity of incidents and interests make an all-round judgment almost impracticable—yet a one-sided judgment is worse than none at all. If a man has daily read and weighed the news, reports, and statements in several journals of different party colour, all the debates in both Houses, night by night from beginning to end, together with the contents of foreign as well as pro-

vincial and Irish journals—even the editorial articles, which at least disclose what the writers either fear or wish to cover up—then he must see in what a welter is the world and our country to-day; and if he comes to any conclusion about policy, he will not do so in ignorance of essential facts. But how very few, even of those who take interest in politics, can pretend to do this! How entirely is all this knowledge shut off from the twenty million men and women who form our democracy and who read nothing but what some party journal chooses to tell them, or know nothing but what someone else repeats to them! Our people really live in utter ignorance of all essential facts, and yet they claim to settle everything, if not by "direct action," at any rate by a more or less indirect form of political opinion.

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On the face of things, in the fore-front of the press news, comes the execution of the Treaty and the League of Nations, which is fatally bound up with it. Now, all these conferences, councils, agreements, the assemblies, commissions and reports, are empty ceremonials and parades about a thing which has no life—no force in it. A League of Nations, which the United States as yet officially repudiates, which now treats Germany and Russia as its opponents to be feared, which consists of nations each struggling to get what it can for itself, which has no effective force to impose its will, even if its members had common objects—such a League is a mere theatric spectacle to amuse the people. A League of Nations without America is an army in uniform but without any arms. A League of Nations which envy and suspect each other, and have different and incompatible aims, is as futile a combination as would be a universal Church composed of Christians, Jews, Musulmans, and Brahmans. I do not deny that it is a noble and fruitful ideal which in times to come will be realised and have a blessed effect upon civilisation. But to-day it is premature and impossible. I do not doubt that it inspired with hopes the peoples and the armies during the war, and was sincerely preached and believed in by leading statesmen. If the President had retained the full support of his countrymen, and the statesmen of Europe had been in real control of their respective Governments, perhaps at Christmas, 1918, a practical League of Nations might have been founded.

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The occasion was lost; the sacred fire of humane aspiration died down, and eight precious months were wasted in disputes about indemnities, protection, formalities, local trifles, and the impossible task of re-settling a shattered world. In the meantime the relations of victors and conquered entirely changed; in each

country revolts and discord broke out, largely by the effect of the Covenant itself : chaos, famine, and bankruptcy ensued. Yet still statesmen confer, proclaim, and rush about, in order to carry out formal pledges to which they set their seals at Versailles more than a year ago. To execute to the letter every clause of that farrago of grandiose impracticabilities—whilst at home ruin impends—is the Byzantine folly of discussing the Creed whilst the enemy is at the gates. The urgent thing now is—not to keep the eyes intent on the parchments of Versailles and St. Germain—but to see how the safety, prosperity, and honour of Britain can be secured in the general chaos—which threatens our country with the worst evils it has known in its glorious history.

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There is a cry now to close the Supreme Council and to leave things to the League. Well ! but look at realities, and be not misled by all this mystery of the Covenant, Council, and Assembly, subordinate Committees and the rest. They only exist on paper, and piles of reports and recommendations. They have no power to act at all. Strictly speaking, the whole apparatus as yet exists only in draft proposals. There are as yet no mandates at all legally appointed. The only real power is in the hands of the British and French Prime Ministers—with the Italian Minister from time to time called in to form a third. This triumvirate of the victorious Powers, who alone have powerful armies in the field, virtually decide on policy, and summon small Powers to ratify their decisions. They arrange for the execution of the Treaty and they distribute mandates to each other. But all this, to have full legal authority, ought to be submitted to the League and formally voted by it. This has not been done ; and the Triumvirate naturally hesitate to submit their policy to a miscellaneous body of minor States which have their own interests to consult. The mandates are only unauthorised proposals of what the principal belligerent Powers would have done. They formally declare that they do not intend annexation, but only wish to help the native people to govern themselves. Unfortunately, the native people now violently protest they do not want help.

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Put aside for a time Treaty and Covenant—at least put them in the second place. The urgent thing now is the best road to safety and orderly peace for the moment. How is any concert of nations possible if each nation has its own object ? The United States, as represented by its President, certainly desired the peace of the world : to be achieved, perhaps, by the "freedom of the seas"—a phrase which covered much. Britain had no imperial aims, though the war threw into its lap enormous material profit.

France never did, and does not now, seek anything but her own safety and compensations. Italy aims only at enlarged frontiers and control of the Adriatic and the Levant. The smaller States think only of getting the best safeguards from their neighbours and the largest areas they can obtain. What folly to hope for peace from a parchment League of Nations, when each nation is bent on getting all it can for itself—and Britain is puzzled how to keep and manage what the fortune of war has unexpectedly flung on it, and finds itself the object of envy, suspicion, and hatred because fate has given it a dominant place which it neither looked for nor sought.

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The Covenant and the great Wilsonian League cannot now be rudely dropped; but they can be cherished as a fine ideal and bright hope that must be kept before our eyes with academic theories, but not by practical action. There are plenty of professors, learned legists, and indeed leading M.P.'s—even Ministers—all willing and able to do this. But statesmen, with urgent dilemmas on their hands, ought to leave Utopias to the men of ideas and devote their whole thoughts to realities and emergencies. The alarming condition of Europe directly concerns our very existence as well as general peace—and so do the restless movements in the East and our Asiatic mandates. Poland, Russia, Germany, Turkey, Syria, Mesopotamia, all bristle with problems as acute as any that ever occupied diplomacy. But there are domestic problems even more acute—Ireland, the United Kingdom, the Constitution of the Empire, our relations with France, with America, the authority of Parliament, the claims of Labour, with incessant demands and threats of "direct action," of nationalisation, the Soviet system, the imminence of increased prices, the paralysis of capital, the growth of taxation, the extreme dilemma of finance. Now, this mountain of tasks is too much for one mind, however powerful and swift.

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I cannot join with attacks on the Prime Minister or his colleagues. I doubt if the country seriously desires to displace them; and I am sure that if either of the Opposition parties came to power, they would bring us to immediate disaster. But as a critic of Government ought always to be ready with an alternative policy, I venture very humbly as a mere outside bystander, and very respectfully as a well-wisher to Mr. Lloyd George, to suggest that the time has come for him to take the traditional place of a Prime Minister, *i.e.*, in Parliament; and that he should make our home problems his first care. There are ten or twenty such problems to deal with—any one of which is big enough to occupy

the whole time of a statesman. Parliament is losing all its prestige and efficiency, and is leaving the field of practical work open to the advancing Soviet system. The continual absence of the head of our Government, absorbed in the European tangle, is having a paralysing effect on policy similar to that caused by the illness and the sulking of Mr. Wilson on the policy of the United States. If Parliamentary government is to be maintained the head of the Government must be continuously in Parliament.

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No doubt there are foreign problems, European, Asiatic, African, which must be handled in some way, under the general direction of the Prime Minister. But for these and for visits abroad, there are competent authorities in the Government. The proper organ for these is the Foreign Secretary, now leader in the House of Lords. Then there is the Colonial Minister, not to mention others. Mr. Balfour seems devoted to the League of Nations, and to-day he should regret both the Italian secret treaty and his patronage of Zion. The Irish rebellion—mainly due, I think, to the delay and indecision caused by the absence and pre-occupation of the Prime Minister, is certainly the most formidable problem of our time—one of the most formidable in the entire history of the British Empire. Nothing can save it from disaster but genius, courage, and insight, and all these, alone of our public men, the Prime Minister possesses. It will need all his powers, all his time, and it can only be done whilst his personality and his ideas are at work in the midst of his fellow-citizens, and in the House of Commons, where the issue has to be joined.

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In all our history there never was a crisis of such wide extent and of such tremendous consequences. The public and the Press thunder forth incessant advice, for the most part in flat contradiction. No one will listen to any reason that they dislike, nor believe any statement which opposes their views. But there are two very sinister facts underlying all public action, of which the public knows nothing and which the Press thinks it better to ignore. The first is, that our very existence and the success of any policy requires us to maintain close alliance with France and good understanding with America. However much we deprecate policy which France passionately holds to be necessary for her existence, we cannot oppose it, we hardly can remonstrate unless in strict privacy. Whatever international outrages on us are committed by the Press and public men in America, we have to bear them in silence. There are two reasons which force us to consider American opinion as of vital importance. The first is that

we owe to U.S.A. a very large debt—more than half our entire income, one-tenth of our whole national debt—and excited feeling in America might call for its immediate liquidation. The second is that really strong action in Ireland would inflame party passion in America to a point which their statesmen could not control.

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In addition to the underlying risk of inflaming American opinion by asserting government in Ireland is the still more formidable danger of rousing violent opposition from Labour. Any attempt at "vigorous policy," i.e., now military occupation of the island in reality, is met by a storm of protests from all anti-ministerial factions. "Labour" is filled with ignorance, prejudice, and wild battle-cries about Irish oppression, and Labour in its bitter hostility to all conservative policy is more or less supported by what remains of Liberal dogmatism. If the twenty millions of voters who are now impatient and factious were to be united against the one or two millions of real Conservatives, no efficient Government could exist. They who shout out to break Bolshevism, to protect Poland, to save Armenia, to civilise Syria and Mesopotamia—above all to put down Sinn Fein rebels—must be reminded that the effective control of British policy is in the last resort in the hands of an incalculable mass of electors, whose ruling desire is to have no more fighting, no show of militarism at home or abroad, who suspect any tendency to imperial extension, who still hold on to obsolete formulas about the oppression of Ireland by Britain—and who in the main close their minds down on anything which seems to delay the promise of the universal reign of Labour and its inheritance of the effete dominion of Capital.

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P.S.—*August 14th.*

So I wrote early in this month. Then came a shock, and in the official expression, "the conditions are altered." Where is the Covenant now? What is the League of Nations doing now? The fifteen or more signatories drop out one by one: the remainder have conflicting interests and are powerless to act, even if they were agreed in any common policy. Of the Big Four, America withdrew a year ago. As to Italy, she all but fought with Greece over their respective shares of the spoil of Austria and Turkey. Desperate efforts have been made to keep England and France together—even cruel sacrifices and constant differences—for it is a matter of life and death to both of us. We had to suffer France to overrun Syria and to break our engagements with the Arab chiefs—to abandon Armenians in Cilicia—to prepare an era of unrest and insurrection from the Taurus to

the Persian Gulf. Again, we had to allow France, or some French influence, to push the Poles on to engage the Russian nation, to hamper us in all our attempts to make peace with Russia, and now France formally declares what is in effect war with the *de facto* Government of Russia. Alas! The dominant idea of French politicians is to found Poland as an Eastern curb on German ambition, and to get some return of the enormous sums once lavished in Russian loans. Futile and dangerous delusions—which Britain dares not actively oppose.

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This cosmopolitan chaos has re-acted at home with revolutionary violence. The Government, Parliamentary institutions, the constitution, industry, our social economy, have been shaken to their foundations. Two years and a half ago, in this REVIEW, I pointed to all that the Russian revolution involved. In January, 1918, I wrote—"the war of Nations is being entangled with, is merging into, the war of Class, and essentially, between those who hold capital and those who work with their hands." The Bolshevik revolution sent "a thrill through the masses such as the world has never yet known"—"there is coming over civilisation a change even more enormous than the war"—"there will be a wholly new social order." (*Obiter Scripta*. Pp. 1, 2, 3.) And now this has come about, mainly in consequence of social chaos which the war caused and by the extravagant Utopias hatched in Washington and acclaimed in Europe as a new gospel.

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As the head of the British Government has been absorbed in continental politics and rarely present in Parliament, succeeding indeed to that "dictatorship of the Nationalities" which Mr. Wilson enjoyed on his first visit to Europe, organised and unorganised Labour formed Soviets which put themselves into direct relations with the Government, treated themselves as the real Opposition, and forced their own views with menaces that were by no means negligible or empty. Government no longer deals with the remnants of the old conventional parties. It has to deal with vast Trade Soviets and rebel groups, which regard the House of Commons as an effete anachronism. Consciously or unconsciously, the Government, threatened daily not only with its very existence but with the social chaos of industrial revolt, acquiesces in the "new social order," leaves the constitution impotent, and practically inaugurates the Soviet system. Are we about to recognise the Russian Soviet autocracy and to see at home the dictatorship of our domestic proletariat?

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United States have anything like such an electorate. France and the United States each have a very effective Senate. We have none, but a pageant under sentence of being scrapped. France and the United States each has a written Constitution—both of them in my opinion superior to our own. Ours is a fluid or elastic body of statutes, practices and traditions which the mob orators say may easily have the Soviet system engrafted on to it, may indeed be superseded by the Soviet system.

A new Constitution could be voted in a few nights by a bare majority of the House, elected by twenty millions of men and women utterly unversed in political problems. On the other hand, the industrial workers are organised in Great Britain with a strength and a discipline far greater than the workers of America, France, or Germany. British Trade Unions possess wealth, cohesion, and opportunities beyond any industrial societies in the world. They are, indeed, far the most powerful social force in the country. Any British Government, dependent night by night on a simple vote of a single House is forced to attend to the claims of these tremendous trade armies, and whenever these are agreed among themselves a Government has to yield with more or less decent show of qualification or resistance. The instinct of the Prime Minister always recognises real forces.

We are so much accustomed to look on our old institutions as eternal, so little given to follow anything to its logical consequences, that the ordinary man treats with a smile contingencies which he thinks to be far too tremendous to be possible. He thought the same of the war in July, 1914, and of the rule of Lenin and Trotsky down to 1919. The average citizen in easy circumstances will not see that an entirely new social atmosphere has been created on the habitable globe, as if from pole to pole it was overcharged with electric cycles. Such new ideas, hopes, courage, and ambition have never been infused into thousands of millions of men and women in such mass and over such range of area and clime. I am not one to regret or complain of all this rejuvenescence of humanity. But I do say, Recognise its reality, and understand its force. Do not think that all is well—all is as before—all will come right. No! not if we all rest on our old ways and shut our eyes to the new spirit. They say that in Ireland business, amusement, life, and pleasure seem to thrive outwardly without a check or a blot, but assassination, treason, insurrection, and conspiracy work incessantly beneath the outward show of peace, order, and prosperity. Something of the kind may be going on here also.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

GERMANY'S POLITICAL RESOURCES.

"You have been many years here?"

"Yes, Sir, over thirty," answered the clean-shaven, grey-haired porter at the Imperial Chancery in the Wilhelmstrasse, whom I seemed to remember.

"What changes you must have seen!"

"No, Sir. It is always the same. One Chancellor succeeds the other, but visitors leave their hats and coats and give their names or cards and have to sit patiently in the ante-room till I help somebody else on with his coat and show another in. Their umbrellas get just as wet as ever, and their countenances just as long when they don't get what they want."

"And every new Chancellor is just like his predecessor?"

"Just the same, Sir. There is little to choose among them."

I was making a vain attempt to find out what were the feelings of this old Prussian servant who had been in the Imperial service since Bismarck's time for the quondam working man who was filling the place of the military Caprivi, the diplomatic Bülow, the official Bethmann-Hollweg, the royal Max of Baden, and others. Either he had no feeling at all, or he concealed it with a courtier's skill. And after seeing the new men in their offices and the same old officials under them, I understood better the old porter's feeling about the changes.

As Noske said, and as I have quoted elsewhere,¹ there has not been a revolution, in the conventional sense of the word, in Germany at all, but a taking possession by the majority of the power which had gradually, but at last speedily, come to them. The old minority which had ruled Germany had collapsed. An attempt had been made by another minority—a proletariat minority—to bring about a revolution, but it had failed, and new Germany remains, though still threatened by the two wings of reaction and revolution, a constitutional democracy representing the bulk of the German people.

* * *

There is not in Germany the external difference between the upper, middle, and lower classes that there is in England. The lower class, owing to a higher standard of education, is constantly rising into the middle class, and a German working man with his good cultural groundwork soon becomes practically indistinguishable from men of other classes. If he expresses himself in language which is not the orthodox high German, it is not an

(1) See THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, June.

ungrammatical attempt to speak it. Nearly every German retains provincialisms. Some, like the Scotsman and the Yorkshireman, are proud of them. Ebert, Noske, Bauer, Scheidemann, though their education has been that of the elementary school only, have had in it the same training in accuracy of expression which characterises Scottish education, and, like the Scotsman, the German working man is not stamped "lower class" by any of the differences of language which handicap their English fellow-working men, more especially south of the Humber.

As regards manners, practically only the upper and higher middle class in Germany pay attention to matters of etiquette. The other strata of the middle class, in fact, pay too little attention to the courtesies of life to distinguish them essentially from those who have had less opportunity for acquiring social culture.

• • •

German political divisions according to party are not familiar to Anglo-Saxon readers, because they are based on distinctions inherent to differences of religion, of historical development, of democratic civic institutions and aristocratic rural circumstances, and so on, which take us back for comparison to the origins of our own Parliamentary parties. More than persons these distinctions are the dominating influence in a democracy which has not yet had time to produce men of transcendent administrative ability overshadowing their own parties. Fundamental distinctions, of course, persist: the agricultural opposed to the industrial interest, Protestantism to Catholicism, wealth to poverty, tradition to progress. And the revolution has given each party its full effective significance. Opposition is consequently no longer sterile. Hence, also, a corresponding weakness of the parties, none of which is large enough to form a homogeneous majority, and the necessity of a coalition, loose in proportion to natural divergencies which do not exclude other working combinations and coalitions. The weakness of any present majority, consequently, is not the fault of the men in office.

• • •

The Reichstag of to-day is divided, as was the Reichstag before the war, for practical purposes into six parties, which, however, as a consequence of the modification of social conditions generally, have undergone some modification in their formation and composition. The only party which continues to exist without any modification in its character is the Centre Party, which has now taken the title of "Christian People's Party" (*Christliche Volkspartei*).

The left wing of the old Social-Democratic Party, or as it is now called the "Majority Socialists," has detached itself and become a

separate party under the name "Independent Social-Democratic Party."

Of the old National-Liberal Party, a section with stronger Conservative leanings than the rest has formed itself into the "German People's Party," whilst the former Progressive People's Party, with the more Radical National Liberals, now form the "German Democratic Party."

The former parties of the Right, the Conservatives and the Imperialist Party, now call themselves the "German National People's Party," with an independent off-shoot who call themselves the "German People's Party."

The Communists (Spartakists) have no Parliamentary organisation. Though the left wing of the Independents may sympathise with them, the Independents repudiate all appeals to force, as desired by the Communists, for the importation of Bolshevik methods into Germany.

The composition of the six parties in the National Assembly was as follows :—

Majority Socialists	166
Christian People's Party (Centre)	87
German Democratic Party	74
German National People's Party	40
German People's Party	23
Independent Social Democratic Party	22
Members belonging to no particular "fraction"	11
Total	423

Of these six parties, the Majority Socialists, the Christian People's Party, and the German Democratic Party formed the Government Majority, and from among them, in proportion to their strength, the Cabinet posts were filled. Practically their only common political object was the maintenance of the Republican Constitution on its present democratic foundation against the German National People's Party and the German People's Party, which still cling to their time-honoured monarchical principles, though in some respects slightly modified to suit current tendencies.

To what extent these groupings would undergo modification at the June general election was as uncertain as the prospects of a general election in Great Britain. I asked Erzberger, when last autumn in Berlin, to give me his ideas on this subject. I thought that, as a skilled political observer and writer, he would be the best judge among those to whom I had access of probabilities which he would be obliged, as leader of the Catholic

Party, to estimate throughout the land. He sent me his answer in writing :—

"In this connection," he wrote me (I am translating), "it is of less import whether this or that constituency is won or lost by this or that party; on the contrary, the question is rather whether the present composition of the Parliament as a whole, that is to say, *the relative strength* of the parties, and in particular the dominating position of the Majority parties forming the present-day Government, as regards that of the extreme Left and the Right, will probably remain *the same* or not.

"The parties of the Right are developing vigorous agitation and will doubtless increase it shortly before the elections. They claim that the elections will take a turn towards the Right. As a means of agitation they are exploiting the difficulties which arise for the Government by reason of the fact of the collapse—difficulties with which any Government would have to reckon from the start. It must not be concluded from the loud tones of the Press that any really larger masses stand behind the Right than was shown by the number of members elected at the last general election. It cannot be denied that in certain bourgeois or middle-class circles a certain amount of discontent prevails. On the other hand, however, the parties of the Right, through their mistaken war policy, have lost almost the whole of their influence among the middle class, few of whom will vote for the parties of the Right. Even should the Right gain a few seats in the Reichstag, its composition as a whole would not be modified thereby, for it must not be forgotten that through the separation of the eastern parts of Germany the parties of the Right lose in all fifteen mandates. In no event will they obtain full compensation for this loss.

"Just as the parties of the Right speak of an increase of votes in their favour, so do the Independent Social-Democrats. They, on their side, allege that the next general elections will show a decided swing to the Left. It results from the fact that the two extreme wings of Parliament claim identical prospects for themselves that the block of the Majority parties will probably retain its present strength. The Independents, though they are vigorously making themselves heard and are giving themselves the appearance of having a large following, through the events in Hungary and Munich have lost many supporters. The difficulties created for the national economic situation by the continuous strikes has had a very sobering effect on the workpeople as a whole. The German workman is again beginning to work. In addition to this there are the anti-strike measures of the Government (Technical Emergency Help), which have shown sufficient efficiency to deprive strikes to a certain extent of their effect. It is not impossible that, on account of the difficulties of providing foodstuffs (which are still extraordinarily great) and in consequence of the disquieting lack of coal, local strikes will take place. On the whole, however, the German workpeople as a mass are turning away from extreme methods. The heavy taxation of property and the considerable surrender of fortunes (National Emergency Offerings) have shown the working classes that the Government very seriously intends to put through measures for the reconstruction of the country on the basis of justice. The Industrial Councils legislation takes full account of the social-economic movement.

"Thus no addition to the followers of the Independents is to be expected. The Majority parties will, therefore, retain their strength and the three strongest parties in the Reichstag remain about as at present, and the present Government, supported by these parties, continue in power. Any other grouping is quite impossible. None of the Majority parties can enter

into an alliance with parties of the Right or the extreme Left. A dictatorship from the Right or the Left is not worth discussion. The only conceivable Government is that of the present Majority parties, who are supported by the confidence of the vast majority of the nation."

Events have belied Erzberger's forecast. The excessive violence of the suppression of the Independent manifestations at Berlin, the Kapp episode, the Ruhr Valley disturbances, the humiliation of the advance into Frankfurt and Darmstadt, the maintenance of coloured troops among the Army of Occupation, the heavy taxation, the coal crisis, the food shortage, were all operating in favour of the opponents of the late Government, and the results of the June general election have turned out very different from Erzberger's anticipation.

The Majority Socialists have lost a third of their total of 166, and are now only 111; the Centre has been reduced from 87 to 67; and the German Democratic Party from 74 to 45.

On the other hand, the German National People's Party has risen from 40 to 65, and the German People's Party from 23 to 61.

The Independent Social-Democratic Party, however, have proportionately been the largest winners, having quadrupled their holding. Only 22 in the Constituent Assembly, they are now 80. Add to these two Communists. The nondescripts increased from 11 to some 30.

* * *

After different vain attempts to form a Ministry on the lines of the pre-election Coalition, the Majority Socialists promised a sort of benevolent neutrality, and Herr Fehrenbach, a member of the Centre Party and President of the late Constituent Assembly, formed a new Coalition with the Parties of the Right. Fehrenbach, who has sat in Parliament since 1903, is a member for Roman Catholic Baden. In Baden his political activity dates back to 1884. He is a lawyer, and his age is sixty-eight.

The situation is a curious one. The new Coalition Ministry depend for existence on the working together of Protestants and Roman Catholics, and of Imperialists and Republicans, and largely on the non-opposition of the Majority Socialists, who, in conjunction with the Independent Socialists, can at any time overthrow it. It is, therefore, still weaker than the previous Cabinet. As regards internal politics, the result of the recent election will probably have a sobering effect on all parties, and, if a dissolution does not become necessary, Fehrenbach's Ministry may give stability to the present Republican *régime*, as MacMahon's tenure of office did to the French Republic through the inability of his friends to overthrow it while he was at its head.

* * *

I have said, however, that men play a smaller part in Germany at present than parties. Thus, Scheidemann, though he played a remarkably astute political game during the war and won the confidence of the German people, who, mainly under his impulsion, drove the great Kaiser from his throne, was not a member of the late Government. Thus, Noske, who was the strongest member of the Government, and seems one of the most capable of living German statesmen, resigned without a murmur. Thus, Erzberger, who was the unchallenged leader of the Roman Catholic Party, was replaced by another member of his party, and nobody seems to have protested.

During my recent visit to Germany I met practically all the men who count at present in the Berlin political world—Ebert, Bauer, Noske, David, Koch, Petersen, Müller, Erzberger, Scheidemann, Oscar Cohn, Bell, Wels, Legien. I met also leading men of the older political world who are on the fringe of the new one—Prince Max of Baden, Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, Count Max Montgelas, Count Bernstorff—besides leading men who belong to the past—Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, Count Eulenburg, and others—and men who belong to the able group representing moderate democracy—Professor Schücking and Professor Quidde, and many others—as well as leading men not in politics at all. These are all men of superior intellectual quality—some of remarkable superiority.

Noske I had a rather exceptional opportunity of knowing. He struck me as having the strength of character and self-restraint which are essential ingredients in the composition of a statesman. His voice, mouth, restrained smile, hands, and gait all bear out the impression one has from his measured language and well-considered observations. Though he fell and has not been re-elected, it is well to remember that in politics there are generally many other considerations besides those of merit and value at play in the choice of Ministers, and that mental power, even power of speech, the very faculty of leadership may excite feelings of alarm in the heated atmosphere of an anxiously jealous democracy, an experience by no means confined to one side of the Rhine or one side of the North Sea.

Among the palaces in the Wilhelmstrasse is one with a spacious garden-drive to the front door. Under the Imperial *régime*, it was the residence of the Minister for the Imperial household, Count Eulenburg. It is now the residence of the President of the German Republic, Herr Frederick Ebert.

Ebert, son of a cutter (tailoring), began life himself as a saddler. But that is long ago. On reaching manhood he found his voca-

tion in political journalism, and became a Social-Democrat, and at thirty a Union Secretary. He was elected member of different municipal bodies, and in 1905 became Secretary to the President of the German Social-Democratic Party. In 1913 he was Chairman of the party. It was only in 1912 that he was elected a member of the Reichstag. On November 9th, the day of the proclamation of the Republic, he became Chancellor of the Commonwealth. Ebert is a South German. He was born and bred at Heidelberg; but it was at Bremen, where he settled after the completion of his "Wanderjahre," that began the active conscious years of his political life. In manners, conversation, address, and appearance there is nothing to distinguish Ebert from any other statesman. I am afraid that we academically-trained politicians and statesmen attribute to ourselves knowledge and an intellectual superiority which we do not possess! This was my first thought on leaving Ebert after a long conversation with him over coffee, biscuits, and a pre-war cigar. Ebert is an inveterate smoker, and his huge box of cigars is constantly at his elbow. Like most of the men in office in Germany, he is comparatively young—not yet fifty—a healthy, dark-haired man with keen, bright eyes, bushy moustache, and chin tuft. His voice is firm, as a leader's ought to be, and his manner cordial. He met the Kaiser, he told me, for the first time when Helfferich was Minister, and could not help, he said, feeling the charm of his manner. I wanted to know Ebert's view of the Kaiser's so-called flight. I had always supposed that he went away secretly and quietly at Ebert's or Scheidemann's request, to avoid internal disturbance at a critical moment in the national destiny, and that he did not run away.

Ebert told me that neither he nor Scheidemann had had anything to do with the incidents of the Kaiser's departure. He signed his abdication at Spa and went to Holland as the nearest neutral country. The reactionary Conservatives blame him for not returning to Germany and defending the Empire. If he had returned, there might have been civil war. Other German sovereigns, it was true, had simply retired into private life, but the Kaiser, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and a man with a stormy political past, might have easily and immediately become the centre of a revolt against the new régime. He did, under the circumstances, the best thing he could do, if he wished to help his country in the most critical hour of its trouble, whether in reality his retirement to Holland was in the nature of a flight or not. Public opinion in Germany, he added, is still very bitter against the Kaiser, but Republicans regard him perhaps with less unkindness than the reactionary and Junker Party, who do not

forgive him for having abandoned them. They do not ask for his return.

Ebert expressed his confidence that Imperialism was dead; but what about Sovietism and the "Unabhängige," who hold half the Berlin constituencies and have quadrupled their force in the new Parliament? I wanted to have his views about their prospects too.

"The 'Unabhängige,'" he said, "are theorists. Most of them are jurists."

"And Jews?"

"Their leaders are. They are by nature and nurture idealist. So long as they consent to be led by men like poor Haase¹ and Oscar Cohn, they will confine themselves to influencing legislation in the sense of their theories, but most of them have had no Parliamentary experience, and reason that reforms to be enjoyed by contemporary man must be promptly obtained. Parliamentary evolution is too slow for them, and they think a *secousse* must be given from outside. Germany is politically immature. Germans, especially in industrial Germany, have had for ages experience in local self-government; but local self-government is merely a form of business. Grasp of the generalities, which are the baggage of the politician, they lack. Because the German sees in specialisation the highest achievement in business, he tends to leave the business of statecraft likewise to specialists. Suddenly he has found himself plunged into all the responsibilities of centralised self-government, and, having had no experience of Parliamentary safeguards against precipitation, many attribute to intentional procrastination delays which are inherent to Parliamentary government, and in their impatience vote for men who promise a speed which can only come by revolution."

It was quite possible that the "Unabhängige" would gain a number of seats at the coming election. There were also the forces of reaction—the ever-present reaction in all things human. The Right, too, might gain some seats, but the bulk, Ebert thought, would remain faithful to the present Coalition, and meanwhile the German people would be learning that the affairs of Germany were the affairs of each one of them in a free country.

It was difficult to realise that the quiet, unassuming man, talking with the ease and modesty of one born to it, once earned his livelihood as a journeyman saddler, and that he had managed the German Revolution, and managed it practically without bloodshed. And yet there are even more than one British statesman who think that a "public school" education is necessary to com-

(1) See note, p. 371.

plete the equipment of an experienced leader of the people. Oh, vanity of vanities!

And Scheidemann?

I have always had a certain admiration for Scheidemann, and could not understand how anybody could find it in his heart to blame him for not deserting his country in its hour of trial, for not refusing to vote the credits necessary to save it from invasion. Scheidemann steered his party among rocks above and below the surface of the storm with consummate skill, and led it to triumph as the only party capable of replacing the old *régime*. He used power, not to injure his country, but to emancipate it, and, so far as I could ascertain, he never truckled with the Emperor's Government, as alleged by some foreign critics. He only showed, without cheap patriotism, that he and his party were just as anxious as any other party that Germany should not be defeated. But he and his party consistently disclaimed all ideas of conquest or annexation. I had classed Scheidemann among the coming statesmen of contemporary Europe. I was therefore deeply interested in seeing him in the flesh. This was not easy, for he is one of the busiest men in Parliament, and the Reichstag is no place for idle people, as I soon found when I went hunting for the men I knew among the committee-rooms.

I had met Scheidemann at supper at Erzberger's, but we had only exchanged courtesies. I reminded him at once of the Entente propaganda term: "His Majesty's Social-Democratic Opposition." "Yes," he said, "the Entente propaganda and Censorship were not alone in concealing and even falsifying facts. We Social-Democrats were not allowed by our own Government to offer our publications to the public. Here they are," and he handed me a volume of prints. "You see they are not published, but issued only to our members." (*Als Manuskript gedruckt*—printed as manuscript.) "We could not be prevented from speaking, and did speak with a courage and frankness which gained us the respect of our bitterest antagonists. We never descended to abuse, but stated our demands with the accuracy and moderation of men who felt that the time might not be far off when we would have to translate those demands into action."

"Read Haase's first speech on August 4th, 1914. How could anybody in his senses, and not destitute of feeling for his fellow-countrymen, have spoken otherwise?"¹

(1) While we were talking, Haase lay mortally injured by the act of an insane assassin. The anxiety of his fellow politicians of all shades of opinion was too manifest to leave any doubt as to the respect felt for him, though he became leader of the extreme "fraction" of Social Democracy, a dangerous political group in the eyes of practically all other political parties.

Hugo Haase in 1914 was the leader and spokesman of the whole Social-Democratic Party. After twenty years of practice as an advocate in Königsberg, where he took an active part in local politics, he settled (1912) in Berlin. In the Reichstag he sat from 1898 to 1906, and was returned again at the election of 1912. He was conspicuous as a fine speaker and debater. When the party split came in 1915, he sided with the minority left wing, who are now known as the Independents, and became their leader. Scheidemann succeeded him as leader of the majority. Scheidemann read the speech to me: "We demand," it concluded, "that as soon as the object of safety is achieved and the enemy is disposed to make peace, such a peace be made as will promote friendship with neighbouring peoples. We demand this, not only in the interest of the international solidarity for which we have always struggled, but also in that of the German people. We hope that the cruel school of war will intensify the horror of it among the millions to whom it will bring want and suffering, and that they will understand the meaning of the Socialist ideal of peace among nations. It is in this spirit that we shall vote for the war credits."

"Could we do otherwise? Yet," went on Scheidemann, "we have been accused of belying our principles, of subscribing to Imperialism, as if we had had an option, and told, when Russian troops were marching into Germany, that we ought to have refused the necessary money to keep them at bay. The majority remained true to Haase's statement. In March, 1915, however, he led a minority against the Budget presented by the Government. But the majority never ceased to attack the Government policy, and I and others delivered speech after speech all over the country to prevent any policy of annexation or any peace which contained elements which could foster international hatred after the war was over."

"The Social-Democratic Party has never been merely a party of opposition. It has always been a constructive party, the only truly constructive party in the Reichstag. If during the war the majority policy has been to support the Government in keeping the enemy at bay, it has consistently tempered that support by warnings that it would oppose any policy which would be a revival of that which the party considered, as stated in Haase's speech, to have led to the war. And, while the war was proceeding, the party never lost sight of the Constitutional reforms which the German people required to enable them to give effect to the ideals of freedom and social betterment which formed the party's domestic policy. We have been rewarded with the confidence of the German people, but the Peace Treaty is a cruel disappoint-

ment. President Wilson's principles harmonised with our ideals. America seemed to have entered the lists for the defence of Right against Might. It is a stock phrase, but it is the story of man's struggle for betterment. Wilson appeared on the horizon as the champion of democracy. The Germans welcomed his pronouncements as a special message to them who were the victims of that 'mastery' he condemned, and from which he came across the Atlantic to emancipate Europe. Asquith and Lloyd George, too, had vaguely declared they were fighting Prussian militarism. But here appeared the man who stated the precise terms on which peace could be achieved. They seemed reasonable terms to a people and a party which disapproved of the policy which had been followed by the Kaiser's Government. Men clamoured for Wilson's peace. The whole national *moral* bent before it. Germany laid down her arms with a sense that the war and her defeat had not been in vain, if Right triumphed over Might and militarism throughout the world became obsolete.

"And what came instead of this? The triumph of militarism. Meanwhile, Germans have a feeling that they were tricked into a surrender, that the promises made by the American President and Government on behalf of the Allies were not only insincere, but that they were a deliberate *ruse de guerre*. Young Germany will grow up, alas! with a sense of the great injustice done to their country, and that ultimate reign of peace and amity among nations for which the world of democracy was struggling before the war has had a set-back."

"I don't think so," said I. "On the contrary, the drastic character of the Versailles Treaty is a warning for the future, and geographical and economic necessity will probably bring about that combination and federation which Radicalism everywhere hopes will give steadiness to the peace of the world. An age of federation seems to have begun, and under federation the central authority has only the power the component States choose to give it."

"Ought to have."

Scheidemann seemed to have lost confidence in the ultimate triumph, even in his own country, of the ideals for which Allied statesmen often alleged during the war they were fighting.

* * *

I have given the views of two great leaders. Scheidemann is fifty-six years of age, and his hesitancy about the future is as natural as the optimism of the younger men, for instance, Müller,

then Minister of Foreign Affairs, afterwards Chancellor. The outlooks of Ebert and Scheidemann are the attitudes of the younger and older men.¹

There are others, however, who are not in Parliament, but who will assuredly have a share in welding the political material into the necessary new shapes. There are von Gwinner, the President of the Deutsche Bank, possibly the greatest financial genius of his time, and the philosophic Walther Rathenau, the head of one of the most powerful industrial organisations in Europe before the war. I knew von Gwinner before the war as a friend of England. When I had last seen him, I was endeavouring to bring about a triangular Anglo-Franco-German *entente*, which numerous Frenchmen did not consider an impossibility. Twice pressing invitations for the Association of British Chambers of Commerce to meet in Germany had been given. The first was to visit Cologne on the occasion of the Liège meeting. It was accepted, but an invitation was subsequently received from the City of Antwerp which conflicted with it, and it was ruthlessly turned down without an apology. The second to Frankfort was given in 1909. The President of the Association was emphatically opposed to it.

An effort was then made to bring the "intellectuals" and educationists together. They, at any rate, had no quarrel over methods of trade competition. Now, von Gwinner is an intellectual as well as a banker—not a voluminous writer as well as a business man, like Walther Rathenau—but a man who thinks "large" and can see the world and its under-currents with the detachment of an independent observer. German writers, with but few exceptions, belong to an erudite middle class, who know practically nothing of the active contemporary life of peoples and care less. Intercourse with England, it was thought, might help them to take a broader view of their responsibility to their readers. France might follow, and the whole fraternity of letters might be set working for peace against the combinations of intriguing politicians and embittered tradesmen. Von Gwinner was enthusiastic for the idea, and declared his readiness to place a sum of 50,000 marks at the disposal of the Berlin Committee to start its offices and clerical staff. But there was no response in England, and the scheme came to naught. Von Gwinner's time is at present absorbed by the affairs of his bank. Von Helferich, his ex-co-manager, who had been co-opted by him to assist more particularly in the diplomatic work entailed by the Bagdad Railway, is no longer there to help him. He, too, is an able

(1) Scheidemann has sat in the Reichstag since 1903, Ebert since 1912 and Müller only since 1916.

man, though his more recent performances do not inspire confidence in his diplomacy.

Dr. Walther Rathenau's views on all subjects have been set out in his numerous books. Personally, I regard him as one of Germany's most valuable assets. His views are worth studying in detail. Shortly stated, he told me that Germany lacks an economic policy based on the principle of seeking to attain the available maximum of the national production. The first consideration was to get the national machine into working order to satisfy domestic requirements.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that Government ought to control imports and exports?"

"If people were patriotic enough to dispense with Government interference, it might be dispensed with, but I am afraid only absolute prohibition of certain imports and exports will work. Juggling with finance will not help us to produce just the right balance which Nature works out by her adjustment of supply to demand. We haven't the time to let things adjust themselves as they would necessarily do if let alone. We have to help Nature with artificial methods, by withdrawing obstacles to her operation on the one hand and supplying inducements to her on the other. Above all, we must give, so to speak, 'fluidity' to the national resources, mobilise them by transport, effective and cheap transport with both coal and water-power."

Among the administrative resources of the country are many men who belong now to the Liberal forces, men like the thoughtful and experienced Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau; Count Max Montgelas, who was forced to surrender his command as a General in the Bavarian Army owing to his humanitarian doctrines¹; Prince Max of Baden, whose name is still honoured in all political "fractions"; Count Bernstorff, who came triumphantly out of his cross-examination before the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry as one who strove gallantly, but in vain, against General Ludendorff to prevent the adoption of the ruthless U-boat warfare. There is Ludendorff himself, an able man, in all the vigour of his manhood, who may some day give the Republic the benefit of an exceptional intelligence when he sees there is no further use for his diabolical ability to organise the slaughter of battle.

I have not spoken of journalism, which in Germany seeks rather

(1) Oddly enough his name figured on the list of War criminals handed to the German *chargé d'affaires*.

to influence than to reflect public opinion. Theodore Wolff, a man of exceptional knowledge and ability, thus exercises a certain influence through the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

Much has been heard of late of a Herr Stinnes, a newspaper owner, who served as a coal expert at Spa. He may know all about coal and be important as a newspaper owner, but his political influence as either is insignificant. His manner at Spa seems to have given as little satisfaction to his own countrymen as to Mr. Lloyd George.

I have only spoken of the political resources concentrated at Berlin. But, in a decentralised country like Germany, there are many other new men who are getting experience outside the Imperial capital, like the capable young Minister, Dr. Hamm, at Munich. There are also "Bürgermeisters" who, like Dr. Koch, the Imperial Minister of the Interior, have learnt, and are learning, management of men in municipal affairs, as he did as *Oberbürgermeister* of Cassel; Dr. Petersen,¹ Senator of Hamburg, whose experienced and judicious counsels in the Reichstag and among his party are never overlooked.

The effect of the recent general election has already been felt at Spa. Its result was unfortunate, and is due to too many causes, as I have mentioned in the course of this article, to restrict the blame for it, as some Germans do, to irritation caused by the humiliating treatment of the late Government by the Allied Governments. In attenuation of the German attitude at Spa, it should be remembered that the present German Government contains conflicting elements which, on the one side, are possibly glad of any opportunity to discredit the Republic, and, on the other, are strongly opposed to the return of the Imperial régime, and that its very existence is dependent on the neutrality of the Social-Democrats. An attitude of energetic protest is therefore more than a display of temper; it is a deliberate policy, and chiefly for domestic consumption.

It may have been a part of that policy to show that men of the energetic stamp of Hugo Stinnes are as unsuccessful in combat with the Allied representatives as men of more gracious temperament.

In any case, Germany has the whole range of a capable democracy to draw upon in the manning of her ship of State, but the rocks in her home waters are not the least of the dangers among which it has to be piloted.

THOMAS BARCLAY.

(1) Petersen is 52 years of age. He has held office at the Exchequer, but is at present President of the Committee of Investigation into the origin and conduct of the war and peace proposals.

THE ALL-GERMAN INDUSTRIAL TRUST: A LETTER FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, August 3rd.

THE German General Elections of June were primarily a struggle to determine Germany's future economic structure. The new, much-changed Reichstag which is now sitting has practically no other issue before it. That was the correct diagnosis of Germans themselves before the elections, and that equally correctly was reflected by the electoral result. The issue could not be political, because on the one great political issue—party attitudes to and responsibility for the peace—the two parties which gained stood at opposite poles. But they agreed, though again for contrary reasons, in condemning the food, financial and industrial policy of the Scheidemann, Bauer and Müller Cabinets. The extreme Right, as a largely agricultural party, was furious with the State regulation of food production and food prices—the system known as the *Zwangswirtschaft*; and the extreme Left, almost wholly industrial, was furious with what it regarded as the Socialist Cabinet's pusillanimous abandonment of Socialism. Partly to propitiate the former, the Cabinet repeatedly announced the freeing from the *Zwangswirtschaft* of important commodities; but, to propitiate the headstrong Independents and Communists, it did nothing. It did, in the opinion of the malcontents, worse than nothing; for it set to work to foster an entirely novel economic system which is essentially anti-Socialistic. This is the system of giant Trusts or Syndicates, each embracing a whole branch of production in all Germany, each based on the anti-Socialistic principles of private ownership and unlimited profits, and all together aiming more at industrial efficiency in the whole national interest than at an equitable distribution of wealth.

This system is the "Plan Industry" (*Planwirtschaft*). The Trust or Syndicate is not its only feature, but it is the dominant feature; and the union of all the Trusts into a single Trust is an ultimate aim. The aim was most comprehensively put by one of the original planners, Dr. Walther Rathenau, head of the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft, who counselled handling the national industry "in the way in which it would be handled if a single millionaire or bank purchased all the producing concerns of Germany, and set himself to combine them in a single concern." Unnoticed by the outside world, this process of Trust-creation has already gone pretty far; the three greatest branches

of raw material production, coal, potash and iron, have for some time past been working as All-German Trusts; Coal-Tar has followed; an All-German paper Trust is already fully planned; and All-German Trusts for textiles, chemicals, potteries, wood, and about fifteen other industries, have been considered, and duly allotted their places in the All-German Trust scheme. But these Trusts, big as they are, do not exhaust the plan. The "Plan-Industry," which by adopting the Trust form proclaims in the interest of productive efficiency for all the unshrinking methods of uncontrolled Capitalism, is to be mitigated by a separate, parallel Social-organisation, the function of which is to ensure a fair equilibrium between economic exigencies and social needs. Each of these two branches of the "Plan-Industry" is highly complicated and differentiated. The typical All-German Trust is not to be a simple combine of a whole branch of industry producing uniform goods. It is to ramify down into smaller Trusts embracing more specialised, smaller branches; and further to have appended to it an organisation for controlling the whole foreign trade in its branch and sub-branches. The parallel chain of social organisations is also to consist of numerous ramifications; all, first, on territorial lines: secondly, on the lines of division between employers and employed. Finally, the two chains of organisations—the Trust organisations and the Social organisations—are to meet in, and be together controlled by, a supreme representative body. This body, the Federal Economic Council, last month held its first sessions; and it already bids fair to eclipse the Reichstag in all matters that concern Finance, Industry, and Trade.

The "Plan-Industry" and the All-German Trust system are the outcome of two convictions which after the Revolution speedily seized all responsible German economists, including the Socialist economists. First was the conviction that, in present conditions, Socialism, whether in form of Nationalisation or Communism, is impossible: secondly, that the pre-war system of unorganised, competing production could not be restored. The Socialisation Commission, which was set up immediately after the Revolution, came, though it met under the presidency of a vehement Socialist, Karl Kautsky, to the first conclusion. Its labours were broken off: and, though they have been resumed under pressure of Berlin workmen, who seized the occasion of the Kapp revolt to exact radical concessions, it is admitted that Nationalising Socialism is dead. In April, 1919, Kautsky himself told the Berlin Congress of Councils that "the outcry for immediate Socialisation is nothing more than a catchword." Therefore, when a little earlier the Scheidemann Cabinet fell

under the terror of the first Berlin general strike, the Socialisation Law which it was forced to pass was purely academic. Without mentioning specific industries and without requiring any Nationalisation measures, the law authorised the Government :—

1. To transfer to public management industrial undertakings which are suitable for Socialisation, especially undertakings engaged in the exploitation of mineral wealth and the utilisation of natural forces; and
2. In case of pressing need, to regulate on the basis of public management the production and distribution of industrial products.

Out of this law practically nothing has come. The law was a sop to the Communist Cerberus. Under it has been passed only the Electricity Law of December 31st, which authorises the Government to acquire the larger power-generation plants, when these are not used primarily for the industrial purposes of the owner; also power distribution plant. The other Socialistic enterprises of the successive Revolution Cabinets mainly concern undertakings already in State hands, and do not differ in principle from the State-owned undertakings of pre-Revolution Governments. Former State arms and munitions works at Spandau, Erfurt, Lippstadt, Kiel, Munich, and some other centres are still in State hands, turning out metal goods, chiefly farm machinery and implements; the State has taken over brown coal mines in Niederlausitz and the important Ilsemer smelting works in Hanover. It is further engaged, partly only as shareholder, in producing nitre by the Haber and Frank-Caro processes; and it controls most of the aluminium industry, in which, at Rathenau's suggestion in 1915, it invested 300,000,000 marks. Further, in June was passed a Bill increasing powers of Municipalisation, and giving the municipalities the right to forbid local competition. Except in case of local communications, water, gas, burials, poster advertising, public baths, and theatres, the Government's sanction is required for each act of municipalisation. After these mild measures, Socialisation of ordinary type died; and it is not Socialism but the entirely contrary system of compulsory All-German Trusts which has held the field so far.

The compulsory Trust won its way so easily because all parties, except perhaps the Conservatives, required some form of industrial organisation. The war-time *Zwangswirtschaft* had failed. It consisted in the bureaucratic (practically military) distribution of material, allocation of output, control of foreign trade, and regulation of prices. Before the Revolution, Socialists on the whole liked this system—politically, it may have been reactionary, but, economically, it was supposed to mean progress: for what, asked Socialists, is easier than to transform State control into complete State ownership? The Conservatives hated the system,

because it kept down food prices and land values, and the National-Liberals and the employing elements in other parties thirsted for a return to free production and sale. After the Revolution, the Socialists, convinced that they could attain Nationalisation by speedier means, lost their interest in the *Zwangswirtschaft*; and to-day the system is moribund, and is retained only over products—certain foods, housing, and a few other commodities—in which scarcity is extreme. All four Cabinets have declared that it must be wholly abolished at the earliest possible moment. But a substitute had to be found; and the substitute, it was admitted over a year ago, could not be Nationalisation. The substitute was the "Plan-Industry" with its system of interlinked Trusts. The chief creator (although Walther Rathenau was one of the spirits) was the engineer, Wichard von Moellendorff, Under-Secretary in the Ministry of Industry when Herr Wissell was Minister. In May last year Wissell presented to the Cabinet a long memorandum drawn up by Moellendorff, predicting that if the industry of all Germany was not organised on a homogeneous plan, the whole economical structure would collapse in ruin. The Memorandum proposed the "Plan-Industry" as the one practicable means of preventing the collapse.

Moellendorff's memoranda are probably the most remarkable State Papers published on an economic theme in modern times. They lay down two main principles. First is self-government, which, as a foil to the bureaucratic *Zwangswirtschaft*, means that every industry, organised compulsorily as a Trust, shall govern itself, leaving to the State only the powers of ultimate control which it has always possessed. Ownership of the Trusted concerns remains in present hands. Self-government is to be carried on jointly by employers, employees, and the consumer, united in a representative Council which stands above and separate from the Trust. The consumer is the immediate consumer; e.g., in the Council governing the now existing All-German Iron and Steel Trust, the consumer is the finishing manufacturer who uses iron or steel. The second principle is expressed in the German word *Gemeinschaft*, here meaning common action by employers and employees in the interest of harmony. During the war were formed, first, an *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* of employers all over Germany; secondly, an *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* of all employees; and in 1918, on top of these, arose a joint *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* for both employers and employees, the function of which is to influence production in the whole national interest, and to find compromise lines where the national interest is threatened by the inevitable opposition of interests between employers and employed. Moellendorff is one of the pioneers in this matter, and author

of a book which four years back made a considerable stir. Finally, in the "Plan-Industry," as formulated in Moellendorff's memoranda, is the notion of a Supreme Parliament of Industry, Trade, Finance, and Labour matters, separate from the political Parliament. This institution is provided for in Article 165 of the Constitution; and it has taken shape in the new Federal Economic Council mentioned above. Under this scheme Germany gets (1) a supreme representative directorate for economic matters of all kinds and for social questions in so far as these arise out of economic matters; (2) immediately subordinate to this directorate, a chain of trusts, each for a particular branch of production; (3) also immediately subordinate to the directorate and running parallel to the Trust chain, a chain of Social Councils, elected territorially, which handle labour and allied questions in general without dealing with particular industries. In the original Moellendorff scheme, yet another group of organisations ran directly into the Federal Economic Council. This group consisted of Chambers of Consumers. Nothing has so far been done to realise this; but the consumers are represented in the Councils governing the separate Trusts, and also directly in the Federal Council.

Complete details of the whole of this vast scheme of industrial organisation were worked out by Moellendorff in his memoranda and diagrams. So far, however, only the four big Trusts, with their foreign trade appendages, and their directing Councils, and a part of the parallel Social organisation exist. The best type of the All-German Trust is the Iron Industry Union (*Eisenwirtschaftsbund*), a more specialised and later creation than the All-German Coal and Potash Trusts. The Iron Trust held its first meeting at Duesseldorf on April 26th. It is a principle of industrial self-government that each branch should be governed at the centre of production and not at Berlin. Two organisations make up the Iron Industry Union. First is the Trust proper, which is purely a producing and trading concern, in legal status little differing from the cartels and syndicates which flourished in Germany before the war. In this Trust the component companies and firms retain their separate managements, and their separate finances and property rights remain intact. The Iron Trust is compulsory; no company or firm is allowed to remain outside. It is organised into two departments, the first of which deals only with pig-iron, ferro-manganese, and ferro-silicium, while the other deals with half-finished steel, bar and sheet iron, plates, wire-bars, rails, railway rolling stock, and the other products formerly handled by the private Steel Syndicate. The profits of the Trusted companies are not limited, except indirectly by price-

fixing. The function of the Trust is to regulate distribution between its members of raw materials (ore); to regulate production; to further efficiency and economy by standardisation and division of labour, with the aim of lowering prices; to organise sale, eliminating unnecessary competition; and to promote practical scientific research. In all these matters the Trust is merely executor. The regulations which it executes are laid down by its representative Council, officially called the Iron Plenary Assembly. This assembly is composed of seventy members, all of whom are elected by companies and classes engaged in the production, sale, or consumption of iron. Iron production sends to the Assembly thirty-four members, the iron trade twelve, and the iron consumer twenty-four. In the elections in all three groups employers and employed have equal power. This equality of power runs through all the other innumerable Councils which make up the "Plan-Industry," and is an essential feature of *Arbeitsgemeinschaft*; so that employers in all three groups elect thirty-five members and employees thirty-five. The seventeen representatives of employers engaged in production are elected by the Pig-Iron Syndicate (which continues to exist as a private corporation), by rolling mill companies, and by other producing interests; the six representatives of employers in the trade are elected by iron traders' private associations; and the twelve representatives of employers in consumption are elected by the State iron-buying departments (chiefly the railway department), by shipbuilders, motor-car builders, boilermakers, and other finishing manufacturers. The general public is not represented in its capacity of consumer. The thirty-five representatives of workmen, technical employees, and clerks employed by producers, traders, and consumers are elected by their Trade Unions and other class associations.

The Iron Parliament is under State supervision; and a State Commissioner resides at Duesseldorf, and acts as intermediary between the Parliament and Trust on one side and the Government on the other. In general, however, the Parliament has large powers. It directs the whole country's iron and steel production and trade; it fixes prices, which count as compulsory prices under the price-fixing laws passed during the war; and it regulates delivery conditions. Iron is very short in Germany—as a rule until lately it could be had only at about 1,000 marks a ton (nearly 100 per cent.) more than the prices sanctioned by the Government. To remedy this, the Iron Parliament lays down the maximum permissible export—according to a new rule, 20 per cent. of the total output. It can seize iron or steel from any company which neglects to fulfil its obligations to supply the home market; and it can compel the

subordinate Trust or the individual companies composing the Trust to supply information or figures. It controls exchange matters arising out of iron export; and can compel companies to devote foreign payments to paying for foreign ore or food. It can equalise production costs. At present (or rather before the recent mark exchange recovery) companies smelting native ore, such as the Siegerland and Silesian companies, produce pig-iron much more cheaply than companies smelting imported ore. The Iron Parliament can divert the former companies' extra profits to cheapening the latter's production costs. Financially, the Parliament is not supported by the Trust; so to cover its expenses it taxes the Trusted companies, and further levies export license fees. Agreements and actions which violate its decrees are void; and it can impose heavy fines on, or even bring about the imprisonment of the heads of, offending concerns.

The Iron Industry Union is the best type so far created of the compulsory Trust which the "Plan-Industry" proposed to establish for all big branches of production. The Potash, Coal, and Coal-Tar Trusts are similarly constructed and administered, but, producing as they do simple products, they have simpler functions. To the Potash Trust, established by law of April, 1919, all potash-producing companies must belong. The Trust is a limited liability company, here differing from the Iron Industry Union, whose members remain financially independent. This difference is an outcome of Germany's expectation of sharp competition in potash from the Alsace fields. The Trust is governed by a Potash Council, representing equally employers and employed in producing, trading, and consuming potash concerns. The Coal Trust (*Reichskohlenverband*), which was formed by law of March 23rd, 1919, controls the whole German production and sale of coal, coke, and briquets in eleven coal districts, into which Germany is divided. Each of these districts has a subordinate Coal Syndicate. The Trust is the executive organ. It differs from the Iron Trust in that it, not its directing Council, fixes prices; but the State has the right, after conferring with the Council, to overrule the Trust's decision. The local Syndicates take over all coal produced in their districts from the mining companies, and sell it for the separate accounts of the companies. The Coal Council (*Reichskohlenrat*) membership numbers sixty, of whom eleven represent the State-owned coal-mines, fifteen the private mine-owning companies, fifteen their employees, and the rest the consumers—that is, the railways, shipping companies, coal-using industries, and householders. In this representation of private consumers the Coal Council differs from the Iron Council, wherein only consuming manufacturers are represented; but, in fact, in

the three All-German Trusts so far created, the consumer plays no material rôle. The planners of the Trusts counted upon the natural opposition of employers and employees as a factor preventing the domination of the Councils by a single interest; this, it was reckoned, would prevent exploitation of the consumers, which might otherwise take place owing to their weak representation. A year's experience of the Coal and Potash Councils, and a few weeks' of the Iron Council, have shown that the consumer has hardly any power. In all cases the Trading Employers' representatives support the Producing Employers' representatives when these demand higher prices; and the employees in turn support the employers, the *quid pro quo* demanded being an increase of wages. During the first twelve months of the Coal Trust, best coal (so-called Ruhr *Nusskohle*) rose in price from 45 to 238 marks a ton, part of which rise, however, is due to the Coal Tax, and part to the rise in wages and material prices which resulted from the currency inflation. The first act of the Iron Assembly when it met in April was to raise the prices of bar-iron, sheet-iron, wire, and other products by an average 1,000 marks a ton. Since then prices have been reduced by between 6 and 30 per cent., according to kind, but only after violent clamour from finishing manufacturers and in connection with the general price-fall which has accompanied the last months' improvement in the mark's foreign exchange. The Potash Trust has done all it could to rush up prices. Immediately after it first met it raised prices 50 to 60 per cent.; and before the end of 1919 prices were again raised thrice; as result of which the big Aschersleben Company last year quintupled its profits of 1918, while another company multiplied its profits ninefold. Over this matter a controversy is proceeding; and there is a general demand that the consumer be better represented, or that the Government should more freely exercise its right to prevent the price-raisers going unduly far.

The "Plan-Industry" so far described is a sufficiently big and complex organisation. As planned by Moellendorff, and as it may ultimately be carried out, it is bigger and more complex still. It will follow, differing only in that it will embrace all Germany, the pre-war Cartels and Syndicates in their tendency to develop into what are called "mixed concerns"; that is, raw material combines which develop not only horizontally, taking in ever more and more companies of their kind, but also vertically, taking in specialized concerns engaged in more advanced manufacturing processes. A type of this mixed concern is the syndicate which imports and smelts its own ore; controls concerns which turn out steel and half-finished materials; and, finally, controls con-

cerns which turn these into finished goods. Moellendorff's plan provides for the greatest possible horizontal and vertical development. It goes so far that even the existing vast Iron Trust is designed only as a specialised daughter Trust, which ramifies into its own still more specialised daughter and grand-daughter Trusts. Thus in the complex diagrams accompanying Moellendorff's memorandum, the highest, or "roof Trust" (*Dachverband*), is an All-German All-Metals Trust. This has three offshoots—the now existing Iron Trust, an All-Metals (other than iron) Trust, and a Finished Metal Goods Trust. The Iron Trust has two branches, one, as stated, for pig-iron and one for the products of the former Steel Syndicate; the Other Metals Trust (so far only planned) has daughter Trusts for copper, lead, tin, zinc, nickel, and the precious metals; and the Finished Metal Goods Trust has daughter Trusts for ships, locomotives, motor-cars, flying-machines, machine-tools, electro-technical plant, and so on. Similarly would be created first a "roof-trust" for textiles, with subordinate separate Trusts for wool, cotton, silk, and so on. The same principle—union in a "roof-trust" and differentiation in subordinate Trusts—would be embodied in the organisation of all other branches of production. If carried out in full, the "Plan-Industry" means the creation of scores, if not hundreds, of Trusts, each sharply defined in its functions, all controlled by higher Trusts with more general spheres, and all ultimately merging in the Federal Economical Council, where their representatives would meet representatives of the territorial Social organisations which constitute the other half of Moellendorff's scheme.

The control of home trade in the products of all these Trusts is left to the Trusts themselves and to the Councils on top. For the control of foreign trade, however, is provided for each Trust a special organ. These are the Foreign Trade Departments. Although the Trusts themselves so far exist only for four great branches of production, the Foreign Trade Departments already exist for all the proposed twenty Trusts, and each is ready to be fitted into place when its particular Trust comes into being. The reason for the existence of subordinate organs before the higher organs are created is that the regulation of Germany's foreign trade would not brook delay. The Foreign Trade Departments were created mainly to check the export abuses which I described in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of March. Main abuses were : (1) selling goods to foreigners at absurdly low prices, a result of the low Reichsmark exchange, a system which involved serious national loss ; (2) selling goods to foreigners and having the proceeds booked to account in a foreign bank, which was an obvious way of circumventing the law against export of capital ; (3)

selling to foreigners goods of which there was serious shortage at home—the temptation to do this was strong, because, in 1919, the difference between German and foreign prices was so great that an exporter could easily demand from foreigners double the home price without risking being under-bid by foreign competitors. During the war these export questions were regulated by mainly bureaucratic Foreign Trade Departments (*Aussenhandelsstellen*); and last October fourteen, one for each important export branch, existed. In December last the Departments were reformed on the Moellendorffian principle of self-government by the interests concerned; and new Departments were created for certain branches. Representation in the Committee which governs each Department is similar to representation in the Councils governing the branch Trusts. In each only the immediate interests, not the general public, are represented, and in each interest the delegates from Capital and Labour are equal in number. The ultimate number of Foreign Trade Departments is not yet known; but there will be at least one for every "roof-trust"; and probably, if the whole Plan-Industry is carried out in full detail, there will be one also for every differentiated subordinate trust.

The organisations so far described exhaust the whole purely industrial and commercial side of Plan-Industry so far realised or planned. The parallel Social side has now to be described. This, too, is only partially created. It is based ultimately on small local organisations representing employers and employed; and it is organised upwards in increasing territorial units until it embraces the whole Republic. The employers' smallest local organisations exist so far only unofficially—all over Germany are local employers' associations. The workmen's smallest local organisations are the Factory Councils, created by the law of last February. This law enacts that every industrial undertaking employing more than twenty workmen shall have a workmen's council (*Arbeiter-rat*), which is to represent the employees' interests, and to work with the employer in the general interest of production. The councils are given considerable powers, including the power to look into accounts; but they are not allowed to dictate policy to the employers; and it is to the employers that the execution of all measures decided on jointly by employers and employees are left. The factory councils and the associations of employers will elect delegates to a higher joint body, a County (*Bezirk*) Economical Council, which is provided for in the Constitution. The function of the County Economical Council is to deal with the general social aspects of industry, but not with particular branches of industry; it will enquire into and regulate labour supply, industrial housing and health, and it will

have the right to suggest Labour-Social reforms to the Federal Economical Council. Like the Trust councils and the committees which govern the Foreign Trade Departments, the County Councils are pledged to work in the general national interest, and not merely to favour capital or labour or both. Above the County Councils are to be two bodies, which do not yet officially exist, a Federal Chamber of Employers, representing Capital all over Germany, and a Federal Chamber of Employed; and these two chambers will ultimately join in the Federal Economical Council; and there meet the parallel organisation of interlinked Trusts. With this doubly organised into a Social and into a purely Technical and Commercial system, the "Plan-Industry" is complete.

Complete, that is, as far as the original Moellendorff scheme goes. In practice, however, when the time came last spring to plan the supreme organ, the Federal Economical Council, the scheme had to expand, because other economical branches than the industrial in the narrow sense were brought in. First is agriculture. The organisation of agriculture into syndicates has long been planned, for reasons which in general resemble the reasons behind the trusting of industry. The most important of all the functions of the industrial trusts is to ensure a sufficient supply of goods for the home market. Although Germany is exporting, and has to export in order to pay for foreign food and materials, there is hardly a single product of raw material or finishing manufactures of which she has herself a sufficient supply. She does not export foodstuffs, but she is short of them. In a great measure, this is due to the unwillingness of farmers to sell at the State-fixed maximum prices; food is withheld and is surreptitiously sold at much higher prices; maximum-priced breadstuffs are used as fodder for such kinds of stock as are free from price regulation, the farmer so getting the full value; and finally, farmers tend to cease raising maximum-priced crops; and divert their land to foodstuffs which can be sold free—a result of the freeing of oats in 1919 was that much wheat and rye land was diverted to oats, so that it was found necessary to put back oats under State control. The Government lately devised the plan to extend the Trust system to agriculture, at least to the extent of compelling the farmers and farming landed proprietors to join local syndicates. The syndicates would have certain powers to control production, but their main function would be to ensure delivery from each syndicated area of fixed quotas of the State-regulated foodstuffs, all members of the syndicates being made individually and jointly responsible. This plan would have involved representative farm syndicate councils, analogous to the councils set over the coal, potash, iron, and

coal-tar trusts. The syndicates have not yet been created. But two months ago the Government produced a Bill creating a Council system for agriculture. All over the country are to be created local chambers of agriculture (*Landwirtschaftskammer*), more or less designed on Moellendorff's lines, with separate representation for the large estates, the small estates, and the farm labourers. Each of the federated States will have a central association of its agricultural chambers; and these associations will elect members to a federal chamber for the whole Republic, which will sit in Berlin. No State is to have more than two-fifths of the total membership. Members must have been engaged in farming for at least three years continuously. The function of the central chamber is to advise the Government on all matters concerning the farming interest. The second matter is communications. Here conditions are different. Railways, the most important communications, were all along in State hands; and since the 1st April they have been in the hands of the Federal Government. But as Labour has been given a half share in the directorate of the private industrial Trusts it would be impossible to exclude it from a share in the railway management merely on the ground that railway employees are officials; and so the railway management is also to be organised on the lines of "Plan-Industry." In April, the Government announced that a new railway authority would be created, consisting of a chief committee for direction of general policy, in which will sit delegates from the Government, from the Trades Unions, and from the leading industrial, agricultural, and commercial organisations; of a smaller committee which will transact current business; and of a committee of experts which will prepare technical questions for consideration by the chief committee. The new railway authority will control five matters: organisation of railway workshops, traffic, organisation of the central railway administration, finances and training of employees. It will be seen from these two cases that the "Plan-Industry" principles insist on pushing themselves far beyond the originally proposed limits; and, in fact, the constitution of the new Federal Economical Council shows that the Trust system, with its self-government and collaboration of employers and employees, must ultimately be enforced on banking, insurance and every other form of economic activity. From this the planners shrink. The Socialisation Commission rejected emphatically the notion of nationalising or trusting the banks. But the Federal Economical Council had inevitably to take these in; it was impossible for it to rule the great branches of production while ignoring the banks; and so the council became authority also over banking and insurance; and in this sense has

a considerably greater scope than has the sum of under-structures so far created or planned.

Around the composition and functions of the Economical Council, angry controversy rages. The admittedly necessary function is to regulate by a special organ the myriad financial and business interests which in most countries are highly inefficiently regulated by political Parliaments elected primarily for quite different aims. Bismarck—not to mention many theoretical constitutional reformers—saw the evil results of this confusion of functions; and planned to cure them by establishing a Council of Economy separate from the Reichstag. The new Economical Council is a representation of special interests and expert knowledge, which controls business entirely independently of politics. Left extremists claimed that the different interests should be represented in proportion to the number of persons employed in them. The Government insisted that they should be represented in proportion to their national importance. Right extremists, accepting this view, claimed that the Council, since it was an expert body elected *ad hoc*, should have final authority in all business matters, and should not be liable to be overruled by the Reichstag. The intent here was to turn the Council into a second Parliament, a class Parliament which would realise the Conservative plan of 1918 for reforming the Prussian *Landtag* by establishing separate representation for the different occupations. By such an Economical Council, armed as it would be with final financial powers in many matters, the democratic Reichstag would have been shelved. The Government, therefore, adhered to its original plan, which was that while the Council should represent the interests, without regard to the number of persons employed in them, it should have only advisory powers; and this is the nature of the Council which is sitting now.

The Federal Economical Council sits at Berlin. Its membership numbers 326 (the first Government Bill proposed 200), who are organised in separate groups representing separate interests, industrial, commercial and financial. Agriculture and industry, as the two greatest interests, have each 68 members. Thirty-four members are elected by communications; thirty-six by handwork; thirty by consumers of all kinds; and sixteen by the liberal professions and the officials. In all these groups the *Gemeinschaft* principle is followed by dividing the seats equally between employers and employed. Twelve delegates have been nominated by the *Reichsrat* to represent the particular business interests of different provinces; and the central Government has nominated twelve from among persons of distinction in the financial, industrial, and commercial world. The manner

of election of each group is enacted in the Council law, I omit it owing to its great length and minuteness; but, in general, it recognises existing official and private organisations of the different interests, including the Trades Unions, and it fits more or less closely to the understructure of the "Plan-Industry" which I have described. In all respects, except that it has only advisory powers, the Council is a Parliament. Its members have the immunity privileges of *Reichstag* members, and cannot be punished for their utterances; it sits in public; and it has certain rights as against the political Government. The political Government (members of which have a right to address the Council) must not submit to the *Reichstag* any Bill affecting industrial, commercial, financial and social matters in the Council's competence until the Bill has first been considered by the Council; the Council has the right to draft its own Bills concerning these matters, and to require their submission to the *Reichstag*; and it appoints a committee of its own, which is a sort of Cabinet which the political ministers must advise with before issuing ordinances affecting the execution of laws already in force. That out of these rights a well-constituted and capably-led Council may extract greater than merely advisory powers is foreseen by critics of the scheme. In a Germany without army, fleet, foreign policy, colonies and race questions, business matters will easily dominate all others; and it is the Council which has first say in these matters. It is very doubtful whether the *Reichstag* will take the responsibility of overruling it by forcing through Bills which the Council has condemned or condemning Bills which it has submitted. The argument will always be valid that the Council has given an expert opinion on matters which it was specially elected to decide; and that the *Reichstag* is a club of meddling ignorant-amuses, elected because they are Protestants or Catholics, because they want the Monarchy back, or do not want it—questions expertness in which is no qualification for deciding whether the Iron Trust has put prices too high, or whether the Stock Exchange should be allowed to restore dealing for future settlement. The merits of the differentiation of functions, in short, are plain; but the risk of a rival Parliament, of a State within the State, is equally great.

The Federal Economical Council is the summit of the "Plan-Industry" scheme. It has been completed before many of the subordinate limbs. Whether the missing limbs, in particular the estimated seventeen missing All-German Trusts planned by Moellendorff, will come into existence is still in doubt. The scheme is not popular. The Conservatives dislike it, though they prefer it to the detested *Zwangswirtschaft*, which it was designed to replace;

and many business men still hanker after the old industrial freedom, or, if they must have Trusts, prefer free Trusts to the present compulsory Trusts—the former Finance Minister Gothein, who is a good authority, holds that purely American Trusts, at least in iron, are what Germany needs. The moderate Socialists who launched the scheme—Herr Wissell is a Socialist—theyself regard it without love; they followed Wissell and Moellendorff only because it was plain that something must be done, and that nationalisation would terribly fail. And, naturally, the Independents and Communists, whose passion is full steam ahead regardless of consequences, regard it as a make-believe and an obstacle. The whole scheme is nevertheless a striking instance of the old, unquenchable German passion for logically complete and symmetrical organisations; and, as an intellectual achievement, it is a long way ahead of any plan of industrial organisation launched elsewhere in Europe in recent times.

ROBERT CROZIER LONG.

FRENCH POLITICS AND THE PERIL TO THE ENTENTE.

ANY account of the work of the first six months' Session of the new French Parliament must include a study of Franco-British relations, which reached a crisis over the Russo-Polish question and Wrangel's recognition. Certain it is that the Entente is not so solid as it was. Whose is the fault? Or is it the fault of circumstances? My own view is that it is not altogether the fault of circumstances: that the Bloc National, the French politicians, and the French Press, are largely to blame. The French direct challenge to British political supremacy in Europe comes, however, inevitably out of long-gathering storm-clouds.

The truth is that we two Channel peoples do not understand each other and our political leaders do not always take broad views: they are often narrowly nationalist, considering only their individual country's interests, and forgetting that there are larger common interests which, if overlooked, will render the partial policies, which concern themselves too closely with the exclusive British viewpoint or the selfish French viewpoint, entirely nugatory. We must start with the axiom that the French and British have need of each other: that the wheels of the world will not go smoothly round if each nation is pulling a separate lever. Although it is better to be frank about the peril to the Entente, it should be understood that the frankness is the frankness of friends. To help to smash the good relations which have existed for so long would be a crime: but if we preserve silence about the present tendencies towards complete estrangement we commit that crime. Better to thrash out publicly the trouble that the six months have intensified. Too often do we cover up all our differences under glib assertions of our diplomatic accord. Had there really been diplomatic accord there would not have been such interminable discussions, in which we hardly seem to advance, about every problem as it arose: we should long ere this have enjoyed effective peace in Europe. The whole of our relations since the armistice with Germany has been a tug-of-war. While M. Clemenceau was in power, however, we did manage to adjust our respective opinions. Whatever may be the reason—whether it was that the war was still vividly close to us or whether it was that M. Clemenceau was really more accommodating (although the British and Americans flatly refused to agree to many French proposals) does not much matter. M. Clemenceau's enemies of course—and he has plenty of enemies now that he is out of power, enemies who were obsequious when he was a demi-god, enthroned

at the rue Saint-Dominique—denounce him as *l'homme de l'Angleterre*. They represent him as almost culpably friendly towards England. It has apparently become an offence in their eyes to be friendly towards England : implying treachery towards France.

Now the mischief that has done so much to make the Entente difficult has developed during the whole course of the Millerand Ministry. This does not mean that another Ministry would have done better, given the temper of the new Parliament and the turn of events which disappoints French hopes. Necessarily, while M. Clemenceau was regarded as the only possible Prime Minister, nobody uttered the reproaches against him—and against England—which are now uttered. It could only be after his fall that the more violent criticism could make itself heard. His mere presence in power kept his adversaries in awe of him. There was also a genuine respect for him as the "man who had won the war." The phrase had been repeated too often for anybody to dare to assail the old statesman. He fell suddenly, strangely, having had every hope of becoming President of the Republic. One of those unaccountable revulsions of feeling, those waves of reaction against the prestige of any person who has been over-idolised, which are inevitable some time or other, but which always surprise us when they arrive, swept him out of power and out of politics. The Millerand Ministry in January last took up the succession. The flaws of the Treaty began to appear. The whole of France began to discover the feet of clay. Nothing but the feet of clay presently were seen. They filled the entire picture. To-day there is talk of the re-entry of M. Clemenceau into the Senate, but it is as certain as such things can be that he can never again play a great rôle. There is no gratitude in politics, and even generosity is denied to a politician who has been over-praised.

Thus it comes about that all the disappointments that France has suffered, and which may be traced to the Treaty, are laid upon the back of M. Clemenceau. Why did he consent to such a course rather than to another? The answer always comes : Because he was handicapped by his friendship with England. England is even supposed to be in some mysterious way responsible for his old age. When it is observed that England is recovering from the effects of the war more quickly than France, and that England was wise enough to take tangible German possessions instead of nebulous indemnities (she put in her claim for the nebulous indemnities as well, but she had first, with practical sense, made sure of ships and colonies), then you have all the elements of a desperate misunderstanding with Great Britain. The French are outspoken, and thus there began to spring up this deplorable anti-British sen-

timent which we must all endeavour to remove at once. There is not, to my knowledge, any anti-French sentiment in England, or if there is it is quite insignificant. But of the sense of grievance that France has there can be no doubt.

It is not a mere matter of politicians—the evil has spread to the whole people. To-day there are many accusations against British diplomacy and British action which are accepted as well-founded by the man in the café. The man in the café thinks that England has been a bit too business-like for a France which was altogether idealistic. The Paris journals, which become more and more unpleasant in tone, and the frequent suggestions of Deputies and Senators, finished by convincing practically the whole public that in some way we have been disloyal. Indeed, the Session came to an end in a veritable storm of warnings to us. It is not quite clear to my mind whether Mr. Lloyd George was supposed to have tricked or bullied or blackmailed M. Millerand into accepting the coal and credits protocol, as he had certainly cajoled M. Clemenceau into accepting an unfair Treaty—which, however, nobody will hear of revising—but in any event it is the unanimous opinion that Mr. Lloyd George took some disagreeable advantage of the present Premier. That the French Premier was forgiven for allowing himself to be taken advantage of was because the blame belonged to the British rather than to him. Now this is nonsensical, as well as unfortunate. M. Millerand is big enough to take care of himself, and of French interests, and all who know M. Clemenceau ought to be highly amused at the idea of his feebleness in negotiations. The truth is that France uneasily feels that she may have put her money on the wrong horse: that big reparations may not materialise, that the League of Nations certainly will not give her any securities as it is at present constituted; and all sorts of illusions which we all cherished are falling away from the French, who feel a kind of dismay at the innumerable difficulties. It is with the most passionate love for the French that I declare that for the sake of France, for the sake of England, for the sake of the world in general, the drift away from each other must be made to cease. We can only get back to where we were, even six or seven months ago, by dropping these mutual recriminations, these incessant and foolish reproaches, and by seeking earnestly a popular Entente. If it is not an Entente Cordiale it is nothing.

Our interests do indeed differ; we have a fundamental difference of outlook; but there is, nevertheless, a supreme common interest which must keep us united. We must draw up self-denying ordinances. The Press in particular must stop its pin-

pricking. The politicians must no longer play with foreign affairs in their desire to down an opponent. The Alliance is too precious, too sacred, to be jeopardised in petty intrigues. What is more, Ministers must try to agree on a joint programme. On these conditions it may prove to be an excellent thing that the brooding quarrel came to a head. If there is not, however, a change of tactics, I am convinced that the Entente is going right to shipwreck. It survived the trying times of war: it will not, if we all—British as well as French—do not realise that we must be prepared to make silent sacrifices for the sake of our friendship, survive the testing-time of peace.

Now whether there was any justification for the feeling that France had in some way surrendered some measure of her independence to England, or whether this jealous thought was only a figment of the fancy, certain it is that M. Millerand, from the inception of his Ministerial career, was pre-occupied, not to say obsessed, with the idea of asserting himself, of asserting French liberty to act alone. Although he was in some sense a nominee of M. Clemenceau, although the Bloc National which succeeded so overwhelmingly at the polls was an emanation of the Clemenceau *régime*, yet quite early in this Session there manifested itself a determination to throw off all yokes, especially the British yoke. We must reckon with that perhaps natural reaction against the Alliance. Although I think M. Millerand wrong in this respect, it is not difficult to understand the desire to show that he was free. I have always regarded our conceptions of liberty as entirely unphilosophic. Liberty is at best relative; not only is there no such thing as absolute liberty, but every contract, every engagement, every relationship of every kind, implies the negation of liberty. Were the League of Nations ever to become a reality, every nation would be compelled to give up those sovereign rights which it now pretends to enjoy. If there is an Entente between France and England, both France and England must necessarily consent to have their freedom curtailed by consideration of each other's interests and opinions. An Entente, like every other bargain, has its disadvantages. Wisdom consists in striking nicely the balance between the independence which means isolation and the dependence, the alternating subjections, which are involved even in the vaguest friendship. M. Millerand at any rate thought it proper to put down his foot and assert that in certain eventualities he would act without the Allies. This was a formal intimation that the diplomatic unity of front no longer existed. France recovered, as she had a right to recover, her personal initiative. The Premier was referring to the possible necessity of occupying more German territory by way of punish-

ment for certain flagrant German breaches of the Treaty. England had already shown her disinclination for extreme measures.

The phrase, "With or without the Allies" passed without attracting much attention at the time, but in sober truth it is the most significant phrase employed since the armistice. It meant that France recognised that, the frightful pressure of war being removed, the Entente itself might serve to check the execution of a policy that, for her part, France considered essential for her safety. That is a perfectly proper standpoint, but it is idle to assert that the Entente thereafter existed exactly as before. Later on M. Millerand actually believed it necessary to make good these words. He translated them into action, and without the Allies caused Frankfurt to be occupied. England had no responsibility for this advance. There was a genuine difference of opinion. It may be regretted that in the heat of the moment the British Premier considered it his duty to express his disagreement in rather more emphatic terms than were consistent with entire friendliness. My only object in recalling this incident, however, is that it does demonstrate in the plainest possible way the difficulty of reconciling full French independence with a Franco-British alliance.

It is a dilemma which may be observed throughout the whole of the negotiations of the past Session. Never has the French Premier seemed quite able to make up his mind which way he wanted it. Over and over again, however, he has surrendered to Mr. Lloyd George, always with the painful consciousness that the Bloc National, which did not see eye to eye with Mr. Lloyd George, would indignantly protest. There has not been sufficient appreciation of the fact that surrenders of one's particularist opinions are of the very essence of an Entente of this character. France quite sincerely feels that she has on occasion been dominated by Great Britain in her foreign policy. She has resented it. The legend began to grow that her foreign policy was, to some extent at least, dictated to her. During the final sittings of Senate and Chamber it was roundly stated that a British policy was being imposed upon an unwilling ally, and that no longer could France submit to such subjugation.

The utmost sympathy and respect can be given to those Members of Parliament who experience this revolt of their national conscience. I do not propose again to examine whether the coal and credits arrangement is good or bad. M. Millerand himself considers it good and can hardly feel grateful to those supporters who represent him as accepting something which he felt he ought not to have accepted, under the unfair pressure of a friendly Power. But assuming for the moment that the protocol

is bad, assuming that M. Millerand thought it bad, assuming that only by making concessions to British opinion in respect of credits could France get her coal, and only by admitting the principle of world prices could she obtain British support for the military sanctions which to her are so important, even assuming all this, there does not appear to be any infringement of friendship or any violation of the Entente, as was so freely suggested. Our French friends surely misinterpret the meaning of Entente if they suppose that it places Mr. Lloyd George under the obligation to accept every contention of the French Premier. It means this no more than it means that M. Millerand is obliged to accept every contention of the British Premier. What it does mean is that neither party should by subtle wiles or by violent action endeavour to upset Entente diplomacy reluctantly accepted or even separate negotiations tacitly agreed upon.

The French are somewhat too sensitive to the suggestion that their independence is assailed partly because of the situation in which they find themselves. It is true that England is better off in many ways; but it does not necessarily follow, as is assumed by the French too often, that this is due to some clever jockeying of France out of her rights. France has suffered so terribly that the fear of playing second fiddle in the Alliance is ever-present to her. It is a notion that is doing much harm. Not only does it make her suspicious and irritable; it induces her to take a "strong" course to prove her independence and strength, when otherwise she would have taken a sensible course.

The grievances against England have all been enumerated this Session. Sometimes they have been evoked for somewhat personal reasons. This was notably the case with regard to Mossoul and Mesopotamia. There was at one moment a chance for M. Briand—always awaiting the propitious moment—to become Prime Minister again. There was raked up in the *Matin* the story of his astuteness in obtaining great advantages for France in Asia Minor. Of course, while it was intended to show how clever M. Briand had been, it was also intended to put another nail in the coffin of the Clemenceau Ministry. For the relinquishing of Mossoul to the British was attributed to the diplomatic incompetence of M. Clemenceau. It was all very well for M. Tardieu to argue that M. Briand had made Mossoul useless by agreeing that the oil wells should belong to the British company to whom they were conceded before the war. The point that struck home was the point that there had been no one to stand up to Britain—that France had been let down. We all like to abuse ourselves and our country—the British are incorrigible critics of their own muddle-headedness, though the criticism is not at all justified in

the sphere of foreign politics—but the French, in striking themselves so heavily through their Ministers, provoke their own anger against us. M. Barthou it was who coined the expression “Mossoulisme.” “Mossoulisme” means the act of giving away one’s birthright for not even a mess of pottage. “Mossoulisme” is one of those words that stick and that sum up a whole governmental policy. There was even an audacious invention of a comment by M. Clemenceau when he realised what had happened: “If I had only known”

M. Barthou as a possible successor of M. Millerand, when the present Premier one day succumbs to the repeated cry of “Mossoulisme”—for “Mossoulisme” in spite of Frankfort and Wrangel is reproached against him—may be described as rather more conservative than M. Millerand. In theory, of course, M. Millerand belongs to the Left, but many things have happened since his Socialist days. He became a successful *arocat*, and like most men in middle-age gravitated more and more to the Right. But M. Barthou would be still less of a reformer, though he is certainly young and energetic—one might almost say lively. He is an orator of parts: there are those who rate him very high as a speaker, though he indulges a little too much in facile patriotic flourishes. Ambitious, he is certainly to be counted upon as an eventual Premier—perhaps in the lifetime of the present Parliament. Unfortunately for himself, he was during this Session carried rather too far: his denunciation of the peace negotiations became definitely an attack on England, and everybody felt embarrassed, and might be again embarrassed if he were to be put seriously forward. One speech of that kind, which is not easily forgotten, though it should be said that he certainly did not mean to commit this indiscretion, is sufficient to spoil his prospects. He is the President of the Foreign Commission, which is one of the most important of the non-Ministerial posts, and generally speaking he has been a judicious critic. But it will be seen that when he overshot the mark he considerably aided the anti-English movement, which had not then come into the open.

M. Briand himself is a much shrewder critic. He is not likely ever to make a mistake through impulsiveness. He cautiously bides his hour, and when he can find an opportunity of scoring a good point he scores it. He is a little too liberal for the House as it stands, though he is the opportunist *par excellence*. I do not think that as Prime Minister he has ever been overthrown. When he has judged that the temper of the House was changing against him, he has quietly retired with his prestige intact. On the new Chamber he has made an immense impression: and if there should be a trend to the Left—which is easily possible, since the Centre

is doubtful, and next year's partial Senatorial elections are expected to begin an evolution towards Radicalism—then he will again come into his own. It is a strong temptation to fasten upon him the epithet of "the French Lloyd George."

The task of the Premier might have been rendered harder by the assaults of the Clemencistes against him whenever he has met the Allies in council. (It will be observed that I continue to speak of foreign politics and of conferences—but really they dominate the whole Session.) It has been just a long struggle for M. Millerand to get accepted the agreements which he has made with the other Allied Ministers. He has had to force through, against the hostility of Parliament, the principle of fixing the German indemnity, the proposal to enter into direct negotiations with the Germans at Spa; and, indeed, so carefully has he had to proceed that Boulogne or Hythe drew up plans one day which were next day described as purely provisional, and were next week completely changed. Even now it is doubtful exactly to what extent M. Millerand feels himself tied by the arrangements which have been concluded. The truth is that always he is being watched for any sign of weakness. If he falters in his demand for full reparations he will be in danger. Several times he has escaped when the sentiment of the House was against him. Conspicuous among those who have thus considered that vigilance is the price of the maintenance of the Treaty—who fear that if there is any slackening of attention the document will be conjured away—are M. André Tardieu and M. Loucheur. Their *amour propre* is hurt at the notion that the Treaty is not respected. They helped to shape it last year during long months of negotiations at Paris, and it seems incredible that already it should be in danger of demolition. Their viewpoint is intelligible enough: it would indeed be a strange piece of workmanship if it is thus quickly to be altered. Alas! there are many signs that it is inexecutable; though certainly some of its critics have not read it and do not realise how many provisions for how many contingencies it contains. However that may be, whether the Clemencistes are right or wrong, they have met with less success in a Chamber which also holds that the Treaty must be carried out than might have been expected. Why? Surely if M. Tardieu, who is an able debater, with an admirable knowledge of his subject, led the protests they would be numerous enough to scotch the attempt to revise the Treaty—for that is what is being done. There is against him, however, the rather sullen personal dislike of the Chamber. He is one of the authors of the Treaty. The Deputies agree that it must be fulfilled, but they secretly believe it to be thoroughly bad. Therefore it is in many respects rather an advantage for M. Mille-

rand to be opposed by M. Tardieu. The situation is paradoxical; but personalities enter very largely into politics, and for the moment M. Tardieu is in disfavour. He will come back, of course. As for M. Loucheur, he can hold the ear of the Deputies on financial matters, and is looked upon as the ablest expert in French political life. I should not be astonished to see him taking sooner or later the very foremost position, for it is precisely financial ability which is lacking in the French Parliament. But as a Clemenciste he is discredited when it is a question of the Treaty.

Another financial authority who has again asserted his mastery is M. Ribot. One would have supposed M. Ribot—who is a Senator—to be too old for active political life. He is M. Clemenceau's senior. But there is no one who carries such weight in the Upper House as this Nestor when he surveys—rather pessimistically—the financial field, and gives his advice. He is gravely dissatisfied with Spa, and is filled with anxiety about Geneva. He cannot be suspected of intrigue or of having any ulterior motive. This it is which gives him his unequalled authority. In so much criticism which one suspects to be tainted with personal ambition he strikes a genuine note. Now he declares himself against Geneva—and all that Geneva stands for—and M. Millebrand respectfully declares that the Government is animated by the same sentiments as M. Ribot and is bound by no decisions. It will evidently not be easy after all, especially in view of the warnings of the two Houses on the eve of the vacation, to pursue the policy which may be conveniently called the Geneva policy (though of course what the Geneva policy may really be is yet to be seen).

Behind all the Parliamentary scenes, rather than on the Parliamentary stage, is M. Poincaré, the ex-President of the Republic. He is understood to aspire to the leadership of the French Government, and his policy is simple: the integral fulfilment of the Treaty. He is committed to this unyielding attitude. He may not directly attack the Premier, but he pronounces in the clearest possible manner for no concessions, and if he were to be charged with the formation of a Government at some date not too remote he would be bound to resist British or German arguments for a recasting of the clauses. Germany must pay, and she must pay every penny that is promised in the Treaty. This is the doctrine which he elaborates in newspapers and reviews.

Such are the protagonists and such has been the play in the French Parliament. There have been incidental points of foreign policy upon which there have been discussions of a secondary

character such as the Eastern expedition. The Syrian affair has not, of course, been calculated to improve Franco-British relations, since we certainly owe some kind of support to the Emir Feisul, though not, of course, at the expense of France, who has dethroned him in Syria. The Premier appeared to be rather vacillating about French action in Asia Minor, but finally came down on the side of decisive military action to uphold French claims. The bad feeling chiefly came on the German question: for there any British leaning towards conciliation or leniency is interpreted as opposed to France. Exploited for political purposes, it puts the Entente in grave peril. The fear that England will revert to her traditional policy of the balance of power—tipping the German scale this time—has been expressed to me many times. With dismay at a reduction of Polish power—for Poland is regarded as the substitute for Russia in the Triple Entente—and implacable hatred of Bolshevism animating M. Millerand and the Bloc National, a crisis in Franco-British relations was bound to be reached.

I will only add a few words about domestic matters. M. François Marsal has had the heavy duty of framing a Budget which had been badly neglected and has at last called upon Frenchmen to shoulder a formidable burden of taxation. Next Session he will launch a 6 per cent. unlimited loan, a return to a simple, sounder form of borrowing. It would not be true to write that he met with unqualified praise. M. Le Trocquer, the Minister of Public Works, and M. Lhopiteau, the Minister of Justice, were called upon to break the great railway strike. They did so, routing the extremists and smashing the power of the Confédération Générale du Travail, which had grown into a formidable association. That the Confédération can really be suppressed, however, can hardly be supposed by anybody; and as for the plot against the State, for which many arrests were made, it does not seem to have resulted in any remarkable revelations. M. Lefèvre, the War Minister, will have his chance next Session, when the question of two years' or one year's obligatory military service for Frenchmen will be discussed. The discussion on the proposed Ambassadorial representation at the Vatican has also been deferred.

To my mind the dominant need is to establish the guiding lines of Entente policy, to induce Press and Parliament to refrain from injudicious observations, and to teach the two democracies which face each other across the Channel, and upon whose firm friendship the peace of the world depends, to understand, to trust, and to respect each other.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

THE PALESTINIAN PROBLEM.

THE recent assumption by the Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel of the government of Palestine in the capacity of High Commissioner is a relevant moment to consider in broad outline the complex problem with which it will be his duty to deal.

Now, while to some extent this problem arises out of the final and official decision of the Allied Powers to assign Palestine as the national home for the Jews of the world, or, perhaps more accurately, as the national home for those Jews in the world who are "National Jews"—that is to say, who possess a national Jewish consciousness, and are neither more nor less assimilated on the one hand, nor detached cosmopolitans on the other—the Jewish nationality is already installed as such in the country itself.

For Palestine both was, during the Turkish *régime*, and is at present a country which, while grossly under-populated, nevertheless contains within itself two collateral and parallel nationalities, Jews and Arabs, both of whom, of course, from the technical standpoint of international law, will remain, until the ratification of the Peace with Turkey, Ottoman subjects.

It may be remarked incidentally that even during the Turkish *régime* there was no Turkish population, with the exception, of course, of the Turkish officials, their suites and families.

Now, in order to realise the situation, it should be grasped at once that these Palestinian Jews neither are, nor even ever pretended to be, Turks of the Jewish faith. Turkish subjects they no doubt were in the same way that the Irish Sinn Feiners are British subjects, or the Poles in the old Russian Empire were Russian subjects, or the Czechs and Jugo-Slavs in the old Austrian Empire were Austrian subjects. Speaking broadly, however, in culture, outlook, language, and national consciousness they are as specifically and aggressively Jewish as the Sinn Feiners are Irish, the Poles Polish, the Czechs Czech, or the Jugo-Slavs Jugo-Slav. Under the Ottoman *régime*, of course, both the Jews and the Arabs were parallel sub-nationalities equally subjected to the corrupt and muddled government of the Turk. Consequently, as between the Jew and Arab, both victims of an alien domination, the international problem (as between themselves) scarcely arose.

With, however, the growth of the Pan-Arab national movement on the one hand, and the adoption on the other by Great Britain and the Allied Powers generally of a Zionist programme, viz., the throwing open the door to a regulated and systematised immigra-

tion with a view to the full development of the already existent Jewish nation within Palestine, a certain amount of trouble has arisen between the Arabs and the Jews. This trouble culminated in the recent pogroms in Jerusalem in April last, when, with, to some extent at any rate, the connivance and assistance of the Arab police, about 200 Jews (of whom at least 50 per cent. were old women and children) were wounded, six Jews were killed, two Jewish girls were violated, and one Jewish synagogue was burnt.

It consequently becomes relevant to examine to what extent the Arab opposition is really serious. How far is it genuine? Does it spring naturally from the soil? Or is it something sown artificially and cultivated with the manure of political and religious propaganda?

An analysis from this angle of the constituents of the Arab population of Palestine will be instructive.

Of the Arab population of 600,000, the majority are fellaheen, or peasants cultivating land either actually their own or leased from the big landowners and effendis. Now, these peasants, or fellaheen, are *natives* in the sociological sense of possessing a barbaric and sub-European culture and mentality. For the most part the fellaheen are illiterate. Ask the fellah, for instance, if he can read or write, and he will express the widest surprise at so preposterous a question. If left to himself, he has no political consciousness and no political aspirations, asking nothing better than to be left in peace to cultivate his own plot of ground, and to indulge in the national sport of village intrigue and the bringing of false charges against his neighbour. Though vindictive, he is by temperament pacific rather than aggressive. His relations with the Jews have usually been harmonious. He has benefited by contact with people pursuing a modern and European culture, and his standard of life has frequently been ameliorated in consequence.

On the other hand, his mentality is that of a baby. He will lie or steal with the healthy, natural simplicity of a child, and, when detected, own up without shame with the same matter-of-fact simplicity. He has little sense of ethics as such, but in its stead an acutely developed religious fanaticism and superstition.

Needless to say, he is extraordinarily susceptible to influence and propaganda. Socially, economically, and politically, moreover, he lives in subjection to the Sheikhs and effendis, who have exercised, and are endeavouring to exercise, an essentially feudal domination.

It is, then, from the effendi class that there sprang the most

violent opposition to the Zionist policy of his Majesty's Foreign Office, as embodied in the Balfour Declaration and the San Remo Conference.

Speaking broadly, and making, of course, allowance for a few meritorious exceptions, the effendis are, taken as a class, corrupt, unsympathetic, and tyrannical. At any rate, during the Turkish régime it was common etiquette for the effendis, even the most pious and respected among them, to exploit and rob the fellaheen by lending money at exorbitant rates of interest, and to obtain possession of the lands of the fellaheen either through the ordinary technique of the foreclosing usurer, or through downright fraud.

As concrete instances of this general statement, it may be mentioned that twelve effendis were recently convicted and sentenced for frauds in connection with the lands of the fellaheen. In another case, detected since the occupation, a high Arab ecclesiastic endeavoured to acquire possession of the land of some fellaheen by reason of a false document. He was caught out and abandoned his claim.

It is, consequently, no matter for surprise if the effendis definitely resented both a British administration and the general modernisation of the country which will naturally follow on the Zionist programme of the Foreign Office. To quote an actual conversation of one of the effendis with the writer: "We preferred the Turks, we despots, then we could do what we liked." Thus to some extent the anti-Zionist was simply a camouflage for an anti-British movement. Though, however, in the event of a Zionist immigration the monopoly of political and economic power exercised by the big effendis would tend sensibly to diminish, they would nevertheless share as much as anyone else in the increased prosperity of Palestine that would naturally follow on the opening up of the country by Jewish capital.

Of another class altogether are the Bedouins. Nomadic groups of Arabs living in tents and wandering about the country, they still preserve the patriarchal polity of the primitive tribe. Their level of culture is even lower than that of the fellaheen, and they frequently practise brigandage both as a means of livelihood and as a national sport, or expend their superfluous energies by private wars among themselves. Picturesque enough though they may be from the standpoint of the journalist and the novelist, in practice they are a nuisance to all classes and to all communities.

At the opposite extreme of the cultural scale stand the Christian Arabs, or Syrian Christians, as they prefer to be called, a community of about 60,000, mainly distributed between the Greek Catholic and the Greek Orthodox creeds.

It is important, moreover, to realise that, though, when

dabbling in Arab nationalism, they lay stress on their common Arab race, in practice they regard themselves as belonging to a distinct and superior ethnic variation. It is certainly probable that their racial origin is different, and that it contains, possibly a predominance, and at any rate a strong admixture, of Greek, Phœnician, and Crusader strains. Their physiognomy is usually different from that of the ordinary Arab—whiter, more intelligent, more refined. They are better educated, and exhibit greater smartness and enterprise in commerce than their more strictly Arab brethren, though it would be inaccurate to suggest that their standard of ordinary or commercial honour is higher.

In normal times the theological vendetta between the Christian and Moslem Arabs is acute, and for this very reason their national Arab consciousness is less intense, owing to the intimate relation between the Arab national movement and Moslem religiosity.

The Syrian Christians played a prominent part in the anti-Zionist agitation and manifested the most virulent anxiety to exclude Zionist immigration. Their main motives are less those of racial fanaticism than those of egotistic materialism. With only the Moslems to compete with, they would have little difficulty in securing the lion's share, both of the commerce and the lower administrative posts in the country.

In this connection, indeed, it is a matter of instructive comment that, during the late administration, about 70 per cent. of the non-British administrative posts were held by Syrian Christians.

Even, moreover, among the Syrian Christians themselves there are still found those sectarian jealousies and vendettas so inherent in the East. The two main variations of Christianity practised in Palestine (with the exception, of course, of the Armenians, the Latins, and the few Church of England converts made by the missionaries) are those of the Greek Catholic Church and the Greek Orthodox Church. In dogma, perhaps, the most vital distinction is that the Greek Orthodox admit, and the Greek Catholics prohibit, divorces, with the natural result that, following the precedent of our own Henry VIII., many husbands have changed their creed in order to dissolve, with the blessing of at any rate some Church, an unsuccessful union. But religion in the East is inseparable from politics, and it will no doubt be remembered that the rivalry between the Greek Orthodox and the Greek Catholic Churches was the *casus belli* of the Crimean adventure, when Russia claimed the custody of the Holy Places *quâ* the representation of the Greek Orthodox, and France *quâ* the representation of the Catholic community.

Even, moreover, since the occupation the *liaison* between the Greek Catholics and France has been extremely intimate, and it

was among the Catholic community that was found the most suitable field for that French propaganda which was systematically disseminated, at any rate up to the time of the San Remo Conference.

This point will become still further elucidated when one remembers that even in the Lebanon the only sect who at any time were ever anxious for a French administration were the Maronites or Catholics. It is, of course, notorious that the French, conducting their administration on the basis of a sectarian "spoils system," packed the non-French administrative posts with an undue predominance of Maronite officials.

The Zionist Jews of Palestine, on the other hand, exhibit the most diametrical contrast, both in culture and character, to the Arabs.

If the Arabs are illiterate and corrupt, the Jews are, if anything, over-intellectualised and ultra-idealistic. It is unnecessary to pump into them that consciousness of their nationality which is bubbling and gushing forth at all times and in all places. Having left Europe for Palestine in order to lead a national Jewish life, a national Jewish life is the inspiration and impetus, not to say the obsession, of every single hour. The new Hebrew culture, though essentially and aggressively nationalistic, is European, and the new Hebrew schools (where all instruction is given in the Hebrew language, the spiritual flag and symbol of the new national existence) are run on modern and Continental lines. The political life—though, of course, all in miniature—is already intense, and already one can observe in embryo the skeleton of the European body politic, with its groups of parties ranging from the extreme Clerical Right to the extreme Socialist Left.

On the extreme Right are the Orthodox Party, steeped in all the superstition and fanaticism of the Middle Ages, opposed to political Zionism, but waiting for some miraculous manifestation with Messianic trimmings. They are small in number, and consist for the most part of those "Halukah" Jews who, subsisting on subsidies from the Ghettos of Central Europe, came to Palestine in order to die, in contradistinction to those more virile and modern Jews who come to Palestine in order to live. Next to the Orthodox are the Mizrachi or moderate religious party; then in the Centre the Ezrachi or moderate progressive bourgeois party; and then on the Left the Poal Hazeir, the moderate Labour Party, and the Poalci Zion, or more extreme Labour Party, both the latter groups definitely secular and non-religious. So far, moreover, as agricultural colonisation is concerned, the Jews fall into two distinct categories: (a) The Farmer Colonists, cultivating farms (which are either their own property or are being gradually

purchased on the instalment system from the Jewish Colonisation Association) on a capitalist basis, and in many cases employing Arab as opposed to Jewish labour owing to its greater cheapness; (b) Labour Colonists, working either for the farmers or, alternatively, in the new co-operative groups, or Kevoozot, which, under the auspices of the Zionist Organisation, cultivate land which is the property of the Jewish National Fund.

This hypertrophy of the national and political consciousness, as manifested in these Jewish party politics, is in itself a healthy sign, and one naturally found in all new nationalities arriving with exalted hopes on the threshold of a new national existence. It is equally obvious that it is an enthusiasm which requires regulation, so that it may be diverted into channels, not of mere political fanfarronade, but of solid and constructive work in laying the economic and industrial foundations of the new country.

The immediate Palestinian problem may consequently be said to consist of the problem of accommodating two parallel populations of different civilisation and at present different numerical strength, though it may be remarked that, with the progress of an intensive and well-regulated immigration and the consequent approach to a more satisfactory equilibrium in the population, the problem becomes automatically less acute. In this connection it is essential to repeat that Palestine is grossly under-populated, that its industrial resources are undeveloped, that a great portion of its land is uncultivated, and that there is ample room for millions of Jewish immigrants.

Further, inasmuch as the country will generally become more prosperous under a Zionist immigration, and as the natural resources of Palestine are more and more fully exploited, it is logical to prophesy that the Arab opposition to Zionism not only will become less acute, but will become gradually transformed into a whole-hearted acceptance of Zionism, not so much out of any abstract sentimentalism for another Semitic race, but simply because the Zionist programme means the economic prosperity of the country, and the Arab's sentimentalism is largely centred in his pocket.

Of course, it must be candidly confessed that Sir Herbert has been left a ticklish and delicate task by his predecessors in the Administration.

Without going into questions of superfluous recrimination, it is a matter of notoriety that the late military Administration was, speaking generally, not only unsympathetic, but was specifically hostile to the Zionist policy of the British Foreign Office. There is definite reason to believe that it had its own military policy of a big dummy, nominally independent Arab Empire (which was

Bands of Arab marauders invaded and sacked Jewish and Christian villages in French occupied territory. It was stated that the inspiration came from Damascus, and there is no doubt that in many cases they were led or accompanied by Arab officers and soldiers.

It is also beyond question that the late Arab Government was not only as corrupt as the Ottoman Government, but was considerably weaker. Throughout a large portion of the area which it purported to administer it was admittedly impotent to introduce order into the prevailing anarchy, or even to collect taxes, and the measure of its inherent rottenness may be well gauged by the suddenness of its collapse.

And, while one cannot but regret that a state of temporary war should have existed between the Arabs and the French, both allies of Great Britain, it should equally be appreciated that a stabilised form of government in Syria is essential, not only to the welfare of that country, but also to that of Palestine. And, while one has all sympathy with Arab nationalist aspirations, it must certainly be confessed that in their present state of political development, the Arabs are incapable of conducting an ordered government without European assistance.

It is to be hoped that, profiting by the experience of their past errors, the French will successfully assist the new Arab Government in producing that ordered government which the country so much requires, and which for so long it has so completely lacked.

Of course, the fact of Sir Herbert Samuel belonging to the Jewish race has evoked a certain amount of criticism, on the ground that the appointment of a Jew as High Commissioner would tend to provoke the Arabs, but the very fact of Sir Herbert being a Jew and a Zionist will have the very definite and salutary political effect of impressing upon the Arab population once and for all that the Foreign Office means real Zionist business, while the prudent and tactful administration which one can anticipate, without flattery or impertinence, should rapidly disperse the false and alarmist rumours as to the alleged sinister aims of the Zionists that have been spread among the population by those methods of intrigue and propaganda which the Arabs have reduced to so fine an art.

It is possible that at the beginning there may be a certain amount of friction, but a judicious readjustment of the administrative *personnel*, and in particular a purging of the administration of those native officials or servants who are known to have been implicated in anti-Zionist and anti-British intrigue, should go

a long way towards bringing about a more healthy state of affairs than has existed during the last two years.

It is, perhaps, relevant to reiterate the fact that the anti-Zionist agitation sprang not from the soil, but from the extremely limited class of effendis and *intelligentsia*, and to add that to a large extent the movement was organised and subsidised from Damascus, while it derived considerable impetus from the encouragement of the late military administration, and of certain British clericals and their friends and supporters. The nationalism, moreover, of even the most genuine of the supporters of the Arab movement is radically different from the wild, red-hot nationalism of your true Sinn Feiner. For, while your true Sinn Feiner has an almost morbid penchant for knocking his head against stone walls, with results in many cases extremely distressing for the stone wall, your true Arab, on finding that he is really up against a stone wall, will say, with true Oriental politeness: "By Allah, oh, Sir, I beg your pardon—I made a mistake—I thought you were a cushion."

From the economic aspect the interests of both Jews and Arabs are identical, while, from the political angle, the administration of Great Britain, as the mandatory Power, should go a long way towards releasing the fellaheen from their subservience to the almost feudal tyranny of the Sheikhs and the effendis.

So far at any rate as the immediate future of the country is concerned, it is to be hoped that both Zionists and Arabs will, as far as possible, leave politics alone, and concentrate their energies on the agricultural, industrial, and commercial development of the country.

There is, consequently, every reason to anticipate that the Administration of Sir Herbert Samuel, characterised, as it will doubtless be, by a combination of the maximum of firmness and the maximum of tact, and by a judicious balancing of the scales between the two parallel nationalities, will mark not only a new but an auspicious era in the history of Palestine.

HORACE B. SAMUEL,

Late Judicial Officer in Palestine.

LORD FISHER: A PERSONAL IMPRESSION.

WHEN the news came of the death of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher, at once leapt into the mind the noble lines that Wordsworth wrote when he had "just read in a newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected"—

" A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss."

A Power has passed, a personality has gone from among us which was in the true sense of the word unique, without parallel. Lord Fisher stood in a class by himself, and it is impossible to compare him with other men—that legend of Eastern blood in his veins, that story of his mother being a Cingalese Princess, which so amused him, was an unconscious effort to explain and account for his extraordinary personality.

It is the great gift, that subtle infusion of magic which we call personality, which sways men and alters the destinies of nations, as the moon sways the tides. Brain and character are part of it, but only part of it; there still remains that something which escapes analysis. Lord Fisher had this gift supremely, there was an elemental quality about him, and that is why we feel so strongly that a power has passed from the earth. It is not the things he did—big as they were—but the man he was, which make us feel this, and we know also that we are too near him, too involved in the mists of recent controversies, to see him in a true perspective. You do not see a mountain when you are close to it; only as you recede does it assume its full proportions and majesty.

Lord Fisher without doubt belonged to the antique race—in spite of the extreme modernness of his use of science and invention, that eager racing mind of his which leapt to steam when others were sailing, which flowed to oil when others were coaling, which dived to submarines when others were yachting. He had that far vision which is like imbecility to the blind, and his face was always to the future; but his essential characteristics belonged to an older age of the world, and he had that vigour, fire, vitality, which we feel convinced the outstanding—the few really outstanding—men of history must have possessed. Men have been bolstered into big places by birth, wealth, political influence, and in many cases have made a fair show there. Kings are born and trained to their job, but there is only one Englishman who became king by the sheer force and merit of his personality, because his

country must have him and no other. The biggest men have always stood on their own feet and attained through their own efforts, unhelpt by anything but the heart and brain within them. So was it with Lord Fisher. He began his naval career " penniless, friendless, and forlorn. While my mess-mates were having jam, I had to go without. While their stomachs were full, mine was often empty. I have always had to fight like hell, and fighting like hell has made me what I am. Hunger and thirst are the way to Heaven ! " How little those mess-mates guessed that the hungry small boy with the visionary eyes and pugnacious mouth was going to save England in the biggest war in which she had ever been engaged. He slipped into the Navy—that slack, glorious, incomparable Old Navy—with no more entrance examination than writing out the Lord's Prayer, doing a rule-of-three sum and drinking a glass of sherry ! A curious little scene, on which that serious muse Melpomene will one day delight to look back !

There are two marked types of leaders of men, the hewers and the moulders. Nelson, who was Lord Fisher's great hero, was a moulder of men—by persuasion, by sympathy, by that curious half-feminine magic he was possessed of, he moulded men to his wishes and inspired them to actions beyond the natural scope of their powers. But Lord Fisher, who so passionately admired all the Nelsonic qualities, was himself a hewer ; the sheer weight and violence of his convictions forced their way and shaped men into the form he would have them be. " Ruthless, Relentless, Remorseless " was his favourite—and oft-quoted—motto. And yet—there was a gleam beneath his utmost violence, a smile that lurked behind those extraordinary eyes. Humour was the breath of life to him, and he would, in the midst of the most relentless pursuit of an idea, break out into a waywardness, enhanced by his child-like joy in shocking or surprising people. He kept the heart of a child, and it was the secret of that amazing vitality and freshness which was always his. Had it not been so a man so strong, so grim of conviction, so forthright in act, would have hardened into iron. But that " cruel mouth," as it has been called, never forgot how to smile—and it was a smile which totally changed his expression—and that nature, so stern in many of its public manifestations, never failed to respond to the smallest private sign of affection, admiration, or gratitude. It was part of the ardour and generosity of his character to be responsive, and so perceptive of the real humanity of the person who approached him, whether a housemaid or a princess, a bluejacket or a Privy Councillor.

It must ever remain cause of regret that Lord Fisher, unlike Dr. Johnson, had no Boswell at his elbow. What a biography

that would be, with such a biographer. Three English characters should go down to posterity as marked expressions of personality—Pepys as depicted by himself, Johnson as depicted by Boswell, and Lord Fisher—but, alas! though the admiral was a most prolific, vehement, and characteristic writer, he had not the minute and sensitive particularity of Pepys, and it is to be feared, in spite of many devoted friends, that he had no observer so gifted and faithful as Boswell. When he "took his pen in hand," which he did frequently, and with a violence which must have "slain ten thousand," he created a breeze which in a sense blew himself away in a tornado of words. It was the same with his talk; the panting listener had a perpetual sense of being the unfortunate dog who tries to keep up with the motor car—you clutched at one wonderful story, one characteristic and irreplaceable adjective, to have it torn from your eager grasp by another and yet another, all equally good and treasurable, till the unhappy effect upon an over-stimulated memory was a chaos of forgetfulness. In the excitement of some thrilling story the Admiral would stop, it might be on the public highway or anywhere, and shake his fist in one's face—he even did this on occasion to King Edward—till it required some courage to stand up to him.

His two books of "Memories" and "Records" excited the public, which did not know him, by their remarkable originality and gaiety of expression—nothing quite like it had ever before seen the solemnity of quarto boards at a guinea a volume. But they were taken as the complete expression of a personality, as set down by his own hand, and they were only one edge of it. At times one had a suspicion that, though much too natural and native to him to be a pose, it was nevertheless a sort of cloak for much deeper things—a smoke-screen, as it were, under cover of which a lot of unexpected work got done. While others were holding their sides at some characteristic drollery or vehemence, the Admiral was quietly pursuing some object of which they had no notion. He was a mixture of Machiavelli and a child, which must have been extraordinarily baffling to politicians and men of the world. The people who did not like him—and, inevitably, he was either adored or hated—had no key to his character; they had to fall back on that useful adjective "mad."

Mad certainly many of his tremendous reforms and schemes must have seemed to the fossilised minds which believed that because certain things had been since the days of Nelson, so they would continue till the day of Doom. Even in so small a matter as the arrangement of the furniture in the splendid great room at the Admiralty, with its three windows looking out on the Mall, which Lord Fisher had when he was First Sea Lord, he went

his own way regardless of tradition. The furniture was all scattered about when he came there, but he cleared it to the walls, so as to have a "quarter deck" to walk in. "You can talk to a man so much better when you are walking up and down with him—say things you couldn't if you were sitting in two chairs," he added with a gleam in his eye.

And he made more alterations than in the arrangement of furniture, as history has recorded. "Stores now, you'd never believe the things that were done under that heading," he would say, talking of his days at the Admiralty. "Blankets were bought and stored away till they crumbled into tooth-powder. Cane-seated chairs were purchased in thousands as a preparation for war, while the array of tumblers was astonishing! The surgeon had his own particular pattern of tumbler, and the purser his, and they had to be stored in enormous quantities, so that neither the surgeon nor the purser should be short of his own particular tumbler! Everyone was quite aghast when I suggested that the purser and the surgeon could use the same kind of tumbler!"

And many people were still more aghast when the Admiral suggested that useless ships which could neither fight nor run away should be scrapped—just as in his last years, with undiminished vigour, he would apply the same drastic remedy to useless politicians and cumberers of the ground, "Scrap the lot," in the historic phrase which he has added to the English language.

"Dreadnought" is a word which will always be associated with his name—it was one of his great moral qualities, as well as the name of his supreme battleship. In the early "Dreadnought" days it was a privilege never to be forgotten to hear him explain his warship. "Now, come here, I want to show you these," walking over to the big table in his room at the Admiralty where the models of the "Dreadnought" and the "Indomitable" reposed. "Now, the sole business of a battleship is to Hit Hard and to Hit Often" (Capitals expressed by his emphatic voice—in fact, he commonly talked in capitals, or at least italics!) "and to do this she must have big guns and speed, so that she can fight Where she likes, When she likes, and How she likes! What's the use of a lot of little guns gettin' in each other's way? So we called a committee at the Admiralty, and I and one or two others (I'm proud to think that Lord Kelvin agreed with me) put these ideas before them. Some of 'em didn't like it at all! But we carried the thing through—so many big guns, engines to give you so many knots, and you just drew a line round 'em, and there was your ship. Designed herself!"

He lifted deck after deck out of the "Dreadnought" model, and

displayed all her different arrangements. "Look at these guns, all alike, all using the same ammunition. Think how it simplifies things. In the old days you had to store ammunition and spare parts for your 6-inch gun, your 9.2, your 12-inch. Moreover, the Dreadnought is practically unsinkable. If you could pull her to pieces you wouldn't sink her, you'd only have five little Dreadnoughts floating on the water, instead of one big one! Each gun is in a kind of castle of its own."

Lord Fisher's rule at the Admiralty will some day be recognised as a turning point in British history, though at the time only the Admiral himself, with his great powers of vision, knew what he was doing and the implacable foe against whom he was preparing. But with what gaiety, like a child who had never known a care, instead of a man who was bearing the heaviest burden and the greatest responsibility which the country ever places on one man's shoulders in his office as First Sea Lord, would the Admiral tell his stories of episodes in that thrilling time. The Naval College at Osborne was one of his pet schemes. When he had got the new Training Scheme accepted there was the question of getting the college built. He asked the Admiralty contractor how long it would take to build, and the answer was that it could not be done under three years. "Now," said Lord Fisher, "I wanted it done in seven months, so that King Edward could open it in August! Well, I was walking up and down, feeling a little miserable about it, when a friend of mine came in, bringing an American with him, who wanted to be introduced, as he said he was a great admirer of mine. This man said he had gone over the 'Renown,' and heard me talk when she was at Quebec. 'Now, sir,' he said, 'tell me if there is anything I can do for you, and I'll do it.' I asked what he was over here for, and you can imagine how I felt when he told me that he was a lightning builder, and was in London for the purpose of building an hotel in three months! He said he'd undertake to have the College open in August. He said I should have the plan in two days. So I called a meeting of the Board, and again asked the contractor what was the shortest time he could do it in. Again he said three years. I produced the American and his plans! I heard afterwards that the contractor took aside one of the American's men and asked him how it was done. He was told that they called him 'Jolly and Hustle'—jolly because he pays them fifteen shillings a day each, and gives them unlimited rations; hustle because they have to work like fiends. Anyway, the College was opened by the King on the 4th of August."

Lord Fisher had a particularly soft spot in his heart for the Osborne cadets. "There was one little fellow, blue-eyed, four-

foot-nothing, who stood up so straight with his hands by his sides, that I specially remember. In their last year at Osborne the cadets are given complete control of steam launches, which they have to stoke and steer and manage themselves. They race the launches round the bay, and whichever comes in first gets kudos and marks. This little blue-eyed chap brought his boat in first, but in order to do so he flung a can of petrol on the fire, and, of course, might have blown the whole affair and himself to blazes. He was brought up and told how reprehensible it was to put petrol on the fire, and why did he do it? 'Please, sir, my boat was dropping behind,' was his answer. A young Nelson!"

No praise from him could be higher, and Nelson was a name perpetually on his lips. The richness of his own nature was shown in his hero-worship of "England's Admiral." He talked of him as if he had known him and sailed with him all the seas of the world. He rejoiced in his genius and delighted in his weaknesses, and for what is commonly considered his greatest weakness he had nothing but the most passionate approval. For Lady Hamilton he had the utmost sympathy and admiration, he forgave her everything because of her large heart and because she gave Nelson what he needed; "and, at any rate, he stuck to her—Wellington had twenty Emmas, only no one knew anything about them!" Thinking of Nelson's more than half-tragic life, he said: "Heaven and Hell begin here, they are in a man himself. And, remember, it's only the great sinners who can make the great saints." Another saying of his was: "Right always comes out in the end. If you have an idea, and it's a right idea, you have only to stick to it and you will win in the end. I've proved that."

His wandering life, and perhaps a certain contempt for such things, had left him singularly unencumbered with worldly possessions, but among the goods and chattels he cherished was a lovely little collection of Nelson portraits, fine old prints, an original Nelson letter, an original despatch of Napoleon's captured by Nelson and with Nelson's comments written on it, and a profile sketch of Nelson with the reproduction of a letter from him saying he thought it his best portrait.

Among the Admiral's convictions was the belief that we are the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel. He would bring it in on all occasions in the oddest way, and prove it by all sorts of irrelevant (or what appeared to be irrelevant) statements. A good many years ago he said: "Met Marconi in the street the other day, and he stopped me and said, 'I'm Marconi, and I want to congratulate you on the things your Navy men have done with wireless, things quite beyond me.' Nice of him, wasn't it?"

Now, doesn't wireless prove we are one of the Ten Tribes? However"—on meeting a slightly incredulous smile—"that is for another time." Our geographical position proved it—in a fine phrase he once said: "I call England God's Breakwater"—our possession, so often thrust upon us and not sought, of the key harbours of the world, and particularly our discovery of Scapa Flow. "Now here's another thing that shows we're the Lost Tribes of Israel—Providence watches over us. Look up North. Here's a magnificent harbour at Scapa Flow—the tides race all round at twelve or fourteen knots, and right in the middle is peace. Drop a stick in there and it floats, where all the Navy can ride securely."

His own career, his struggles to attain his end, his hard-won success, and his arrival in power at the Admiralty just in time to reform the Navy and turn all her guns on Germany, was another piece of evidence that we were the watched-over Tribes, for, like the great men of old, he had the deepest conviction that he was an instrument in the hands of God for his country's welfare. His enemies, of course, thought this was only a colossal form of conceit, and that all his aims were for his own aggrandisement. The fact that he died a poor man and bitterly unpopular with large sections of what is called "Society" is sufficient answer. Slowly, as time goes on, another fact will emerge and shine through the ages of history—that he saved England, that his vision, his brain, the stoutness of his heart, and the unshakableness of his conviction, was "God's Breakwater" against Germany. He saved not only England, but all the Allies, and they should stand bareheaded by his grave. He made mistakes—what great man, doing such a tremendous piece of work, has not made mistakes? He was the very reversal of the king of whom it was said that he "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one." He said many rash things, as was inevitable with his impetuous temperament; how many wise things he did, let our inviolate country tell us. One of his witty sayings was: "Do right, and fear no man; don't write, and fear no woman!" which he characteristically failed to follow in his second clause, for he was the most glorious of correspondents, however closely he stuck to the first one.

Like most sailors and all great men, he was deeply religious, though that only enhanced his enjoyment of a joke against himself or the Church. On one occasion he was a guest at a clerical dinner-party adorned with many bishops—"found myself the only sinner in a company of saints!" he said with a twinkle, and proceeded to entertain the saints with some very racy stories. He delighted in sermons—he once declared that the things he

liked best were sermons and dancing—and apparently could sit out the dulllest with enjoyment. Upon one occasion a dean called upon him, and learned from the servant that he was out attending his fourth service. "Tell your master from me," said the dean, "that if he is not careful he will have spiritual indigestion!"

His knowledge of the Bible was extraordinary, and his aptitude of quotation from it even more extraordinary. Many is the time when he has felled an opponent to earth with a text! One text from St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians he was very fond of, and in a sense it epitomised his life's work: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark."

The war, which he had foreseen, for which he had prepared, when it came, brought him much anguish, for, except for the briefest time, he was robbed of the fruit of his labours; his ships were misused, his plans bungled, the world endangered, and thousands and thousands of young men miserably slain who might have lived had the Navy been properly used from the beginning. His heart was torn at the thought of those young lives lost and wasted, while his life, so ripe in years and experience, was not used. They talked about his being "too old," forgetting Lord Barham, who at eighty planned the campaign of Trafalgar. The war perceptibly aged him, made him ill, because England did not use him. But, in spite of that bitter neglect, his foundations stood; his work it was that eventually pulled Germany down; his Navy, the child of his brain, which held the seas, and in the final event won the war. And with that peculiar treatment which England almost invariably accords to her greatest men, she has let him die, nearly two years after the victorious end of that war, without a single sign of gratitude or recognition. Both will come in full measure, pressed down and running over, in later years, and later generations will envy us that we saw and talked with him; though honour to the dead warms no heart, as does honour to the living. But he said of himself that he cared "much for the idea and little for the fact," and he had fully proved his idea and lived out his life, faithful to his motto of "Fear God and Dread-nought."

E. HALLAM MOORHOUSE.

UNFAMILIAR HEROINES OF EURIPIDES.

THE main feminine characters of Euripides are tolerably well known, especially in an age which has seen and admired the felicitous versions of Greek plays prepared by Professor Gilbert Murray. We are thrilled by Medea and her blood-stained crimes : we feel the anguish of Phædra's mad love : we realise the hard and embittered Electra, bent on revenge for a father's murder : we appreciate the subtlety with which is drawn the figure of Iphigeneia in the Tauric country. These are known and familiar, and they form the basis of that old charge against Euripides that he could not portray a really good woman. But though Greek critics may have objected to his Phædras and Sthenobœas, to us they stand out as pre-eminent types of the tragic heroine—not a lovable woman, but a strong, passionate, and temperamental creature, with the mark of doom upon her brow. Still, if we had the whole of the Euripidean drama before us, it is doubtful whether we could hold the dramatist to be a misogynist. Indeed, modern views of Euripides tend to regard him as a feminist, not only because he loved to draw feminine character, but because he upheld the independence and the vital human worth of womanhood.

I am not, however, concerned with the familiar but with the less-known creations of the Greek dramatist—some of them only recently revealed to us by the discoveries at Oxyrhynchus. They are of different types, and assuredly are not all of the category of desperate and fate-haunted women. They are carefully studied, as was Euripides' way : he rarely gave us botched work or imperfect portraits. We cannot, of course, be quite sure that our view of them is correct, for some of the plays have to be pieced together out of torn and mutilated papyri. But the general outlines are clear, and in some of the instances we are on sure ground. They do not alter our general conception of Euripides as a dramatist, but they illustrate his wide range of observation, the variety of his approach to the particular problem which attracted him, and, like the rest of his work, they pique—without altogether satisfying—our curiosity. Mr. Gilbert Norwood's recent and valuable work on *Greek Tragedy*¹ gives us much important material in this matter, and to it the following pages are almost wholly indebted.

(1) *Greek Tragedy*, by Gilbert Norwood (Methuen).

With whom shall we begin? Shall it be with the sweet girl-heroine of ordinary romance? Then let us cite Andromeda in the charming love-story unfolded in the play bearing her name. It seems as if we were watching the first beginning of the novel in literature. At all events we hear and appreciate the popular love-song, "O Love, despotic lord of gods and men," which, when sung by Archelaus, the actor—so Lucian tells us—sent the whole township of Abdera crazy. So popular was the drama that it induced Dionysus, in the *Frogs*, to go down to Hades in order to resurrect the dead playwright. What is the story? Cepheus, an Ethiopie king, has his country ravaged by a sea-monster, and the only remedy against this perpetual scourge is the sacrifice of the King's daughter, Andromeda. She is bound to a rock to be the monster's prey. Is there no one to save her? Her father, Cepheus, and her mother, Cassiopeia, are helpless, and as to her affianced lover, Phineus, brother of the king—marriages between uncle and niece were not forbidden—he is a poor creature, who instinctively dislikes the prospect of a single combat with a hungry and ferocious beast. Then, at the psychological moment, comes the predestined rescuer. Fresh from an encounter with the Gorgon, Perseus sails in on his magic sandals—not so much as a god, the son of Zeus, but as a modest, unassuming Knight of Romance. He sees a thing of beauty chained to a rock, a maiden in dire distress, who appeals to his chivalrous heart, and forthwith he desires to make her his bride. To her question who this radiant being may be who arrives so appropriately in time of crisis, he answers simply that he is Perscus, winging his way to Argos, and bearing with him the head of the Gorgon. But he is not going to do something for nothing. If I save you, he asks, what is to be my reward? Shall I gain your thanks?

But we are more concerned with Andromeda, who has already made her appeal to him: "Stranger, pity me, release me!" and, if you win, "Take me as your handmaiden, your wife, or your slave!" She gives herself fully and freely to her champion as a romantic heroine should, while he, not quite in the spirit of a Round Table knight, comes to an understanding with those whom he is prepared to save. A workman is, he thinks, worthy of his hire. Then he utters the hymn to Love, "O Love, despotic lord of gods and men," which became so amazingly popular, and addresses himself to the combat, holding the Gorgon head, which had the power of turning to stone all those who looked upon its face and snaky locks. Of course, he wins with ease, and the country-folk come to greet him, bearing in their hands milk-bowls and the juice of the grape. When the time for settlement arrives, Phineus, the old suitor, asserts his claim, and both king

and queen beg that their daughter may not leave them desolate. You see that her bright, joyous nature was like a sunbeam in the palace, and we can forgive the old couple for not wanting to be left alone. But Andromeda was not one to go back upon a bargain. To Perseus she belongs body and soul. To Argos she will go of her own free will, together with her saviour. And the speech she makes announcing her determination is one which only a girl of high courage and generous soul could utter. We, too, can join in the romantic refrain, "O Love, despotic lord of gods and men!"

Andromeda, after all, is not an unfamiliar figure in Greek mythology. Let us turn to a heroine not so well known, who has only been fully revealed to us since 1906, when large fragments of the Euripidean play were discovered at Oxyrhynchus. Hypsipyle was a woman who had a past of emotional happiness succeeded by a present of bleak misery. She was a woman who seemed bound to attract to herself whatever misfortune was afoot, born apparently under an unlucky star. Nevertheless she had had her wonderful time, a time which she could never forget, when Jason was her lover, and the good ship Argo and the Golden Fleece were objects of supreme interest. To that magic period her thoughts return. "O prow of Argo and the salt sea flashing white," she cries, even when matters of high importance were being enacted before her eyes. For Hypsipyle, daughter of Thoas, King of Lemnos, was mixed up in that strange and brutal massacre of their husbands which gave the Lemnian women their unwelcome notoriety. Hypsipyle, a tender woman, apparently, with a soft heart, refused to bear a hand in the murders, and was in consequence exiled, leaving her two sons whom she had borne in the good old days to Jason, behind her. When we discover her in the play she is slave to Eurydice, Queen of Nemea, and nurse to her infant son, Opheltes. But she is not allowed by fate to lead a quiet and undistinguished life. Events crowd thickly around her—first, the arrival of her two sons, who are entertained in the palace, without recognising their mother; then the approach of the army which Amphiaraus is leading in the celebrated expedition of the Seven against Thebes. The chieftain informs Hypsipyle that his soldiers are in need of water, and Opheltes' nurse, leaving the child behind her, goes off to show them a spring. During her absence Opheltes is attacked and killed by a serpent, whereupon Queen Eurydice, when she hears of the disaster, wishes to kill her. From this fate she is saved by the intercession of Amphiaraus, who promises to institute a festival—in other words, the Nemean Games—in honour of the child. We do not know the end of the story, nor do we discover in the existing

fragments what happens to Hypsipyle's sons, who had a recognition scene with their mother, and must have had some share in the *dénouement*. But the figure of their mother stands out in clear light. Unhappy, swept from one disaster to another, and always the unlucky victim who has to bear the brunt of the suffering, she still had her glorious memory, which no one could take from her, when she was Jason's bride. All the excitement caused by the great army's arrival at Nemea, and the keen anguish of the young prince's death—her fault as usual—were as nothing compared with the undying romance which adorned her earlier years. "Nessun maggior dolore," "Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things"—this, too, she felt to the full. But it was glorious to have lived once. "O prow of Argo and the salt sea flashing white! Oh, my two sons——"

Macaria is not very well known, and perhaps she is not so interesting as other heroines. But that is not her fault; in all probability a long section dealing with her fate has been lost. She typifies, however, the nobility of sacrifice, and from that point of view is best compared with a far weaker specimen of her sex, Iphigeneia in Aulis. The former does something more than accept her doom: the latter obeys with trembling. Iphigeneia is not exactly commonplace, but she has the feminine shrinking from death, and wastes a lot of time in useless appeals to her father, Agamemnon. Macaria has the proud aloofness of a daughter of the gods. She might be Jephthah's daughter, or Cassandra with her wide-eyed prescience, but without her subtlety. In the *Heracleidæ*, where she appears, we have the story of Eurystheus' relentless persecution of Heracles' children, who have taken refuge before the temple of Zeus at Marathon. Alcmena, mother of Heracles, together with the daughters, are in the temple; Hyllus, the eldest son, has gone to seek another refuge, should Athens fail; Iolaus, Heracles' old companion, is doing his best to defend the unhappy suppliants from death. A herald, to whom the Scholiasts have given the name of Copreus, arrives from Eurystheus at Argos, and is beginning to drag the suppliants away, when the King of Athens, Demophon, and his brother, Acamas, appear on the scene. The usual altercation takes place, and Copreus threatens the Athenian monarch with war. Meanwhile, Demophon has discovered that a noble virgin must be sacrificed to Persephone. Who is it to be? The King will not allow an Athenian girl to be slain. Here is the chance for Macaria, daughter of Heracles. She comes forward offering herself as the victim, and going further still in self-sacrifice, claims for herself the right, the sole and exclusive right, to accept her doom as Heracles' daughter. After bidding a proud farewell to Iolaus

and the rest, she leaves the stage, and, unfortunately for us, we have no further information as to what becomes of her. There is reason for thinking that the sacrifice is not ultimately needed, because Hyllus returns with a large army—where he obtained it is a mystery—and Eurystheus is defeated and killed, to the intense and savage joy of Alcmena. But whether she does or does not suffer the extreme penalty (even Iphigeneia is saved at the last moment), Macaria stands forth as a noble example of a woman, formed in a heroic mould, who admits no rival in her acceptance of duty. We cannot help thinking that Iphigeneia at Aulis would have been only too glad if some other virgin had offered herself in her place. We cannot think thus of Macaria. The difference between the two is that between the human and the divine, or that between Sophocles' Deianeira, who does all for love, and Euripides' Medea, who is actuated by the fiercest hate. Deianeira forgives her peccant lord, and is sublime: Medea, a magnificent tigress, can neither forgive nor forget. Iphigeneia is almost commonplace by the side of Macaria.

It is when we study the variety and truthfulness of these and other heroines that we realise why Euripides has been called a great feminist, and why, from another point of view, he has been decried as a misogynist. The latter charge seems to have been prevalent in Athens, and, of course, Aristophanes made comic use of it. But for the most part, the criticism meant that Euripides did not shrink from showing the acts which a woman scorned can do—in other words, that he did not hesitate to reveal the tortured souls of his Phædras and Medeas. And because he looked a little deeper than his contemporaries into the mystery of personality, he brought out traits and characteristics which were often ugly and sometimes terrible. He knew and analysed the different kinds of women, for he was quite aware that women have a complexity of nature, which men often lack, and that they contrast with one another along a wide scale of difference. An Alcestis or an Andromeda at one end of the scale, and a Medea or a Phædra at the other—how deep is the chasm which separates the good and the bad, while yet both varieties have the common features of womanhood! But it was not as a dogmatic dramatist that he labelled his characters. He will show us traits which lead us to understand and forgive Phædra, and make us actually sorry for the isolated and expatriated Medea. Who will decide on which side goodness stands when there is so much that is evil in the conventional idea of good, and also a soul of goodness in things evil? Euripides makes it his business to analyse and interpret with perfect fearlessness, and being so critical and ruthless, he flutters many dovescots. In this he comes nearest to Ibsen. For

instance, *Alceſtis*, after her experience of her husband's selfishness, might well develop into Ibsen's Nora, slamming the door on her married life.

There is one rather disconcerting feature in the treatment of familiar Greek themes and the relation of the dramatists toward one another. There seems no question that the successful authors did not hesitate to avail themselves of the works of their less distinguished contemporaries or predecessors. Euripides is said to have borrowed his *Alceſtis* largely from Phrynichus' *Alceſtis*. Æschylus in similar fashion based his *Persæ* on Phrynichus' *Phœniſſæ*, or perhaps reconstructed the drama, incidentally showing how in his judgment the plot should be managed. But a more curious example is to be found in Euripides' *Medea*, which is said to owe much to the work of a certain Neophron on the same subject. Who Neophron was is a problem. As a forerunner of Euripides, he must have been of considerable importance. Aristotle mentions him, so Suidas tells us, who also gives us a few points in which he anticipates Euripides, attributing *Medea's* fury, for instance, to her passion (*θυμός*). But did Neophron ever exist? His supposed work may have been a fourth-century forgery.

This, however, is a digression, and has no necessary connection with our subject. We take up once more the unfamiliar heroines of Euripides in the case of two mothers, Clymene and Merope, both of them intensely human characters, whose best and worst traits are seen in reference to their sons. Merope is perhaps the better known of the two, because Matthew Arnold wrote a modern version of the old Greek legend, but Clymene is, I think, the more interesting. And Euripides himself is fond of a study of mothers, because they represent at the time of their own maturity a conflict between the bodily and the spiritual, their relation to their sons resting primarily on a physical basis, while their unselfish devotion, their anxiety, their pre-occupation, and prejudice are entirely of the spirit. The Greek, like the modern Frenchman, thinks a great deal of his mother—not so much perhaps as the Chinaman, who believes that everything must give way to the sanctity of motherhood, but so far at least as justifies the abhorrence as the worst of criminals of a matricide like Orestes. Singularly enough, however, we find in the mouth of Apollo, in the *Eumenides*, a defence of Orestes, based on the supposed fact that the real parent of a child is the father, the mother being only a nurse—the curious argument being illustrated by the birth of Athena, born of no mother, but from the head of Zeus. But that was hardly the prevalent feeling in Athens, to which such figures as Hecuba, Andromache, and Deianeira made strong appeal.

Clymene's history is to be found in the *Phaethon*, a play of which two long fragments of seventy and seventy-five lines respectively survive. Phaethon, a brilliant, audacious youth reminding us somewhat of a hero of Marlowe in love with the impossible, is told by his father, Merops, that a marriage has been arranged for him with a goddess. He does not relish the promised life of ease and dignified dullness : he wants novelty, adventure, enterprise. Perhaps, too, he dislikes a union with a being so superior to himself, on grounds of practical common sense. If the latter is his main motive for shrinking from the match, Clymene, his mother, will reassure him. It is not true that Merops is his father. His real father is the sun-god, Helios, and if her son doubts her, let him petition the sun-god to grant some request : he will speedily discover that his suit is granted in accordance with an old promise made to Clymene at the time when the *liaison* was made. Phaethon at once determines that he will ask to be allowed to guide the horses of the sun for one day, and though the god does what he can to dissuade him, and adds a number of earnest counsels to guide his daring venture, the ambitious hero persists in his resolve. Meanwhile, however all the preparations for the marriage so much desired by Merops go on, and the chorus of maidens weave their songs in his honour and that of his bride. Alas ! we know the sequel. Phaethon, madly urging his steeds through space, loses all control of the chariot, and falls a smoking corpse to the ground.

It is the effect of all these events on the mother which is worth studying. Clymene's maternal grief for her dead son, so bright and lovable and gallant, is the first thing. Then comes a terrible thought. Phaethon's death is so strange and unlooked for that it might lead to inquiry. What if Merops grew suspicious and insisted on asking questions? Would not the old intrigue be brought to light, and Merops discover that the young Phaethon was no son of his, but came of a celestial line? And then—what would happen then? Clymene does what she can. She has the dead body of her son brought to the treasure chamber and locks the doors with keys which she alone possesses. But you cannot hide a smoking corpse. A servant rushes in to tell the king that the treasure chamber is on fire, and at last Merops is confronted with the truth and knows all. If only the fates had been kind, we should have known how the drama ends, but here the fragmentary story betrays us. Let us hope that some kindly god¹ reconciled the estranged pair to one another, and that Clymene, the woman of many sorrows, found some consolation for her

(1) Mr. Gilbert Norwood suggests that the god was Oceanus, who was Clymene's father. (See *Greek Tragedy*, p. 303.)

shame and for the loss of her splendid boy. She was an imperfect wife, but as mother she had admirable qualities. And both in her past frailties and her present remorse she is thoroughly human, and retains from beginning to end our sympathies.

There is a similar anxiety on the part of Merope with regard to her son in the play which goes by the name of *Cresphontes*. A revolution has broken out in Messenia, and the rightful king, Cresphontes, has been killed by his brother, Polyphontes, who has assumed royal power and taken Merope, Cresphontes' queen, to wife. In order to save her infant son—also called Cresphontes¹—Merope sent him to some safe retreat in Ætolia. When the play opens the son is grown up and ready to avenge his father. In order to win the confidence of Polyphontes, the young man claims the reward which had been offered by royal proclamation to anyone who murdered Merope's son. He has already ingratiated himself with the usurping monarch, and has become a favourite in the court. Naturally alarmed both by the terms of the royal proclamation, and by the success of the young stranger, Merope despatches a slave to Ætolia to inquire whether her son is alive and well, and on receiving news that he has disappeared no one knows whither, she at once comes to the conclusion that the story told by the king's new favourite is true, and that he is veritably the murderer of her son. And now we come to the great scene which seems to have made the fortune of this play. Arming herself with an axe, Merope creeps into the chamber where the stranger is lying asleep, and is on the point of killing him, when her hand is stayed by the old slave—her messenger on a previous occasion—who recognises the boy. Greek audiences were experts in the matter of recognition scenes, for they formed a valuable part of the stock-in-trade of dramatists. But the making known to one another of Merope and her son seems to have obtained more than the usual melodramatic success, for Plutarch draws attention to it in his *Moralia* (110 D, 998 E), and Aristotle, in his *Poetics* (1454 A), speaks of it as of exceptional excellence. In the case of the play we are considering, the excitement no doubt was enhanced by the blind passion of Merope, the extreme danger of the son and the narrow margin by which an appalling catastrophe was averted. No sooner, however, was the truth known than mother and son arrange a plot to slay Polyphontes, which is of course successful. We should like to know more of Merope in order to estimate her character aright. In her grief at the reported death of her son, she has the dignity and self-restraint of Priam's queen. Nor in-

(1) Apollodorus calls him Æpytus.

deed does she expect much from life, if it is from her lips that we learn that we "should lament the newly-born and rejoice over the dead."

We have now traversed most of the ground covered by these unfamiliar heroines of Euripides. We have seen that among the less-known women, as also among the better-known, the dramatist loves to analyse and illustrate feminine nature, and to give us typical instances both of frailty and moral worth. We have heard the story of a maiden of Romance—Andromeda; of a brave victim who will offer herself in noble self-sacrifice—Macaria. A tragic mother has been drawn for us in Merope, and—not for the first or the last time in Euripidean drama—a woman with a past in Clymene. To these must be added the still finer picture of a woman who lives only for the romance of her youth, and who lets the pageant of the present pass her by, unheeded and unfelt, the unhappy Hypsipyle. One portrait still remains for which we should naturally look to Euripides the rationalist. She may be called a Woman of the Higher Education, and her name is Melanippe, sur-named the Wise. Melanippe the Wise cuts rather a ridiculous figure, but that perhaps is not altogether her fault. At all events, her instinct for lecturing is like that of most learned women, untiring and unappeasable. She was the daughter of Hippe (who had married Æolus), and owing to an early indiscretion she was the mother of twin sons by no less important a personage than Poseidon. She had been warned to hide them from Æolus, who was naturally a tempestuous father in his wrath, and the children, put away for safety, were discovered to be under the care of a bull and a cow. In that superstitious age men jumped to the conclusion that the bull and cow had produced in the twin sons a miraculous progeny, and Æolus determined that such portents should be destroyed. Melanippe was placed in a difficult quandary, for she wanted to save her children and yet not reveal their real origin. So she resolved to give her father a lecture on the impossibility of the Supernatural, and the consequent absurdity of believing in these miraculous births. It was a great speech, full of recondite references, on the quite modern theme that "miracles do not happen," an elaborate sermon on scientific lines which must have given the audience in the theatre abundant material for thought. Melanippe says that she got her learning from her "mother," and this "mother" might well have been an oblique allusion to Anaxagoras or some other of the heterodox thinkers of Ionia. Unhappily enough, the lecture does not seem to have made the proper impression on Æolus, for he appears to have forced the "wise" Melanippe to confess the truth, and she was only saved from death by the interposition of Hippe. Even

learned ladies have their failings, as Euripides, who knows every variety of woman, is quick to recognise.

With Euripides, however, as a Rationalist, one naturally ends. We may have our own views as to his dramatic construction, his theatrical instinct and flair, his analysis of womanhood, and his capacity as a psychologist. But the one constant characteristic in his plays is his sceptical attitude towards the Olympian Pantheon. In drama after drama he confronts us with the dilemma expressed in a sentence in the *Bellerophon*: "If the gods do something disgraceful, they are not gods." And the gods are always doing something disgraceful, as Apollo in his relations with Creusa in *Ion*, or else solving a problem not according to right and justice but by their own arbitrary will, as Athena stops Thoas in his reasonable resentment against the Greek defaulters in *Iphigenia in Tauris*. Euripides uses freely the *deus ex machina* to end his plays, partly, it would appear, if not wholly, out of scorn for the current theology. Ever since Dr. Verrall's remarkable studies of Euripides, we have grown to regard the dramatist as a Rationalist, who now and again has to conceal his obvious scepticism under a camouflage of pretended belief in order to escape public censure. His own view of the Godhead is another matter. Of that we get some expression in Hecuba's fine apostrophe at the end of the *Troades* (884 sq.), which can best be compared with Æschylus' well-known confession of faith in a chorus of the *Agamemnon*. Whoever Zeus may be, and by whatever name addressed, he is the One Universal God, who cares for justice and truth. But current theology is a tissue of absurdities.

An apt parallel to Euripides' position in these matters is furnished by Virgil's treatment of the legend of Æneas and Dido, in the fourth book of the *Æneid*—so ably handled by Professor R. S. Conway in an article in the *July Quarterly*. Virgil gives us the usual theological background. Juno and Venus wrangle over the hero, Mercury is sent to awaken Æneas to a sense of his duty, and so on. The gods are represented as interfering with human affairs—not always to their advantage. But what did the poet himself think of these quarrelling deities? The answer is to be found in his incomparable portrait of the betrayed and deserted Queen of Carthage. Dido had sacrificed herself and her future for love of a man who basely turned his back upon her and who pleaded reasons of State as an excuse for his treachery. The position is not unlike that of Medea, betrayed by Jason. But while Medea was a formidable opponent, Dido has no arms of defence against Æneas, except her passionate devotion.

W. L. COURTNEY.

BRITAIN AND POLAND.

SPEAKING in the House of Commons on July 21st Mr. Lloyd George said: "It is to the British interest, it is to the European interest, that Poland should not be wiped out. It would be fatal to the peace of Europe, and the consequences would be disastrous beyond measure."

The Prime Minister indicated one of the reasons why we cannot disinterest ourselves in the fate of Poland: "If the Bolsheviks over-run Poland, they march right up to the frontiers of Germany; and Sovietland, after destroying the independence and existence of a free people, extends as a great, aggressive, imperialist Power, which has grabbed territories belonging to another race and another people, right up to the borders of Germany. You may say, what does that matter? But my hon. and right hon. friends have only to think what that means. I do not quite care to enter into all the prospects."

Now the feeling of the average Englishman on reading these words of the Prime Minister is simply one of astonishment. Poland a British interest! How can Poland possibly be a British interest? It may, he thinks, be conceivably a European interest, but, after all, he is inclined to say the British Empire is not Europe, and it is imprudent to meddle too closely in Continental affairs. The average man, and in particular the average working man (putting aside all party politics), has possibly a vague sentimental sympathy for Poland, derived from old Liberal traditions, or from some old poetry, read long ago and forgotten, in which the name of Kosciuszko figured. He feels it is an excellent thing that Poland should be a free country again, no longer held down by Russians and Germans. But his sympathy with Poland is qualified by a little irritation. Why cannot this new nation settle down quietly to work, and not fight the Bolsheviks, causing, as he believes, unnecessary wars in Eastern Europe while the world is sick of war and bloodshed? All these thoughts flow through his mind, but it may safely be said that never at any moment does it occur to him that Poland is a British interest.

Again, if we consider more instructed opinion, though we may find some glimmer of the truth, it is only a glimmer. "We are told that Poland is an interest of France, that France has always desired a strong Power in the East as a balance, to make it difficult for Germany to attack her in the West. We are told, moreover, that a moderately strong Poland is useful for the exten-

sion of British trade in Eastern Europe, and that Poland on sea would help to prevent the Baltic from becoming once more a German lake. There may be some truth in all these arguments, but they fail to go to the root of the matter, and certainly fail to explain how Poland can be in any real sense a British interest.

To understand this we must go much deeper. Poland is a British interest, not because the future of France, our Ally, is intimately connected with the establishment of a strong Poland, still less for any British interest in the Baltic, or any desire for trade with Eastern Europe, but because the interest of the British Empire is inextricably linked with the cause of European freedom. The two things stand or fall together.

Whatever may be the reason, egoistic or altruistic, it matters not, but, by a certain Providence, Britain has never at any time been able to tolerate the domination of Europe by any single Power.

She resisted Spain, she resisted Louis XIV. and Napoleon, she resisted the Kaiser, Wilhelm II., and she will resist also a Lenin. The cause of European freedom is her own. Acquit her by all means of altruistic motives. But in considering British policy we must remember two facts: First, that the British Commonwealth is founded upon freedom, and, while doubtless imperfect, is at this moment probably the most advanced expression of a State founded on liberty which has ever existed in the history of the world; and, secondly, that this Commonwealth demands, as a condition of its own existence, the establishment of liberty in Europe. It is impossible to dissociate the interest of Britain and the interest of Europe. The two are identical. English instinct realised that in the time of Philip II. It is beginning now to realise that if Poland perishes we must bid goodbye to the liberties of Europe, and with them to the existence of the British Empire.

To prove this, and to see that Mr. Lloyd George is absolutely right in declaring Poland to be a British interest, and not only a British but a European interest, one might add an interest of the world, it is only necessary to read a book recently published by Sir H. J. Mackinder, M.P.: *Democratic Ideals and Reality*. The writer is a Conservative, but the book is not even remotely concerned with party politics. Sir H. J. Mackinder, one of the most distinguished living geographers, writes solely from the point of view of geography, and bases his political conclusions—which are the same as those of Mr. Lloyd George—on the solid foundation of geographical fact. It is a book from which Conservatism, Liberalism, and Labour may alike derive instruction, for no political ideals whatever can afford to be pursued at the expense of reality. There is, however, one thing further to be said. The

conclusions to which Sir H. J. Mackinder comes are in their essence liberal, in the fullest sense of the word. The book, in fact, does for the Allied cause precisely what the book by Friedrich Naumann on *Mittleuropa* did for the German. It sets forth the ideals, based on reality, which guided the British Empire and the Allies during the Great War. Just as Friedrich Naumann's book may be defined as the perfect expression of the German idea of world domination, of a Germany controlling the world from Berlin to Vladivostok, so the book by Sir H. J. Mackinder may be defined as the perfect expression of the contrary and opposed British ideal: that of the extension of liberty and national self-government throughout Central and Eastern Europe, according to the ideals, imperfectly realised as they may be, but still, in spite of imperfection, better realised by the British Commonwealth than by any other country.

In these two books we have the two conflicting ideals, the two standards, clearly set forth: the German ideal, that of Friedrich Naumann, of an organised and well-drilled despotism, with all that is to be said in favour of despotism; and the British ideal of freedom and national self-government, not only as the secret of the world's progress, but as the condition for the existence of the British Commonwealth.

It is for British Labour, not deluded by foreign influence, to decide between these two books, the German by Herr Naumann, and the British by Sir H. J. Mackinder. They deal in their different ways with the central issue of modern politics, upon which the future of the world depends.

Sir H. J. Mackinder begins by pointing out the immense danger of a single Power dominating the world from Berlin to the Pacific. Such an Empire, astride two continents and threatening a third at Suez, inaccessible to sea power, yet with the closed seas of the Baltic and the Black Sea under its control, would not only be fatal to the independence of any State upon the Continent, but would also be a menace to Britain, America, and Japan.

With a wealth of historical and geographical knowledge, and a careful analysis of the relations between land power and sea power, Sir H. J. Mackinder demonstrates that this danger is no mere empty chimæra, but that the historical and geographical conditions exist for the realisation of this plan. It was the main political objective of Germany during the Great War. It was the idea of Bismarck. Who shall say that it is not once more the objective of German diplomacy?

"The surrender of the German fleet in the Firth of Forth was a dazzling event, but in all soberness, if we would take the long

view, must we not still reckon with the possibility that a large part of the Great Continent might some day be united under a single sway? May we not have headed off that danger in this War, and yet leave by our settlement the opening for a fresh attempt in the future? Ought we not to recognise that this is the great ultimate threat to the World's liberty so far as strategy is concerned, and to provide against it in our new political system? "

To prevent this danger, Sir H. J. Mackinder holds, there is only one way. And let it be carefully observed at the outset, Sir H. J. Mackinder is actuated by no fanatical hostility to Bolshevism as a form of government, nor, on the other hand, by any reactionary desire to restore the Tsardom or Imperialistic Germany. He writes as a man of science and a geographer, and surely, it is obvious to any intelligence that a Russo-German Empire, whether a Bolshevik Empire—on the lines of the old Attila—or a Ludendorff Empire—based on "Kultur"—would be equally a danger to the world. On these points Sir H. J. Mackinder has nothing to say. He is only concerned to point out that such an Empire would be fatal to the freedom of all nations, whatever its political form. Nature must be reckoned with, not forms of government. "Nature in East Europe and Asia offers all the pre-requisites of ultimate dominance in the world; it must be for man by his forethought and by the taking of solid guarantees to prevent its attainment."

How, then, is this danger to be averted?

"Unless you would lay up trouble for the future, you cannot now accept any outcome of the War which does not finally dispose of the issue between German and Slav in East Europe. You must have a balance between German and Slav, and true independence of each. You cannot afford to leave such a condition of affairs in East Europe as would offer scope for ambition in the future, for you have escaped too narrowly from the recent danger. . . . We, the Western nations, have incurred such tremendous sacrifices in this conflict that we cannot afford to trust to anything that *may* happen at Berlin; we must be secure in any ~~event~~. In other words, we must settle the question between the Germans and Slavs, and *we must see to it that East Europe, like West Europe, is divided into self-contained nations.*"

Putting these reflections into concrete form, Sir H. J. Mackinder says: "The condition of stability in the territorial rearrangement of East Europe is that the division should be into three and not into two State-systems. *It is a vital necessity that there should be a tier of independent States between Germany and Russia.* The Russians are, and for one, if not two, generations must remain, hopelessly incapable of resisting German pene-

tration on any basis but that of a military autocracy, unless they be shielded from direct attack. The Russian peasantry cannot read, they have obtained the only reward they looked for when they sided with the revolutionaries of the towns, and now as small proprietors they hardly know how to manage their own countryside. The middle class have so suffered that they were ready to accept order even from the hated Germans. As for the workmen of the towns, only a small minority of the Russian population, but because of their relative education and of their command of the centres of communication the rulers to-day of the country, *Kultur* knows how to 'influence' them."

These words were written before the consolidation of the Bolshevik régime in Russia, but they are as true to-day as when they were uttered. Where would Bolshevism be to-day without German support?

What, then, are the nations which inhabit the borderland between the Germans and the Russians?

"Between the Baltic and the Mediterranean you have seven non-German (and non-Russian) peoples, each on the scale of a European State of the second rank: the Poles, the Bohemians, the Hungarians, the Jugo-Slavs, the Roumanians, the Bulgarians, and the Greeks."

Sir H. J. Mackinder analyses these National States in detail, and while he admits that Poland alone, or Bohemia alone, could never be secure, he believes that all together might federate for defence, and that, as they are all so different both from Germans and Russians, they may be trusted to resist any new organisation of either great neighbour making towards the Empire of East Europe. "Securely independent the Polish and Bohemian nations cannot be unless as the apex of a broad wedge of independence, extending from the Adriatic and Black Sea to the Baltic; but seven independent States, with a total of more than sixty million people, traversed by railways linking them securely with one another, and having access through the Adriatic, Black and Baltic Seas with the Ocean, will together effectively balance the Germans, and nothing less will suffice for that purpose."

Therefore, Sir H. J. Mackinder concludes, "let the idealists who, now that the nations are locked into a single world system, rightly see in the League of Nations the only alternative to Hell on Earth, concentrate their attention on the adequate subdivision of East Europe. *With a Middle Tier of really independent States between Germany and Russia they will achieve their end, and without it they will not.* Any mere trenching between the German Powers and Russia, such as was contemplated by Naumann in his *Mittleuropa*, would have left German

and Slav still in dual rivalry, and no lasting stability could have ensued. But the 'Middle Tier,' supported by the nations of the World League, will accomplish the end of breaking up East Europe into more than two State-systems."

Of these seven nations Poland is by far the largest and the most important. She is the key to all the rest. Therefore we find confirmed, by a leading British geographer, the old saying of Napoleon: Poland is the corner-stone of Europe. And we might well ask ourselves whether, in view of developments since Napoleon's day, in view of Suez, and the extreme danger of a Russo-German coalition to Egypt and to India, Poland is not equally essential to the British Empire.

Whether that be so or not, we are brought by Sir J. H. Mackinder's book face to face with a question of very great importance. That question was stated in the House of Commons on November 17th of last year by Mr. Lloyd George in a very remarkable speech. After pointing out that one set of anti-Bolshevist forces were fighting for consolidating, reuniting, and re-knitting together the old powerful Russian Empire that overlay two continents, in a word for a reunited Russia, Mr. Lloyd George remarked:

"Well, it is not for me to say whether that is a policy which suits the British Empire. There was a very great statesman, a man of great imagination, who certainly did not belong to the party to which I belong, Lord Beaconsfield, who regarded a great, gigantic, colossal, growing Russia, rolling onwards like a glacier towards Persia, and the borders of Afghanistan, and India, as the greatest menace the British Empire could be confronted with."

Mr. Lloyd George went on to say: "The Esthonians do not want a reunited Russia; the Lithuanians to them it is poison. The Ukrainians I am not quite sure of. They are divided, and I would not dogmatise about them." He mentioned also Georgia, Armenia, and the nations of the Caucasus, remarking that all these great forces were "fighting for local independence, for their nationality."

Now these remarks deserve very careful attention. With unerring insight Mr. Lloyd George went to the root of the whole question. Some, indeed, may find it strange to see Mr. Lloyd George, a life-long Liberal, quoting Disraeli, the great Conservative statesman. It is even more strange to find the leading British geographer, Sir H. J. Mackinder—a Conservative—insisting on, as a condition of the League of Nations, "the adequate subdivision of East Europe, and the breaking-up of East Europe into more than two State-systems." But, if we reflect on it, we

shall not find it strange. No British statesman, whether Conservative or Liberal, can do other than observe the inner logic of the British Empire. Britain is greater than her statesmen, and they must, so far as they are true to Britain, follow the law of her being. At no time in her history has Britain been able to tolerate the domination of the Continent by a single Power, whether that of a Philip II., a Napoleon, a Kaiser, or a Lenin. On that point all British statesmen are united. Founded on liberty itself, the British Empire requires the liberty of Europe (including Russia) as the condition of its own existence.

We have looked at the matter hitherto mainly from a strategical point of view : the danger to Europe and to Britain of a Russo-German coalition across the dead bodies of Poland, Bohemia, and that " middle tier " of free and independent States which separate Germany from Russia. But there are two points to be considered in conclusion. The destruction of this middle tier of States is both fundamentally unjust and contrary to the trend of European evolution.

On the first point, that of justice, little need be said. We hear a great deal in the so-called Liberal Press of liberty, justice, the principle of nationality, etc., but, when there is a question of Poland, the Liberal Press, forgetting its own principles, and desirous only of peace at any price, seems to say : " Perish Poland, and perish liberty. Germany wants Russia for her economic development. Let her have it. Poland stands in the way. Well, let us obliterate Poland, and arrange a new partition of the Polish nation between Germany and Russia." To British interest these men are naturally blind—to consider that would appear to them a scandal. But they are blind also to the rights of nations and to the dictates of justice. They will argue about the right of three million Arabs in Mesopotamia to form a national State, about Ireland or India, but to the claims of Poland—which is the corner stone of Europe—they are wholly indifferent.

They are blind also to another consideration. Fixing their gaze on the past, they are without hope for the future, and blind to the trend of European evolution.

What has been the trend of European evolution since the Congress of Vienna? And why, if we desire peace in Europe, must this process be extended also to Russia?

The last great settlement of Europe took place at the Congress of Vienna in 1815. Since then Europe has undergone a great process of political evolution. The idea of nationality, a result of the French Revolution, began to spread from Western to Central and Eastern Europe, and the dynastic principle was no longer regarded as the true basis of a State. During the nine-

teenth century disunited nations worked for their unification and gave birth to new national States, such as the Kingdom of Italy and the German Empire; while subject nationalities elsewhere worked for their emancipation, for their political independence.

The Great War hastened the process. As has been well said by a modern historian, when the great period of nationalist wars and revolutions came to an end in 1878, the political geography of Europe had been materially simplified and clarified. By the unification of Germany and Italy, one half of the great un-nationalised area which still survived in 1815 had been satisfactorily cleared up. But in the other half, represented by the Austrian and Turkish Empires, the national principle had only achieved an incomplete and partial victory. Both these Empires, however, perished in the Great War, and out of their destruction new national States have arisen, based on the same principles as the great Nation States of Western Europe.

"If it is true, and who will deny it?" says Mr. Ramsay Muir in his valuable book on *Nationalism and Internationalism*, "that the trend towards the adoption of the Nation as the only healthy basis for the State, wherever the potentiality of nationhood exists, has been one of the dominant features of modern history, then, indeed, in this respect we may say that the Great War is the culmination of modern history. It was a successful vindication of the idea that the strength and progress of European civilisation are largely derived from that variety of culture which the national system maintains, against an insolent assertion of the right of one single *Kultur* to impose its methods and its hideous moral standards upon all."

Russia, however, alone to-day, standing on the outskirts of civilisation, has remained unaffected by the trend of modern European evolution, and until the Russian question is squarely faced, and the old Russian Empire is broken up into self-governing national communities, there can be no hope for peace in Europe.

Russia, that is to say, unlike the rest of Europe, has remained almost wholly untouched by that principle of nationality which, having its origin in the French Revolution, spread over Central Europe, and won its culminating victory in the Great War. Yet it is quite impossible, now that the old Austro-Hungarian and Turkish Empires have been broken up, that the old Russian Empire, whether under Monarchical or Bolshevik rule, should continue to exist. With the advance of education, and the gradual appearance of democratic institutions, the old Russian Empire is bound to break up into its constituent national elements. We shall no longer have, as in the time of Disraeli, "a great, gigantic, colossal, growing Russia, rolling onwards like

a glacier towards Persia, and the borders of Afghanistan, and India." Nor, if the Bolsheviks attempt a centralised dictatorship, is such a *régime* likely to last.

The two great divisions of the real Russian people—Muscovy and the Ukraine—are more likely to draw apart and form separate communities than to be ruled from a single centre. As for the non-Russian peoples, which formed part of the old Russian Empire—Finland, Esthonia, Lettland, Lithuania, Poland and Roumania (for the old Russian Empire included Bessarabia, a Roumanian province)—it is inconceivable, whatever be their future, that they should be placed again under the Muscovite knout. South of the Caucasus, too, nations like Georgia and Armenia are regaining their liberty; and many will share the opinion expressed by Lord Bryce on December 2nd, 1919, when he said at the Persia Society's banquet: "They wished nothing but good to Russia, and hoped she would regain order and prosperity, but he believed people south of the Caucasus would be better off managing their affairs themselves than under the overshadowing power of an immense State in the North."

One thing is certain. The old Russian Imperialism is doomed, and any attempt to revive it on the part of Lenin is predestined to failure. The ideas and methods of an Ivan the Terrible are out of date. They may survive for a little while longer in Russia. But even in Russia the Western principle of law as distinct from the methods of an Asiatic despotism must triumph in the end. She will become free herself, and the races which she has hitherto held in subjection will attain their full national independence.

In dealing with Russia two facts must continually be borne in mind, all the more so since both in the House of Commons and the Press these facts are frequently ignored.

In the first place, we must remember that out of the 180 million people included in the old Russian Empire, comparatively few were Russians. According to the Russian official statistics of 1897, the Great Russian people, which constitutes Russian nationality, represented only 48 per cent. of the population of the Empire. The Empire included peoples not even remotely akin to the Russians, whether in race, language, religion or culture. The old Russian Empire of Peter the Great was a construction as artificial and ramshackle as that of the Hapsburgs or that of the Ottomans. These latter have been broken, and out of their ruins have sprung National States. The same process of national evolution is inevitable in the old Russian Empire.

Secondly, we have to remember that, while the old Russian Empire and the Empire of the Hohenzollerns were contiguous, the German people and the Russian people are not contiguous.

The real Germany and the real Russia are separated from each other by a wide belt of peoples who have just as great a right to their national existence and independence as Germany or Russia to theirs. The union of Germany and Russia in one vast Empire could only take place through the destruction of the series of free and independent States which lie between Germany and Russia.

Therefore it is clear that, whether we look at the matter from the point of view of British interest, the interest of Europe, the claims of justice, or consider the process of political evolution in Europe, by which the whole of Europe (with the exception of Russia) has been broken up into National States—from all these points of view the existence and independence of Poland is vital. Some may be satisfied with the fact, so clearly demonstrated by a British geographer, that Poland is a British interest. Others may prefer to take a European point of view, and declare, with Napoleon, that Poland is the corner-stone of Europe. Others, again, may be led by a sentimental and generous sympathy with the aspirations of others than ourselves to freedom, and therefore give their hearts to Poland in her struggle. Others, finally, may prefer to take a scientific view and consider Poland's effort to maintain her independence as part of the great evolutionary process of Europe towards freedom and national self-government. Evolution is but a longer way of spelling hope—that Divine Hope which is at the root both of Politics and Nature—and the freedom of Poland is part of that great hope.

"My failure to establish a strong Poland, the necessary corner-stone of European stability; my failure to destroy Prussia; and my blunder in regard to Russia: these," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "were the three great errors of my life." Let us hope that no British statesman may ever have cause to make a similar confession.

R.

GERMANY AND BOLSHEVISM.

On the western edge of a sparse strip of woodland stood a tall young man leaning against a tree, and absorbedly reading a paper-covered, much-tattered book. He was shabbily dressed in grey cloth with a tattered demalion cap and torn, cheap boots, but the rifle at his side was clearly cherished by one who knew how to look after rifles. He was dirty, unshaven, and painfully thin, but when he looked up on my approach the fire of fanaticism smouldered in his deep-sunken eyes. The pamphlet he was devouring was by Lenin.

The young man was a private soldier in the Spartacist or "Red" army, which at that time was desperately defending the "Red" Republic of the Ruhr Valley against the German Government forces. For some weeks in the spring a Spartacist or Bolshevik uprising, in many respects admirably organised and devoid of the excesses associated with Bolshevism in Russia, had assumed control of the thickly populated mining and industrial area roughly called the "Ruhr Gebiet." This area covers an irregular quadrilateral, its western boundary the Rhine from Düsseldorf northward as far as the Wesel, its northern boundary the river Lippe as far as Hamm. Lines drawn roughly from Hamm, through Hagen, Remscheid, Solingen, and thence to Düsseldorf mark its eastern and southern limits. Crowded with smoke-ridden towns and hungry, turbulent villages, the political "storm-centres" of this district have always been, and are, the towns of Essen, Duisburg, Muelheim, and Dortmund. Of these, Essen is at once the most important and, should occasion arise, the most apt to violence.

During the brief career of this very remarkable experiment in Bolshevism or Spartacism—the name matters little since the governing ideas are the same—I was able to study it closely in both its military and administrative aspects. This "Red" Republic had been set up suddenly in one of the most important industrial districts of Europe, a district in which it was vitally important to keep up production for post-war economic reconstruction. The Republic had assumed, and was carrying out, all ordinary administrative functions. There had been, on the whole, remarkably little violence or bloodshed. Generally the safety of person and property had been scrupulously regarded, and violations of either were certainly more apt to be punished than glossed over. Moreover, the output of the mines, the cardinal

economic factor, had not fallen far below average. There is no doubt that the Spartacists of the Ruhr Valley had expected that their venture would be followed by similar outbreaks throughout the country, and that these coalescing, the weak German Republican Government would collapse, and Germany would be reorganised under a Spartacist system. These hopes were doomed to disappointment. Except for sporadic disturbances, the "Red" Republic found itself alone. To an outside view, even granting the feebleness and vacillation of the German Cabinet, its position was hopeless, but the Spartacists of the Ruhr showed no dismay. They were fanatics and had both the fanatic's blindness to obvious facts and his reckless daring. As a last resort they could, of course, do untold damage, not only to Germany but to industrial Europe, by sabotage in the mines.

The rim of woodland where I encountered this Spartacist outpost bordered a small plain, cut into fields, through which runs the river Lippe. The road by which I had come led across the plain to the little township of Haltern on the edge of the stream. Here we were almost in the centre of the extended front which the Spartacists were trying to hold against the Government forces. Already Haltern was being bombarded, and the Government troops were preparing to force a crossing of the Lippe. The commander of this Spartacist company, also a shabby, hungry-looking young man in civilian clothes, was at work in the little parlour of a neighbouring cottage. Full of confidence, he indicated a battery of small, old field guns placed to command the bridge over the Lippe. He showed me two or three machine-guns cleverly concealed and gave me optimistic estimates as to the strength of the Spartacist army. To one accustomed to the organisation of modern armies in the field the spectacle of all this was pitiful in the extreme. This outpost was typical of the whole Spartacist venture. There were no organised supplies. There were no reserves of ammunition. There were no established communications, and but the most primitive arrangements to deal with casualties. A thin line of ill-nourished, ragged young enthusiasts, without food, blankets or overcoats, and with absolutely nothing behind them! Two hours after I left Haltern Government troops captured the place, and the post I had visited was wiped out. A few days later the Spartacist resistance collapsed everywhere, and the "Red" Republic came to an abrupt end. The same fanatical enthusiasm which characterised the Spartacists in their military activity appeared also in their efforts to establish civil administration. Completely ignorant of the fundamental social and economic principles which control the life of a highly civilised community, and

especially of a densely populated industrial area such as this, these out-at-elbows young men in their headquarters at Essen, for example, toiled indefatigably at the task of getting their new machinery into working order, issued their edicts, appointed councils and committees and officials, though not, as one might have expected, in extravagant numbers, and tackled gigantic industrial problems, firmly convinced that the fortress of modern society, complex and formidable and admirably exemplified just here at Essen, must fall to pieces on first contact with the enlightenment radiating from the doctrines of Marx and Lenin.

From the study of this crude, premature, but deeply interesting experiment in practical Bolshevism, certain questions emerged. How far in this restless, profoundly humiliated, desperately ambitious, post-war Germany have the doctrines of Bolshevism taken root? Given a Republican Government which has hitherto failed to arouse in the minds of the mass of the people any particular loyalty or respect, is it possible that further Bolshevist efforts might be attended by greater success than the "Red" Republic of this spring? If, as is probable, the Bolshevist movement in Russia should steadily become stronger, less barbaric in method and better organised, and if this Russian movement by force of arms or other means should establish direct contact with Germany and should offer Germany by virtue of co-operation with it rescue from her present state of humiliation before the Allies and a new chance of a "place in the sun," would not the German people snatch at the opportunity? The psychology of a nation in defeat is not easy to analyse. It might seem probable that the more highly developed and energetic a people the greater its demoralisation after defeat. With Germany this is not so. Especially during the last six months has the attitude of the German commercial and industrial classes impressed impartial observers from other countries. Germans frankly admit defeat, but they are not discouraged. On the contrary, they have perfect confidence that their brains and energy will eventually regain for them their former position in the commercial and industrial world. Eighty per cent. of German business men, and practically the whole of the younger generation, attribute the defeat of Germany to the inherent evils and parasitic abuses of Prussian militarist ascendancy, to the unsound and inflated finance of the wealthy magnates whom the ex-Kaiser gathered round him, flattered, encouraged, and made use of, and to the boundless megalomania of William II. himself. Having by bitter process shaken off these things, and being complacently satisfied that their own inordinate commercial and national ambitions did nothing towards precipitating war, business Germany has set

herself to the task of regaining prosperity with characteristic energy, and with already a measure of success that is not sufficiently realised in England. German business men are candidly bewildered when their advances are not welcomed by their former enemies. Having got rid of the Hohenzollerns and concluded the war, it is not within German psychology to understand that hostile feeling could survive. Years of Prussian "blood and iron" discipline had had the result unconsciously of depreciating the value of human life and suffering throughout the nation, whilst the German Empire itself was of so recent origin that even during the war hundreds of thousands of Germans, other than Prussians, could not conceive themselves as being for all time identified with it, in its aims and in the means it chose to achieve them.

To an observer travelling through Germany it certainly appeared incredible that Bolshevik ideas could take any real hold upon the business classes. There was ample evidence everywhere both of hard work and shrewdness. In towns so far apart as Hamburg and Frankfort trade has revived astonishingly, and, despite high prices, money circulates freely. Communications, whether by air, water or land, are being rapidly developed or re-established. Trade with foreign countries, and especially with the United States, is opening out steadily, and, if German banks cannot as yet revert to the bold system of long credits which made Germany so powerful a competitor commercially in other countries before the war, their dividends indicate that they are once again handling business with a good deal of shrewdness and elasticity. Everywhere in Germany these signs of activity are repeated. Some of this revived commercial enterprise may here and there appear somewhat ostentatious and unstable, some of the innumerable new ventures may be founded on hope rather than credit, but the facts remain that an immense amount of trade activity is everywhere to be found, that there is clearly enough money in the country for people to risk on business adventure, and that there are people ready to risk it. A certain safeguard resides in the fact that the German in trade is still very much the steady-going German of old Gustav Freytag's *Soll und Haben*, and is apt to fight shy of speculative enterprises and imaginative values.

A business class so absorbed and thrifty as this, bent first on re-establishing its former standards of comfort, and, secondly, on regaining its former status for Germany, is not in the least likely to welcome experiments in Bolshevism. The Republic is in the saddle, and although by no means yet an expert rider should with more experience be able to take its hurdles. Hitherto the policy of the German Government has been vacillating and feeble

in the extreme. The Republic came into existence more because the Hohenzollern dynasty had been got rid of, and somebody had to take over the unenviable task of governing a sullen and humiliated nation, than because the German people believed that a republican system would launch them at once upon a sea of enlightenment and successful reconstruction. Moreover, party distribution both in the Reichstag and country is such that no Ministry can be steadily sure of a clear majority for any bold constructive policy. When a Cabinet has daily to manipulate and contrive, to balance probabilities and negotiate sectional prejudices, its action is bound sooner or later to become hampered and timid, and therefore to arouse distrust in the country. Of this situation there is ample evidence that the Bolshevist organisation in Germany and the very able Bolshevist propagandists elsewhere are taking full advantage. And Bolshevist propaganda as one encounters it to-day in Germany is the most astute, the most thorough, the most unscrupulous, and the best organised that has been directed upon our generation.

A further grave weakness of the present Republican system in Germany lies in the inexperience of world affairs and even of local administration which those display whom the revolutionary whirlpool has swept into authority, be they saddlers, carpenters, or even country lawyers. In the political world of to-day the loftiest motives, unaccompanied by practical experience, do not carry a man very far. The Spa Conference made this abundantly clear. The laurels thereof for Germany, scanty though they were, rested on the brow of Dr. Simons, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a permanent official *par excellence*, astute, tactful, competent. He understood the devices and mental processes of negotiation and his worthy colleagues did not. At present the German Republic relies far too implicitly on its permanent officials. These very able men are, on the whole, reactionary to the last degree. Amongst them, together with a horde of disgruntled ex-officers seeking employment, Pomeranian "squireens" and University professors still dazzled with the doctrine of German domination through Divine right, the monarchist idea survives. That there is still a monarchist organisation in Germany is, of course, undeniable. It may yet attempt another *coup d'état*, but sooner or later it will certainly collapse before the stolid opposition of the business classes, whose sole desire is to "scrap" every vestige of the Hohenzollern system, and to build up a Germany that shall pay dividends rather than distribute decorations. It is known that the Monarchists have approached the existing Communist organisations in Germany with a view to an united attack on the Republic. The Monarchists, unenlightened by war, still imagine

that the old Prussian discipline retains its grip, and that they will be able at will to call an enthusiastic nation to their flaccid banner. But if a hankering after Hohenzollern pomp still lurks in the corridors of the Wilhelmstrasse, there are no signs of it in the busy counting houses of Frankfurt or the factories of Elberfeld and Barmen. If, too, Monarchists and Communists, at the two extremes of German thought, should unite to overturn the existing "bourgeois" system, neither ally will have any illusions about the other. So cynical a combination could not endure.

There are other, if less evident, elements of stability in Germany which Bolshevism will find it difficult to disperse. Behind the Reichstag there is a body whose authority and influence are daily increasing. This is the State Economic Council, to which belong men eminent and skilled in every branch of national life, in agriculture, science, research, finance, industry, labour, education. Here, on level terms, mining magnates, such as Hugo Stinnes, must thrash out industrial problems with labour leaders and scholars. The establishment of this council was a statesman-like conception, and there can be no doubt that its influence and resources will be on the side of moderation and common sense in any national emergency. Moreover, competent foreign observers are agreed that in the regions of economics, agriculture, and finance the Government measures taken in the difficult months after the war have been on the whole remarkably sound. The steady policy of the wealthy private banks, which are still so important a factor in German financial life, has notably contributed to the task of national reconstruction.

These are elements that should make for steadiness and moderation in the Germany of to-day. What of the millions of the working-class population and minor employees of every kind, restless, dissatisfied, poorly nourished, and badly clothed? The spectacle is sufficiently depressing. It is unnecessary at this stage to describe the conditions under which the larger portion of the population of Germany is now living. Much has been exaggerated for political purposes, to exploit the inability of Germany to cope with Treaty requirements and the Allies' exactions in coal and money. There are, too, certain redeeming features of the situation of which it is only just to take account—a well-thought-out rationing system; a generous yet sensible elasticity amongst doctors in the apportionment of fresh milk and white bread to infants and the sickly; a strongly encouraged and immensely beneficial development of all kinds of games and athletics for the younger generation; a gradual reduction in the cost of such essential articles as boots and shoes. Yet the gravity of the position generally was vividly proved by the ease with which the

German delegates to the Spa Conference satisfied the Allied representatives that if the production of coal in the Ruhr valley mines were to be increased to meet the Allies' demands, the Allies themselves must co-operate in supplying better nourishment to the miners. Prices are still so high, supplies still so uncertain, and wages still so absurdly out of proportion to the cost of living that hundred of thousands of families from end to end of Germany are continually under-nourished, and hundreds of thousands of others cannot make both ends meet without running irretrievably into debt. Meanwhile, unemployment steadily increases.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that many of the social standards and sanctions essential to the existence of a modern State have slackened in Germany to a degree that often leaves the observer aghast. Never in the history of the German people has so much crime of all kinds been committed as now. Never has there been less respect for person or property, less reverence for women, less regard for that quiet, sturdy, cheery home life which formerly was so notable a characteristic of the German race. At no time during the past year has Germany been free from strikes, and these not only indicate a discontented humour in labour itself, but add steadily to the discomfort and irritation of the people as a whole. In these strikes almost every class of the working community has been involved, from peasant proprietors to newsboys, from bank clerks to waiters, from railway operatives to bargees. To distract their minds from the depressing conditions under which they live the masses have thrown themselves into a mad chase of pleasure and dissipation. Whole communities of men, women, and children are completely absorbed in totalisator betting at innumerable race meetings and in every form of gambling. This, indeed, is explicable among classes so mortified, impoverished, and disillusioned as these. "Let us risk," they say, "what little we have, for if we lose our lot cannot be worse than it is, and hard work alone cannot improve it." In the same spirit they lavish their scanty resources on dancing halls and kinemas, they contemplate the contrast between their poverty and the flaunting luxury of thousands of war profiteers, and become yet more cynical and reckless. "Let us snatch to-day an hour of pleasure. To-morrow has nothing to offer us."

From such an attitude to acts of violence and sabotage is but a short step. Nor is national upheaval unfamiliar to such philosophy. Here Bolshevism flourishes, for the spirit of citizenship is largely gone from these people, and they are without wise and firm leaders. Bolshevism offers all that they ardently desire—access once more to comfort and plenty, power and equality of

opportunity, a fairer distribution of wealth, healthier conditions of work, government by the worker safeguarding the interests of the worker. Crude and ruthless in the application of its theories where the illiterate Russian is concerned, the widely-extended Bolshevist organisation in Germany is quite shrewd enough to adapt its methods to a more intellectual environment, to argue and inspire rather than to browbeat, to spread visions for the idealist and display hard facts for the business man, to plan economic reconstruction, and bring forward a definite programme of renewed national prosperity. It is a fatal mistake to regard the advance of Bolshevism towards Western Europe as that of a horde of blood-stained and frenzied ruffians bent on the annihilation of modern society and bringing nothing to establish in its place. Bolshevism, as we already watch it at work in the central States of Europe, is a cool and formidable adversary, remorseless but essentially constructive, who will choose his weapons for each task. Beneath the surface in Germany to-day masses of men and women are eagerly waiting for Bolshevism, in which they believe they shall find the secret of renewed prosperity and self-respect. They are organised, and they have arms. Theirs is the blind strength of numbers. For them Lenin is the greatest figure in all the history of the world. Never were the working classes of a civilised country more ready for upheaval. Never have the established forces of law and order appeared less adequate to resist.

LINDSAY BASHFORD.

THE PILGRIM OF THE "NORMAL YEAR."

"O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies."

(Duke Vincentio) *M. for Measure* IV. 1.

"I'll bear thy charges, an thou wilt but pilgrimage it along with me to the land of Utopia."

Ben Johnson's *Case is Altered*, II. IV.

THOSE who know the by-ways of Harrow Weald are aware that a roadside tavern in that locality is oddly called "The Case is Altered." That name has not a more peculiar quality than has Mr. Chamberlain in his repeated quest for the "Normal Year" in the finance of the United Kingdom. The name of Samuel Purchas, of Thaxted, in Essex, and of St. John's College, Cambridge, who wrote so many compilations before he died in 1627, is not more indissolubly connected with the words "pilgrim" or "pilgrimage" than will be the name of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who had the fortune, good or ill, to be Chancellor of the Exchequer at the end of the Great War, 1914-18, with the phrase, "the Normal Year." For he, too, has his pilgrimage, the quest of the "Normal Year," on which he has laboured once, twice, and thrice, and always with a Quixotic air, which has made his "volumes of report" move many to laughter at our intractable finance. I propose to give a short account of these, Mr. Chamberlain's pilgrimages and quests, and then to follow with some references to the grey facts of the day, and close with a look toward the future and the prospects. By so doing we shall gain some striking contrasts, and more edifying, perhaps, may discover why this repeated quest of the "Normal Year" is undertaken from the sombre shades of Downing Street.

It does not require great power of divination to realise the main incentive to action of some sort. There is an uneasiness in our very air. Unrest is the note of the day. Conferences and strikes, deputations to Ministers from time to time, high wages and high prices, irritating regulation of common supplies, and an apprehensive attitude respecting our fate and fortune in the future, near and remote, are marks of our daily life. And though we are now twenty months away from the date of the Armistice, it

cannot be said confidently that we are on firmer and clearer ground than we were then : the progress, if any, has been painfully slow. As I write there comes the latest proof how this apprehension prevails. For in the House of Lords, Lord Midleton, who cannot be regarded as unfriendly to a Government with Tory leanings, moved on the 7th of July last as follows :—

" That it is incumbent on the Government to reduce the present undue strain on the resources of the country, and to appoint Special Commissioners with power to wind up existing Departments for special war service, and to reduce other inflated Establishments to a normal level."

There could not be a mistake about the meaning of the demand thus made. It may be true, as the Lord Chancellor said on this occasion, that no Government could permit any such Special Commissioners " to wind up existing Departments, etc.," and so usurp the very functions of Government, but that fact only adds to the significance of the vote given by the House of Lords, which passed Lord Midleton's motion by 95 votes to 23. We need not construe this vote into an approval of the terms or suggestion of the motion, but it does unquestionably indicate a conviction among the Peers that the burdens of the country are not only great, but greater than they should be, or might have been. The significance, indeed, is greater than the acceptance of the motion would make it to appear ; for the Lord Chancellor, speaking for the Government, had laboured, with much reference to detail, to show a case for satisfaction. In particular, he drew attention to the fact that the Government recently announced that seven Committees were about to be appointed, each to consist of " a business man, a Member of Parliament, and an expert," to deal with certain Departments. And it appears that the Departments in question are the Board of Trade, the Department of Overseas Trade, the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, the Ministry of Labour, the Ministry of Munitions, the War Savings Committee, and the Sugar Commission. On what principle this selection of departments for attention has been made does not appear, nor why the War Savings Committee and the Sugar Commission, for instance, should not be wound up, as Lord Midleton would say, at an early date ; but it is to be observed carefully that notwithstanding the promise of these seven Committees, each with a business man, an M.P., and an expert, the Lords gave such an emphatic vote in favour of Lord Midleton's strong motion. At that moment the House of Commons was discussing Income Tax questions, and that perhaps may be used here to suggest the data which caused the Lords to express the widespread sense of burdensomeness. For, to enlarge a reference made by Lord Midleton, the burden of taxa-

tion has been growing, and is heavier this year than ever, as the following table shows—

1913-14	1914-15	1915-16	1916-17
Per head £3 11 0	£4 3 0	£6 8 0	£11 7 0
1917-18	1918-19	1919-20	1920-21 (Estimated).
Per head £13 11 0	£17 7 0	£22 2 0	£22 4 0

Not only has taxation per head of the population advanced from £3 11s. 0d. to £22 4s. 0d. during the past seven years; but this sixfold burden, at last account, is a larger amount by much than it was at Armistice time. Let that fact be an index to the reasons for Mr. Chamberlain's pilgrimages in search of the "Normal Year." There are, clearly, good grounds why the most complacent Government, masters of the docile Commons, should in turn be apprehensive respecting the public finances, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be talking, talking at least, and repeatedly, of a "Normal Year." Let us see how he does it, though it is to be feared that any humour or pleasure attendant upon the performance will evaporate as we realise the financial case of the country. At any rate, the Chancellor's "Tale" of the Normal Year is one that will be told to the generations to come, and we may be forgiven for saying that it will be told with laughter and with song.

The House of Commons is never careless and listless on Budget night. At other times gossip in the Lobby or on the Terrace may prove more attractive than debates in the House, but on Budget night, the Chancellor up, and safeguarding some secrets till the end of his "statement," his auditors throng house and galleries, all a-tiptoe with expectation and curiosity. That was so on the 30th April, 1919, when Mr. Chamberlain was making his Financial Statement, the first after the end of fighting in the great war. Towards the end of that speech, Mr. Chamberlain spoke of "the policy which we ought to follow" in the future, and added that, not only would the current year (1919-20) show a deficit of £275 or £300 millions (it proved to be over £326 millions), but the year was altogether abnormal, as expenditure was loaded with war charges, and peace was not yet made. In a few minutes he added :—

"Neither this year nor next year, nor, perhaps, the year after, will therefore be normal, and in inviting the Committee to consider what our policy ought to be I am driven to the hazardous expedient of casting my mind forward into the future to an imaginary normal year."

He went forward immediately to give the Committee his "imaginary normal year" as conceived at that moment, and to date the House has before it three excursions into this realm of

the imagination on Mr. Chamberlain's part. We must review these three attempts before we consider them in relation to actual things done by the Chancellor.

In the light of the present there is a *naïveté* in the Chancellor's remarks of that day as he proceeded to sketch his "imaginary normal year."

"I shall assume [says he] that by that time the Excess Profits Duty as we now know it will have ceased to exist. I shall assume, further, that the available assets out of votes of credit have all been realised, and that no further funds will be drawn from them. I shall leave out of account for the present the sums we may expect to receive on account of indemnities from the enemy, and in payment of interest and repayment of capital lent to our Allies."

I am disposed to think that Mr. Chamberlain did not regard the sketch of the "normal year" which he proceeded to give as airy and unsubstantial, as it has proved. Excess Profits Duty remains, and he is raising the percentage this year, amid the execrations of the City and of the manufacturers; he is still dependent to a large degree on war stores and other "assets out of votes of credit" for much of his revenue; and as for the indemnities from the enemy, which he serenely left uncounted then, why, they are still in the land of dreams. In that April of 1919 he was estimating for a revenue of £1,201 millions (and got £1,339 millions); but in that "imaginary normal year" he looked for:—

Revenue (millions).		Expenditure (millions).	
Customs and Excise	£108	Army, Navy, and Air Force	£110
Inland Revenue	400	(40 per cent. over pre-war)	
Other sources	54	Debt	400
		(with 1 per cent. S.F.)	
		Civil Services	100
		Customs, Excise and P.O. ...	53
		Other Services	13
<hr/> £652		<hr/> £766	

Again it is necessary carefully to note Mr. Chamberlain's assumptions. Look not only at the Revenue side, which has been noticed already, but at the sketch of the expenditure—a total of *only* £766 millions, while in the very same speech he was providing for an expenditure which by 31st March, 1920, proved to be £1,665 millions, and justified so, *i.e.*, according to his imaginary and not his actual Budget, the demand he made for the £114 millions in taxation, the difference between the £766 millions of expenditure and the £652 millions of revenue in that "normal" Budget! But, again, this was done "on the assumption that my calculations are not unduly sanguine, on the further assumption that they are not upset by forces beyond our control, and on the

yet further assumption, about which I feel as much hesitation as about either of the other two, that Parliament will husband our resources and observe economy, the Committee knows the worse it has to face," etc. This feeble talk about assumptions, such as that assumption that this House of Commons "will husband our resources and observe economy," is quite objectionable, especially at Budget time, when we remember that a private member cannot propose expenditure, and that his zeal for economy, if any, finds scope chiefly in proposals to reduce "votes" moved on behalf of the Government. It is for the Government itself to "husband our resources and observe economy." There and then Mr. Chamberlain moved to expend £1,434 millions, which ultimately proved to be £1,665 millions; and sought a Revenue of £1,201 millions, which proved to be £1,339 millions, and so left a deficit of £326 millions, to be added to the National Debt. Good things are ever to-morrow's in Mr. Chamberlain's flights; to-day an inflated expenditure and crushing taxation.

That was on the 30th of April. If Mr. Chamberlain is feeble, he is indefatigable, so on the 23rd of October following he signs another document [Cd. 376], which purports to give the "Future Exchequer Balance Sheet." This essays the Revenue in a "normal year" as follows (in millions):—

REVENUE (In Millions).				EXPENDITURE (In Millions).			
Customs and Excise	£200	Debt	£300
Inland Revenue	£460	Other C. F. Services	...	13	378
Post Office	43	Navy	60
Miscellaneous	13	Army and Air	75
				Civil Services	246.6
				Customs, Excise, etc.	0.
				Post Office	44.4
<hr/>				<hr/>			
£806				£808			

It will be observed that the Revenue (the imaginary "normal") had grown to £806 millions by this time from £652 millions (or from £761 millions by adding the £109 millions which Mr. Chamberlain hoped to realise from his new taxation aiming at that £114 millions), and that the expenditure is placed at £808 millions instead of £766 millions. This, we are told, was due to the existing (new) scales of taxation, for revenue purposes ("including the present Excess Profits Duty or its substitute"). As for the expenditure, the £808 millions, instead of the provisional £766 millions of the 30th April, was due (a) to £25 millions, allowances for the fighting forces, chiefly in pay and pensions of all ranks; (b) to £45 millions, increased cost of disability pensions; and (c) additional police grants, £5,500,000. As there was an increase of only £42 millions to be accounted for, these three heads showing

additions to more than \$75 millions more than sufficed. For our purpose here, the principal thing is that additions to expenditure had been made which within six months had upset the estimate for the "imaginary normal year." In view of the future, it will not be without a grim humour that the reader should be told that this document of 23rd October, 1919, estimated the "normal" year on the following assumptions:—

- (a) That all war services will have ceased, and that trading Departments (*e.g.*, Food, Shipping, etc.) will have been wound up.
- (b) That all subsidies (bread, railways, unemployment donations, etc.) will have been withdrawn.
- (c) That no further loans will be made to Allies and Dominions.
- (d) That the training schemes for ex-soldiers, etc., will have been completed, and nothing new arisen in their place.
- (e) That the cost of labour and materials will not have differed materially from that now obtaining;

and again it is added that nothing is included in the estimate from debts due from Allies or Dominions, nor from ex-enemies for cost of occupation or for reparation. All, in short, was at the fairest.

The reader's grim humour would be increased on observing that on that same day, 23rd October, another paper [Cd. 377] contained a "revised statement of revenue and expenditure"; for by that time the total revenue, which in April had been taken at £1,201 millions, was deemed to promise no more than £1,168 millions, or about £42 millions *less*, while the expenditure, taken at £1,451 millions, was now anticipated to reach £1,642 millions, or £191 millions *more*, making an addition of £223 millions *more* than at Budget time. It is true that, as we have seen, the revenue came to £1,339 millions, and the expenditure to no less than £1,665 millions eventually; but it is very diverting that, amid these heavy facts and circumstances, Mr. Chamberlain and his advisers were revising his "imaginary normal year" figures, and concluding that they should, even now, not be taken to mean an expenditure of more than £808 millions—against the actual £1,665 millions. All sorts of chickens were being counted before they were hatched. In that second paper [Cd. 377], for instance, after six months of experience, it was found that "appropriations in aid" did not realise as quickly as anticipated. Twenty million pounds from Australia for maintenance of troops, £69 millions for the cost of occupation from Germany, and £65 millions from the stock of controlled food, would not come into the year's accounts. That, with the fact of expenses on account of the strike,

increased pay to Army, Navy, and Air Force, and £32 millions loaned to Allies, would account for £97½ millions, it appears. But it may be pointed out to the quiet reader also that in consequence the Army, which was down for £287 millions in the original estimates, now figures for £405 millions; the Navy for £160 instead of £149 millions; the Air Force for £57½ instead of £66½ millions (£9 millions less); the Civil Services for £602 millions instead of £505 millions; and the Revenue departments for £56 instead of £49 millions. In other words, the failure to rake in these moneys from various quarters departmentally served to reveal the fact that the departments were spending much larger sums, confessedly and known, than the votes granted by Parliament. Immense establishments, both military and civil, were thus much more easily maintained, an adventurous policy adopted, and not too many questions asked by Parliament. This is well-known to students of our public affairs, but the way in which the juggling of accounts is done and huge establishments kept up much too little understood yet by the public. To draw attention to the significance of this "revised financial statement" is thus justified on its own account; but in its bearing on the excursions in search of the "normal year" it tends to make the most humorous to become sour. Mr. Chamberlain's assumptions, given above, are those, not of a Chancellor of the Exchequer working on more or less concrete facts, but those of a dreamer following vain fancies, thinner than air.

How vain his assumptions of October and the stubborn reluctance of the "normal year" appear may be seen from his last Budget, disclosed on the 19th April, 1920, when he drew a balance-sheet showing a revenue of £1,418 millions, as against an expenditure of £1,184 millions (showing a prospective surplus of £234 millions); and he also proposed higher taxation to produce (in a full year) £198 millions more, and that in a financial year to end two-and-a-half years after the Armistice. By this time the reader will not be surprised that the "normal year" was not in sight; his calculations, in language quoted already, had proved "unduly sanguine," and they had, we must suppose, been "upset by forces beyond our control," and he was not doing much to lead Parliament to "husband our resources and observe economy." The "normal year" still hovered in the realms of imagination, and found no place for its feet on solid fact.

So things stood to the first week of July, 1920, but in the interval since the Budget of April, Mr. Chamberlain had been the target for the slings and arrows of some powerful taxpayers, who were able to express the resentment and impatience felt by all classes subject to the burdens of taxation. At this time, Mr.

Chamberlain issued three papers [Cd. 779, 780, 802], the first another "normal year" paper, the second on the "dead weight" of the Debt, and the third on present and pre-war expenditure, and Government staffs in departments. In this place we are concerned principally with the first of the three, but not without direct reference to some of the facts set out in the third—on expenditure. This time, again, the "normal year" paper shows how Mr. Chamberlain has been too sanguine, his assumptions wholly vain; for war services, etc., and subsidies, etc., have not ceased or been withdrawn; and the Chancellor essays another "normal year" scale, as follows:—

Revenue (millions).		Expenditure (millions).	
Customs and Excise	£350	Debt and S.F.	£352.5
Motor Vehicle Duty	9	Other C.F. Services...	20.4—372.9
Inland Revenue (including		Navy	60
Corptn. Profits Tax)	590	Army and Air Force	75
Post Office	58	Civil Services	305
Miscellaneous	22	Customs and Ex., &c.	11
		Post Office	57
<hr/> £1,029		<hr/> £880.9	

And so Mr. Chamberlain advances on his pilgrimage and quest for a "normal year." At first the expenditure was to be £766 millions; then, secondly, £808 millions; and now, on third essay, it is put at £880 millions. That is not all. The revenue at first was put at £652 millions, but required new taxes amounting to £114 millions added to it; then, six months later, the revenue required was put at £806 millions; and, six months later still (April, 1920), taxes were imposed to bring £198 millions more, and now the third essay at the "normal year" places the revenue to be raised, at that Elysian but shy period, at no less than £1,029 millions. That would be revenue at the rate of over £22 15s. per head of the population, and a revenue from taxation (omitting sums from the Post Office and miscellaneous sources) of about £21 per head. And this is Mr. Chamberlain's (and the Treasury's) latest suggestion of what should be the permanent standard burden of the "normal year"—to come! It is only fair to observe that of that standard revenue of £1,029 millions, the surplus, £148 millions, is described as a "balance for further debt redemption."

And at this point we come to the end, so far, of these futile, but instructive, attempts to forecast the scale of expenditure and taxation in "normal" times after the war. Very readily, no doubt, many will be asking—Why these repeated attempts to do this, and the equally plain failure to gain anything thereby? a failure which leaves the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a light

which brings him to ridicule. However ridiculous the pose, no taxpayer to-day can forget how real, how oppressive are the burdens laid upon him by the Treasury. As for the spectacle afforded, it is probably the result of some influences which will remain obscure, but in general it may be put down to the lack of a clear steady policy on the part of the Government. After all, Mr. Chamberlain's is an ingenuous mind; and when he, during his quests for the "normal year," speaks of being upset in his calculations, and of Parliament as required by him to "husband our resources and observe economy," he is revealing much that portrays the Government of which he is a member. War always leads to administrative scandals, and we are now getting unpleasant revelations of war-time almost weekly; and those scandals are ever at the cost of the helpless taxpayer. But by far the greatest evil from which we have suffered during the past three years, the season for the "normal year" quests, has arisen because the Government was a Government subject to the "interests," without a steady principle, one day on one tack, the next on another, and therefore essentially weak, and giving those who had the working of the machine the mastery which should have been at Downing Street. This it is which accounts for the absurd spectacle to which the facts recited above witness. The figures of these virtually contradictory papers testify loudly to vacillation, and to something worse, all leading to extravagance and the pocket-picking of the taxpayer. Is it conceivable that a strong earnest Government could not have done something substantial to ease the burdens of the country if it had a firm will to do so? Let me recall one or two big facts which are before us.

The paper [Cd. 377] of 23rd October, 1919, gives the National Debt, as revised at that moment, at £8,075 millions. It is true that now [Cd. 780] the amount is set down at £7,881 millions gross. But either of these vast sums might bring any responsible Government to pause (and that though we do not disregard the assets to the contra which are paraded, such as loans and the sales of war-stock, etc.); for do we not see that the service of the debt, with only a $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Sinking Fund, requires £345 millions a year, a sum far and away beyond our total outlay for all purposes before the war. The most ironical issue is seen when we set out *expenditure for the last few years*, including the last two, as follows:—

(In millions)	1913-14	1916-17	1917-18	1918-19	1919-20	1920-21
Total Supply Service	£170·4	£2162·8	£2782·4	£2865·1	£1729·4	£906
Gross Expenditure	£207·8	£2302·0	£2983·6	£3146·4	£2100·0	£1282

The full table from which this is quoted may be made to show that during the seven years, 1914-15 to 1920-21 (inclusive), our

Treasury has disposed of £12,518 millions, or an average of nearly £1,800 millions a year, above the level of the £207 millions (gross) which marked the expenditure of 1913-14. That disbursement has left us with a debt which may be taken at a round £8,000 millions, requiring £350 millions a year for interest and little more. It is true that the Budget of 1920-21 provides £234 millions from revenue for debt redemption; and such a redemption is highly necessary. But it is in such a situation as this that we find the Chancellor of the Exchequer playing at a "normal year," and at the third essay in eighteen months or less suggesting that permanently we should spend £880 millions a year. The gross expenditure in 1913-14 was about £4 11s., and now this third "normal year" is suggested to be permanent at about £19 10s. a head! I cannot at the end of a paper which is necessarily long already discuss large questions of Government in theory, which might require large public bureaus for administrative purposes; but the present Administration, whatever the estimate of its character, cannot be suspected on the score of Socialistic theories, and I believe Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer to be the only Minister among them indulging in visions of Utopia.

His visions are only occasional, we know; say, when Mr. Lloyd George returns now and then from his jaunts to the peripatetic Supreme Council of Peace, and asks how the wind blows at home, especially at Westminster. Then the vulnerable heel, expenditure, gets a turn, and Mr. Chamberlain a vision of the "normal year," a vision which is becoming more dim as the days fly. But the whole matter comes back to the control of expenditure, and expenditure depends in great part on policy. A more fatal attitude than that adopted more and more by the Government cannot be conceived. Mr. Chamberlain's quests for the "normal year" virtually assume the attitude, while the Lord Chancellor, replying to Lord Midleton in the House of Lords, literally assumes the pose that the Government has already done all that should be or can be done. That attitude, that contention, cannot be endured. Take, for instance, Government departments and their staffs. Since the Armistice (see C'd. 802), the fighting forces, which numbered 920,100 in 1914, were 4,725,000 at the Armistice, became 565,000 only on 1st June, 1920, and will be smaller yet; but of other civil departments the corresponding figures are 277,945; 418,025; and 368,910. Must we employ 90,965 persons more than in 1914 at these civil establishments permanently? Allow for some additions, say, 25,000 more to deal with war services, should be sufficient; and yet in June we find that the Ministry of Pensions alone employed 25,070 persons! The staffs

of civil departments should be lower before long by (say) 60,000. That is only one minor suggestion which might be made. To back the demand for a radical review, and curbing of expenditure, it may be pointed out that in his last Budget (not in the last quest of the "normal year"), Mr. Chamberlain pretends to provide for £284 millions of a surplus. He really does nothing of the sort; for quite apart from the £220 millions he expects from Excess Profits Duty, the vigorous opposition to which by interested and not too public-spirited persons he knows only too well by this time, he takes £302 millions from "Special Receipts"—i.e., from war stock and other temporary sources, to make up his revenue. That, it is only too evident, disposes of the surplus to which he looks forward next March, without a hope that is strong, we may be sure. If we are to pay some of the war debt from current revenue, and that is common ground, it is therefore equally plain that expenditure must be cut down. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's experience of late months must have convinced him that taxation is at the highest point practicable. During the war patience and devotion were great, and burden was piled upon burden, and scarce a groan uttered: but in the third year after the war something better than rapid excursions into the dreamland of finance is required. Even now, the dumps are being exhausted, those of Slough, Abbeville, and elsewhere, are being disposed of in heaps as "old iron," and expenditure will have to be defrayed, all of it, from the taxes. Neither the £1,184 millions of the Budget, nor the £880 millions of the last "normal year" essay, will do; only a steady and determined and actual reduction of public expenditure all round will bring satisfaction, and steady our credit in the world. This must be done, and somebody will have to do it. But Mr. Chamberlain may be assured that his pilgrimage in search of the "normal year" after the war will never be forgotten.

W. M. J. WILLIAMS.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE AND HIS WORK.

THE boundary set to the life of man is responsible for a great deal of mild disappointment. We feel, at times, that it would have been extremely interesting to have lived a century ago; we express, at moments when the desire to prophesy is strong within us, a longing to see the developments of science or the alterations on the map a hundred years hence; but the vague vision of threescore years and ten—maybe, with care and good hap, fourscore—stretches like a dense mist across our path.

From the backward view we take more cheer, for we can at any rate watch vicariously the slow evolution of the "old days" into that indefinite period known as "the present day." It may be difficult to fix the date when a custom becomes "old-fashioned," but it is fascinating to see the varied process in pages still fresh enough to escape the exclusive devotion of professors of literature. Precisely as fifty years hence unborn critics, charting the seas of fiction, will note the emergence of "taxi" and "wireless" and "motor-bus," "aviator" and "aerodrome" and "cinema," as unprepossessing islets thrust up by the volcanic forces of science, we to-day may perceive in the works of the mid-Victorian era the beginning of similar changes. We hear, in those amiable and truthful records of English life, the novels of Anthony Trollope, of the pleasure of reading a story as it appeared in monthly parts: we read of "sending a message by the electric telegraph," which is thus defined in our regard as an occurrence slightly unusual at that time; and the old stage-coach has been only partially superseded by the railway.

It is not easy at first sight to find satisfactory reasons why the works of Trollope fail to attract more than a very limited circle to-day—for in spite of some pleasing and inexpensive re-issues of the Barsetshire series his readers appear to be few. If we freely admit that Charles Dickens was the finer artist, there yet seems not such a great gulf between the two as to account for the immense difference in popularity. Dickens dealt chiefly with the life of "the people," Trollope principally with the life of those who in greater or less measure were leaders and governors of the people—those who, if not gifted with more brains, owned houses and horses and lands and administered estates; but both took advantage of the possibilities of humour and sentiment in their respective spheres, and both were competent writers. We must look deeper than this for the explanation. The secret, we

are able to perceive, partly lies in the extraordinary clearness with which we can define that mysterious element, style, in the one author, and note the lack of it in the other. Trollope, as nearly as possible, succeeded in avoiding a marked and recognisable style completely. He told the story; he actually set himself to tell it at the rate of two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour, watch before him; and it is permissible to conclude that such a hard, relentless process of "turning out" his "copy" would quite naturally horrify beyond remedy any muse whose wings might be hovering near. For him no waiting for the "mood," no thrill of inspiration, no dashing down of the irresistibly right phrase; for him, even, no patient amending and recasting; only the steadfast determination to "produce" at a certain speed the necessary developments of the plot upon which he happened to be engaged. If, then, his work succeeds in holding the reader's attention—and that it does so is sure—it is not by reason of his manner. From cover to cover of his best novels there is hardly a passage that can be called beautiful or memorable. Two things attract us: the interest of his story and his undeniable power of drawing life-like, delightfully human characters; attributes the more astonishing when we recollect his machine-like method.

The grip of interest which the reader begins to feel when he takes up *Barchester Towers*, the second novel of the Barsetshire series, is surprising. This, Trollope's best known and perhaps finest book (though honours may be divided among at least three), will serve as a good example of his skill and of his defects. It carries on from *The Warden* the story of Eleanor Harding, the Warden's daughter, and brings into prominence with a far surer touch than its predecessor the intrigues, the social movement, and the varied personages of a provincial cathedral city. Ecclesiastical, of course, is the general atmosphere, and the author smilingly shows that in even the most exalted exponents of doctrine very human passions burn; that questionable motives, schemes, and counter-schemes may mingle with high aspiration and endeavour; and that bishops, deans, and dignitaries have wives and worries like ordinary people—and about as much wisdom. Mrs. Proudie, solemn and majestic, ruling the local affairs of the church with an iron hand, petting her husband, the Bishop, when he acceded to her wishes, and making him most uncomfortable whenever he showed symptoms of having a mind of his own, ought to live, if only for the grim humours of her constant battles; the one drawback being that her reverend partner is so weak and vacillating that the reader can hardly help a slight contempt for him. Nothing would please us more, we

are conscious of feeling, than that he should, in one tremendous moment, resolve to act the man, come to a decision and stick to it, and order her out of his study—for even that usually safe retreat was never free from the domineering lady's intrusion. This satisfaction the author refuses to give us; but we have happy interludes when Mrs. Proudie is defied by Obadiah Slope, the ambitious, unscrupulous chaplain who cares for little but his own advancement; also when that peculiar person, Madeline Stanhope, the "Signora Neroni," treats her with cool insolence.

The Stanhope family is not a great success. The introduction of the theatrical invalid, Madeline, strikes us with a sense of incongruity, as though in visiting some green, northern fernery we had suddenly come across a crimson, highly-scented, tropical bloom. The book as a whole, however, is a wonderful picture of an aspect of English life which no other writer has limned with such skilful touches: *Cranford* and *Scenes of Clerical Life* are in a quite different category. It is obvious that Trollope's assumption of the rôle of satirist was no priggish boast. Satirist he was, yet his characteristic outlook was sociable and smiling; he never descended to cynicism or bitterness, nor yielded to the temptations of caricature, nor passed the limits of justice. Most carefully did he note the good points of his bad characters, and he seemed to take an especial pleasure in drawing such people as Mr. Harding, the kindly Warden; Miss Dunstable, the sensible, strong-minded, rich spinster in *Framley Parsonage*; Mr. Crawley, the warped, rather surly, yet not repellent clergyman of *The Last Chronicle of Barset*; the charming Lily Dale of *The Small House at Allington*, and her irresponsible, boyish suitor, Johnny Eames. Eleanor Harding, too, is evidently one of his favourites. "You might pass Eleanor in the street without notice," he writes, "but you could hardly pass an evening with her and not lose your heart."

The construction of Trollope's novels is so good that we might think them drafted and planned as a spacious building is by a thoughtful architect; and since we know that most of them appeared as serials and had a definite length settled for them, it is no matter for wonder to find him, on his own admission, spacing and measuring and fitting the parts to scale. He has, however, one sad habit for which nothing can wholly atone—a fault which chastens our best desires to claim for him the title of artist: he persists in showing himself as the clever author, as the one who is pulling the strings and controlling the movements of the figures. Quite admirably would his many characters work out their own mild destinies—they are living enough for that; but he is not content to let them do so. From the novel which

we have taken as representative one or two examples may be given of this lapse from good taste into a clumsy sincerity—upon which, no doubt, he prided himself. It is truly amazing with what callousness he can ruin an excellent conception. Bertie Stanhope's affairs are being discussed by his two sisters, in quite a lively scene. "'Then, in God's name, let him marry Mrs. Bold,' said Madeline. And so it was settled between them." Then comes the destruction of all sense of reality: "But let the gentle-hearted reader be under no apprehension whatever. It is not destined that Eleanor shall marry Mr. Slope or Bertie Stanhope. And here, perhaps, it may be allowed to the novelist to explain his views on a very important point in the art of telling tales." Follows a page and a half of argument to the effect that "the author and the reader should move along in full confidence with each other"; let there be no mystery, no gracious deceptions, no exhilaration of wonder or suspense. And then the story, with the reader thoroughly annoyed, is continued. An even more lamentable instance occurs farther on in the same novel. One of the spirited love-scenes between Eleanor Bold and Dr. Arabin is in its full tide. The reader is interested almost to the point of excitement; and this passage suddenly baulks him:—

"As she spoke she with difficulty restrained her tears; but she did restrain them. Had she given way and sobbed aloud, as in such cases a woman should do, he would have melted at once, implored her pardon, perhaps knelt at her feet and declared his love. Everything would have been explained, and Eleanor would have gone back to Barchester with a contented mind. How easily would she have forgiven and forgotten the archdeacon's suspicions had she but heard the whole truth from Mr. Arabin! *But then where would have been my novel?* She did not cry, and Mr. Arabin did not melt."

Could anything be more discordant, more indiscreet, than the unfortunate clause we have emphasised? It comes like a blaring false note in a symphony. Trollope seems constantly on the alert for an opportunity to nod and smile and remind us that he is there in charge, that nothing shall go wrong, and that it will all be settled satisfactorily in the end—consequently his men and women, until we recover the sense of illusion and charm, collapse into mere puppets, limp and blank and without volition. In *The Warden* we have another slip of the same order. Eleanor Harding proposes a visit to John Bold, her lover, to plead for her father, and the author proceeds:—

"And now I own I have fears for my heroine: not as to the upshot of her mission—not in the least as to that; as to the full success of her generous scheme, and the ultimate result of such a project, no one conversant with human nature and novels can have a doubt."

This intercalation, entirely superfluous, with its two damning words which we have again italicised, deprives the whole of the approaching interview of its dignity.

It is well to remember that the appearance of the author among his characters, though theoretically a fault, being disruptive and harmful to the dramatic effect, is not always displeasing; but uncommon discretion and delicacy, and a sure sense of humour, are required if the plausibility of the story is to remain unimpaired. Dickens—since we have mentioned him in comparison—managed the personal note occasionally with results that triumphantly vindicated him; for an instance, take the whimsical opening of Chapter XXVII in *Oliver Twist*:—

"As it would be by no means seemly in a humble author to keep so mighty a personage as a beadle waiting, with his back to the fire, and the skirts of his coat gathered up under his arms, until such time as it might suit his pleasure to relieve him; and as it would still less become his station, or his gallantry, to involve in the same neglect a lady on whom that beadle had looked with an eye of tenderness and affection, and in whose ear he had whispered sweet words, which, coming from such a quarter, might well thrill the bosom of maid or matron of whatsoever degree; the historian whose pen traces these words—trusting that he knows his place, and that he entertains a becoming reverence for those upon earth to whom high and important authority is delegated—hastens to pay them that respect which their position demands, and to treat them with all that duteous ceremony which their exalted rank, and (by consequence) great virtues, imperatively claim at his hands. Towards this end, indeed, he had purposed to introduce, in this place, a dissertation touching the divine right of beadles, and elucidative of the position, that a beadle can do no wrong; which could not fail to have been both pleasurable and profitable to the right-minded reader, but which he is unfortunately compelled, by want of time and space, to postpone to some more convenient and fitting opportunity; on the arrival of which, he will be prepared to show that a beadle properly constituted, that is to say, a parochial beadle, attached to a parochial workhouse, and attending in his official capacity the parochial church: is, in right and virtue of his office, possessed of all the excellences and best qualities of humanity; and that to none of those excellences, can mere companies' beadles, or court-of-law beadles, or even-chapel-of-ease beadles (save the last, and they in a very lowly and inferior degree) lay the remotest sustainable claim."

These two long sentences, taking up nearly a page, may not be necessary, strictly speaking; but they certainly do not hinder the story, nor do they irritate the reader by plunging him into the chill atmosphere of disillusion; on the contrary, there is a warmth about them which persuades us that the author thought of his people as real, living persons. Trollope, when he steps forward, is simply disastrous; Dickens, when he shows himself, is exhilarating.

When all the drawbacks have been noted, however, the critic turns to the more congenial task of praise. The various characters compose a picture—they are not merely associated

individuals mechanically arranged; to use a worn phrase, they form "a slice of life." This Hawthorne recognised. "Have you read the novels of Anthony Trollope?" he asked in a letter. "They precisely suit my taste—solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were being made a show of. And these books are just as English as a beefsteak." This seems to predicate a certain amount of genius, bluff and hearty, but not over-selective or critical; and we find this view confirmed by sundry flashes which illuminate our theme from other quarters. Alfred Austin, who was intimate with Thomas Adolphus Trollope, the novelist's elder brother, found Anthony "in no accurate sense of the word intellectual, and as unhelpful and impatient an arguer as I ever met"; though he admits, one is inclined to think contradictorily, that Anthony was "a delightful companion and brimming over with active intelligence." Perhaps, however, Austin's criticisms were not particularly valuable or significant. Says another observer: "The first time I ever met him was in a low room, where he was talking with a friend almost as square and sturdy as himself. It seemed as if the roof were in danger of being blown off by the vigour of the controversial blasts." From such glimpses, and from his Autobiography with its amusing insistence upon the excellent way in which he performed all his official duties, we gain a quite pleasing impression of an impulsive, thorough, capable Englishman, imaginative but not artistic, practical enough when fame arrived to put a high figure on his work. And the prices he obtained were positively astonishing; in twenty years he earned nearly £70,000 by his novels and a volume or two of travels, for a single book receiving as much as £3,000.

Many tempting hypaths open from the broad, critical high road if we consider the novels in lighter vein. The names of many of the people, for example, are constructed on a very old-fashioned, obvious plan, reminiscent of the classic "morality" plays. Mr. Pessimist Anticant; Mr. Popular Sentiment; Dr. Fillgrave and Dr. Rerechild; Slow and Bideawhile, Dry and Stickatit, solicitors; Mr. Nearthewinde and Mr. Closerstil, opposition election agents; Mr. Neversayedie, a barrister; Lady Longspade, Lady Ruth Revoke, Mrs. Shortpointz and Miss Finesse, card-players; Bolus the apothecary and Reddypalm the publican; these are some of the queer and rather laboured tricks from which a keener sense of humour might have saved him. We are prompted to remember Fielding, with his Mr. Arsenic,

Dr. Dosewell, and Bondum the Bailiff; Smollett, with Lord Trifle, Potion, Staytape the tailor, and Vulture, another bailiff; or Scott, who occasionally indulged in the same play of words. Dickens gave us Lord Frederick Verisopht, Sir Mulberry Hawk, Mrs. Leo Hunter, the Tite Barnacles, Dotheboys Hall, and some more titles of the same description; but he was frugal and cautious in the use of this risky method, and managed, as a rule, with delightful skill, to convey geniality, cunning, pomposity, frivolity, or imbecility in a name without spoiling the effect of naturalness—consider Mrs. Wititterly, Bumble, Pecksniff, Chadband, Pyke and Pluck, Dodson and Fogg, Smangle, Jingle, Mr. Toots, Captain Cuttle, and a host of others.

Trollope's attitude to life, as shown in his literary work, is interesting, but so confused that it is difficult to obtain any clear mental picture. He definitely makes his confession of a high moral purpose, it is true. "I have ever thought of myself," he writes, "as a preacher of sermons, and my pulpit as one which I could make both salutary and agreeable to my audience. I do believe that no girl has risen from the reading of my pages less modest than she was before, and that some may have learned from them that modesty is a charm well worth preserving. I think that no youth has been taught that in falseness and flashiness is to be found the road to manliness; but some may perhaps have learned from me that it is to be found in truth and a high but gentle spirit. Such are the lessons I have striven to teach." This is well and worthy; but elsewhere he falls into a sad tangle. "It is the business of a novel to instruct in morals and to amuse"—this, from the essay on "Thackeray," harmonises with the passage just quoted; but we find in the same book that "the primary object of a novelist is to please," and "without the lesson the amusement will not be there." "I will go further," he says, "and will add, having been for many years a most prolific writer of novels myself, that I regard him who can put himself into close communication with young people year after year without making some attempt to do them good, as a very sorry fellow indeed."

In other ways he presents contradictions which puzzle the student. He seems to have loved his work in a cool, rather calculating fashion. He need not have written a line of fiction, so far as money was concerned; we must remember that for the greater part of his life he held a position under the Post Office that brought him quite a respectable income. To Alfred Austin he wrote, on May 5th, 1871: "My only doubt as to finding a heaven for myself at last arises from the fear that the disembodied and beatified spirits will not want novels. For your sake

I will trust that there may be left enough of the prevailing spirit of our present nature to make satire still palatable." Therefore, we conclude, writing attracted him strongly; yet he betrays no passion, no devotion as to an art that held him in sweet, unbreakable chains. Alluding to a trying period in his youth, he says: "It is now more than forty years ago, and looking back over so long a lapse of time I can tell the story, though it be the story of my own father and mother, of my own brother and sister, as coldly as I have often done some scene of intended pathos in fiction." Such a statement, deliberately offered, provides a hint as to the one thing lacking in this hearty, fertile soul. Gifted with facility in the spinning of paragraphs, with skill in the devising of plots, with a deft and pretty touch in the delineation of men and women, and with extraordinary method and perseverance, what could he not have accomplished with the lovelier gift of inspiration—the power to regard his art as a thing of wonder, mysteriously vital, creative, permanent! He might not have satisfied the Post Office so admirably, but he would surely have become one of the splendours of the rich middle-Victorian circle. As it was, he realised dimly, distantly, and a little pathetically his own limitations. "I do not think it probable," he observes, "that my name will remain among those who in the next century will be known as the writers of English prose fiction." Most of the critics are compelled to a dull, grudging praise, to a very qualified recommendation. "Trollope," wrote Mr. Frederic Harrison, "may have for our children the interest at least of a singularly faithful portrait of the society of fifty years ago." Leslie Stephen balances himself on the fence with the rest of the scholarly crowd: "Nobody," he said, "can claim for Trollope any of the first-rate qualities which strain the powers of subtle and philosophical criticism; but perhaps it would be well if readers would sometimes make a little effort to blunt their critical faculty. . . . If he was not among the highest intellects of his benighted time, he was as sturdy, wholesome, and kindly a human being as could be desired." We can all achieve the easy form of criticism which consists in proclaiming that if a man was not *this*, at any rate he was *that*; but in truth Trollope deserves a more cordial tribute than these hedging attempts at valuation, and his novels are much more than a "very instructive document," as Leslie Stephen loftily terms them. His "benighted time" produced, we may bear in mind, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Kingsley, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Rossetti, and a host of minor lights, and saw the stars of Swinburne and George Meredith burn to brighter flame; seeming thereby not so exceedingly benighted after all. "I can only gather wood and lay it

on the altar," said Goethe; "the fire must descend from heaven." Trollope, let us admit, is not to be ranked with the great masters upon whose labours the heavenly fire descended, and who permanently influenced the course of criticism and the style of a nation's prose; but for an age when our fiction is produced with perhaps less method, certainly with less care for cleanliness and truth, his quiet, kindly light shines with unfaltering gleam. It is not yet too remote to be disregarded, and it would be well if some of our much-praised novelists, who, though they claim to move the world, do not know how to tell a story, would spend a few thoughtful hours over the series of novels which brought to this typical Englishman wealth, pleasure, and fame.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

OUR INSOLVENT RAILWAYS.

WHATEVER may be the effect of the increased passenger fares and goods rates which have just come into force on the controlled railways, there is no escape from the conclusion that the railways themselves, as a commercial proposition, are at present in a condition of virtual insolvency. They have been kept going until now only by means of a State contribution, which is unfair to the taxpayers and unjustifiable in time of peace. How such a state of things has come about will be shown in the course of this article; but the causes, whatever they are, do not warrant any attenuation of the statement that only by means of eleemosynary aid have the companies been able during and since the war to make both ends meet. Their more recent dividends have, in fact, been a gift from the national Exchequer.

As a natural consequence, everybody connected with, or interested in, the railways is grumbling. The directors are grumbling because their powers of capital expenditure on renewals and extensions are crippled by the high interest they would have to pay to raise the necessary funds. The debenture- and stockholders are grumbling because they see their securities falling steadily in market value and the prospects of continued dividends growing fine by degrees and beautifully less. The taxpayers are grumbling because the Government subsidy to the railways under the 1914 guarantee makes an appreciable item in the sum total of the oppressive taxation they are called upon to pay. The passengers are grumbling because their fares, having already been raised 50 per cent. from January 1st, 1917, are now raised the equivalent of another 25 per cent. The traders are grumbling because goods rates are again put up. The consumers are grumbling because these new rates, so far as traders will submit to them, will be passed on in the extra prices of all kinds of transportable commodities. There is, in short, a general chorus of dissatisfaction, and even the railway employees whose increases of wages and reduced hours of work, and whose strike in September-October, 1919, are responsible for most of the financial difficulties that oppress the companies, are still discontented, and, like Oliver Twist, are muttering for "more." That these complaints are dissonant and often inconsistent with one another is self-evident. The taxpayers' interest is not the stockholders' interest; the manufacturer does not look at things through the same spectacles as the signalman or the platelayer. But out of

all this *mêlée* and confusion of counsel comes the one clear conclusion that Government control has been the cause of the trouble, and that its threatened resuscitation after a nominal de-control, according to an outlined programme of the Ministry of Transport, promises to be the culminating misfortune of railway enterprise.

The companies are at any rate condemned to another year of the existing control. This control, with its economic tangle and its financial experiments, its encouragement of administrative extravagance, and its doubtful and irritating devices for creating new revenue, was continued for two years from the passing of the Ministry of Transport Act in 1919. However necessary control may have been for military reasons during the war, it is now a discredited incubus—a muddling, short-sighted, and maladroit influence, whose chief function has been to ladle out wage-rises with both hands and to make railway confusion worse confounded. It was accepted in 1914 as an unavoidable misfortune; never welcome, but tolerated because the country recognised that military traffic must have precedence if we were to win the war. Nor was there any serious objection on the part of the electorate to the arrangement embodied in the Board of Trade Memorandum of September of that black year. "His Majesty's Government," it was therein stated, "have agreed with the railway companies concerned that, subject to the undermentioned condition, the compensation to be paid them shall be the sum by which the aggregate net receipts of their railways for the period during which the Government are in possession of them fall short of the aggregate net receipts for the corresponding period of 1913." By the "undermentioned condition" it was provided that, "if the net receipts of the companies for the first half of 1914 were less than the net receipts for the first half of 1913, the sum payable is to be reduced in the same proportion. This sum, together with the net receipts of the railway companies taken over, is to be distributed amongst those companies in proportion to the net receipts of each company during the period with which comparison is made." This "condition" was subsequently waived, and it was announced in the spring of 1915 that in connection with certain wages adjustments the Government surrendered its claim to reduce the aggregate net earnings in the proportion of the first six months, and that the net profits were to be fixed on the 1913 basis, less 25 per cent. of the war bonus to be paid to the railwaymen. The arrangement was to include all special services in connection with military and naval transport, and no payment was to be made in respect of such transport on the railways taken over.

This did not, of course, amount to a guarantee of dividends; it only guaranteed a revenue out of which dividends might be paid. The Government got the benefit of all traffic receipts, and, after deduction of the expenses, handed over a defined amount of revenue for distribution by "a universal pool among the controlled companies." It is just possible that if the conditions governing expenditure had not undergone a drastic change the Government might have lost nothing by the arrangement. But the granting of a war bonus to the employees was only the beginning of huge increases in the working expenses. Few would presume to say that increases could or ought to have been avoided. The cost of living rose by leaps and bounds, and the men would have been patterns of self-denial unfit for the struggle for existence if they had not put forward more or less minatory demands for higher wages to meet this cost. But the Board of Trade, whose President was chairman of the executive committee of general managers, was the Bunty that pulled the strings. It was a squeezable body, and the men seem to have promptly taken its measure. Every new demand was met at first with a *non possumus*, then with a suggestion for arbitration, and finally with open-armed concession. If the managers had been left to themselves, they might have found a less expensive solution every time, but, whether they could have done so or not, the growth of expenses and the consequent shrinkage of net receipts was primarily arranged and sanctioned by the Government. The Board of Trade, with or without the Prime Minister's active help, constructed the obstacle which it is now the business of the much-vaunted Transport Ministry to surmount. This is how the guarantee came to grow into a subsidy.

It is quite easy to agree with Sir Eric Geddes that doles and subsidies lead the country into danger and possible disaster, and that "voices cry out incessantly and urgently for their abolition." It is equally easy to agree that the only way to get rid of subsidies is to increase rates. But Sir Eric in uttering that very obvious truism ignored the causes that, in the case of the railways, have made either a continuance of the subsidy or a raising of rates inevitable. And, what is more important, he ignored the Government's want of foresight in not making higher rates run *pari passu* with every advance of wages. Traders and others are angry to-day because the vials of accumulated deficits are poured out upon them all at once, and because a remedy which ought to have been more gradual has fallen upon them suddenly and with unbroken force.

We have the authority of the Ministry of Transport for the calculation that the total amount of salaries and wages paid by

the railways of Great Britain has risen from £49,000,000 in 1913 to £163,000,000 at the present time, and £161,000,000 of the latter figure is on account of wages. Yet not until January 15th of the present year was any attempt made by the Government to meet the growing increase in working expenses. The raising of passenger fares by 50 per cent. in 1917 was avowedly designed, not to increase revenue, but to discourage traffic and lessen the pressure on the limited train accommodation. In January last a belated addition of from 50 to 60 per cent. was made to the rates for goods traffic, and was estimated to produce £51,000,000 a year, about £10,000,000 of which appears to be included in the receipts to March 31st. Meanwhile expenditure continued to increase, and since the question of the revision of rates was referred to the Advisory Committee last October materials have risen by £12,000,000, coal by £3,500,000, and wages by £24,300,000. As the total net receipts on railway working and subsidiary undertakings for 1919-20 were only £7,161,220, and the Government guarantee amounted to £46,675,000, there was a big realised deficit. This is given in the White Paper as £41,349,530, which is rather more than appears from the figures just quoted. The estimate for a full year in conditions prior to the recent additional charges shows a *loss* on working of £4,500,000, and the net liability falling on the Exchequer for the railways of the United Kingdom is estimated at £54,500,000 instead of £41,349,530.

In order to get a clearer view of the demoralising effect of the Government guarantee, it is desirable to glance at the figures for the whole period from August 5th, 1914, to March 31st, 1920. The balance of receipts over expenditure for the standard year 1913 was £43,573,725, and the aggregate excess for the period of nearly five and a-half years which the Government was entitled to receive was £222,709,499, in addition to £60,000,000 raised by taxation through the Railway Agreements Vote in the 1919-20 Budget. It is not possible to extract from the Government papers the amount of the liability as to pre-war revenue, but a sum of £95,313,607 is set out as "compensation paid in respect of control periods" to the end of 1918; also £48,483,000 for 1919, and £10,125,000 for the first three months of 1920, making altogether £153,921,607. What "compensation" exactly means is not clear, but if the Government's guarantee for the whole period may be taken at £255,000,000, it would seem that it still had in hand on March 31st nearly £28,000,000. The figures, although a little obscure, are at all events sufficiently approximate to enable the public to realise the seriousness of the financial position that had to be dealt with.

Certain things may be postulated in considering the Government's problem. One is that it is an injustice, now that the war is over, that the taxpayer should have to contribute to the railways. It would be unreasonable in any case, but it is doubly unreasonable when most of the difficulty is due to the Government's ready acquiescence in every new demand by the railwaymen without at the same time making provision for corresponding new revenue. Another thing is that the railways must be made self-supporting by ensuring for them an increase of revenue equal to the increase of expenditure. No question arises of larger dividends. It has been pointed out by the Stockholders' Association that only the maintenance of pre-war distributions is involved in these methods for swelling revenue. In no case would this be a convenient season for the hardly-used stockholders to put forward embarrassing claims, and to do them justice they have shown no disposition to air their grievances, let alone to press for a share of the new revenue. In spite of the fact that they belong to what is called the capitalist class, they are deserving of public commiseration. It is their money that has created the railway system and given employment, first and last, to hundreds of thousands of workpeople, yet the return on their "capital" is paltry compared with the fat dividends of industries of much smaller usefulness to the community. They have seen the values of their stocks fall from 35 per cent. to 45 per cent. since pre-war times, and those who have been compelled to sell out have experienced the terribly disappointing result of forcing sales upon an unwilling market. Twenty-six ordinary stocks have declined £92,000,000, and debenture and preference stocks £96,000,000. Government control, combined with the altered value of money, has been a bitter experience for the holders, and one would have thought that even triumphant, cock-a-hoop Labour could have spared them a few grains of sympathy. The small stockholder—often enough a widow with no other source of income¹—has had to see his or her means of living kept at the same low level while the workman's wages have at least kept pace with the rise in the prices of the necessaries of life. It is not always a glorious and enviable experience to be a "capitalist."

Mention has been made of a prospective deficit of £54,500,000 for the year 1920-21, but the new charges now in operation are framed to meet 14 months' loss, estimated at £72,000,000. Even the question of higher fares was not handled without egregious ineptitude, but there is no occasion to stir up again the angry sentiment caused by the so-called holiday tax. Increases had to come at some time or other, and the main uncertainty now is

(1) Out of 600,000 stockholders more than half hold less than £500 each.

whether they may not, to a large extent, defeat their own ends. There is no doubt that people of restricted means will reduce their travelling to a minimum, that suburban season-ticket holders will crowd nearer to the towns, that thousands of merchants and manufacturers will send their goods by the cheaper way of road instead of by rail. In fact, it looks as if the railways stood to lose almost as much as they will gain. What in that case will happen? If the higher fares and rates do not bridge over the deficit and establish an equilibrium, what is the next thing? Obviously if the revenue cannot be increased sufficiently the expenditure must be cut down. The Government has said as much. In announcing its acceptance of the findings of the National Wages Board it said that "while agreeing with the Board's view that the wages settlement should not be disturbed until stable trade conditions had returned, in the opinion of the Cabinet this must be accepted with the qualification that should forthcoming increases of railway rates and charges, consequent in a large measure upon the increased cost of labour, not produce additional revenue, it would be impossible that the present level of wages could be maintained."

Of the extra £72,000,000 which the Government is sanguine enough to hope the railways will earn by next July, £17,000,000 is expected to come from passenger fares, and £55,000,000 from goods and mineral traffic. To whatever extent the latter estimate may be realised we shall have proportionate increases in the cost of all commodities that are moved by rail. Dealers will pass on the extra charges to the consumer, and the consumer will have to pay away in the items of his household expenditure anything that he will save as a taxpayer by the reduction of the subsidy. Flour, meat, fish, fruit, and vegetables will all cost more. Coal will be dearer by at least 2s. a ton. The taxpayer in his capacity of consumer will not extract much joy from the financial advantages of exchanging King Log for King Stork. But there are grounds for thinking that the calculations of the Ministry of Transport and its buffer Committee are too optimistic. Motor vans and motor lorries and all kinds of road traction are coming into more general use at rates appreciably lower, ton for ton, than those of the railway companies. At a meeting of the Advisory Committee the transport manager of Lipton's produced a record which showed that between the metropolis and towns 200 miles away transport by road was as cheap as, and mostly cheaper than, transport by rail. Between London and Bristol the rail charge per ton is 59s. and the road charge 45s.; between London and Leeds 63s. 5d. and 56s. respectively; and between London and Brighton 36s. 6d. and 32s. 6d. Add to this saving the benefits of a quicker delivery and a smaller risk of pilfering, and there is not much doubt as to which

way the volume of business will ultimately go. And if it once goes from the railways it will probably go for ever. Road competition has been a thorn in their flesh for some time; it now threatens to be a dagger in their heart. Having brought them to the pass of an actual heavy loss on working, the Government now proceeds to rectify its blunder by enforcing a plan that may in its results be indistinguishable from an act of slow suicide.

So far the proposed changes, whether temporary or permanent in their effects, are the desperate devices of the Government and its official muddlers to cover up the tracks of their mistakes in the past. But it will be said there is a limit to the period of the existing control. It comes to an end next August, and the railways will then be left, nominally, to manage their own affairs, subject to the proviso that for 18 months after de-control they will be entitled to charge the fares in force on August 15th. It would be a fortunate thing for the stockholders and the public if this intention could be translated into something more than "nominal," for although there was, before the war, a tendency to wasteful competition, yet on the whole the leading companies worked their lines on sound commercial principles, and wisely encouraged a profitable custom by the inducement of cheap fares. With regard to the future, however, the prospect of a return to those relatively satisfactory conditions is darkened by the shadow of a scheme put forward by the Ministry of Transport for setting up indirect control in another and a more objectionable form. This precious scheme is described as "Outlines of proposals as to the future organisation of transport undertakings in Great Britain and their relation to the State." "Outlines!" If these extraordinary and impossible proposals are only the "outlines," we are left in a state of bewildered conjecture as to what the complete picture is likely to be. It is only fair to say that the proposals are not all bad alike. One or two of them have the germs of usefulness and the guise of acceptability. It is admitted by railway authorities themselves that there is room for economies which can be best effected by rearrangements and co-ordination on the part of lines serving the same districts. This is the underlying principle of the suggested "groupings" which are a feature of the "Outlines." It is one of the delicate subjects in which the assistance of an external machinery may be useful. Granted an equitable plan of grouping savings might be effected by cancelling competitive trains and adopting a system of pooling traffic receipts which would be fair all round. Beyond this there is literally nothing to praise and not much that even merits consideration. One of the proposals is that the boards of management of the several groups should be mixed bodies composed of directors with large trading interests

and representatives of the employees. In other words, the stockholders whose money is at stake, and who have to shoulder all the liabilities of failure, are circumscribed in their choice of managers, and are no longer to be masters in their own house.

In thus putting the matter there is no thought of condemning unconditionally the co-operation in council of the workers. It would probably be advantageous if a select number of their body could sometimes be called into consultation with the board and invited to advise upon problems within their own province. But that is not what the Ministry of Transport contemplates. It contemplates a joint management for policy, for finance, and for expansion by a permanent body consisting of users and employees. The interests of the stockholders may be summed up in the word "economy," but what earthly chance is economy likely to have with the big trade interests advocating one thing and the delegates of the railwaymen pressing for something else? A composite board of this kind would in the nature of things be a house divided against itself. The users would bring all their influence to bear to reduce rates, the workers would use all theirs to increase wages. Between the two the stockholder would be helpless.

That the present number of railway directors, and the practically co-optative method of appointing them, are open to criticism cannot be denied. It is preposterous to suppose that the railway system of the United Kingdom requires as many as 1,350 directors drawing fees of £200,000 a year. The fact that a man is a big stockholder does not give him any special fitness for controlling the interests of other stockholders. Half of the existing directors could be dispensed with without any detriment to the interests of their respective companies. This, however, is not to say that the Ministry of Transport's proposal to substitute for the present system a compulsion on the proprietors to choose from a narrowed field is likely to commend itself to the companies. On the contrary, they will most certainly oppose it in its present crude form.

And with regard to the principle of admitting employees to an equal voice with the shareholders in the government of a company, it is radically unsound and unworkable, since the employees' natural instinct and personal interest would be to advance the pecuniary prosperity of their constituents and to condemn anything that clashed with that object. They would, in fact, want to call the tune while leaving the stockholders to pay the piper.

It is further proposed that wages and conditions of work should be permanently controlled by a committee of 13, four only of whom are to be railway managers. An arrangement of the kind is already in existence, but to make it permanent would be to destroy the last chance of the railways ever becoming self-supporting.

Wages would continue to rise until they reached the point when there was nothing for it but to invoke a receivership. The sum paid in railway wages—£161,000,000 a year—is already enormously in excess of that paid in dividends, and if the committee of 13 is to be confirmed in its powers we may be pretty sure that dividends will in due course vanish altogether.

There is another and even more objectionable proposal in this reactionary scheme. Referring to the fixing of rates and fares in the future, it states that should there be any surplus revenue the State will participate in it. Heads I win, tails you lose! The Government has contributed nothing to railway enterprise, has found none of the capital, has used up without compensation the companies' stores, and has brought about a state of railway insolvency by its interference, yet if there should be any surplus in the new conditions of the future it claims a share of it. For cynical effrontery this would be hard to beat. If there is a loss, needless to say the Government does not insist on sharing it. The Government proposes to allot to itself fully-paid participating shares without any sort of liability, immediate or contingent. True, its proportion of the hypothetical surplus is not for the direct benefit of the State, but to assist backward districts and develop light railways; in a word, to set up interests in competition with those of the railways that have created the surplus. The more efficiently a company is managed the greater will be the risk it runs of rival enterprise paid for by the fruits of its own economies. There are different names for this sort of thing; "surplus-sharing" is certainly a little euphemistic as a phrase for describing a new departure in the development of public plunder.

The objections to the Government's proposals are not yet exhausted. The climax is still to come. The State is not only to share in the surplus profits, it is to have the right to say what services and facilities shall be given by the railways. Without any future financial obligation it is to be empowered to order the companies to perform services which may possibly involve heavy loss. It is also to have the power to require the adoption of a standardised permanent way, of rolling stock, of co-operative working, of common use of rolling stock, and the compilation of statistics for the use of the Ministry. A modest programme! The Government, in a word, is to be in a position to "order the companies about," to make them do this, that, and the other, to harass them with unreasonable demands, and all at the stockholders' expense. And against most of these exercises of irresponsible authority there is to be no appeal. The companies are in no need of this external prodding. They do not require to be directed and tutored like a lot of schoolboys. Within the last year

or two they have of their own volition effected considerable savings—some £3,000,000 a year in shunting costs alone—by the common user of waggons, sheets, and ropes. No doubt the principle involved could be advantageously extended, but it can be done much better, and with far less risk of friction, without Government meddling.

Not only are the stockholders to be at the mercy of the Government's Jacks-in-office with regard to all sorts of expenditure, but they are to be equally at its mercy with regard to the raising of new capital. They must submit for approval any proposals involving capital expenditure and their plans for raising the capital, and they must also put under the direction of the Ministry their power to set aside reserves. One has a sort of feeling, in setting down these terms, that one is somehow getting mixed up with the comic opera stage. The proposed imposition of such a string of conditions is really too ludicrous for serious treatment. Here, on the one hand, we have the Ministry of Transport claiming the right to call for services and facilities, no matter what they may cost, and on the other the same Ministry asserting its right to approve or reject any plans for raising new capital and the method of raising it. It would be quite possible in such circumstances to have one committee of the Government insisting on extensions for which another committee of the Government refuse to authorise the necessary capital. These "Outlines," if ever adopted in legislative form, would constitute an attempt to combine private ownership and responsibility with public control in a bastardised scheme of quasi-nationalisation fatal to railway progress. They would perpetuate the grip of the dead hand. They would paralyse the companies and make them the mere catspaws of irresponsible bureaucrats without a penny of interest in their business. They would amount to a deliberate breach of the undertaking that Government control was to exist for only a strictly limited period after the war—a keeping of the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope. Already the Great Northern debentureholders and stockholders have met and passed a resolution that the proposals "fail to safeguard the interests of railway proprietors"—a very mild way of putting it—and this is likely to be the attitude of all the companies.

There is only one satisfactory way of dealing with the railway situation. The companies should be restored at the earliest possible date to the same measure of control that they enjoyed before the war, and the Ministry of Transport should be wound up. The country has had enough of Government control, and it has had more than enough of that expensive army of superfluous supermen called the Ministry of Transport. It is better for the railways to

work "on their own" than to be fettered by the fussy activities of those who are so anxious to prove that private ownership is compatible with national direction. In using the term "private ownership" it is as well to qualify it with the admission that the privileges and virtual monopoly which the railways enjoy entail corresponding obligations to the public. There has been in the past, perhaps, somewhat too much of the high-handed in directorial policy—too thin a recognition of the fact that a railway is not only the property of its proprietors, but also a public institution for the whole community. There is little of that narrow spirit now. The companies know that their own interests coincide with the national interests, and "private ownership" in their case really means, not a selfish grabbing for dividends, but a trust for the public's convenience and safety—in a word, a joint-stock enterprise with national obligations. But joint-stock enterprise maimed and crippled by Government control can neither perform its duties to its stockholders nor fulfil its obligations to the community.

It is nonsense for the spokesmen of the Government to repudiate nationalisation when at least one department is trying its utmost to get the powers of nationalisation without purchase and without responsibility. How far Mr. Lloyd George speaks for the Government of which he is the head is not altogether a matter of certainty, but his own views on the question of nationalisation are not ambiguous. "The policy of the Labour Party," he has said, "would add enormously to the number, *personnel*, and cost of State Departments, because nationalisation would abolish private enterprise and entrench and extend government by bureaucracy." But the entrenchment and extension of government by bureaucracy is precisely what the Ministry of Transport is aiming at. Its "Outlines" express the bureaucratic ideal. It does not—at all events at present—seek to pose as one of the figures on the stage, but it wants to be the man behind the scenes who makes the figures work.

Before the war the nationalisation of the railways was discussed with a receptive mind by the more thoughtful class of business men. It is not too much to say that its advocates were increasing in number and influence, and that its opponents correspondingly weakened in the earnestness if not in the sincerity of their dissent. It was almost universally felt that the railway system was made less efficient and therefore less profitable for its owners and less useful to the public by the multiplicity of high officials, the overlapping of competing services, and the redundancy of collecting agencies. At the same time the danger was as widely realised that nationalisation would ultimately resolve itself into

management according to the weight of political votes, and that the ballot-box would be the dominating influence in a persistent endeavour to improve the position of the workers without too much regard to the utility of the railways. The war has at least brought about a great change in public opinion. With the exception of the railwaymen and the Socialists, it would be difficult to-day to find a single enthusiast for nationalisation. The Government has convinced almost every disinterested person that it is utterly unfitted to manage business enterprises, that its methods are extravagant, that its operations are retarded by the delays of red tape, and that the most capable expert, once within its toils, is put into bureaucratic leading-strings, and made powerless alike for initiative and action.

In a word State ownership is impracticable because the departments of the State are incompetent to carry on a business successfully. It has ruined the telephone service, and it would soon ruin the railways. The Ministry of Transport, started with such a flourish of trumpets, has confirmed the Government's character for muddle and ineptitude. Yet, with every voice raised against it except those of its own household, it has the temerity to submit for consideration a disguised plan of national control which has all the defects and none of the advantages of true State ownership. Between State ownership and private responsibility there is no safe middle course. The hermaphrodite plan of the Government's "Outlines" is an attempt to serve two masters and to be at the same time master itself. Control must be abolished, not only nominally, but in reality. The country wants no divided authority; no Government wolf tricked out in sheep's clothing, professing friendship, but all the while smacking its lips with eagerness to devour. The Ministry of Transport, with its army of two-thousand-a-year men, has been trying desperately hard to justify its existence; all it has done has had exactly the opposite effect. One has only to read its proposals for the future of the railways to find one's self unconsciously muttering the late Lord Fisher's pitiless phrase, "Sack the lot."

H. J. JENNINGS.

ADMIRAL MILLO AND THE GOVERNMENT OF DALMATIA.

A STUDY of Admiral Millo and the government of Dalmatia has an interest at this moment more than local, inasmuch as both the man and the problems with which he has been faced in his administration of the past eighteen months offer parallels and suggestions for many other contested regions.

For, in addition to the complex internal conditions of Dalmatia, which we shall presently discuss, the factor which above all others has rendered intensely difficult Admiral Millo's task of administration has been the fact that the whole question of Dalmatia has been for five years past a sort of storm centre, around which all the extremest party passions, at present rending Italy in common with every other country, have met and fought for supremacy. If Admiral Millo has managed to steer a remarkably straight course amidst all these conflicting currents, it can be attributed to one thing only—that he is first and foremost a man of action, and not a man of theories. Let us consider how that has worked out.

The first great test may be said to have arisen when, on November 14th, 1919, Gabriele D'Annunzio, alarmed by rumours which had reached him regarding the evacuation of Dalmatia, descended upon Zara accompanied by a certain number of his volunteers and requested of Admiral Millo an assurance that such evacuation would not take place. In general, the Allied Press has described Admiral Millo's action on this occasion—that is to say, his meeting and treating with D'Annunzio—as a grave breach of discipline, amounting almost to treason. But, if we consider the incident, not in an *a priori* and abstract manner, but in close relation to the existent state of fact, it assumes at once a different complexion.

First of all we have to note that Admiral Millo was under instructions from Rome to seek to regularise increasingly the situation by enrolling the volunteers of Fiume within his own regular troops whenever occasion should offer, and this unexpected descent upon Zara offered precisely such an occasion. For, satisfied that there would be no evacuation, D'Annunzio was willing to leave some of his troops in Zara; on the other hand, had all satisfaction been denied him, there would quite certainly have been fighting in Zara, and almost as certainly the conflict would have spread throughout Dalmatia and would have initiated a fight

to the death between the rival parties in Italy—a fight involving, possibly, revolution. Admiral Millo, by his concessions, avoided all this. Was he indeed a rebel or a true statesman? The final judgment must be left to posterity; but probably a good many people are already sure to-day as to what that judgment must be.

The actual *forms* employed at this critical juncture have never been made public, but it is probable that Admiral Millo, with his soldier's respect for discipline, preserved a certain technical correctness in his telegrams to Rome, whilst at the same time there undoubtedly commenced from this moment that under-current struggle which we are accustomed to call the interplay of personality. Three leading figures held the stage: D'Annunzio, we may say, represented the forces of complete rebellion; Nitti, those currents of extreme renunciation for which, as we have seen through his recent fall, Italy, the nation, will not stand; whilst Millo, a lonely figure without a party, tried to hold a bridge between the two. That has been the intimate character of the situation: its political expression has been that the Nitti Government never dared to remove Admiral Millo from his post, but by various forms of boycott constantly rendered his task even more difficult than it must in any case have been.

Yet, with all these difficulties at home and abroad, what has the Government of Dalmatia not accomplished in eighteen short months? Ancient aqueducts have been restored and water brought to villages never possessing it before. The roads, which had fallen into a shocking condition, have been everywhere repaired, and now permit of a regular traffic of carts and automobiles; last, but not least, a much needed bridge over the river Kerka, connecting the districts of Sebenico and Zara—a bridge which was promised by Austria for sixty years but never built—was built by the Italians in the first two months of their occupation.

In agriculture, the people have been helped by the supply of chemicals and other elements at cost price, and with a calculation of the Austrian crown at four times its market value; large farms which had been unproductive since 1917 have been restored to activity, and one especially, near to Zara, furnishes daily to that city and to Sebenico large quantities of milk, cheese, fruit and vegetables at Government rates, acting as a healthy check upon the market.

Malaria and other illnesses have been vigorously attacked, gratuitous sanitary assistance being established in all principal centres, while several cases too complicated for local skill have been sent to Italy for treatment at Government expense.

In the early months of occupation large quantities of food were

distributed gratis to the famished population; to hospitals, asylums, and philanthropic institutions these doles are still continued, and in every case such aid, whether alimentary or medical, is given without the smallest distinction of nationality, and the Slav elements of the province show themselves just as eager in applying for it as the Italian.

In religion and in the conduct of the schools the same impartiality is observed; all priests, of whatever cult, have been confirmed in their offices, and their pay has not only been maintained, but calculated in Italian *lire* instead of Austrian crowns—that is to say, raised to ten times its previous amount.

The same is true of the schools—one Slav school only, the *ginnasio* of Sebenico, was closed for a month because it denied the Government's right of inspection though drawing Government supplies.

In brief, these are the lines on which the Italian occupation of Dalmatia has proceeded, but a mere collection of facts gives but a dry idea of things, and it was indeed in a quite different manner, through a recent tour in Dalmatia which embraced not only the coast-line and the islands, but also the interior right to the foot of the Dinaric Alps, that the present writer was able to get a really vivid idea of Italy's action and Italy's growing prestige in this most difficult land.

What became clear in the course of this journey was that the Italians in many places were not only tolerated, but loved—loved by that indigenous population which, we have been told so often, regards them as vile usurpers to be driven forth. Certainly this was not the atmosphere found at Kievo, a little Slav village on the Bosnian frontier, where the population so adores the young Captain of Infantry who for eighteen months has been ruling over them that they have declared they will migrate with him in a body if he and the Italian troops should be withdrawn. It was not the atmosphere found at Obrovazzo, on the Croatian frontier, where the Mayor of a neighbouring village, knowing that he was speaking to an Englishwoman, not an Italian, and speaking quite privately, beyond earshot of any Italian, stated that in his village all the inhabitants, save perhaps one or two, eagerly desired the Italian rule to continue. Lastly, if such an atmosphere of hatred indeed were prevalent, it is difficult to understand how the Governor could have gained the special place he has. A nickname will often tell more than many protocols—if Italy's rule in Dalmatia indeed is hated, how is it that Admiral Millo, amidst many of the simple folk, has gained the intimate title of "*our father*"?

But these are things which can only be really felt by somebody

going to the country—what, however, may be offered to the consideration of all is the remarkable respect which has been shown by the Government in Zara for the Austrian laws and usages still regnant under Armistice conditions. It is true that the head of that Government observed somewhat wryly in conversation lately, "*I never thought that Fate would require of me to defend the Austrian law!*" Yet how loyally and disinterestedly he has indeed defended it can be shown by just one case in point.

The Italian zone of Dalmatia is divided into six political districts—Zara, Sebenico, Bencovaz, Knin, Curzola, and Lesina—and in each of these districts, in addition to the military authorities, there is a Civil Commissioner, the Central Office of Civil Administration being at Zara. These divisions correspond to what were once the Austrian divisions, and similarly the chief provincial institutions, such as the Provincial Council, the Provincial Office of Finance, the Provincial Postal Service, have all been retained unaltered, subject only to a final control from the Government at Zara. And in one case, that of the Courts of Justice, even this final control has been dispensed with, which has given rise to the test case above mentioned.

For it has been discovered that many of the Slav members of the judiciary body are drawing a double stipend, not only that of the Italian Government, but also subsidies from Spalato, and latterly seditious papers were found in the possession of one of these judges—papers grave enough to require the internment of their possessor. Moreover, it is urged that justice is not equally administered; that the fact that all the chief posts are held by Slavs is leading to Slav preferment and suppression of Italian interests even in this zone now occupied by Italy. The Italian indignation is comprehensible, also, because in the neighbouring zone administered by Jugo-Slavia totally different methods are observed: there, not only judges, but all civil servants have been required to take two oaths of allegiance—the first in November, 1918, to the Jugo-Slav State, with which Dalmatia's relation was not yet defined; the second, four months later, to *King Peter of Serbia*.¹ All who refused to take either of these oaths have been summarily discharged, which means that only two or three Italians in this region still retain their posts, and no less than three hundred and fifty families have been obliged to leave Spalato in the last eighteen months because they could not earn their bread.

(1) It should be noted that this would be a quite incorrect demand even if the Government of Spalato, instead of being a provisory and self-appointed body, as it is, were the regular organ of a fully constituted State, for whatever the final adjustment of frontiers, all deliberations at Paris have admitted the principle that minorities in mixed zones must be allowed to choose their citizenship.

Italy has demanded no such oaths, and, save where sedition has been proved, has confirmed in their posts all servants of the old régime. But the Italians of Zara cannot be blamed if they ask that this liberality should not be abused and should admit of their receiving at least equal treatment. Their demands are quite moderate, for they do not ask for any wholesale removal of Slav functionaries, but consider that if even one principal post, such as the Presidency of the Court of Appeal, were given to an Italian, it would suffice to establish a greater equality. But so far Admiral Millo will not hear of any changes save where actual sedition is established. Is he right? Or is this another case in which real justice would be better served "by the breach than by the observance of the law"? It is hard to tell, but in any case his attitude commands respect, and gives one the sense that it is more a Roman than an Austrian justice which is ruling in Zara to-day.

But after living in this atmosphere for a certain time a visit to Southern Dalmatia is a painful matter, and the visitor conceives a profound dislike for the Treaty of London, not by reason of what it secures to one State or another, but for what it does not secure. First of all, the geographical frontier drawn is felt to be utterly unreal and, save for purely strategic purposes, without meaning. For Northern Dalmatia is no more and no less Italian than Southern Dalmatia; in both cases the interior is Slav, and in both cases the coastal cities are purely and most beautifully Italian.¹ Curzola is a gem in which there is no single building which is not Venetian, and Curzola, because it is built on a strategic island, under the Treaty of London remains with Italy. But Spalato is cut out. Yet as one walks through the streets of Spalato, even more than in Zara, one might easily imagine oneself in Venice. The Piazza of St. Mark and the *Piazzetta* and the *Piazza dei Signori* are all repeated, and the narrow *calle* in which the Venetian accent also strikes on one's ear at every turn. Wandering over this familiar ground, with just the same feelings as one has in Venice, it produces a *shock*—a perturbation beyond the control of reason—to see at the corners of all the familiar streets names in a language which one cannot understand. Where is the beautiful tongue which should accompany the beautiful buildings? We are in Italy, but it is a mutilated Italy—an Italy struck dumb. One knows what it means, of course—any visitor can remember without difficulty how Spalato only passed into Croat hands in 1894, when Austrian

(1) We allude to the architecture, it will be understood, not to the statistics of population, which during the past half-century have suffered artificial alteration in many ways.

guns controlled from the harbour the municipal elections. But somehow the historical fact learnt from the pages of history has a different effect to that learnt in the streets of Spalato. On the spot the past lives again in the present so vividly that one has the sense of assisting at a suppression which amounts to a crime, and experiences an acute moral discomfort in the thought that one's mere presence in the city may pass for acceptance of such a condition of fact. In short, the feelings of an English visitor in Spalato to-day may very easily be those of many English people in the days of the Risorgimento, when all that was best in England vibrated for Italian liberty; and not only in sympathy for Italians, but in devotion to all those treasures of culture which may not, in the general interest, be imperilled or suppressed.

But does all this mean that a visit to Southern Dalmatia induces the feeling that the whole of this land should be annexed to Italy? By no means—at least, such was not the conclusion to which the present writer was brought, and no more was it the idea found dominant either amongst officers of the Italian Navy or amongst Italian residents in those regions which have suffered most.

The Italian Navy, or that section at least which is stationed in the Adriatic, naturally feels strongly the strategical position, and is not disposed to approve any settlement which would ever again, in a future war, expose Italy to those unequal conditions from which she suffered in the war just ended, when the Dalmatian coast and archipelago offered at once an invulnerable front and a terrible basis of attack as opposed to the defenceless Italian shores just opposite. Nor is it held to be a strong reply to object that the State which would now hold these shores, if ceded by Italy, would be a *little* State. Behind the little States the Great Powers are moving constantly. Italy requires a security independent of all such combinations, and we cannot fairly ask her to trust in the League of Nations until we show a greater disposition to trust in it ourselves. But if for strategic purposes most naval officers consider Sebenico is indispensable, more indispensable even than Gibraltar to England, they hasten to point out that merely to occupy this formidable stronghold would answer to all Italian requirements. For the natural strength of the harbour is such that a line of mines drawn across the opening to one of its several basins would render the port impregnable in the space of twenty-four hours. And thus, with the possession of Sebenico, Italy, besides securing her coasts, could greatly reduce her naval expenses, which have always, even before the war, been far too heavy for her revenue. To abandon Sebenico most naval officers consider, therefore, would be a

crime, but they discuss its retention in a purely strategic manner, just as a Briton might discuss Gibraltar, and the merits of the general Dalmatian thesis are unaffected by what might be the exceptional treatment of this one point.

In the main it is recognised that Dalmatia can never become wholly Italian, any more than it can become wholly Slav, and not even successes like Captain Ritelli's at Kievo can be held as furnishing any argument in favour of permanent military occupation. Through officers of this quality things in the northern zone may indeed move better than in the southern zone, where a much younger people is displaying much cruder and more summary notions of justice. But in both zones such military administration can never attain any really satisfactory solution. How then can adjustment be attained? Probably only along the lines traced more than half a century ago by Niccolo Tommaseo, one of the greatest of Dalmatians—the lines of an eventual autonomy for the whole province. This is a solution which has found favour always with intelligent men of all parties, nor is it strange that it should be so, for Dalmatia is in fact a geographical and ethnological unit. Shut in between her mountains and her sea, she has developed both a racial type and a character of her own. The people of the country districts, if not Italian, are still less Serbian or Balkan in character; they are Catholic in religion, and in physique are rather slender in build, with dark, often clear-cut faces, recalling much more often the Arab type than what we know as the Slav. As to language, they are bilingual—even the children at the very foot of the Dinaric Alps can talk a bad Italian as well as their Slav dialect. In short, it is a very mixed race with which we are dealing in Dalmatia—a race in which Latin, Slav, and other currents have all mingled for centuries. And the mixture of blood is reflected also in the mixture of political thought and sentiment in that small portion of the population which has reached the point of having a political attitude at all. The peasants, of course, have none; they are simply dragged now to one side and now to another by the different parties which exploit them. But the chaos ruling also among the so-called intellectual classes is worthy of consideration.

When in England we talk of the conflict between Slavs and Italians in Dalmatia, we imagine we are talking of a racial conflict as definite as might be a conflict, say, between French and English. But the state of fact is far otherwise. It is the commonest thing to find in the same family one brother calling himself "Croat" and another calling himself "Italian." And these are not the insignificant men, but very often leaders. Of course, each side accuses the other of being "bought," but it is

more natural to think that the divisions may very often be the expression of honestly differing temperament and outlook. At the same time, such frequent cases of divergence within one family do, of course, suffice to indicate that here we are face to face not with anything so fundamental as a racial or national division, but something much more comparable to a mere class or party conflict.

Similarly in the religious field nothing is simple or clear cut. In a general way the priests are Croat, and for the past half-century, following the inspiration of Vienna, they have been vigorously anti-Italian in all their propaganda. But latterly a certain division has been noticeable also within their ranks. For many who are sincerely Catholic are beginning, in Southern Dalmatia, to fear the religious influence of Serbia: they have noticed a slackness of observance in some of their own flock—a readiness to pay what they consider dangerous and unfitting homage to the Orthodox cult. And the Catholic feeling which could easily persecute Italians at the bidding of most Catholic Austria finds the position much more complicated when such persecution means playing into the hands of the Orthodox Church.

And in addition to anxieties thus raised amongst the priesthood, Serbia has made another blunder in her treatment of the agricultural community. Almost coincidentally with the Armistice, it appears, she issued a proclamation stating that the land was free. It was believed that this proclamation would win for Belgrade the adherence of all the agricultural elements in Dalmatia, but the calculation was badly made, for whilst it is true that many Italian proprietors in Southern Dalmatia have in consequence been left without rents for the past eighteen months, a considerable number of Slavs have also been hit, and these are grumbling. As a measure of justice the proclamation was also quite superfluous, for the peasants of Dalmatia are a particularly flourishing class. They are called *coloni*, and work on a system pertaining also in Istria, Gradisca, Gorizia, Friuli, and the Trentino—a system according to which the proprietor claims only a certain percentage of the net product of the farms, a percentage varying from one-sixth to one-third, according to the nature of the product, and the farmer is entitled to the remainder. The day labourer without an interest is almost unknown in Dalmatia, and this class of peasant farmers were in far more flourishing conditions throughout the war than were either the landed proprietors or the professional class. Yet, following the lead from Belgrade, these *coloni* have refused to pay over any fraction of their profits.

Of other injustices practised under the present *régime* it would be easy to say much, but it is better to say nothing. The moment

is abnormal, with passion running high, and that licence everywhere prevalent which is apt to distinguish a *régime* known to be provisional and transitional. But enough has been said to show in a general way that Italians have suffered far more from Slavs than have Slavs from Italians in this land of mixed races, and it is right that the bearing of that indisputable fact upon the future should be considered.¹

How are we going to ensure that justice for all about which in past years so much has been said? This is the real problem of Dalmatia, and whilst autonomy is probably the best ultimate solution, and one in which Dalmatians of all sections, Serb, Croat, and Italian, will probably in future be found uniting, for the moment we have an artificial condition of fact which requires a different treatment, exactly as a poisoned organism may require a powerful antidote.

For half a century Italian influence in Dalmatia, with all the development which it has the power to bring to the province, has been deliberately "cribb'd, cabined, and confined" by what was the Austrian Government. And this unfair system of suppression and favouritism, which can be learnt from the pages of history, is finding a further incarnation to-day through other agents. Austria only began to ill-treat the Italians of Dalmatia after 1866, when the loss of Venetia had made her fear their growing power. In a similar way, Italy's complete victory over Austria-Hungary in October, 1918, with the enormously increased prestige and power which have come to her through this war, have roused fears and jealousies to-day in other quarters. And English people require to grasp these things better, and hold the scales of justice better. If we could really understand the state of things obtaining in Dalmatia and throw our weight upon the side of a justice not superficial but real, such action would have results of very wide repercussion. At present the only organ of Allied justice in southern Dalmatia is an American battleship in the harbour of Spalato. Unquestionably its admiral means well, but in conversation with the present writer he admitted that he knew no Italian and was not content with his interpreters, and it was also clear that he knew nothing of either the history or politics of the very complex region in which he was struggling to act as a Court of Appeal. Now can justice be administered along these lines, and

(1) We have abstained from all accounts of particular aggressions since these are told on both sides, and on both sides denied. But the different treatment meted out to civil servants in the two zones—in general, Admiral Millo's respect for the Austrian law still regnant under Armistice conditions, and on the other hand the determination of the Spalato Government to respect only the instructions of Belgrade—these are facts of wide repercussion which cannot be denied.

if not, is it not the spirit of justice itself which must ask for systems more rugged and more real?

As a means of eliminating the effects of past injustice and a substitute for the futilities of present international machinery, even military occupation may have temporary merits, and in this light liberal politicians should be as ready as any others to support Italy in her renewed insistence on the Adriatic clauses of the Treaty of London. As a permanent measure these clauses are utterly unsatisfactory, but as a temporary measure they may serve their turn. For they give Italy a foothold from which she can work honestly and undisturbed, seeking gradually to undo all that in half a century has been most disloyally wrought against her. If words were deeds, and international justice and control a force which they are not to-day, this "interim" might not be necessary—things being as they are, it is justice itself, the highest and the realest, which points this way. For whilst *dominion* in Dalmatia may be a false and futile dream—a true Will-o'-the-Wisp, misleading all who follow after it—*participation* in the future up-building of a province in which Rome and Venice laid the foundations is a right which no true Italian can be expected to renounce, and which it would be immensely to the detriment of Dalmatia if he did renounce! That Italy's rule in northern Dalmatia—however long it lasts—will be liberal and humane, to the interest, not the injury of the Dalmatian peasantry, the facts set forth in this article should suffice to show, and judging by the successes of these eighteen months, a very short term of years should serve to dispel the diffidence and hostility inculcated by Austria, and place relations between Italians and other Dalmatians once more on a natural and friendly footing. And when that day arrives—and Allied comprehension may do much to hasten it—Italy most probably before Serbia will be ready to proceed to proposals of autonomy, offering withdrawal from all direct rule in the northern section of Dalmatia if Serbia will do as much in the south. These at least are ideas obtaining amongst many of the broadest-minded Italians to be met with at present in the Adriatic, and to any acquainted with the true history of Dalmatia they must appear as ideas of much moderation.

As a reminder to the reader of some of the features of that history, this article cannot perhaps end better than with a quotation from the well-known work of Professor T. E. Jackson, *Dalmatia: The Quarnero and Istria*.¹ In the Introduction to the first volume we find this passage:—

"In Dalmatia arts and letters flourished and commerce sprang up with all her civilising influence while the Slavonic kingdoms of the interior

(1) Published Clarendon Press, 1887. 3 vols.

remained in semi-barbarism, wasting their strength in internecine struggles and paving the way for the westward progress of the Turkish hordes. This superiority of Dalmatia is due partly to her maritime position which brought her into contact with Italy and the West, but still more to the survival along her coast of certain ancient Roman municipalities, which in the midst of a flood of barbarian colonisation kept alive the traditions of civil order, settled law, and an ancient culture. Throughout the Middle Ages they jealously maintained the civic liberties they inherited from the Roman Empire; and while outside their boundaries all the world spoke Illyric, the citizens still used the language of their Roman forefathers till it passed into its modern form of Italian. To this day they cling to their 'cultura Latina' with passionate affection: and though the Croats, backed by the Austrian Government, are fighting hard to Slavonise the cities and reduce them to the same rule as the rural districts, the issue of the struggle is still doubtful. The survival of these waifs and strays of the Roman Empire is unique; it is an historical phenomenon of almost unparalleled interest; and one cannot contemplate without regret the possibility of its disappearance."

What Jackson the scholar felt in 1887 many other English people would surely feel to-day if they would but visit personally Spalato and the other coastal cities of Dalmatia. And in the conflict of emotions which would surely be roused by such a visit many would probably find also the true measurement of Dalmatia's present Governor. As a naval officer Admiral Millo made his reputation nine years ago in the Italo-Turkish War, when he achieved the famous raid of the Dardanelles. But Fate cast him for a still harder rôle when, creating him Governor of Dalmatia, she required him to steer a course between the forces of extreme disorder and those of law divorced from life. "Gabriele D'Annunzio" and "Francesco Nitti" are but the names of two men, but they stand for two powerful and conflicting currents of opinion which find their equivalent in every country to-day, and if it be true that the "golden mean" is the way of truth, then Dalmatia and the problems of Dalmatia's Governor may be studied with profit by all.

LUCY RE-BARTLETT.

THE REVIVAL OF MILITARISM.

IN a word of acute wisdom, Emerson enjoined mankind to make continually a fresh valuation of ideas and experiences. In this way, urged the sage of Concord, we should attain elevation of outlook and spirit. Considered spiritually, these days do not lend themselves to this necessary exercise. As was said in this place a short time ago, we have reached a crisis in world affairs when an over-mastering cynicism appears to dominate mankind. "The bright hopes of a new international order are paling in the fierce light of current events, pregnant with evil."¹ The intervening weeks have brought no sunlight into this darkened scene. But the need of a fresh valuation enforces its claim upon our energies, difficult as may be the response. Indeed, the endeavour to obey this duty brings its own reward. As we turn aside from the turmoil of affairs, and in this place, long dedicated to stimulating thought, try to feel our way through surrounding anxieties, we may recover some sense of direction and nerve our resolve to press steadily forward towards the new dawn of the world.

More than five years have passed since the present writer last essayed such a task as is now proposed. In those days of gathering horrors we had begun to realise the terrible experiences which awaited mankind. The late war had already scorched its way across the plains of Flanders. Men and women of good-will had started to devise means to prevent the recurrence of the catastrophe. Statesmen were beginning to talk of the war as being "a war to end war," and, notwithstanding the derision this description excited, men by the hundred thousand rushed to aid in achieving its triumphant accomplishment.

Meanwhile the pages of this REVIEW continued to testify to the hopes which these aims had inspired. In a remarkable brochure Mr. W. L. Courtney republished three trenchant essays which had appeared here. These contributions towards a great process of enlightenment opened up the sequence of events that had led to the war, surveyed existing defects in our arrangements, and made suggestions for their remedy in order that Great Britain might prepare to resume her traditional rôle among the nations. This valuable effort, re-embodied in book form,² was dedicated to "young idealists of all countries *who will not allow the dreams of their youth to be tarnished by the experiences of an outworn age.*" The discrimination indicated by the words I have cited

(1) See "The Hesitation of America," *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1920.

(2) *Armageddon—and After*, by W. L. Courtney (Chapman and Hall) 1s.

in italics encouraged the present writer to tender some reflections upon the matters dealt with, in the belief (which critics subsequently corroborated) that he was a person within this special category.¹

From this standpoint it is now proposed to make a fresh valuation. I take leave to think that this attempt will express the conviction of countless thousands of men and women in all lands. The cry of mankind is to end war, and the day is rapidly approaching when a public man will be tested by his efforts (not words) to ensure that desire.

Mr. Courtney's essays had been succeeded in this REVIEW by two able papers from a writer who had never pretended to entertain the conceptions and hopes which they presented. On the contrary, the prospect of a change for the better in the direction and issue of the world's affairs was deliberately set aside. Thus : "The expectation that this war will kill the contest in armaments rests on no foundation. The idea that out of this contest will emerge some sort of League of Peace, and that the nations will agree to disband their navies and armies, and that they will place their confidence in some international body with its headquarters at The Hague, is a chimera." I quote these words merely for the purpose of showing that, in the view of influential supporters and prompters of the war, the character ascribed to the war to enlist widespread support had no correspondence with the realities of the situation. These persons never affected to believe in the desirability or possibility of a world without war. Long before President Wilson adumbrated the famous Fourteen Points which history will regard as the outstanding declaration of the war period, this sort of commentator had repudiated any such hopes as inspired Mr. Wilson's splendid utterances. To his mind, war was not only an inevitable but a magnificent experience. Countless parish pulpits, with their unfailing response to the requirements of the powers that be, resounded with the pitiable nonsense that war was a "scourge of God," and bishops followed suit in glowing periods depicting the "great new world" which the beautiful scourge of war was to prepare for and herald. The general indisposition to notice the ministrations of these clerics is the natural consequence of their war behaviour. There is scarcely a home in our land where it is not felt that war is a damnable outrage against mankind, and anger against its abettors is rising to danger-point.

But in the early months of 1915 public feeling had not reached this intensity, although the hope that the war was in truth "a war to end war" sustained many through the increasing anxieties of

(1) "Militarism and the War," *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1915.

the period. The question was put here : "The war of 1914 was prepared for, and conducted by, combinations of chancelleries and war services. (The assent of the Parliaments concerned may be assumed for the purposes of the argument.) May we look forward to a time when the peoples, under the inspiration of religion, education, literature, and civilisation, will control and direct the policies of the nations under suitable forms?"

It was contended that the affirmative answer to this question depended on two cardinal requirements : (1) The growth of a spirit of amity between man and man, class and class, nation and nation ; (2) the provision of adequate political machinery to enable that feeling to prevail in national and international relations. I adopt this old statement of the case, for it still seems to me to put in compact form the general outline of the changes which are essential to found and secure a better international order.

From this point of view I propose to discuss these propositions : (1) That the growth of a spirit of amity between man, class, and nation is the brightest aspect of an otherwise darkening situation, both at home and abroad ; (2) that no intention at present appears to effect the necessary political changes to enable this spirit of amity to direct and control our international relations ; (3) that the failure to obtain this concurrence between public desire and Government action is the mainspring of our national and international difficulties ; and (4) that this failure is due to a revival of the militarist temper acting in concert with commercial aggrandisement. To each of these four propositions I invite attention.

Prima facie, the submission that a growth in the spirit of amity between man and man is discernible in our own land appears to receive little (if any) support from current publications. The pressure of economic necessity is becoming so acute, and the accounts given in the journals are so disturbing, that the pessimists can find ready excuses for doubting its existence. But one of the curious phenomena of our time is that the newspapers have ceased to be a trustworthy reflex of prevailing conditions. Political and commercial bias so deflect the presentation of contemporary facts that a reliable opinion cannot be formed upon the material supplied, in the main, by the daily Press. I cannot say that the weekly reviews correct these errors to any useful extent. They are chiefly concerned with a considered judgment upon the faulty daily presentation of the journals, and I have been unable to detect in their conductors any genuine familiarity with the conditions they affect to assess. The atmosphere of the club smoke-room is not conducive to the sort of investigation required, and the notion that its denizens are the most reliable reporters of popular ideas and impulses does not find credence beyond its

armchairs. One has to mix daily with the ordinary folk in workshop and office who make up public opinion, and, on the basis of such an acquaintance, I do not hesitate to affirm that a sense of common peril increasingly inspires a friendlier spirit between man and man. The simple requirements of the daily life of ordinary people make no demand for the play of high finance with its political attachments and schemes, which the newspapers are run largely to promote, and these ordinary folk are beginning to suspect the designs of Government and its allied interests. Out of the uneasiness which this suspicion breeds arises a sense of comradeship in a common plight, and unless greater confidence is inspired by our present politicians, an acute crisis in Parliamentary government is bound to come. The Englishman exhibits a wonderful patience, but it is liable to run out suddenly, and there are signs that it is already undergoing an intolerable strain.

This close sympathy between individuals springing out of common hardships in the after-war period overflows into the relations between classes in the community. The newspapers would lead us to believe that a class war is being steadily promoted by the labour leaders. The wish is father to the thought. A class war is certainly threatened, but it is due not to the machinations of labour "agitators," but to the extortion and avarice of profiteers. The great mass of consumers, irrespective of class, are coming to see that an identity of economic interest binds them together against the trusts and combines which manipulate the market in public necessities. Again, the failure of Parliament either to check these operations or to tap their profits for the liquidation of public debt is aggravating the temper of the people, which is further inflamed by the knowledge that the neglectful Parliament itself contains large numbers of the persons it fails to control. The result is that a solidarity of feeling and opinion among classes hitherto not accustomed to co-operate with each other is being engendered. It is destined to have drastic political consequences in the near future.

This sense of solidarity is extending from nation to nation. The economic catastrophe occasioned by the war is making its effects felt in all lands, and the common people so affected are realising their affinity with corresponding classes in other countries. Further, the deplorable consequences of the after-war blockade of Russia and Central Europe are having a marked influence upon public opinion and feeling. The withholding of food, medical necessities, and other requirements from civilians, especially helpless women and children, is kindling a deep anger among the peoples of Europe, and a world sickened with the results of war is fast losing patience with militarists, whether in or without

uniforms. Moreover, the suspicion that these intolerable conditions are being taken advantage of by international financiers and traders connected with governments is doing deadly work among the peoples, who see in these assisted designs a common peril against which they must adopt a common defence. The growth of a spirit of amity between the nations is a fact of immense import to our release from the conditions, economic and political, under which our own nation (with others) continues to suffer.

My second proposition is directed to the circumstances which hinder this growing international concord from achieving its proper effect. While it is all to the good that the relations between the peoples should be increasingly friendly, unless the political institutions enable that feeling to prevail, the menace of conflict and consequent war cannot be fully averted. After a long stay in America, I gave some account in this REVIEW¹ of the condition of American opinion as it considered the Allied invitation to enter the European system and share in the responsibilities created by the Peace Treaty. This experience has a special relevance just now. The Prime Minister is reported, by the Paris correspondent of the *Times* (July 10th), as having declared at the Spa Conference that the Americans "have left us." This observation betrays an amazing unfamiliarity with American opinion about the war. The Americans were never parties to the sort of transaction which Anglo-French politicians have entered upon at recent Allied conferences. The Americans regard these "bargains" as directly contrary to the spirit and purposes of the war they agreed to assist, and in that opinion (I take leave to think) they are in accord with the best elements among our own people.

To the historian it will appear incredible that the Great War, avowedly waged for certain ends, was not succeeded by efforts to consolidate those ends. Mr. Asquith, at a time when he carried supreme responsibility, uttered words as to the aims of the war which are destined to be remembered when much else will be forgotten. Recasting a phrase used by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Asquith said: "The idea of public right—what does it mean when translated into concrete terms? . . . It means finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances, and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal right, and established and enforced by the common will."

(1) See "The Hesitation of America," *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1920.

I have sometimes wondered whether the eminent gentlemen who have engaged in these "conferences" have reflected upon the appearance which their decisions would wear in the sight of the peoples they were understood to be representing. Our own representation at these gatherings has preserved a remarkable continuity in a varied procession of fleeting statesmen, and an inquiry might properly be addressed to our present Prime Minister as to the extent to which the purpose defined by his predecessor has been achieved. For myself, I have failed to observe at these conferences any substitution for force of the elevated arrangements which Mr. Asquith detailed. There has been no marked disappearance of groupings and alliances, and the clash of competing ambitions has not altogether been silenced. The "slow and gradual process" which Mr. Asquith apprehended has been painfully noticeable, to the growing anger of the peoples concerned and the danger of the world.

Frankly, the present writer anticipated these results. When one turns from the character of the work done at these Allied "Conferences" to the machinery by which it was accomplished and the persons who assisted its operations, one finds ample evidence of the serious proposition now under discussion. We are entitled to ask: "What steps have been taken to enable the common will to enforce a recognition of equal right secured to all peoples?" This was a declared aim of the war in which many thousands of British subjects lost their lives—what is being done to honour their sacrifice by ensuring the aim they died to win? Did the British people authorise their representatives to enter into the arrangements made at these "Conferences"? Are they even aware of the nature and intentions of these arrangements? Has Parliament been consulted, or its approval sought?

On the contrary, a settled purpose has been disclosed to prevent Parliament from participating in the business of these "Conferences." No attempt has been made to ensure that the proposals brought forward by the British representatives are approved by the British Parliament and people. The failure to provide any machinery to enable Parliament to exercise an effective part in the initiation, direction, and control of foreign policy shows, in my submission, that no intention moves our present Government to bring our own arrangements within the scheme of "new diplomacy" we commended to other nations.

The drastic effect of this failure upon opinion in the United States has been insisted upon in this REVIEW. As the critical days become extended when this absence of control by the British people over engagements entered into in their name with other Governments is prolonged, the menace to international peace

increases. The peoples of the world are learning to forget their late enmities in the realisation of pressing necessities, but at present our own Government (not to mention others) betrays no desire to enlist this new feeling of comradeship in the work of reconciliation. The day will surely come when the people will remove from their path governors who intercept and hinder the healing processes of civilisation which spring from the sense of amity between nations.

The most critical sign in our national situation is the rapidly growing dissidence between the actions of the Government and the will of the people. By a "freak" election, the present House of Commons obtained a responsibility which it is singularly slow in discharging. The patent disapproval of the Government's actions which public opinion exhibits finds no adequate representation in the people's assembly. The discredit which this fact brings upon representative government is shown in the growing disinclination of sections of the people to pay any attention to the work of Parliament. This discredit extends to representation in a direction of special danger. The disposition of sections of workmen to set aside the agreements come to in their name by trade unionist leaders may have grave results (as the Manchester gas strike recently showed) unless the habit of respect for the principle of representation is strengthened. I cannot see how this result can be expected if Parliamentary representation is allowed to decline in the way the present House of Commons has precipitated and tolerated. The whole method and practice of representation is thereby discounted. When men cease to regard the work of their representatives, in any connection, and to ignore the obligations that relationship should ensure, a corroding acid of disruption is released which may lead to terrible results in the State.

It is impossible in this place to indicate the effects which this want of concurrence between public desire and Government action is causing. The growing anger against financial expenditure and the deep-seated restiveness owing to the failure to check profiteering are signs which any Government would disregard at its peril. I am concerned here with the results of this discrepancy between public opinion and Government policy as shown in regard to international affairs.

The mass of the people assisted the war in the belief that it was "a war to end war." They had no particular animus (for instance) against the German people, but they detested the wretched militarist arrogance which controlled the German Government. The disappearance of that Government and the defeat of the militarist caste which directed it represented a

complete triumph of the purposes for which the war was waged. That triumph, they understood, was to be succeeded by a new alignment of peoples, founded upon the principle of public right, securing to each nation full self-determination, ensuring the rights of each by the rights of all, and ending for ever the arbitrament of war. The Armistice bound the peoples together as one in this determination to open a new chapter in the record of nations and statesmen of good-will, responsive to the desires of their peoples, could have proceeded without let or hindrance to accomplish this great design.

The realisation in the second year of an official "peace" that the hopes of mankind have miscarried is the mainspring of our national and international difficulties. The fateful decision at the Paris Conference, to set aside the promise to the sorrowing world of seeking "open covenants, openly arrived at," set up a suspicion which has steadily deepened until a dangerous condition of international feeling has been engendered. For this terrible failure to compose the world's distress is thought to be due to a militarist temper which the peoples had been led to believe was exorcised for ever in the war. To their dismay, they find that the "war to end war" has been succeeded by a chain of wars. Some of these wars, they now discover, have been secretly prompted and supported by Governments who denied in their parliaments any participation in such adventures, and, indeed, affected to discountenance them.

The ends which these wars are intended to reach are two-fold in character. They are designed to provide "strategic" frontiers in a new disposition of military resources and plans: they are meant to cover commercial exploitation by favoured financial groups connected with the Governments concerned. Obviously, this first scheme is utterly inconsistent with the consolidation of an effective League of Nations. The temporising policy of the Allies in dealing with this essential pact of the Treaty of Peace, their failure to develop the composition and work of the League as contemplated by the agreed covenants, the equivocation shown by high-sounding speeches unaccompanied by appropriate action, above all the secrecy with which this conduct has been conceived and elaborated, all this has served to anger the peoples to such an extent as (unchecked) will provoke grave disorders.

This indignation is inflamed when this revival of militarist conceptions and practices appears to be resorted to for the purpose of advancing commercial aggrandisement. For instance, the enormous expenditure upon operations in Mesopotamia, contrary to the declarations of the Prime Minister to the Turkish people and in complete disregard of the feelings of our own Moslem

fellow-subjects, appears to have no public objective and has been incurred without the authority of Parliament.

Meanwhile, an important member of the Army Council has been allowed to resign his official post and at once enter into the employment of oil companies which carry on business in the regions which our troops are protecting. Again, the vital need of peace with Russia has been hampered and thwarted, contrary also to declarations in Parliament, because (it is believed) certain Anglo-French financial interests insist upon a previous liquidation of their claims against the late Czar's Government.

These matters cannot be pursued here, but their effects must be pointed out. Just as the American people are satisfied that European old diplomacy was, and is, a screen for economic exploitation, so the general mass of Englishmen outside the investing class are convinced that public policy is deflected for the protection of financial interests. Unfortunately, public affairs in several directions at the present time wear this aspect, and until means are provided to enable the people's representatives in parliament to survey and canvass our international engagements, disquiet will spread and errors accumulate.

Not only does the old secret machinery continue to work the diplomatic methods it carried out before the war, but the dominating temper and disposition of mind of our directors is unchanged. In India, Egypt, Ireland, the same militarist attitude is maintained, and it is idle to affect surprise at its natural results. The notion that the soldier is a law unto himself, that military necessity as a general chooses to regard it is a supreme concern to which civil government must surrender, that human life is subordinate to military requirements, all this is intensely alien to the British temperament, its occurrence is intolerable within the British dominions, and public opinion will not countenance its support beyond the British realm.

Organised labour is convinced that this military temper is its chief enemy, and that the unwarranted extension of war emergency powers by the Executive is designed for its coercion. The coincidence between military policy and the exploitation of material resources abroad is regarded by Labour as a portent of the militarist-capitalist combination it may be confronted with at home.

There is yet time to avoid a terrible after-war conflict between the peoples and their Governments. The experiences of Russia and Germany will certainly be repeated in other lands if the militarist temper surviving the war is not subdued and the resumption of orderly civil government assured. The peoples are sickened with war and angered at its continuance in any field. Unsettled

by stringency at home, which is increased by the exactions of profiteers, they are in no mood to tolerate the expansion abroad of economic aggrandisement under deceptive forms of foreign policy secretly pursued in the interests of international capitalists.

The peoples cry for peace, not the enforced surrender of small nations to the will of a war alliance, but the rest and content which spring from the enjoyment of ordered government directed by the principles of public and private justice. They have passed through five years of horrors which they are determined shall not recur with their knowledge or assistance. Old methods that contributed to the fearful catastrophe must be abandoned, and discredited leaders must be thrust aside, as Germany and Russia have already done. The people are determined to be masters of their political fate, and State arrangements must be revised to secure that beyond question. "We have before our eyes a vague but inspiring vision not of tremendous and rival armaments, but of a United States of Europe, each component element striving for the public weal, and for further advances in general cultivation and welfare, rather than commercial prosperity" (*Armageddon—and After*, p. 33).

The men of Old England sprang in their generations to broaden the basis of freedom. Like an army radiant with banners, their sons and daughters will leap to the call of a new world in which war shall cease for ever.

HOLFORD KNIGHT.

P.S.—While this paper was awaiting publication, the historic Labour Conference has supplied a dramatic confirmation of the view advanced. Unless steps are taken to direct and continue Government action in accord with public opinion, the crisis in Parliamentary Government which was apprehended will rapidly arrive. The best cure for Direct Action is to prevent its occurrence. The nation is determined not to tolerate the continuance in office of persons who flout public opinion by meddling with militarist plans abroad. It is idle to empty representative government of meaning and then to exclaim against the consequences of such conduct.—H. K.

THE ARTIST DEMOBILISED.

THE world's gone foggy since I knew it last.
Ages ago I left it, and became
Some queer machine for killing.

That's a fog

Now that it's over, too : I think of things,
Of course, that happened then—things done to me,
And filthy things I did ; but they don't hurt
As once I thought they must. I was afraid
They'd knife me now and then until I died
With memories. . . .

Lord, how I wish they would.

Suffering would be better than this fog ;
For you must live to suffer, and I'm dead.
Silly it sounds, I know : six feet of me
Sleep, eat, drink, dance, and listen to the talk :
' So well he looks ! '—' How *thankful* you must be
To get him back without a scratch ! '—' And now
When does the Thames blaze up again, dear boy ? '

Of course there's nothing for it but to chaff
Them back—to do the home-and-beauty stunt—
Pretend I like this loafing emptiness,
And it's too soon to think of work. . . .

Too soon !—

As if it ever were too soon for birds
To think of flight, or flowers to long for sun !—
And then with all these years, too, blotted out. . . .
But they believe it—fools !—as though I were
Some hireling justly chary of return
To loveless, harsh day-labour.

No one knows

Or understands or cares about this thing
That's come on me ; it hasn't any name,
(Not even all-embracing Shell-Shock suits)
Though it's so real, so hideously real.

Out in the racket there I used to keep
My head by thoughts of these days, when I should
Be borne upon the breast of hills again,
And drink the sky ; long, quiet, empty days

That I should fill—and fill. . . .

Much good they do,
Seeing how empty now I am myself!—
Empty of feeling.

In the old dead years
I used to feel—I know I used to feel :
I still could find the very paving-stone
That turned to gold once in the Strand ; or go
Back to that orchard where I walked with God,
God—beauty—art. . . .

But what would be the use?
They would be only trees and paving-stones.
There never comes a moment now, as then,
(O, *anywhere* it used to be!—in bed,
Or on a 'bus or in a tea-shop) when
Something just happens to you—rips the soul
Free of your body with one lightning-stroke
Of naked feeling, and is gone—but leaves
Somehow the world all plastic in your hand
For you to shape . . . like God . . . and glory in. . . .

Funny how I remember all its ways,
Though it has vanished like my two old lives
Utterly, leaving just this fog behind.
Nothing comes clean-cut through it; sights are blurred,
Sounds muffled to a drab monotony;
Everything's woolly—without form and void,
And I from one day to the next grope on,
Remembering . . . forgetting. . . .

O, if I
Could only do it thoroughly!—forget
The light that glowed, the wind that gave me breath,
The wine of life that a man, tasting once,
Must die of thirst before he sit content
Down to a worse! . . .

or else if but I might
Wholly remember—know again the thrill
Of the indwelling ecstasy, and feel
The stab of tears, the shiver of delight
That heralded creation. . . .

Will it be?
God, shall I ever see—hear—live again?

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU is one of Meredith's women : that she is not one of his heroines is the accident of his generation. She is of his elect, the inheritor of the double curse, the woman who both thinks and feels. It is inconceivable that he should have missed her ; Meredith, when he is not Victorian, is Augustan ; or would have been, only that his contemporaries lay heavy upon him. Neo-Augustan, perhaps ; it is the eighteenth century Bowdlerised : his Ormont a Peterborough who has been to the wash, with starch to replace the vanished quicksilver. His women breathe the ampler Augustan ether, but resilient whalebone has given place to the more fragile crinoline : they never achieve the dauntlessness of the hoop. Lady Mary was, indeed, possible only in her own generation, or in this. It takes two hundred years for these adjustments, and it is two hundred years in 1912 since Lady Mary Pierrepont ran away with Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, with a dressing-gown and a petticoat — "and that is all you will get by me."

Yet not even Meredith would have done justice to that astonishing courtship. It cries out for a collaboration : for Meredith and Henry James. Meredith should reserve himself for the lady ; she was too vivacious for his collaborator ; Henry James would have admired and feared her. But with Mr. Wortley, his hand would have been surer ; perhaps even a little sympathetic ; for Mr. Wortley also feared her, at all events until matrimony, in the phrase of his century and Lady Mary, had changed "the tender lover for th' imperious lord." Meredith would have lost patience with him, would have made him a stick, like the unhappy Mr. Warwick in *Diana of the Crossways*. And Mr. Wortley was not a stick. If he hesitated before a young woman such that "in the very twinkle of one eye [*teste* Mr. Pope] there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek there is more meaning, than all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making of them," it was from no lack of desire or appreciation. Simply he feared her, as only a clever man can fear the woman cleverer still.

For Mr. Wortley was clever, if a little heavy. They do both an injustice who see Lady Mary unequally yoked together with a stupid husband : better, perhaps, if she had. Stupidity, with Mr. Wortley's presence and parts, would have desired, obtained, and continued to enjoy. Wortley Montagu must needs analyse,

with that critical detachment that brings the curse of impotence upon the academic mind. Even in the heat of the chase he knew that he ran to his hurt, and scowling, ran the faster. Lady Mary's was no mean conquest, and she knew it. "I shall never forget," she promises him piteously, "that you have a better understanding than myself." He had, in the phrase that Henry James has made ominous, a fine mind; his classics, by which a man then stood or fell, were familiar and dear to him, though Lady Mary did discover an inscription near the tomb of Achilles in "Greek too ancient for Mr. Wortley's interpretation"; he had travelled, and to better profit than the young gentlemen who tormented Lady Mary in Venice—a caustic Lady Mary at fifty—"as the frogs and lice did the palace of Pharaoh." "Here are inundations of them broke in upon us this carnival, and my apartment must be their refuge: the greater part of them having kept an inviolable fidelity to the languages their nurses taught them. Their whole business abroad (as far as I can perceive) being to buy new clothes, in which they shine in some obscure coffee-house where they are sure of meeting only one another; and after the important conquest of some waiting gentlewoman of an opera queen, who perhaps they remember as long as they live, return to England excellent judges of men and manners. I find the spirit of patriotism so strong in me every time I see them"—Lady Mary's eloquence warms in the going—"that I look on them as the greatest blockheads in nature: and to say truth, the compound of booby and *petit-maitre* makes up a very odd sort of animal." Mr. Wortley had not preserved that inviolable fidelity: he was the only man on the Treasury Bench when George I. formed his new Ministry who was at his ease in French; and he brought back with him from the Turkish Embassy six volumes quarto of Oriental MSS., some of it the stuff of the *Arabian Nights*. Addison liked him: longs to talk an evening with him: would perhaps spend a month with him this summer if he knew where: Dick Steele and he often remember him; he is, dear sir, yours eternally. Mr. Addison had his portrait, an exceedingly handsome and very determined young man. He belonged, indeed, to that celibate company; for something over thirty years had preserved the Addisonian attitude to women, a shade less indulgent perhaps, certainly less humorous. One gathers that he made an exception for his sister Anne, the exception by which he fell. For on an evil day Edward lingered, talking, in Miss Anne's apartment, long enough to be caught by the entrance of visitors; before he could decently make his excuses, was being introduced to Miss Anne's dearest friend. Enter the Lady Mary Pierrepont.

She must have been barely twenty ; inconsequent as a naughty cat, with something still of the delightful child who was toasted at the Kit-cat Club on an unforgotten night. Her beauty was astonishing : Mr. Wortley lingered to converse, and was undone. He hazarded a classical quotation ; it failed to swamp that airy craft ; she rode the billow saucily. Mr. Wortley was discovering a literature as wide as his own, but held with that feminine insecurity of grasp so endearing to masculine scholarship. Eve, Pope called her, but Eve *after* the assimilation of the apple : a conversable Eve ; an Eve who had read everything and shamefacedly confessed to the worst education in the world. Not quite everything. One author mentioned by Mr. Wortley she—O wise Lady Mary!—had no acquaintance with ; the elegant Quintus Curtius. A few days brought her a stately edition of the *Alexander*, with a suggestion in admirable verse on the title-page that the Macedonian confronted with such beauty had sought the conquest of no other world. His omission, one inferred, Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu was about to supply.

In every man, says Mr. E. V. Lucas, even the most married, there sleeps a bachelor ; the bachelor in Mr. Wortley, like the dramatist in Shakespeare, never slept. His lapse on this occasion was sheer intoxication ; a very little while, and he awoke from that delirium to find himself irretrievably, sullenly, in love : in love, moreover, with an irreconcilable. Before him had stretched “the true *volupté*, a smooth tranquillity” ; no insecurity of fortune shook him ; he had tried the experiment of living for six months on fifty pounds (“as pleasantly as ever I did in my life,” he told Mr. Addison, and one believes him, for Mr. Wortley was ever of a frugal mind) ; he was a second son, disapproving of his father, and unharassed by personal relations. What had he to make with an expensive and inconsequent firefly, a creature of such levity that he is never sure of her for a day, extravagant, undisciplined, as exacting a woman of fashion as it behoved the daughter of Evelyn, fifth Earl and first Duke of Kingston, to be ? “I know what is best for me,” he cries in almost Pauline despair ; “I condemn what I do, and yet I fear I must do it.” It rings comically in the middle of a love-letter ; yet the question “Was ever woman in such humour woo’d ?” is usually capped by “Was ever woman in such humour won ?” Lady Mary was won.

Now Mr. Wortley was right in his main contention, that he was in for trouble ; he misjudged only the detail. He foreboded marriage with the Addisonian monster, the woman of fashion : he achieved it with an indolent gipsy. For if the bachelor that sleeps in all men waked in Mr. Wortley, the gipsy that sleeps in

all women waked in Lady Mary. Not that she would ever have announced to Mr. Wortley, as did that other lady of high degree to her lord—the ballad is surely of her century—that she was “off with the raggie-taggle gipsies O!” Lady Mary was of that irreclaimable type, the gipsy who accepts the social convention as a convenient camping-ground. This at least her unwholesome scapegrace of a son had of his mother, the adaptability that made him a citizen of Europe: it was Lady Mary in him who cried fish at Blackwall, and was discovered, a converse Saul, driving his master’s asses on the road to Oporto from the vineyards above the Douro. It was the gipsy who coaxed Mr. Wortley, if he is too poor to give her “an establishment in London,” to travel instead. If he will take her to Naples, she will promise “to make no acquaintance there of any kind,” but there will always be new things to talk about; *desiderata* to Lady Mary, for “when I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer.” She wails from Constantinople that the French Ambassadors *will* come to see her with five and twenty footmen, and a carriage full of gentlemen ushers, and she must do likewise; she would so much rather run about in her Turkish veil, which, she adds, is vastly becoming. Finally, at sixty—it is the way of old age, she remarks, to bring out the prominent passion, and the prominent feature, by the receding of the others, just as your large nose grows larger—she encamps in a spider-ridden palazzo at Louvère, and makes herself a camp kitchen in her wood up the river, a “little wood carpeted with violets and strawberries and inhabited by a nation of nightingales,” where she can catch her fish, cook it and eat it, and watch the boats going up and down to Mantua, Guastalla, and Pont de Vie. She never quotes him of Amiens—she quotes very little, in spite of, perhaps because of, her reckless reading—but she loved to live i’ the sun. She had as much delight walking in it this morning, she writes to Lady Bute, as ever she had tilting up and down the Mall, “even when I imagined I had my share of the admiration of the place, which was generally soured for me before I slept by the informations of my female friends, who seldom failed to tell me that I had showed an inch above my shoe-heels, or some other criticism of equal weight.” As for extravagance, Mr. Wortley’s fears read a little oddly when one remembers Walpole on the meanness of her age. One discounts Horace, of course; with Lady Mary, he is like nothing so much as a malicious goblin with a lantern; but, quite probably, both were right. There is an interval of twenty years between judgments, and Lady Mary, having beggared herself by her marriage, had been for that interval dependent on Mr.

Wortley. One can imagine no better discipline for the improvident. Exacting, however, she undoubtedly was, though in a fashion other than Mr. Wortley dreamed. "I will part with anything for you but you," she wrote him, in one of those cryptic statements which he so pathetically laboured to fathom. But this was before two years' learning "that coldness from possession springs"—the cynicism is hers—had cured her of extravagance of passion. Whether it cured her of that passion itself: what was the inwardness of that "unquarrelling separation" twenty years later, with Mr. Wortley on one side begging for detail that he may follow her route on the map, and Lady Mary on the other offering to describe anything that interests him because she is never so content as in amusing him, remains a question: a question, such is Lady Mary's efficacy, that still seems a little impertinent. For Lady Mary was an aristocrat, as well as a gipsy: she is the frankest woman that ever wrote, and the most impenetrable. "I always comprehend your expressions," cries Mr. Wortley, voicing the eternal complaint of his sex, "but would give a great deal to know what passes in your heart."

At the moment, at all events, it was a passion of which Mr. Wortley would have given much to be secure. Hungry and self-tormented, he prowls round paradise, a paradise that he knows will prove purgatory: the gate swings open, and he cautiously retreats; it closes, and he bays the moon. For the Eve who swung on the gate was inscrutable, and the issues conflicting. Said the bachelor, it is unwise: said the schoolmaster, she is unworthy: while the brain of the natural man was hammering to the old rhythm, She loves me . . . she loves me not. Eve suspected the triangle of forces, compounded with the third. But it was a mettlesome fight.

There was apparently an understanding of sorts already between them, when the bachelor and the schoolmaster flung gage of battle: a *Tatler* with Mr. Bickerstaff's views on the inconstant and trifling sex: reinforced by a letter of endorsement. It provoked "the first I ever wrote to one of your sex and shall be the last": a very agreeable mixture of frankness and embarrassment. We begin a little abruptly, "Perhaps you'll be surprised at this letter," but gather dignity and sententiousness in refuting Mr. Bickerstaff's "very wrong notions of our sex—" with swift transition to Mr. Wortley's very wrong notions of ourself. "Give me leave to say it (I know it sounds vain), I know how to make a man of sense happy: but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy;

but for the world I would not be the instrument of making you so : which (of the humours you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me—I can neither be easy, nor loved, where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it ; at least I am sure was I in love, I could not talk as you do."

It is of the nature of a "cooling card" : the conspirators retire, biting their thumbs. But security brings Mr. Wortley a fresh access of dread : he writes a little wildly. The gate swings to : my lady regards him over the bars, smiling a little ironically. "Your letter is to tell me you should think yourself undone if you married me : but if I would be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you'd consider whether you would or no : but yet you hoped you should not. I take this to be the right interpretation of "even your kindness can't destroy me of a sudden"—"I hope I am not in your power"—"I would give a good deal to be satisfied," etc. . . . "You beg to know whether I would not be out of humour. The expression is modest enough, but that is not what you mean. . . . You would have me say I am violently in love : that is, finding you think better of me than you desire, you would have me give you a just cause to condemn me. I doubt much whether there is a creature in the world humble enough to do that. I should not think you more unreasonable if you were in love with my face, and asked me to disfigure it to make you easy. I have heard of some nuns who made use of that expedient to secure their own happiness ; but amongst all the popish saints and martyrs I never read of one whose charity was sublime enough to make themselves deformed or ridiculous to restore their lovers to peace and quietness. In short, if nothing can content you but despising me heartily, I am afraid I shall be always so barbarous as to wish you may esteem me as long as you live."

Mr. Wortley must have felt a little ridiculous. If he did, he had a swift revenge. There is a third letter, her ladyship's magnificent courtesy of withdrawal, mocking herself and him. She had been fond enough to agree with Mr. Dryden—"pardon the romantic air of repeating verses"—that

"Whom Heaven would bless it does from pomp remove,
And makes their wealth in privacy and love."

"These notions had corrupted my judgment as much as Mrs. Biddy Tipkins." But the defiance is a little hysterical : that laughter ended badly. "You think me all that is detestable ; you accuse me of want of sincerity and generosity. To convince you of your mistake, I'll show you the last extremes of both." [There ends a paragraph : not even in extremity does Lady Mary

"When I foolishly fancied you loved me (which I confess I had never any great reason for, except that I wished it), there is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you—I might say loved, since it is the last thing I'll ever say to you." [Lady Mary there sealed herself of the tribe of great lovers: she could not lightly bring herself to write *The Name*.] "This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness: and now I will oblige you with a new proof of generosity. I'll never see you more."

Thereafter, there is no more fencing. It struck fire from even Mr. Wortley's steel. "I would die to be secure of your heart though but for a moment. . . . Were this but true, what is there I would not do to secure you?" It would have been a petty woman's opportunity; Lady Mary hesitated, and plunged, with the terrible generosity of a proud woman. "Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity?"

For Lady Mary knew her antagonist with a surer analysis than his of her: and knew herself for a fool. He need not think, she told him, that she approves of her own conduct: her conscience flies in her face every time she thinks on't. But—it is the epitome of the Meredithian curse—"without being a jot wiser than my neighbours I have the peculiar misfortune to know and condemn all the wrong things I do." She knew that she suffered him too far. "I begin to be tired of my humility," she wrote fiercely. "I have carried my complaisances to you farther than I ought. Our aunts and grandmothers always tell us that men are a sort of animals, that if ever they are constant, 'tis only when they are ill-used. 'Twas a kind of paradox I never could believe; experience has taught me the truth of it. You are the first I ever had a correspondence with, and I thank God I have done with it for all my life. . . . I wish among the variety of acquaintance you may find someone to please you: and can't help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you won't find one that will be so sincere in their treatment, though a thousand more deserving, and every one happier."

Frankly, one agrees with Lady Mary: we begin to be a little tired of her humility, a little afraid that Mr. Wortley's blindness to her passion was of the sort least curable. But, to the eternal glory of her sex, the correspondence was punctuated by interviews: Lady Mary on paper was an artist, too great an artist for anything but terrible sincerity; Lady Mary in the flesh was a woman, and not of the type of those ladies in the *Parthenissa* of whom Dorothy Osborne complained that they are all so kind, they make no sport. One letter of Mr. Wortley's abides for

evidence : a sulky masterpiece. "Every time you see me, gives me a fresh proof of your not caring for me—yet I beg you will meet me once more. . . . Who is the happy man you went to? I agree with you" (one hears the concentrated bitterness); "I am often so dull, I cannot explain my meaning. . . . If you can't find it out that you are going to be unhappy, ask your sister. . . . She knows you don't care for me, and that you will like me less and less every year; perhaps every day of your life. You may, with a little care, please another as well, and make him less timorous. It is possible I too may please some of those that have but little acquaintance. . . . When you hear of all my objections to you, and to myself, you will resolve against me. I see you can never be thoroughly intimate with me : 'tis because you have no pleasure in it."

Et patati et patata—until Mr. Wortley finds himself in the presence of the Duke, committing himself to a proposal for his daughter's hand. High comedy is about to turn Romantic : the Duke plays the heavy father to stage perfection. Not that the interview began unamiably. Mr. Wortley was an unexceptionable young man : his political prospects excellent : one proceeds to settlements ; to the question of Lady Mary's establishment, and the entail of his estate. It brought the bachelor and the schoolmaster together to their feet. Mr. Wortley's means admit of the extravagance of a house in town as little as his principles do of entail : see Mr. Addison's views in the *Spectator*. Mr. Wortley stood firm to Mr. Addison in the crash of avalanches. There is a burst of cataclysmic wrath : the gate of paradise slams, and a fulminating Duke stands sentry where Eve so lately swung : Eve herself, always so poignantly desired in retreat, disappears in the remoter shades, there forced to suffer the addresses of a new and formidable suitor, titled, infatuated, prodigal of jointure, and unembarrassed by the Addisonian scruple. The situation simplifies and transfigures. Lady Mary within has the glitter of the Golden Fleece : Mr. Wortley recklessly desiring without, is haloed by Cophetua's crown. "The generosity and the goodness of this letter" vanquishes her wholly. "I am at this minute more inclined to speak tenderly to you than ever I was in my life—so much inclined I will say nothing. . . . At this minute I have no will that does not agree with yours" Meantime the abhorred wedding-clothes are purchased, the settlements drawn up : there is no escape but by "coach and six at seven o'clock to-morrow." She will be on the balcony that looks on the road : he has nothing to do but to stop under it, and she will come down to him. There is one little terrified letter on Friday night—"Are you sure you shall love me for ever? Shall we never

repent?" . . . but it ends: "I will be only yours and I will do what you please." The curtain rings down.

It rises after three months, prettily enough, on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu hesitating over her first letter to her husband. "I don't know very well how to begin: I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial style. After all, I think 'tis best to write as if we were not married at all." The *mise-en-scène* is a hired house in Yorkshire: Mr. Wortley in that last generous ardour had promised all things, even travel: and kept his word by housing his captive gipsy with divers worthy families in his native county. For the moment, however, the gipsy was exorcised: that first letter is a curious illusory forecast of the domestic Lady Mary who might have been; whereby the eighteenth century had lost its choicest aspic. She tells Mr. Wortley of the household; of her host and hostess still in love with one another; of the nursery naughtiness of Miss Nanny and Miss Biddy—"I don't know whether you realise that this seeming impertinent account is the tenderest expressions of my love to you": it is because she likes to think it will some day be even so with themselves: will he think her a hypocrite if she confesses that she returns private thanks to Heaven every day at family prayers for making her "Yours, M. W. Montagu."

Unluckily, Mr. Wortley was not of the type of that Lord Hartington whom Lady Mary has agreeably credited "with so great a vocation for matrimony that I verily believe, if it had not been established before his time, he would have had the glory of the invention." Already Lady Mary had realised it: "I would have you want no pleasure that a single life can afford you," she wrote a little proudly; "a woman that adds nothing to a man's fortune ought not to take from his happiness." She had yet to realise that it was not the pleasures of the single life that Mr. Wortley would hanker for: it was for that which is greater than the sum of its parts, the single life itself. Mr. Wortley's affairs kept him much in town: it was unthinkable—though Lady Mary had once thought of it—that she should encamp with him in his bachelor rooms: she must be, she is "sensible how far I ought to be contented when your affairs oblige you to be without me." Mr. Wortley returns to the familiar sacred haunts, calling occasionally at Mr. Tonson's, bookseller, at Shakespeare's Head, near Catherine Place, for letters from Madame.

Happy enough letters, at first, if always a little wistful. "I see nothing, but I think of everything, and indulge my imagination, which is always employed on you." She has discovered an old trunk of papers, among them the letters of his great-grandmother the countess to her lord, which "will tend much to my

edification, being the most extraordinary lessons of economy that ever I read in my life"; yesterday she walked two hours on the terrace. "These are the most considerable events that have happened in your absence, excepting that a good-natured robin redbreast kept me company the whole afternoon, with so much good humour and humanity as gives me faith for the piece of charity ascribed to these little creatures in the *Children in the Wood*: which I have hitherto thought only a poetical ornament of history." She expects a letter next post to tell her that he is well in London, "and that your business will not detain you long from her who cannot be happy without you."

It was a disability which Mr. Wortley did not share; less perhaps from lack of affection than of imagination. He loved her, after his fashion: but his absences were unharassed by visions: the pathos of that solitary young figure on the terrace was not poignant enough to spoil the flavour of Mr. Addison's conversation. If the picture did flash upon his inward eye, it was probably with gratification that the figure *was* solitary: it had not been Lady Mary Pierrepont's wont to be regarded only by a robin redbreast, unless—he must have read it among her verses long afterwards:—

"—when some bumpkin at church
Starts wistfully over the pew."

In time, indeed, the letters grow a little querulous: "peevish and splenetic" were Lady Mary's own adjectives for them, with her usual unavailing perception. Mr. Wortley answers with salutary sharpness. It wrung from her that peculiarly feminine apology, which put the receiver more thoroughly in the wrong. "I am alone, without any amusement to take up my thoughts. I am in circumstances in which melancholy is apt to prevail even over all amusements, dispirited and alone, and you write me quarrelling letters." A little later she has been very ill, but would not order Grace to write to him, lest he should think her worse than she was—"though I don't believe the fright would have been considerable enough to have done you much harm." It hurts to write things like that, unless one is very sure of contradiction: doubtless Mr. Wortley showed the truest kindness in discouraging the habit by ignoring it. One hopes he did not equally ignore the desperate little sentence at the end: "I wish you would write again to Mr. Phipps, for I don't hear of any money, and am in the utmost necessity for it."

In June, the boy was born. Mr. Wortley leaves her complacently: her matronhood will have something else to do than to "lament your absence as if you were still my lover," an irksome assurance when one is conscious of having become that

more sensible creature, her husband. So confident is he that he intermits his correspondence completely : which inordinately distressed her. "'Tis the most cruel thing in the world," she wrote—she had always a trick of generalising—"to think one has reason to complain of what one loves." This was a subtlety too Coleridgean for Mr. Wortley : moreover, there was more afoot in the last winter of Queen Anne's reign than the vapours of an unreasonable young woman in Yorkshire.

Mr. Wortley adopts a strong-minded policy. When she writes that she is ill he hopes it is not so bad as she makes it : nor does he refer to his son, being kept sufficiently informed on that head. For a while the results are very pleasing : her letters are of an admirable decorum. But it was a deceitful lull : on November 24th (Mr. Wortley dated that letter in his own hand) he reaped the whirlwind. She knows very well "that nobody was ever teased into a liking, and 'tis perhaps harder to revive a past one than to overcome an aversion" : but for once she will "suffer my inclination to get the better of my reason. I have not often opportunities of indulging myself, and I will do it in this one letter." And what is all this pother about? She parted with him in July, and 'tis now the middle of November : but she does not complain of that. Of what then? Simply that he never says he is sorry for it. Would not any man, not her lover, be out of patience with her, the more for her affectation of reasonableness? "I would not have you do yourself any prejudice, but a little kindness will cost you nothing. I do not bid you lose anything by hasting to see me, but I would have you think it a misfortune when we are asunder. Instead of that, you seem perfectly pleased with our separation. . . . When I reflect on your behaviour, I am ashamed of my own, and think I am playing the part of my Lady Winchester. At least be as generous as my lord : and as he made her an early confession of his aversion, own to me your inconstancy, and upon my word I will give you no more trouble about it. . . . As 'tis my first, this is my last complaint."

Not quite the last. The news came north of the death of the Queen : there are rumours of a Jacobite invasion from Scotland ; she writes in terror to know what to do with herself and the boy : characteristically more distressed that he has neglected to write for news of her in the danger, than by the danger itself ; a piece of sentiment that sufficiently excuses his continued silence. There is one last brief letter—"You made me cry two hours last night"—thereafter peace. In a very few months the exile was over : Mr. Wortley's appointment to the Treasury demanded even from his careful mind the London establishment : Lady

Mary Wortley Montagu is restored full-mooned to the firmament where Lady Mary Pierrepont had been the crescent : Lady Mary at six and twenty, beautiful, disillusioned, dangerous, immune. But the good work had been accomplished upon her, before ever the period of probation was ended. Already in Yorkshire her letters are as from one politician to another. If she reproaches, it is with an admirable lightness—"Adieu. I wish you would learn from Mr. Steele how to write to your wife"—or with a pure acerbity unsicklied by sentiment : "You do me wrong in imagining (as I perceive you do) that my reasons for being so solicitous for your having that place was in view of spending more money than we do. You have no cause of fancying me capable of such a thought."

At last Lady Mary had learned "the matrimonial style."

HELEN WADDELL.

LA RÉPONSE DE GEORGES MOORE EN
FORME DE SONNET À SON AMI EDOUARD
DUJARDIN (L'AUTEUR DE "LA SOURCE
DU FLEUVE CHRÉTIEN") QUI L'AVAIT
INVITÉ À BLOIS POUR MANGER DE
L'ALOSE.

LA chair est bonne de l'alose
Plus fine que celle du bar,
Mais la Loire est loin et je n'ose
Abandonner Pierre Abélard.

Je suis un esclave de l'art ;
La sage Héloïse se pose
Sans robe, sans coiffe et sans fard,
Et j'oublie aisément l'alose.

Mais je vois la claire maison—
Arbres, pelouses et statue !
Dujardin, j'entend ta leçon :

Raison qui sauve, foi qui tue,
Autels éclaboussés du son
Que verse une idole abattue.

HÉLOÏSE AND ABÉLARD.¹

ON reaching the Great Bridge Héloïse stopped like one upon whom a spell was laid, and she could not do else than abandon the ramble in the woods, for it came to her memory that the King's Gardens were open to the public on Thursday, and that students assembled there for discussion. Soon the swallows will be here, she said, building under the eaves, and she repeated Virgil's lines all the way up the rue des Chantres, passing the Cathedral without seeing it, her feet leading her instinctively to the Little Bridge that connected the city island with the left bank. Clerks and students were coming over it. And for what are you coming? she asked, and heard the news that Abélard's enemies thought that they had found a worthy opponent. But the one they have found, the scholar said, is but a barking dog that should be driven off with the stick of truth. All the same, I'd like to hear his story, said Héloïse, and nothing loath the student began :

Abélard's opponent is Gosvin, a young man from Joslen's school at Douai, and one full of pluck and resource in argument. But it would be too much to say that he will be the winner. Joslen, his master, tried all he could to dissuade him, telling him that Abélard was even more formidable in criticism than in discussion, not so much a doctor as a wit; that he never gave in, never acquiesced in the truth unless it was in his favour; that he wielded the hammer of Hercules, and never let go, and that he would do better to unravel his sophisms and avoid his errors than to expose himself to laughter by challenging Abélard in disputation. But it was impossible to dissuade him. So his friends and comrades gave him a brave send-off and are now praying for him, so it is said. Abélard knows nothing of it. Gosvin has a few friends, and as soon as the master begins his lessons Gosvin is to rise up. You'll hear it all in an hour's time in the cloister. From another she learnt that Gosvin was a stripling of six and twenty, slight as a child, with pink and white complexion. And Abélard? she asked. As the student was about to answer her, he was accosted by another student, and Héloïse gave ear to him, thinking he was about to speak of Abélard. But it was of the fine weather they spoke, and not many words were exchanged on this subject when the rumour anent the cloudless sky provoked the sally: a sky that you do not often see here, but which we see so often in Italy that we weary of it. How proud the Italians are of their sky, cried

(1) Chapters from Mr. George Moore's forthcoming work, "Héloïse and Abélard."

another. Is not then the sun the same everywhere? Héloïse asked, and it was this simple question that raised the discussion that she had heard her uncle say last winter while sitting by the fireside was one of daily occurrence in the Cathedral Gardens. The same sun? a student asked. Have a care. Did not the master tell us that qualities are real and that the species are as real? Of course, cried another student, things are not words, and whoever denies it falls into Roscelin's heresy.

A contentious statement this proved to be, and it brought forward an opponent who said : If the qualities exist beyond the things with which we associate them, the colour of the flowers exists apart from the flowers; and if the Italian sky is of one colour and the French sky of another, there are two skies. If one sky is cool and grey and the other blue and burning, it seems hard to deny that there are several qualities of sun—two suns. But we know that there is but one sun, cried several voices, and the students agreed that the question was one that should be put to the master. But another student held that the question was too simple to trouble the master with, and in answer to many he said : there is an excellent white wine in thy country, Alberic, and there is an excellent red wine on thy hill-sides at Beaune. But what is wine? A species, and liquids are the genus. Now the species is a real thing. It is the vininess that makes the thing, the wine, just as humanity makes the man. But white wine and red wine are both species of the same genus, liquid, and they both are the same in the possession of vininess; therefore, red wine and white wine are the same. But we can go farther. The genus is also a real thing. The genus liquid exists in water, just as it does in wine, and the genus is the truth. It is the essence, and therefore wine is the same as water. I hope you all understand that wine and water are interchangeable. I suppose it is all right, and I'll try to swallow this conclusion, though I choke. Another example : Pacquette is blonde ; Madelon is dark. Both are of the species—girl. They have it . . . the essence . . . that . . . how shall I say it . . . *puella virgo* . . . I give it up. For who shall say that they possess that which—

Of a sudden the voices ceased, and Héloïse, raising her eyes, saw a short man, of square build, who, although well advanced in the thirties, still conveyed an impression of youthfulness; for though squarely built his figure was well knit, his eyes were bright, and his skin fresh and not of an unpleasing hue, brown and ruddy. The day being warm, he walked carrying his hat in his hand, looking round him pleased at the attendance, and it was this look of self-satisfaction that stirred a feeling of dislike

in Héloïse. He seemed to her complacent and vain; and she did not like his round head, his black hair, his slightly prominent eyes, his fleshy nose; the only feature that forced an acknowledgment from her was his forehead, which was large and finely turned. But her admiration of it passed away quickly in her dislike of his short, square hands with square finger-tips and blunt nails. His name had often been mentioned in her presence, she was even familiar with it, but had a personal description from no one, only many eulogies of his intelligence and his skill in argument. She had heard him compared with Plato, and had she thought about him at all she would have imagined a thin, finely-cut profile, sensitive nose, and pointed chin, the very opposite to this broad, almost clerical, clean-shaven face. She could not even conceive Aristotle converging to the type that Abélard represented so prominently, and the thought rose up in her mind that that philosophy wore an altogether different appearance. But as soon as he spoke her feelings about him changed as the world changes when the cloud passes and the sun comes out. The voice had much to do with the transformation, but not all; it gave beauty to his very slightest utterance; and the phrases that caught upon her ear were well worded. He speaks good Latin, she said to herself. The words had hardly passed through her mind when another thought whispered to her: were Plato and Aristotle dandies? Half-an-hour must have been spent in the donning of the laces at his cuffs and another in choosing the buckles of his shoes. But her criticism of his apparel was quickly swept away again by the sound of the smooth, rich, baritone voice, and this time she perceived that the voice was accompanied by an exquisite courtesy, and that the manner in which he walked addressing those who gathered about him to admire and to listen was kindly, although it was plain that though familiarity from him would be an honour he would resent it quickly in another.

The students gave way before him: he smiled upon all, waved his square, blunt hand, stopping before one who, on the approach of the master, strove to obliterate a circle that he had drawn on the gravel with his stick. On seeing the circle and divining the use of it, Abélard stepped forward from his admirers and held a little court before proceeding into the cloister to hold his greater court. A circle, he said, is a figure in which all the lines drawn from the centre to the circumference are equal; and of the lines there may be any number. But come of you would say that I can add another hundred lines and another two hundred lines, but a moment comes when no more lines can be added, and this puts into the arguer's mouth the question: does the circle exist?

Hence all the difficulties that we know of have arisen, for the circle does not exist in substance. But it exists in the mind, and the mind is something, therefore the circle exists. On these words, amid many acclamations, Abélard resumed his resolute gait, exchanging words with those whom he knew, smiling encouragingly, inviting all to follow him to the cloister.

Héloïse fell into the crowd of pupils and disciples that followed him to the cloister—herself the newest—and from thence into a sort of classroom, a vaulted hall with many benches in front of the pulpit and one long bench fixed to the oak-panelled wall. The pupils took their places on the distant benches, the disciples on the benches grouped about the pulpit; Héloïse sought an obscure corner, and her eyes followed Abélard as he went up the five steps that led to the pulpit, and saw him spread his notes on the desk in front of him. But no sooner had he done this than a stir, almost a quarrel, began in the hall, certain students pushing their way in and others opposing them. And among these intruders she caught sight of Gosvin, recognising him by the description she had had of him from the students in the Gardens. Now what is the meaning of all this? Abélard asked, and he was answered by Gosvin. I have come from Douai to Paris to thine own school, the little man answered, to get an answer from thee at the request of the students. It would be better for thee to learn to hold thy tongue and not interrupt my lesson, Abélard replied. But I have come all the way to challenge the discussion. From whose school? Abélard asked. From the school of Anselm of Laon, Gosvin answered. Hold hard, cried one of the disciples, rising suddenly to his feet. Who is this ill-conditioned fellow who comes from Douai thouring and theeing the master? Who indeed is he? cried several voices, and in a moment a dozen were ready to fling the little impertinent without the doors, and would have done it if Abélard had not interposed. My lesson ended, I will call on the youngest among us to answer you. Douai shall thou and thee Paris, while Paris employs the more formal you. At these words Abélard's disciples and pupils released Gosvin. It may be that the youngest is able to answer my arguments as well as the master, but Douai has sent me to meet Abélard in disputation. The disciples rose from their desks, some five or six, and whispered that Gosvin was of good repute in disputation, and urged Abélard to hear him lest a bad impression might be created and their enemies return to Douai with stories. Speak, Abélard said, turning to Gosvin, and Gosvin, unabashed, began:

I have come to overcome, to put to flight, those who hold the false doctrine that there are no substances but individuals.

Wilt hear me? he asked. And Abélard answered: have I not said that I will hear you, but be brief, for the question is of little interest here, it having been unriddled and judged long ago; but speak, my boy; only one condition do I make, that you will leave the hall as soon as you have gotten your answer. Now speak.

I will put my argument simply and into the space of a few lines, saying that if there are only individuals then there are Peter, Paul, John and so on, but no humanity. Horses, too, have names, so have dogs, albeit there is no equinity or caninity; and the relation between any man and any horse and any dog is the same as between any man and man and horse and horse and dog and dog. But this being my doctrine, we in Douai would hear how comes it that we speak of the community of mankind.

The question that you have put to me is even simpler than I had expected, Abélard answered, and it almost shames me to answer it, but since I have promised an answer, hear it. Humanity, equinity, and caninity, we say, do not exist as things separable from men, horses, and dogs, but we do not deny that men resemble one another, that horses resemble one another, and dogs resemble one another. The names of the species indicate the resemblance, which is greater than the resemblance of all to one another as animals, and there you have the reality of species and genus indicated by the names men, horses, dogs, animals.

No sooner had Abélard ceased speaking than Gosvin began again, but before he had uttered many words Abélard, with stern face, answered: then I set my answer, interrupt my lesson no longer, else I shall have to ask my pupils to remove thee among some cinders on a shovel. On these words the hustling began, and the little man was pushed to and fro, almost carried out of the hall, crying back all the while: but I haven't yet ended, I haven't ended, while, heedless of the outcry, Abélard applied himself to his notes just as if the scene had already faded from his mind, ready to begin his lecture as soon as the disciples returned.

The two poles of man's moral existence, he said, are faith and reason. But it is not our object to-day to inquire which is the more important. We wish rather to affirm and to show that both are equal and that the work begun by faith can be continued by reason; that, in fact, reason was given to us to continue it. Faith and reason is the theme of to-day's lecture, and the relations which each bears to the other; but before proceeding into discrimination I would call your attention to another fact, that faith and reason projected themselves into literature, taking

a final form in the same century, as far as can be known about the sixth century before Our Lord Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem. It was fifteen hundred years before this great event, the greatest that ever happened in the history of the world, that the Bible began to come into literary existence—in other parlance, nearly a thousand years before the Babylonian captivity in Palestine the story of man's birth and fall was communicated by God to his Chosen People, a stiff-necked, rebellious people, as himself has called them, accepting the revelation without enough apprehension of the honour that was done to them, disobeying the law that was given unto them for their preservation at all times, until God in his anger resolved to destroy the world, but was moved to spare the world and to accept the atonement proposed by his Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The second communication of God's will was received by the Apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, from Jesus Christ Himself.

I must apologise for calling your attention to facts so well known to you all, but it seems to me that for a plenary understanding of to-day's lecture it was necessary to point out that the Bible, unlike Homer, is entirely dissociated from man's imagination; the Old and the New Testaments are both messages from God to Man. In saying this I am on sure ground, none will dispute it: none except the Infidel from whom our armies have succeeded in rescuing the Holy Sepulchre. None will dispute except the Infidel that the Bible, being inspired by God, must be accepted by man through God's own gift, faith. We accept the Bible without discussion. It is our duty, of course, to interpret the Bible; it is the duty of the Church, for God has given us the Church, as well as the Bible. I need not labour the point any further, and will pass on to a matter less trite and commonplace than that the Bible is a work of Divine inspiration, to a matter that has not yet been considered, brought into relief, by anybody that I know of: that while the Bible was coming into existence, at the same time a great poet, the greatest the world has ever known, was brooding and writing the Iliad and the Odyssey. And these poems, though they came less directly from God than the Bible, are also a gift from God in something more than the trite phrase implies: all things come from God. Inspiration has never been denied to the Iliad and the Odyssey. Homer was inspired; he received his gift from God and though the inspiration was less direct than the inspiration that was vouchsafed to Moses, still it must be held that he was inspired. I do not know if the point has ever been disputed. Virgil, too, was inspired, and perhaps his inspiration was even more direct

than Homer's, for did he not predict the coming of Our Lord? It is a remarkable fact—remarkable—I choose this word with care—remarkable that the great work of faith and the great work of reason should have been written in the same period, for Homer lived, perhaps, a thousand years before the birth of Our Lord, about the time of David or Solomon, who continued the Bible.

A student raised his hand. May I put a question, master? And the master, with a slight contraction of the brow, resigned himself to the question, and it was debated for some minutes whether Homer's poems should not be considered as arising out of a new sense come to man, the sense of beauty. Are not the poems concerned with beauty rather than with reason? The interrupter seemed to have made a point; but the sense of beauty, it was pointed out to him, implied reason, for beauty means to discriminate, and to discriminate we must have reason: the animals that have not reason do not discriminate, they are guided by their instincts. The interrupter acquiesced, unwillingly, it seemed to Héloïse, and she hated him for it, for her whole being was drawn to the idea that Abélard was about to make known, drawn as the needle is to the lodestone, wholly without thought, all other thoughts and desires being absorbed in one desire, the desire of the story on the lips of the Prophet: for he was that in her eyes already. This much, however, I will concede to Raymond, Abélard continued, looking towards the student, who blushed with pleasure at feeling the master's eyes upon him, and as the word concede implied that in the master's opinion his interruption was not wholly valueless he became at once a centre of admiration. This much I will concede, Abélard said, to Raymond, that Homer's poems were not the dawn of reason; the dawn of reason arose some hundreds of years later in the East. Homer's poems were but a beacon fire, or shall we call them the cry of the watchman: the dawn is nigh! for it was four hundred years later Abélard repeated, emphasising the point, which he seemed to regard as of primary importance, that man leaped, as it were, into a new existence about six hundred years before the coming of Christ, that man broke at least one of the links that attached him to the animal, and rose to higher state than before: Buddha appeared in India, Confucius in China, a little later Plato and Aristotle in Greece. All these were inspired, and all these prepared the world to receive the great revelation that was to come to the Apostles from Jesus Christ himself in Palestine eleven hundred and seventeen years ago.

There is the throne and the steps about the throne, he said, and as well as the great revelation we must regard the minor revelations, which are continuous though they seem to be final,

for after each revelation there is a period of work during which men knit and weave the new ideas that have been vouchsafed to them into a garment fit for their daily wearing; and at this knitting and weaving we have been busy for more than a thousand years; the garment is now nearly complete, for Christianity has conquered a greater part of the world; Christianity has won, but for the winning of the whole world to Christianity a new revelation is needed. One hundred and seventeen years ago it was thought that the old world was ended; men put on sackcloth, threw ashes on their heads, and gave their wealth to the Church, certain that the last day was at hand. Nor was their mistake as great as it has been since supposed. If the prophecy had been: the old world by faith alone is ended, the prophets would have prophesied no more than the truth, for it has come to pass that within the last century the new science has been given to us, and it is a sword whereby all the world may be won to Christianity.

As Abélard spoke these words Héloïse remembered the words of the Chorus in Seneca's *Medea*: new worlds shall be discovered in the age to come, the imprisoning ocean shall be thrown open till there shall be no land alone, no ultima Thule. And she longed to rise to her feet and speak them, for they would bring wings to the master's argument, a flying feather, at least. So did she feel as she sat entranced, questioning herself: carried, in truth, out of an old world into a new one. In her trance, for it was one, she accepted the intellectual and the physical as one, though a few moments before she distinguished between them. Nor was this strange, for the man was not the same: all the defects of parade and artificiality had disappeared, and the faith he was preaching, that reason had come to man's aid and was about to remould the world, shone out of his pale blue exalted eyes—all she saw of him clearly were his eyes and she heard only his smooth, rich voice; and his arguments mattered little or nothing to her now. So deep was the spell put upon her that if he had told her to mount the tower of the Cathedral and cast herself over she would have done it.

He had passed into the second phase of his lecture, into analysis and discernment, and the disciples were putting questions; she heard him answer every one with ease. Every answer seemed to exalt him and she was carried out of herself beyond control; she was drawn along in sensations of fear and happiness, she knew not which, nor what would befall her. At last Abélard began to gather his notes from his desk, and while gathering up his notes he continued to address his favourite pupils and disciples. She strove to resist the impulse urging her, but her

strength broke and snapped like a viol string, and pressing through the crowd, lost to reason, she threw herself on her knees, and catching his hands as he came down from the pulpit, she kissed them. Women did not come to his lectures, and his pupils regarded the interruption as unseemly—if not unseemly at least an uncomely incident—and pressed forward, thinking that the master must not be subjected to violent demonstrations twice on the same afternoon. But Abélard pressed back the students and disciples, and returning to her he gave his hands to her again and said some words and led her out of the building.

What happened afterwards she never succeeded in remembering exactly, nor how she reached home, so great was the confusion within her. She must have followed the familiar way instinctively without knowing she was following it. Be that as it may, she returned to herself on the steps of her uncle's house ashamed, not knowing how it had all come about.

It is her step, Fulbert said, as he sat reading, and laying down his book, he waited. But hearing her talking in the front hall with Madelon, he grew impatient. Come, he cried, and tell me thy roamings in the woods. . . . What, no violets! I have not been in the woods to-day, uncle. And she told how at the Great Bridge she was moved to go to the Cathedral to say a prayer to the Virgin for her guidance. An excellent thought! the Canon exclaimed, and he was about to add that he wished such thoughts were more frequent in her, but he checked himself in time; and it was well that he did, for Héloïse had to confess that her pious project was swept out of her mind by the groups of students in the King's Gardens. Waiting for Abélard, the Canon interposed, with some, to be sure, waiting for Gosvin and looking forward to his triumph in disputation, a young man of genius whom Douai sends to Paris in the hope that his dialectic may be enough to stop the spread of Nominalism. To bid the tide retire, Héloïse said, with a quiet smile. So thou regardest Abélard's genius as a tide that cannot be stayed. Gosvin's bidding will not stay the tide of Abélard's success, she replied. *Instead of seeking violets in the woods thou wast in the cloister, niece, augmenting by one the swelling crowd of Abélard's admirers? Yes, I was in the cloister, uncle. And I gather from thy words and tone that he triumphed over Gosvin. Héloïse answered: Of course, and asked the Canon in a quiet, even voice, irritating him thereby, if Abélard were greater than Plato and Aristotle, to which the Canon replied that none was and none ever would be greater than Plato and Aristotle; but, being of tractable humour that morning and disposed to worship the*

rising sun, he said that Abélard's genius was an honour to France, and that if he could steer clear of heresy he would rank sooner or later as the descendant of Plato and Aristotle. He comes from thy country, niece, Nantes or near by. An argumentative fellow truly, the son of Bérenger, a soldier attached to the court of Hoel IV., Duke of Brittany, who, it appears, gave up all claim to the family estate so that he might be free to wander the world over, ravelling and unravelling thoughts and entangling opponents in webs of arguments. Many are the stories told about him, and they agree in this, that he has never yet been worsted in an intellectual encounter. But how is this? I never knew thee give a thought to a living man before; hitherto only dead ones won thee. How is it that he has captured thine imagination? Did you think it difficult to capture it? Yours would have been captured too had you been in the cloister to-day. And knowing you as I do, I wonder with what words you would have praised him. I was detained in the Cathedral, the Canon answered, through the fault—— But there's no need why I should trouble thee with the story; far better that I should hear how Abélard overthrew Gosvin in disputation. It was soon over, Héloïse answered, and after keeping the Canon waiting a long time, she spoke aloud, but to herself mainly: nobody was ever more wonderful. So he demolished Gosvin at once? the Canon interjected questioningly. Gosvin! she cried. Yet he is a man of good repute in argument, else he would not have been chosen as champion, the Canon said, and Héloïse began to tell that his aggression was as stupid as it was impertinent. By what right did he interrupt the master's lesson? she asked. All the same, he was treated none too fairly, only being given an opportunity of saying a few words. Abélard replied briefly, and deeming the argument at an end, muttered, as he turned to his notes, that if Gosvin did not leave at once he would send for a shovel and cinders. The Canon laughed outright, such ferocities of language, he said, were characteristic of Abélard. But the provocation put upon Abélard, she averred, was very great, and I am not in agreement with you, uncle, that ferocities are characteristic of him, for I heard him speak with courtesy to his disciples in the Gardens and controvert with gentleness, stopping to explain by means of a circle his doctrine of Conceptualism. But the Canon gave little heed to her eulogy, remarking casually that Abélard was a master of honeyed words as well as bitter. Enough, however, of Abélard for the present; tell me his lesson. I am not Abélard and cannot relate his lesson. I do not ask thee to relate the lecture, but to tell the subject of it. The subject was Faith and Reason, she answered. One that he would treat well,

the Canon said, and he begged his niece to relate as much of the lesson as she could remember. But he could not persuade her out of her thoughts, and when he pressed her she replied : I would tell it if I could, but cannot. At last she broke the pause : but do you tell me his story. And if I do? If you do I will try to remember.

At the time I am about to speak I was not Canon of Notre-Dame, but I remember hearing that William de Champeaux was never tired to saying that he had never had a pupil like Abélard, and his praise ran on the lines that Abélard could develop an argument in several directions, drawing from it unsuspected thoughts and ideas. But the lad had no intention of repeating and developing his master's thoughts, and Champeaux, it is said, had to yield to him in argument more than once, which made an enemy of his master and many of his master's disciples. But enemies mattered little to him, for he could learn anything he pleased in half the time that anybody else could, and his daring was so great that men gave way before him as men will do before victory, accepting him for the sake of his success, bowing before him as before a conqueror. At that time he was a mere stripling, and anxious that his friends' hopes of him should come to pass, he began to look round him for a school in which he should be master. And Melun, an important town near Fontainebleau, seeming to him suitable, he settled there. At once his school became famous, and it was at Melun that his talent began to take wing; England, Germany, Italy, sent students, and encouraged by the good fortune which he now believed was his for ever, Abélard left Melun for Corbeil. The choice was a lucky one, maybe a wise one. However this may be, Corbeil became soon after, like Melun, a royal seat, and at Corbeil he was nearer Paris, ready at any moment to carry the citadel by assault. Which he did, Héloïse interjected. Yes; but no sooner had he succeeded in establishing a school at Corbeil than his health yielded to the strain he had put upon it and he was obliged to give up everything and to go away for a long rest. He travelled, it is said, in Germany and England; some hold that it was in England that he met Roscelin, but it is not known for certain, for he never speaks of these years, and the secrecy he keeps regarding them has set many tongues wagging. A wonderful man, uncle. But go on with thy story, for it is as wonderful as — Go on with thy story, uncle. Well, niece, he reappeared after some four or five years. But if thou wouldst understand his reappearance I must tell what befel William de Champeaux in the meanwhile. Leave Champeaux out of it, uncle; tell me about Abélard. The story of one cannot be told without the other,

the Canon answered testily. I must tell the story in my own way. Champeaux, fallen into years, was living in as much seclusion as a man of great reputation may; but he was persuaded to open a school again at St. Victor, and one day, while lecturing to his pupils and disciples he caught sight of Abélard among them. His heart misgave him, and it is said that he found difficulty in continuing his lesson till Abélard came forward to reassure him, saying: I have come to ask permission to attend your lessons, master. Champeaux could not exclude him from his school, for to have done so would have been a confession that he was not able to meet him in argument; and it seems to me that the story I am telling of his irruption into Champeaux's school brings into view the spiritual adventurer who left his home in Brittany to meet men in disputation and overthrow them, the pitiless logician who cares for nothing but his art. But his turn will come, as it comes to all who are carried away by pride and believe their destinies are written in the signs of the zodiac. At first he was full of deference, but it was only a mock, for Champeaux's doctrine was the very opposite to Roscelin's, and Abélard began to press him back with arguments clear and striking, worsting him in his own school and obliging him to retire from the position he had taken up.

After this second victory, Abélard's position seemed more than ever secure; his doctrine acquired greater force and influence, and many of those who attacked him before passed over to his side, won by his personality and eloquence. He conquered where nobody else dared; his enemies were afraid to meet him; he was so skilful in argument that he could attack both sides equally well; Realist and Nominalist went down before him, and he came to be spoken of as the new Socrates. But this was unendurable, and William de Champeaux assembled all his partisans and friends, all the congregation of St. Victor, and challenged him to a decisive argument, one that must bring ruin to one or the other. Abélard was victorious? Héloïse asked. Yes; but in the middle of his triumph, or perhaps I should say at the moment when his triumph was complete, another idea seems to have come into his head and he left public life without telling anybody he was going. This second withdrawal was well calculated, a matter of some three or four months, a period long enough for the people to feel how much his presence and teaching meant to them. In three or four months he was back again, before the wonderment ceased. And what a welcome he got. He entered Paris as a conqueror, triumph after triumph drawing crowds from all countries; Germany, England, Italy, came to listen to Abélard, the renowned philosopher of Europe.

The Canon stopped speaking so that Héloïse might ask him some questions that would lead to a further unwinding of a story which had begun to seem to him more inveigling than he knew it to be before he began it. But Héloïse said nothing, and after waiting for a question from her, he said: where are thy thoughts? My thoughts, uncle, were—— I do not know exactly where they were. I suppose I must have been thinking. Can one think without words? Ah, now I remember; I was asking myself if Abélard's story would have revealed to me the man whom I saw and heard in the cloister—— If thou hadst heard his story from me before seeing him? Yes, uncle; and her face still deep in a cloud of meditation, she confessed that it was not until she heard him in the cloister that she began to see that what she saw and heard were not two different things but one thing, for he would not be himself without—— Without what, niece? the Canon asked, for he was amused by Héloïse's embarrassment, and to continue it he added: his beauty? The sneer threw Héloïse off her guard, and she answered that nobody could call Abélard an ugly man. A stocky little fellow, the Canon persisted. And he would have said more of the same kind if Héloïse's face had not warned him not to proceed further with his teasing. So instead of girth he spoke of Abélard's forehead, which he admitted to be of the Socratic type in its amplitude; but he averred that the likeness between the two men ceased at the forehead, for whereas Socrates was of the ascetic temperament, Abélard was by his face notably a free liver, a disparagement that seemed to Héloïse like a challenge. She asked the Canon to mention a feature that would testify to the truth of this, and the spirit of battle being upon him he could not keep back the words: his long, loose mouth. You never spoke to me before of Abélard as one divided between free living and philosophy. Nor is it many minutes since you were speaking of him as the intellectual descendant of Aristotle and Plato; your present sneers of him cannot be else than an attempt to anger me, and maybe we would do better to talk of matters on which we are agreed.

GEORGE MOORE.

(To be Continued.)

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NOVISSIMA VERBA.—(X.)

As "Organised Labour" has voted itself to supersede Parliament, we had better wait and see the issue of a claim which means civil war. I turn therefore to books. *The Life of Lord Courtney*, by Mr. G. P. Gooch (Macmillan and Co., 1920), is at once a faithful portrait of an eminent public man and an invaluable contribution to the political history of our time. My own close relations with Leonard Courtney lasted for exactly sixty years, and I was keenly engaged with many of the causes and movements to which he devoted his life. We had common friends, often wrote in the same organs of public opinion, and at times stood on the same platforms. Now and then I warmly supported and followed his lead : and again I engaged in vehement opposition to his chosen causes. No man of our time took a nobler part in resisting the reckless imperialism which led to incessant wars in India, in Egypt, in South Africa ; and in all these I and my friends were proud to regard him as their trusted chief. On the other hand, his dogmatic creed of self-help, of proportional representation, of woman's suffrage, and of pacifism was alien to all my deepest beliefs. At the root of our two minds there was an ingrained antagonism between Courtney's individualism and our ideal of social humanity. Thus it is that with a truly impartial judgment I offer my tribute to his public career as that of a great citizen whose courage, tenacity, and lofty spirit did honour to the highest traditions of English public life. His life from first to last, of which this book is a faithful record, is a story of devotion to patriotism, honour, good faith, and an almost romantic spirit of personal sacrifice.

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The point in this story which specially interests me is this. Here is a man of great powers, acknowledged to be of eminent public service, who continually refuses office, even of the most tempting sort, who is constantly rejected and fails in his aims, solely because of his stern independence of mind, and his stoical resolve to suffer none of his convictions to be sacrificed to party.

He refuses office in which he would be specially useful, he votes against his party, he resigns his place in the Government, he makes it impossible to enter a Cabinet, and he passes the last eighteen years of his public life as a wholly independent critic of Government outside of all party connections. This was because nothing could tempt him to yield a jot of his cherished principles, even to place himself where he would be unable publicly to assert them. I need not say how highly I honour such steadfastness, worthy of an Aristides or a Cato, how much I value such outspoken courage in our public life. But the moral I draw is this—that the true place for such independence is outside of Parliament, free from all party ties, devoid of all ambition for office. It is of the best interests of the nation that it should have such absolutely free and brave politicians and critics. But they must stand aloof from party and from office: their strength lies in *opinion*, not in force. They have to touch the conscience, not to make laws: they must keep clear of the party discipline. As was the case of Mill—even of Burke—the chief part of Courtney's public service was done outside the bounds of party and office. Would that all could see how impossible it is to serve both ideal convictions and official place.

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Mr. Gooch's book gives us a faithful record of Lord Courtney's public career; but it is not at all limited to that, for to a great extent it is the history of the political world in which Courtney took part during more than half a century. As a strict biography of a politician, this so far detracts from the life-like portrait of a personality—all the more that Courtney himself had a very minor action on the policy which he so often criticised and sought to influence. In literary vivacity, therefore, this very industrious and accurate memoir is far from a success. There is too much about humdrum Parliamentary tactics and forgotten and forgettable personalities. And this also detracted from the biography of Sir Charles Dilke. The heroic standard of Courtney's principles is too often obscured by tiresome details from persons whom he did not convince, and who certainly never convinced him. In this volume there are printed, more or less in full, no less than seventy-eight letters from others, many of them trivial, complimentary, and outside his proper work. Very few of these letters have any literary value, nor are Courtney's own letters specially distinguished in form. All those House of Commons tactics and friendly courtesies extend the bulk and dim the vivid impression of a man of rare virtue and power, though they will be most useful some day to the historian of the Victorian age.

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A new history of philosophy by the Cambridge Professor of Moral Philosophy cannot but attract students of modern thought, and they will turn with great expectations to the *History of English Philosophy*, by W. R. Sorley, Litt.D., etc. (University Press, 8vo., 1920). My own expectations, I confess, have not been entirely satisfied. The field of the inquiry is too limited in area, in time, in language. The method of the inquiry seeks rather to state dates, facts, and schools, and to give short summaries of numerous writings, rather than to expound definite judgment on the value of each school and philosopher in aiding in the evolution of thought. Again, the enumeration of an immense number of different theories leaves the reader waiting to be informed what in the author's judgment is the essential outcome of this mass of learning, and, above all, what is the author's own point of view in philosophy. He tabulates with great industry and precision the doctrines of some hundred and twenty philosophers, who for the most part differ widely from each other, but we do not see with which of them he concurs and how he would class himself. The Chronological Tables and the bibliography occupy no less than seventy pages, and extend from A.D. 1516 to 1918. Out of this vast library of learning, in what solid body of truth has Professor Sorley himself found salvation and offers us as sound reality?

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The field of the inquiry is too limited in time. It practically starts with Francis Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* in 1605. The result of this is to reduce to bare mention the philosophers of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance from Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century down to William Gilbert in the sixteenth century. But Roger Bacon is surely one of the greatest of English philosophers, the peer of Francis Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, and Hume. But Roger, Duns Scotus, and Ockham are hurried over with a page, or half a page, whilst Henry More has ten pages and Bentham has twenty pages. Surely, too, Gilbert is of prime importance in any history of English philosophy, yet he is reduced to a perfunctory single page, apparently because he wrote in Latin. Why should a history of philosophy be limited to the English language? This limitation points to a serious defect in the professor's method. Gilbert, like Roger Bacon, as did Descartes and at times Francis Bacon, wrote in Latin because their whole work was associated with, and was addressed to, European thinkers, not to those of their own nation. That English philosophy only began in 1600, and ended in 1900, is a double misconception, as is the assumption that it appeals only to those who read our language. Philosophy has no limit of age, of

language, or of race. To confine it to nationality, century, or literary form is radically to disfigure it.

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The initial mistake was to undertake a history of *English* philosophy. There is not, and there never has been, any truly English philosophy, nor English science, nor English astronomy or physics. All the higher developments of knowledge and research are not only European, but now are cosmopolitan. And this is especially true of the crown of all knowledge in philosophy. Our own philosophy did not begin with the first book in English, and it did not end with the reign of Victoria. And why *English* rather than British philosophy, seeing that large chapters are devoted to Hume, Adam Smith, Thomas Reid, Dugald Stewart, Sir William Hamilton, and the recent Scottish school. The author, himself a distinguished Scot of eminent Scottish academies, seems inclined to the recent phase of Northern philosophy which in the twenty years since Victoria has given us such an abundance of critical, if not of original, philosophy. It seems odd that so distinguished a member of that race and school should open his history of philosophy with an English book, should entitle the study a history of *English* philosophy, and should close it with the end of an English sovereign. As was said of a lady's costume, *il commence trop tard, et il finit trop tôt*.

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The book will be very useful to students, especially to those who are being crammed for examinations, for it gives the dates, chief works, and a summary of the views of one hundred and twenty English philosophers, of whom few undergraduates know the names, and of whose views they may very well remain ignorant. The so-called "history" is, in fact, a catalogue or summary of works on philosophy published in English between 1600 and 1900; but it is not a weighty estimate of the permanent result of the thinkers named. Indeed, a work purporting to deal with the dominant ideas of three centuries, but which said little or nothing about French, German, and Italian thought in those ages, their influence upon British thought, and the reaction of British thought on them, nothing of Descartes, Leibnitz, Diderot, Kant, Hegel, and practically nothing of the influence abroad of Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Bentham, and Mill—such a work loses sight of the very central idea of philosophy. The French, the German, and the American text-books do this. The now-forgotten history of philosophy of G. H. Lewes (1880) did this. Such a book as that of Mr. Archibald Alexander (1907),

which in 600 pages treated philosophy from Thales to Thomas H. Green, did this. But the Moral Professor in Cambridge avoids this indispensable task.

A new translation of the *Agamemnon* always gives me the occasion to re-read the drama which I have long held to be the grandest of all tragedies in any language or age. And now Professor Gilbert Murray has published his version, in rhyming verse with notes (G. Allen and Unwin, cr. 8vo., pp. 91). The Preface, Stage-directions, analyses of the Chorus, and Notes are most valuable aids to the English reader, and in every sense worthy of Dr. Murray's high office and great reputation. The version of the Greek original may hold its own with the well-known translations in prose or verse by Dr. Verrall, 1889, and of Mr. Morshead, 1899; and where Dr. Murray differs from them, perhaps scholars will prefer to follow him. The volume altogether will be of real help to the student of Æschylus; and it will certainly have the same vogue as Dr. Murray's translations of Euripides and of the *Ædipus* and *Frogs*. As a metrical translation of the most tremendous of all tragedies, it has to compete with an immense number of others—the London Library alone has more than twenty. Two famous poets have made egregious failures. Browning's is queer and uncouth; Fitzgerald's is mere "variations" on the sacred text of Æschylus.

I doubt if Dr. Murray's method suits Æschylus as well as it suits Euripides. It is too modern, vernacular, and Browningsque at times to fit the Pheidian, Biblical majesty of the *Oresteia*. Rhyme is out of place in the mighty declamation of these iambics; and in the Stichomuthia, or "capping" of alternate lines—always a doubtful device to us—the rhyming is almost comic. The perpetual use of "God" for "the gods," and even "'Fore God," jars on my ear; and there are too many daring new compounds like "Ghastly-wed," "Gold-changer," "bird-throated," "third-thrower." It is risky to imitate the poet's new mint; but I admit that "Hell in cities, Hell in ships" for the famous *ἐλέας ἐλέτολις* is a daring and successful stroke, from which Milman admits that he shrunk. Altogether Dr. Murray's work is an honour to Oxford scholarship; but a verse translation of a sublime poet should be poetry. And for my part I cannot part with my Dean Milman which I have enjoyed for fifty-five years. Milman was himself a poet, albeit of early Victorian type. His Translation of the *Agamemnon* and of the *Bacchanals* and numerous Greek Lyrics (John Murray, illustrated, 1865) is, to my mind, a rare introduction to Greek poetry. And his version

of the *Agamemnon*, if less scholarly, is more like the spirit of Greek poetry than any of those by recent hands.

One of the most striking facts of our time is the incessant efforts that are made to bring about some religious harmony—even a union of various Churches. Things are being done by ministers, clergy, and even prelates, which would have been thought intolerable down to the close of the Victorian era. And the purely secular Press has opened its columns to debates and controversies—as to church membership and the need of development in religion. There is ample ground to account for all this. The war shook all the conditions of life over the whole globe with a disturbing force greater than any experienced in the life of man. The habitable world from the Alaskan promontory to the Indian Ocean was drawn into the vortex. At the same time the relations of social order and industrial discipline were stirred to their foundations. The essential unity of humanity was revealed as it had never before been made so manifest. And the universal uprooting of society drove men to ask the question—if religion could not do something to find an *eirenicon* of mankind.

To the man-in-the-street, to common sense—certainly to the agnostic—it would seem that all these efforts have been futile. As a keen-sighted dignitary of the Church reminds them, what hope of union of Protestant churches is there if prelates insist on Episcopacy and the antique Creed? It is as if purposely meant to exclude all Presbyterians, all Unitarians, as well as the vast body of religious persons who would call themselves Christians, but would not submit to have their faith limited by any dogmatic creed, whether ancient or modern. And what glimmer of union is there between any Protestant communion and one of which the essence is the miracle of the real presence and the sanctification of the priest as the miracle-worker? To common sense it would seem that no reunion of Christians can advance a step whilst there is no real agreement as to the source and authority of the Scriptures, as to the definite meaning of the Creed, and especially as to the nature of Christ, and the truth of His birth, life and death. It is no use to talk about Christian reunion if you are willing to leave all this in the air.

If prelates and theologians are too rigid in their conditions of religious union, there are many able and excellent leaders of thought whose ideas of religion are noble in spirit but intellectually vague. I was attracted to a new volume by Dr. Bosanquet, a very distinguished philosopher and moralist. What

Religion Is (Macmillan and Co., 1920, sm. 8vo., pp. 81) is a beautiful book, with almost all of which I should feel in sympathy, if I were to vary a few names and phrases. But my difficulty is to understand what exactly, in plain words, the writer means. In his opening sentence he raises what he so finely calls "the S.O.S. of humanity"—"what must I do to be saved?" The answer seems to be—You are saved if you have religion. True!—but what religion? Something that you hold as supreme! Yes! but what is that? It is as much as to say—You are saved if you have X. This indefinable X runs through the whole book. "In the unity of love and will with the supreme good you are saved—you are free and you are strong." But what is the supreme good and how am I to reach it? "Be a whole, or join a whole." This, he says, *is religion*. "We must not let go our main grasp of the *values*—love, beauty, truth." But that is what all who reason about religion have said from St. Paul to Auguste Comte. The formula would cover the Pope, General Booth, the Chief Rabbi, the Sheikh-ul-Islam and a Chinese Mandarin. As Aristotle said of Plato: "It is beautiful, but is it practical?"

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Heartily accepting this formula of Dr. Bosanquet, our own faith, as I have often tried to explain, is this. The business of religion is not so much to tell men what goes on in Heaven, and how to get there when we leave this earth—but rather to tell men how to do their duty whilst they are here: and what the brotherhood of man really requires them to do one to another. Unhappily, all forms of Protestant Christianity are far too "spiritual" to do anything of this kind. Heaven, not earth, is their sphere. Rome at times does something, too often on the wrong side, in the wrong way. The Catholic Church once did much; and so did some Protestant churches in the day of their power. But to-day they are silent, and protest that their sacred office has nothing to do with things social, industrial, political, or national. So say Baptists, Unitarians, Churchmen, and Romanists, at least in England, for they fear that their congregations would disappear if they presumed to meddle with mundane things. So they talk of nothing but Heaven, whilst the masses are ever less interested in it as a matter of vital concern. There will be no real peace on earth until there is promise of a common religion based on scientific certainties which all can accept, and training men from childhood to practise that personal and social conduct in life which is at once their duty and their true happiness.

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An amazing example of the way in which Obscurantism lifts its old head at any new step taken in the progress of science is to be seen in the eagerness of metaphysico-theology to make a hit out of the novel Einstein theory of physics. The famous professor has proposed a new development to the geometric conditions of the world, which so far high scientific authority and recent observations seem to justify. Thereupon certain mystics in what they call philosophy and theology cry out: See how rotten and treacherous a foundation is your boasted science! Since Euclid, Newton, and Darwin were all wrong, let us return again to our sublime and antique fancies, and put no trust in their pretended scientific certainties. Long ago Mr. Arthur J. Balfour started this red-herring across the chase of Truth; which I then described as "sub-cynical pessimism," "a kind of despairing quietism." Serious men of science never imagined their knowledge to be complete or final, even in their own special branch, and have always been willing to hail novel improvements and corrections. Like Newton, they knew they were only picking up solid fragments on the shore of a boundless sea. But it is a comical form of muddle-headedness which fancies the discovery of a new shell or an unknown bit of rock proves all that has yet been gathered in to be worthless.

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Dr. Einstein himself has now given to the English reader his own account of his theory in what he calls the simplest form—*Relativity, A Popular Exposition*, translated by Dr. R. Lawson (Methuen and Co., 12mo., pp. 135). Now, "the average reader," so addressed, will not be able to master this learned book unless he is fairly familiar with recent physics, and especially the modern development of the geometry of four dimensions. In the next place, let the average reader be reassured that the new doctrine of relativity concerns those who work *inter apices* on the ultimate problems of geometry and astronomy. The Euclid of the schools and the solar system of ordinary text-books remain untouched. Euclid deals with the measurement of objects on this globe, by men. The Newton of academic examinations explains the diurnal and annual rotations of the planets and the physics of our solar system. Neither Euclid nor Newton ever laid down final, absolute, and ultimate laws of the universe. If anyone supposed that Newton did this, Dr. Einstein tells them they were premature, and that Relativity goes a long way farther than they dreamed. Professor Eddington, the Astronomer-Royal, and some of our highest authorities, have now explained the Einstein doctrine and are willing to accept it, though it is still waiting

demonstration by final tests. But to assume that this is to knock the bottom out of science is indeed childish superstition.

I have done my best to follow Dr. Einstein's new book and the various expositions it has called forth. And I will only say that the extension therein given to the doctrine of Relativity causes me no difficulty to accept, for I have been a firm believer in an extreme form of Relativity all my life. Even at Oxford I never could bring my mind to believe in any Absolute Reality outside my personal consciousness, however high the probability that our scientific knowledge was correct in fact. I have never known any limit to Relativity, *i.e.* to the truth of things being true, *so far only as human powers and conditions admit*. Accordingly, I hail Dr. Einstein's enlarged Relativity of Time and Space, which to me have always been mere working forms of the human understanding. But when, in Part III., pp. 105-114, he determines the structure of Space *in se*, and denies that "the stellar universe is a finite island in the infinite ocean of space," but postulates a finite universe, he is going too far. Geometry may prove this in a fourth dimension, *i.e.* a non-human world. But a geometer has no right to dogmatise about the universe by what are merely *XYZ* theories on paper. All these tables are not *geometry*, *i.e.* the measuring of real things, but they are algebraic conundrums, which may have no real existence outside the brain of the calculator. Dr. Einstein is more geometrician than philosopher. Relative philosophy will recall him to earth by reminding him that it is an unverified assumption that *his* idea of Space and Time, *his* ratios, and *his* figures rule throughout the universe. Dr. Einstein's new Relativity may be an unanswerable *tour-de-force* in super-geometry, but it has no right to pose as Relative Philosophy. There may be not only a fourth, but an *n*th geometry in the universe, or the universe may be a figment of his own imagination. True Relativity rejects all forms of the Absolute.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

TROTSKY IN EKATERINBURG.¹

I REACHED Ekaterinburg at an interesting time. Trotsky, the Minister of War, was expected there to begin the work of turning his Red armies into Labour armies, and making his victorious troops beat their swords into ploughshares.

It may not be known to some of my readers, and may seem hardly credible to such of them as read the news from Russia and Poland to-day (July 22nd, 1920), but the abolition of war and militarism is one of the great objects of the Communists, and was in fact the cry which enabled them to overthrow the Kerensky Government in 1917. They are convinced that only by the adoption by all nations of the system of government which they have established will an end be put to land-grabbing by *bourgeois* Governments manipulated by capitalists eager for new markets and more supplies of raw material. And land-grabbing, they hold, leads to war. They have written whole books on this subject, and there is hardly an issue of their newspapers which does not refer to it, but I need not say any more about it here. To point out to the Bolshevists that their practice belies their theory is futile and even unfair, for they answer that it was the attacks made on them by Denikin, Kolchak, the Czechs, the British, the French, the Americans, and others which made them take up arms to defend their existence.

No sooner were Denikin and Kolchak crushed than Trotsky conceived the great project of turning several of his Red armies into Labour armies. It was just such an idea as would appeal to a clever journalist like Trotsky, and he carried it out with all the ostentation which the ex-Kaiser, also a man with an editorial turn of mind, would have shown in turning workmen into soldiers. In the first place Trotsky determined to visit Ekaterinburg for the purpose of doing the thing in style in the very town where he had been himself a political convict in 1905, and where, in 1918, Nicholas the Second had met with his tragic end.

A daily newspaper, called *The Red Tocsin*, was started in connection with this movement, just as lively, well-written newspapers are started by the Bolshevists in connection with all their movements. It was printed by "the First Revolutionary Army

(1) The writer of this article is a British officer who was captured by the Bolshevists in Siberia early this year. He posed as a civilian and was thus able to travel to Ekaterinburg, and live there for some time. After visiting Moscow he left Russia a few months ago as a civilian refugee.

of Labour," and in stereotype at the head of the first page was a picture which would seem curious to the average Englishman, but which is common enough in Soviet Russia. In the foreground was a workman beating weapons of war into agricultural implements, but still carrying his rifle slung across his back in order to show that, if the necessity arose, he was ready to defend himself. In the middle distance was a Cossack ploughing, his sword by his side; and in the background rose an enormous factory with smoking chimneys and a great crowd of factory hands hastening joyfully to work. Overhead was the Red Star of Bolshevism.

All the contents corresponded to this picture. The achievement of Red workmen in repairing a bridge or a damaged locomotive was chronicled with the same enthusiasm as a British newspaper would describe a successful feat of arms by British troops. The unit of the Red Labour Army to which these workmen belonged was given just as we would give, in small wars, the unit to which the victorious troops belonged. Every kind of achievement in the realms of industry and education was treated in the same way. The work of army and village and factory schools and the reduction of illiteracy was made a matter of brisk competition; and, if *The Red Tocsin* is to be trusted, the various schools enjoyed this competition with the same zest as we enjoy cricket matches. Instead of sending news about husbands who poisoned their wives, and ex-officers who murdered their sweethearts, correspondents in outlying districts sent exclusive wires about old women of sixty who had been taught to read and about butchers' boys who had qualified for professorships. There was poetry, too—a great deal of it—but it was not the poetry of war. It celebrated the work of the turner, the fitter, the ploughman, the tinker, the tailor, the candlestick-maker, and not the exploits of the warrior. One poem which I saw was addressed by an engine-driver to a "sick" engine, as the Russian railwaymen call a locomotive which is laid up for repair; and the point of it was that the thousands of "sick" engines with which the railway lines were covered should be nursed back to health with as much care as if they were sick children.

There was much inaccuracy and exaggeration in this paper—I found it guilty of both inaccuracy and exaggeration in the glowing report which it published about the repair of the Perm bridge—but it was certainly run on original lines. Was there any demand for it on the part of the public at large? The Bolshevists laugh at such a question, for they have as little respect for democracy as the late Lord Salisbury had. They would never even dream of asking the public what it wants any more than

they would dream of asking their horses. They give the public what they consider good for it, and deprive it of all possibility of getting anything else. Just as Peter the Great used to have his *boyars* forcibly shaved, so the Bolsheviks, when they started their great cleanliness and anti-typhus campaign in Ekaterinburg, used to seize grown men, shave them, cut their hair, and then subject them to a compulsory bath. When the Russian public has been educated on sound Socialist lines and has grown up it will be able to look after itself, but at present, say the Bolsheviks, it is an infant which does not know what is good for it, and cannot stand on its own feet.

Bolshevism is really run to a large extent by a clique of Socialist journalists. Lenin, Trotsky, Zinoviev, Radek, Lunacharsky, and all the other leading Communists have been journalists, and Trotsky has acquired in New York something of the vivid American style of journalism.

Resuscitate the late Mr. W. T. Stead; associate with him Mr. Wells, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Dickenson, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Lord Northcliffe, and the editors of the *Nation*, the *New Statesman*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Daily Herald*; make them all fervent Bolsheviks; give them supreme power over a people as plastic and ignorant as the Russians; and they will do something like what Lenin and Trotsky have done. Mr. Wells will draw up rough, scientific schemes for an entirely original, brand-new, machine-made civilisation; he will get those schemes endorsed and touched up by mad but extremely learned professors who have been shut up all their lives in their studies brooding over the idea of a perfect State; and his colleagues will instantly put them into execution. Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw will dash off in their dinner-hour brilliant, paradoxical, and revolutionary proposals about agriculture, coal-mining, and education, which will meet with the same favourable reception; and Lord Northcliffe will centralise the Press as it has never before been centralised and employ in its service the radio, the wireless telephone, the aeroplane, and every other modern invention. All this may seem fantastical, but nothing more fantastic than the reality could be written about Russia. The development of the Press alone constitutes, as I shall afterwards show, one of the most marvellous achievements in the history of journalism. Despite the acute lack of paper, the Soviet Government is at present publishing Mr. Wells' wildest pseudo-scientific romances, which it evidently regards as far superior to the New Testament or any of the other great books on which our "effete" civilisation has been founded; and, despite the extreme paucity of skilled electricians for the most humdrum

work of modern life, it is spending millions of roubles weekly and employing scores of engineers on vast schemes for the electrification of Russia, schemes which seem to have been borrowed from a romance about a future, electrified, scientifically-constructed world which was written some years before the war by the well-known novelist, Kuprin.

If the Soviet Government succeeds in getting peace, money, and unlimited raw material, it will be most interesting to see how they are going to develop. It will certainly be on new lines, as they have not a particle of reverence for the past. Trotsky thinks himself a far cleverer man than St. Paul, with equal energy, a sounder doctrine, and a much firmer grasp on the realities of life. How can it be otherwise, he asks, seeing that St. Paul lived so long before the age of the radio, the aeroplane, and all the great scientific discoveries which have so completely changed our whole outlook on the world?

The scheme of the Labour Army might have come hot from the active brain of the great journalist who founded the *Review of Reviews*. As a matter of fact, it came from the brilliant brain of Trotsky. Ten years ago it would have been hidden away in the columns of some obscure Socialist newspaper. Now it has behind it all the resources of a great Empire.

Ekaterinburg was gaily decorated in honour of Trotsky's visit, but the Bolshevik Minister of War came, unostentatiously enough, in the night-time and refused to hold any parades, inspections of troops, or any other formal functions whatsoever. He is a slight-built, wiry man of medium height, dressed as a private soldier, and without any decorations. He wore on his head a curious cap which has been invented for the higher officers of the Red Army. It is of khaki cloth, is cut in the style of the steel helmet worn by the ancient Russian *Bogatyr*s (Knights), and the whole front of it is covered by a huge star, the Red Star of Bolshevism.

He wore no belt and carried no weapon; his face is sallow, Mephistophelian, and distinctly Jewish; his eye dark and bright; his beard and moustache scanty. His movements are quick and animated, and his capacity for work superhuman. The employees on his train told me that they led a dog's life of it. The typewriting girls were kept working all day and far into the night. His numerous secretaries were glued to their desks all day. His telephonists were speaking into the receivers or taking down telephone messages for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Moreover, he published on the train a newspaper called *En Route* in which he had articles every day, and he dictated, besides, numerous "leaders" for the local papers in the towns through

which he passed. He delivered long public speeches several times a week, and spent at least six hours every day presiding over conferences of Commissars, railway officials, factory men, and even doctors. He had fitted to his train a wireless apparatus which kept him in constant communication with Moscow, and he received daily interminable messages about the Eastern Front, the Southern Front, the Polish Front, the North-Western and Finnish Front, as well as all the communications received from the British and other foreign Governments, not to speak of a vast amount of technical material sent by his own War Office. He employed about a dozen secretaries, a tame editor to run his paper, a number of tame diplomatists to look after diplomatic affairs, and several domesticated Tsarist officers to deal with purely military matters. He put the fear of Trotsky, if not the fear of God, into all these subordinates; but they rather gloried than otherwise in their servitude.

Most Russians like to serve a relentless master, and I am not sure but that the same can be said of many Englishmen too. I was once attached to a British battalion which was composed mostly of labour men and in which the discipline was very slack. When the weak and benignant C.O. was replaced by a ruthless man of purely Prussian mentality the discipline became perfect, and the men not only became proud of their iron-minded colonel, but finally died almost to a man in carrying out his orders.

The stories told of Trotsky's revels and dissipation are obvious nonsense. The only dissipation the Bolshevik War Lord allowed himself was a short walk every day in a beautiful pine grove where I used to walk myself, and an hour's hard physical exercise daily, shovelling snow from the railway track. In this physical exercise he made every man, woman and child in his train take part; and the example he thus set was good, for, as most of my readers are aware, the educated Russian has the same contempt for manual labour as the white *sahib* has in India. Even Mrs. Trotsky, Master Trotsky (a boy of eleven or twelve), and Master Trotsky's governess, a young Jewess of twenty or twenty-five, had to shovel snow like the rest; and this craze for manual work remained even when Trotsky was not looking on, for when I afterwards travelled to Moscow with the above-mentioned governess, I noticed that she sometimes got out at the wayside stations, took the pickaxe from the *muzhiks* who were breaking up the thick layer of ice that had formed on the station platform, and set to work herself with an enthusiasm which was, however, very much greater than her skill.

No sooner had he arrived in Ekaterinburg than Trotsky plunged straight into work, and I marvelled at the audacity with which

he tackled matters that ought, one would think, to have been left entirely to experts. I shall give one example, the typhus question, for I know something about it, having had, a year earlier, to visit all the typhus hospitals in the Urals to interpret for Colonel Clarke, the head of the Canadian Medical Service, whom General Sir Alfred Knox had sent to the Front with the object of doing something to stop the terrible wastage of men caused by typhus among Kolchak's troops. Dr. Clarke found most of the trouble to be due to the apathy of the Russian doctors, who would do nothing unless they were given unlimited quantities of unprocurable insecticides, though, as Dr. Clarke told them until he was hoarse and exhausted and finally caught the disease himself, heat would have served their purpose equally well.

On February 19th Trotsky summoned the D.M.S., listened to his statement that there was no chance of typhus decreasing in any case till the month of April, and then attacked him with a violence which nearly frightened that worthy functionary out of his wits. "I am no doctor," said the Bolshevik War Lord, "but I know that typhus is communicated by lice. Now it must be possible to destroy these lice by delousing apparatus and by a certain degree of heat, which could, if necessary, be produced in some of our public baths. Several of the baths are very nearly hot enough for the purpose as it is; and, even if the soldiers have not got a change of clothes, they might wash in one part of the bath-house while their clothes are being disinfected in another part. I am not a believer in this doctrine of fatalism that you preach. I will immediately appoint a committee to investigate this question: and, if I find that you do not at once take some steps in the matter, I will hand you over to the Extraordinary Commission. Good day."

Next day an excellent bath-house was opened free at the railway station, and I myself enjoyed the first bath that I had had for three months. The Committee was nevertheless appointed, and its report was a terrible indictment. It published everything, even details of hospital mismanagement that were enough to make one's hair stand on end, for the Bolsheviks, when it suits their purpose, allow the fullest liberty to the Press.

The great propaganda engine which had raised the Red Army and smashed Kolchak and Denikin was then turned on to the typhus question: and all Ekaterinburg was soon placarded with posters preaching cleanliness and denouncing dirt. Some of them contained representations of a louse magnified to the size of a small cow, and pointed out, in the accompanying letterpress, as a worse enemy than the "Supreme Ruler." "Kill it," yelled the posters, "as you would kill Kolchak. It is a far more dan-

gerous enemy. Kolchak has put to death thousands of Communists. IT puts to death tens of thousands." The number and the variety of these warnings were very great; and there was every kind of striking life-size picture in glaring colours to attract the attention of the illiterate, as well as good medical hints to impress those who could read. There were pictures of washerwomen killing enormous lice with the smoothing iron. There were horrible pictures of death seizing on the young unwashed. Communists were told that it was their duty to the Republic to keep themselves and their clothes clean, and that they were traitors if they did not. One of the commonest posters showed incidentally the nomadic condition of life which hundreds of thousands of Russian soldiers and civilians are now leading. It was generally to be found at railway stations, where crowds of people habitually cuddle down on the floor in their sheepskins at night-time and go to sleep without undressing, and it ran as follows: "Don't lie down wherever you happen to find yourself at nightfall until you make sure that the place is free from lice."

This propaganda resembled in some respects the old frescoes we sometimes find in ancient English churches where the fear of sin is taught by means of devils and fearsome representations of hell, but it resembled far more the most up-to-date American advertising. Every device known to the patent-medicine or the political quack was made use of—suggestion, fear of sickness and death, party feeling, and hatred of enemies.

I could also show that the same all-powerful engine of propaganda is employed for other purposes—to teach Communism, to enlist support for the Red Army, to foster a hatred of England, to excite a craze for education, and to produce a contempt for priests and Christianity. The science of advertising is now taught in American universities, and, though contemptible in its way, it is a "science" which presupposes an intimate knowledge of mass-psychology and which is capable of being used to produce the most amazing effects on the minds of a whole people. When we go deeply into the matter, indeed, we find that the whole modern world is tending more and more to be "run" by propaganda and advertisement—an inevitable outcome, it seems to me, of the system which makes public opinion rule and which naturally leads to the manufacture and the influencing of public opinion. Propaganda popularises not only pills, but also Premiers, and "floats" not only commercial companies, but also creeds and kings. None of the old-established monarchies advertise, but the Soviet Government certainly means to do so, and no Government in the world is so alive to the possibilities of advertisement. Fortunately the Soviet Government is short of paper.

On the day after his arrival, Trotsky addressed a large Communist meeting; and here I might remark that no such thing as a public meeting in our sense of the word is ever held in Red Russia. The Bolshevik leaders only address meetings which have been carefully packed with their supporters, and I only know of one case in which it was announced beforehand that they were going to speak. It is impossible for anyone who is not a Bolshevik to find out when Lenin is going to speak in Moscow, the reason being simply fear of assassination, and it is next to impossible for a non-Bolshevik to hear him. Trotsky, who is a consummate orator, made a very able speech, of which the keynote was briefly this: "We have defeated Kolchak, but a much more serious enemy remains, namely, the ruined economic system of the country. To put that right, we must work harder than men ever worked before since history began. Sixty per cent. of our railway locomotives are out of action, and if they continue breaking down at the same rate we shall have 99 per cent. out of action within three months, which means a total breakdown of our transport system, and therefore of our system of government. These engines must be repaired. The men who repair them must have food and fuel. The railway lines must be cleared of snow. Wood must be cut and brought to the railways. The Ural factories must be started. This means that all must work, work, work."

He certainly painted a picture gloomy enough to warm the heart of Mr. Winston Churchill, but he did it with a purpose; he wanted to alarm his followers thoroughly and to make them see that the economic situation was extremely serious. He did not go so far, however, as to make them despair, and I afterwards discovered that he deliberately under-stated the actual extent of the economic breakdown and omitted altogether to touch on many very disquieting features. He ended on a note of robust confidence, and caused a sensation by announcing in conclusion that six hundred million roubles in gold had been captured with Kolchak, although he must have known that the amount was only three hundred million. This news, by the way, had been carefully withheld from the public until the head of the Red Army could use it, as he did, in an effective peroration.

I was surprised at the rapidity with which this speech was, by previous arrangement, echoed and re-echoed all over the country. "The Fight against Economic Ruin" became a catchword like "Wait and see" or "We want eight and we won't wait" or any of the other famous catch-phrases of British politics. It became a stereotyped newspaper headline. It stared at one from placards on all the walls. To judge from the reports in the Press, it

was repeated by every village orator throughout the Urals. At a meeting of the Ekaterinburg Soviet which I attended it was the principal subject of discussion, and at a meeting of the Communist League of Youth, which Trotsky attended, Miss Yurovskaya, daughter of the Tsar's murderer and President of that League, delivered a good speech on the same lines. Trotsky must have smiled his Mephistophelian smile when he heard all this parrot outcry, most of it almost a repetition of what he had said himself. No wonder he has a profound and undisguised contempt for democracy. The same absolute unanimity prevails whenever the Bolshevik leaders raise any cry whatever, and a Britisher misses painfully the healthy controversial spirit and dogged individualism of his own people.

Trotsky's treatment of the working classes was marked not only by an absence of flattery, but even by an autocratic touch which one would never have expected. Finding on his way from Moscow to Ekaterinburg that the workmen in a certain Ural factory were not working hard enough, he had fifteen of the worst "slackers" arrested and placed on their trial before a workman's tribunal in Ekaterinburg. At one point on the line his train was stopped by snow, whereupon he had the whole of the local Soviet taken into custody for disobedience to the order for removing snow from the track. They also were tried before a jury of their peers: and, while the case was still *sub judice*, Trotsky wrote, over his own name in the newspapers, a ferocious onslaught on the accused, whose condemnation was thus made certain. He did not say anything about their delaying him, but he inveighed against them for delaying the trains which brought bread to the women and children of Moscow and to the Red workmen who had hurled the tyrant from his throne and stood in the breach against Denikin and Judenitch.

Trotsky's train consisted of about a dozen carriages, but it could not be described as sumptuous, consisting mostly as it did of *wagons-lits* cars, all of them, save Trotsky's own car, being very much overcrowded with *personnel*, typewriters, desks, writing-tables, and documents. All the *personnel* ate together in a large dining-car. The Minister of War had, I believe, a small dining compartment where he had his meals with his wife and family and a few of his principal assistants. The dining-car was used most of the time as an office, for conferences, for Socialistic lectures, and for educational purposes.

All the outside of Trotsky's train was covered with advertisements of Bolshevism and incitements to class-hatred. Imagine our Secretary of State for War touring the country (except at election time) in a train plastered all over with posters like that

of a travelling circus. Such a thing would not be done even by a President of the United States. And yet, side by side with this ultra-Americanism and ultra-modernism (the latter represented by Cubist and Futurist productions that looked like nothing on earth), was a good deal of hoary old Tsarism. Close to the Futurist posters stood Lettish guards, who were as merciless as the janissaries of an Ottoman Sultan. About a dozen of them travelled on Trotsky's train and kept unostentatious but careful watch on everyone who approached or entered it. The police precautions taken to protect Lenin and Trotsky are as minute though not as evident as those formerly taken to protect Nicholas the Second. Thus the more Russia changes the more it is the same thing. It has had a tyrant who dragged it savagely—by the hair of the head, so to speak—abreast of contemporary civilisation. It has now a tyrant who thinks that he is driving it far ahead of all modern civilisation. But it always has a tyrant.

It was forbidden for any outsider to enter Trotsky's train without permission, and the names of all persons who had the *entrée* were pasted up inside the doors. Few of these who are entitled to enter the office car of a National Commissar can go right through the train. The nearer they approach the Presence, the shorter grows the list of names, until finally at the Commissar's car they find only three or four names, one being that of the Private Secretary, the sole link between the Holy of Holies and the common herd. And these arrangements were not lightly to be put aside by anyone. An official of Sverdlov's *échelon* who boarded Trotsky's train without permission was promptly arrested and had such difficulty in getting released that he is not likely to do so again.

Trotsky, to do him justice, is a very extraordinary man, and is idolised by the Bolsheviks, who say, and with truth, that he is the most remarkable Minister of War that Europe has produced during the last six years of Armageddon. He formed a numerous and well-disciplined army out of men who were sick and tired of warfare, and who only supported the Bolsheviks originally because the Bolsheviks promised them peace. He did this despite the fact that he himself had never been in the Army or studied warfare, except as an extremely anti-militarist war correspondent during the first Balkan War. He had been all his life an obscure journalist, and, if he had joined the British Army in 1914, would never have risen above the rank of lieutenant, would have been used exclusively as an interpreter, and would have had for his main occupation the buying of eggs for a Brigadier-General's breakfast-table. Yet he possesses a very exceptional power of organisation, an extraordinarily quick brain, and a

marvellous faculty for mastering in a short time the most difficult and complicated subjects. Most men find it hard enough to deal with one engrossing subject at a time, but he switches from one important matter to another a dozen times in the course of a single day and comes to a rapid and generally a right decision each time. Leroy-Beaulieu says that "the Jewish mind is an instrument of precision; it has the exactness of a pair of scales"; and Trotsky has all the mental precision and the extreme intellectuality of his race. Owing to this fact and to the fact that he is very ambitious and is endowed with ruthless physical energy and with a personal bravery which one does not always expect to find in a Jew, I am doubtful if Trotsky will always remain a Bolshevik or will always submit to the deeper but less agile Lenin. Trotsky resembles Lloyd George in many respects, and I should not be surprised if, like Lloyd George, he becomes practically a dictator. He could do so to-morrow if he liked, for he has the Red Army with him, and his War Office in Moscow is a fortress bristling with machine-guns and filled with troops who are devoted to him.

If to be a great orator is to have an extraordinary command of language and gesture, a facility for finding the right word and coining the perfect phrase, a capacity for leading up to a climax where the audience holds its breath and you could hear a pin drop before the roar of delirious applause greets the last master-touch, then Trotsky is a great orator. His style is necessarily that of Limehouse; and he certainly finds plenty of material in the capitalist system and in the diplomacy of Europe for the last two years.

In one of the many speeches he delivered in Ekaterinburg he quoted a despatch of Lord Curzon in which that statesman considered the question of acknowledging for a moment, not the Government, but the existence of the Bolsheviks, in case the latter mended their manners and respected the ordinary conventions of international intercourse.

"Ordinary conventions of international intercourse!" repeated Trotsky, and then he went on to describe the troubled period of July, 1918, when the foreign Ambassadors left Moscow. He said that Mr. Lockhart, then our Consul-General in Moscow, used often to call on him at that time and to show great sympathy with him in his difficulties. Suddenly Captain Sadul, of the French Mission, warned him that Lockhart was all this time engaged, with his English and French colleagues, on a plot to murder Lenin and Trotsky, to blow up railway bridges which would have meant the starvation of thousands in Petrograd, to dynamite trains full of soldiers, and to bribe many leaders and

soldiers of the Red Army to desert. "And these are the people," said Trotsky in conclusion, "who complain that we do not observe all the niceties of diplomatic etiquette!"

I quote this merely as an example of his style of oratory, which is logical and adroit, crushing and vitriolic.

People so tired of oratory as we are in England can form no conception of the delight which the Siberian workmen take in hearing plain speaking about capitalists and kings. They themselves are often political convicts or the sons of political convicts, and for hundreds of years their country has been a vast prison where the word "freedom" dare not be breathed. It dare not be breathed now, as a matter of fact, but the yokel does not notice that in his delirious delight at hearing the maddening eloquence of the Bolshevik War Lord, and at seeing the red-capped ex-convict who makes kings tremble on their thrones standing with his foot on the neck of a dead Tsardom and his hand pointing to the Red flag overhead.

Before I leave Trotsky I might say something about the great object of his visit to Ekaterinburg, the launching of the grandiose Labour Army scheme. He launched this scheme in the speech I have already referred to, and he made it look splendid, the realisation of the dreams of mankind for a thousand years. Soldiers would fight no more. They would work for the common good. Owing to their discipline and their union, they could quickly do vast works that ordinary workmen would take a long time to accomplish. But Trotsky had overlooked insuperable practical difficulties that any Clydeside fitter could have pointed out to him. How could all the soldiers work together if some were spinners and others boiler-makers and others belonged to various other trades? It was proposed that the skilled workmen should be sent each to the particular factory where his services would be most useful, and that the unskilled labourers should work all together at shovelling snow and carting timber. Trotsky would not have this, for it would mean that the skilled mechanics, who are the backbone of the Red Army and of Bolshevism, would be separated from the other soldiers, with the result that the Army would cease to exist as a potential striking force. And he must, he said, have a potential striking force, for the Japanese might advance from the East or the English from the South-West. He therefore kept all the troops together, with the result that, while all the Ural factories were idle, the men who could have set them going were carting snow and wood. And they carted snow and wood badly. One of the overseers of the work, a man who had had great experience in the employment of labour, told me that it took twenty soldiers to do work which three men accustomed

to the work could do better. And, knowing something of how the military life unsuits one for civilian employment, I could quite believe him. Besides, my own eyes showed me that the whole thing was a farce.

Then, again, Trotsky had declared that the man who deserted from the Labour Army would be treated as a soldier who deserted in front of the enemy. Did this mean that he was to be shot? The "Professional Unions," as they are called, also had a word to say about the War Office monopolising skilled mechanics who had "done their bit" and consequently ceased to be soldiers. To cut a long story short, the whole great project came in the end to nothing, and when I talked to Trotsky about it in the Kremlin a month afterwards, he was rather snappy. By that time he had given way to the Professional Unions, had been frightened by the dissatisfaction of Labour, and disturbed by the criticisms of his grand idea which came from England. As far as I know, the whole Labour Army scheme has now melted away as completely as last winter's Siberian snows amid which it was hatched. All the waste of time and energy which it involved might have been avoided if Russia had had a free Parliament and a free Press to discuss it before it had been put into operation. Trotsky tried to make an army that could both fight and work, but only succeeded in making an army that could, for a time, do neither.

FRANCIS MCCULLAGH.

SOVIET¹ V. PARLIAMENT.

"I have attempted to show that the government of democracy may be reconciled with respect for property, with deference for rights, with safety to freedom, with reverence to religion, that the question (for the future) is not whether aristocracy or democracy can be perpetuated, but whether we are to live under a democratic society, devoid indeed of greatness and poetry, but at least orderly and moral, or under a democratic society, lawless and depraved, abandoned to the frenzy of revolution, or subjected to a yoke heavier than any of those which have crushed mankind since the fall of the Roman Empire.

DE TOCQUEVILLE.

"WHY not," asked Mr. Smillie in 1917, "do what the Russian Revolution has done?" It is bare justice to Mr. Smillie to acknowledge that it is no fault of his if we did not; if we did not conclude a shameful peace with the enemy; plunge our own country into chaos; and carry through, in the name of "Liberty and Equality," a revolution which has resulted in the denial to the great mass of the people of the most elementary rights, personal and political, and has established one of the most ferocious and destructive tyrannies of which human history makes record.

Mr. Smillie and his kind are happily, in this country, a very small, but not, therefore, a quite insignificant minority. Revolutions are invariably made by minorities: It is, therefore, useless and dangerous to ignore the fact that we in this country are face to face with a revolutionary movement which, though not likely to succeed, may give us serious trouble. Such a movement has for some years been in progress, more particularly in South Wales and on the Clyde, but the establishment of the "Communist Republic" in Russia has given to the British movement, not merely fresh encouragement, but in some measure a new direction. Before the war the British movement was primarily industrial: it clamoured (as it still does) for the "nationalisation" of essential industries, beginning with coal and transport. What it desired and desires to accomplish was something wholly different from Nationalisation, which is the goal of the bureaucratic Socialists of the Fabian type; the aim of the British revolutionaries was and is industrial Syndicalism; in fine, not the coal-mines for the nation (who are, by the way, the effective owners, or at any rate the beneficiaries at present), but the coal-mines for the miners.

(1) The term Soviet is here used as a convenient though not strictly accurate synonym for the Russian type of Communist Republic. Its more scientific use will be indicated in the course of this article.

Industrially, then, the objective of our revolutionists is unchanged; but, politically, it has been, since 1917, enlarged. They mean, if possible, to substitute, by the use of the industrial weapon, a communist republic for a representative democracy; a Congress of Soviets for a Parliament.

The coal strike of 1912 revealed to the people of this country the aims and meaning of Syndicalism. They were made manifest (*inter alia*) by the circulation of a pamphlet "The Miners' Next Step," to the contents of which I have frequently called attention in this REVIEW and elsewhere. I make no apology, however, when the country is again threatened by a strike of coal-miners, for once more calling attention to it. Nowhere else, so far as I am aware, are the immediate methods and ultimate aims of the miners so frankly set forth.

The objective is stated to be "to build up an organisation that will ultimately take over the mining industry and carry it on (the italics are mine) *in the interest of the worker*" (p. 26). The method is indicated with equal candour. A chapter devoted to a summary of *Policy* advises: "That a continual agitation be carried on in favour of increasing the minimum wage and shortening the hours of work, *until we have extracted the whole of the employers' profits.*"

The dishonesty of the pretence that the goal of the present movement is Nationalisation is made abundantly evident by the following comment (p. 29):—

[Nationalisation] "does not lead in this direction, but simply makes a National Trust, with all the force of the Government behind it, whose one concern will be to see that the industry is run in such a way as to pay the interest on the bonds with which the coal owners are paid out and to extract as much more profit as possible, in order to relieve the taxation of other landlords and capitalists. Our only concern is to see to it, that those who create the value receive it. And if by the force of a more perfect organisation and more militant policy we reduce profits, we shall at the same time tend to eliminate the shareholders who own the coalfield. As they feel the increasing pressure we shall be bringing on their profits they will cry loudly for Nationalisation. We shall and must strenuously oppose this in our own interests, and in the interests of our objective."

This is the pure gospel of International Syndicalism. Thus M. Pierrot writes in *Syndicalisme et Revolution*¹:—

"Under pretext of discipline, the workers' organisation must not cause a new spirit of resignation to spring up. The organisation should aim at the individual development of its members, not at replacing individual development of each one by a more or less authoritative direction."

To those who confusedly imagine that Syndicalism is the economic

(1) Quoted by A. D. Lewis: *Syndicalism and the General Strike*.

complement of Democracy the following extract from M. Emile Pouget in *Le Syndicat* may be enlightening :—

" It is necessary to prevent the workers from passing from a society in which they are under the economic oppression of their masters into one in which they are under the oppression of an economic State. Syndicalism and Democracy are the two opposite poles which exclude and neutralise each other?"

Syndicalism, then, is admittedly the antithesis in Economics of State Socialism, in Politics of Representative Democracy.

English Syndicalism started as a revolt, on the one hand, against the existing organisation of industry, but not less in protest against the commonly prescribed remedy, Fabian (or "bourgeois") Socialism. Socialism of that type has been for some years past identified, and consistently and properly identified, with the policy of gradual Nationalisation. The principle was to be applied first to the local authorities; in particular, the municipalities were to be infused—not too quickly—with the spirit of Municipal Socialism. That policy, steadily pursued for a quarter of a century, has achieved a very large measure of success. Then the Civil Service was to be "captured." I have the highest respect for the ability and the loyalty of the permanent members of the Civil Service, but I cannot doubt that this end also has been attained to a much greater degree than is commonly realised. That public servants consciously allow their political or economic opinions to influence their administrative action I do not suggest or believe; but how can we expect zealous bureaucrats (perhaps in proportion to their zeal) to question the efficacy of State action and State control?

For bureaucratic Socialism Syndicalists have the greatest abhorrence and contempt. They are willing to accept the assistance of the State in eliminating the employer; hence their enthusiasm for the extension of the principle of State Control during the war; but their enthusiastic acceptance of State Control is conditional upon the recognition of its transitional character. As a permanent principle it would block the path to all that they desire.

They are equally contemptuous of the Parliamentary type of democracy. I extract the following from a pamphlet entitled "Soviets or Parliament," purporting to be written by "Bukharin (Russian People's Commissary)," and published by the Workers' Socialist Federation :—

" Experience shows that wherever the bourgeoisie enjoys political rights, it uses those rights to dupe the workers and peasants. . . . All the people apparently participate in the elections, but under this pretence is hidden

the domination of capital, which flatters itself that it has granted the people the right to vote and all "democratic" privileges, but which takes good care to preserve its own privileges. . . . Under the parliamentary system each citizen casts his vote into the ballot-box once in four or five years, and the field is then clear for the members of Parliament, Cabinet Ministers, and Presidents to manage everything without any reference to the toiling masses. Gulled and exploited by its officials, the toilers have no part whatever in the administration of the capitalist state."

One would like to hear the confidential comments upon this statement of some of our prominent Labour leaders, the gentlemen who haunt Downing Street, whose portraits jostle those of the reigning *recue* favourites in the illustrated journals, whose movements are chronicled, and whose lightest words are reported in a way denied even to Cabinet Ministers. But these doubtless are of the type to whom Lenin recently referred as the worst enemies of Bolshevism, "the opportunist, aristocratic working class," declaring that "Soviet Russia's aim should be to strengthen the Communist minority against this class." It is not only her aim, but her practical endeavour, and Bukharin's pamphlet is doubtless an outcome of it.

What, then, is the Soviet system? It is thus set forth by Bukharin in contradistinction to the Parliamentary Republic and the Capitalistic Dictatorship:—

"In the Soviet Republic, born of the dictatorship of the workers, the administration rests on an altogether new basis. It is not an organisation of officials independent of the masses and dependent on the capitalists. The Central Government is established on the great class organisations of the workers and peasants: the industrial unions, the factory committee, local workers' and peasants' councils, and organisations of soldiers and sailors. From the centre stretch thousands and millions of conducting threads, which lead to the provincial Soviets, the municipal Soviets, the local Soviets, and, finally, to the factory and workshop Soviets."

Apart from the rhetoric inseparable from revolutionary propaganda, Bukharin's meaning is clear enough. The basic principle of government by Council—and *Soviet* is merely the Russian for Council—is the substitution of organised industries for localities as the unit of representation, or rather of delegation. To students of contemporary social problems the idea is not unfamiliar in relation to industrial organisation; what is original in Sovietism is to extend the application of this principle to the political organisation of the State. The State might indeed be defined, from this point of view, as an "aggregation of Soviets." There is something else in Russian Sovietism which, if not quite original, is happily uncommon in States habituated to popular government: the spirit of oligarchy or exclusiveness. We have

Soviets in England, industrial and political; but it is of the essence of our Soviets that they should be truly representative in composition—representative of all the interests concerned.

Take, as illustration, the latest and not the least hopeful experiment in government by committees—the Whitley Councils. They have been devised to meet the needs of a new stage in industrial evolution. It has been realised—in some quarters too tardily—that those who contribute to the work of production or distribution the labour of their hands are not, therefore, necessarily devoid of brains, still less of human feelings and interests. The manual workers of this country are to-day not concerned simply and solely with questions of wages and hours; these matters are doubtless primary, but there are others: the conditions of employment; the environment and regulation of the workshop; the allocation of work; fines; meal-times; opportunities for rest and recreation, and so forth. More than this: the better-educated employees believe that they can contribute valuable ideas as to the actual work of production, if not of distribution. They declare that under-production is as much the result of unskilful management as of unwilling labour. Be these things as they may, Whitley Councils are the outcome and manifestation of a desire to bring together round the Council table the representatives of capital, of management, and of manual labour. The members are not delegates of the proletariat, but representatives of all classes whose energies are commonly engaged in industrial and commercial undertakings.

If, therefore, it were, in this country, decided (I am very far from suggesting it as preferable) to substitute the organised industry for the locality as the unit of political representation, the British Congress of Soviets would be truly representative of various interests, if not of *all* the interests in the community. But they would still be representative of interests arising out of a particular relationship—the relationship of work. The importance of this relationship I should be the last person to minimise; for many among us it is so important as to dwarf, if not to exclude, all other relationships in life. Yet is it suggested that it is of this relationship only the State, in its political organisation, should take account? Hitherto we have not so conceived of citizenship or of humanity. We have thought of the individual not merely as a cog in the industrial machine, but as a member of a political community and primarily as a man.

How are these matters regarded under the Soviet régime? I turn for information to the *Constitution of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic*, as ordained by "the Fifth All-Russia Congress of Soviets on the 10th of July, 1918." The text of this

document is before me as I write, and a more informing one I have rarely perused.

The Constitution *imprimis* declares that "The Soviet Republic of Russia is established on the basis of a free union of free nations, and forms a Federation of National Soviet Republics."

The Fifth All-Russia Congress of Soviets then proceeds, with the fundamental aim of suppressing all exploitation of man by man, of abolishing for ever the division of Society into classes, of completely abolishing all exploiters, of bringing about the Socialist organisation of Society, and of establishing the triumph of Socialism in all countries, to decree :

(1) The abolition, without compensation to owners, of all private property in land, forests, mines, factories, workshops, means of transport, etc.

(2) Repudiation of all debts "contracted by the late Czar's Government and by the capitalists and landlords," "as a first blow against international capitalism." (These words would appear to include the repudiation of all mortgages, loans to industry, etc., as well as public debts. Do they also indicate a desire on the part of the Soviets to establish fresh international credits?)

(3) The transfer of all banks to "the Workers' and Peasants' Government as a step in the emancipation of the toiling masses from the yoke of capitalism."

(4) The arming of the workers and "the complete disarmament of the propertied classes." (What propertied classes are intended to survive the previous decrees it is somewhat difficult to understand.)

The supreme authority in the Russian Soviet Republic is vested in the All-Russia Congress of Soviets and (in the intervals of its sessions) in "the Central Executive Committee. This Congress is to be composed of representatives from the Urban Soviets in the proportion of one delegate for every 25,000 electors, and representatives from the Congress of County Soviets in the proportion of one delegate for every 125,000 inhabitants. It is to meet at least twice a year, and to elect the All-Russian Central Executive Committee of not more than 200 members." The actual Executive, however, is confided to the *Council of People's Commissaries*, a sort of Cabinet consisting of the heads of eighteen departments : Foreign Affairs, War, Navy, Home Affairs, Justice, Labour, Social Insurance, Education, Post and Telegraph, Nationalities (? Local Government), Finance, Transport, Agriculture, Industry and Commerce, Food, Expenditure, Council of National Economy, and Health. The Commissary is in every case assisted by a Board appointed by and responsible to the Council of Commissaries.

The members of this Council of Commissaries are appointed by "the Congress and the Executive Committee," and can either individually or collectively be recalled by the same authority. The powers of Congress are not only legislative and taxative, but constituent : it has as "its special and exclusive prerogative" (a) the establishment, modification, and addition to the fundamental laws of the Soviet Constitution ; (b) the ratification of Peace Treaties.

There follow elaborate regulations for the local organisation of the Soviets : the *Regional Congress*, the *County Congress*, the *District Congress*, and the *Volost or Village Congress* ; but with the composition and powers of these local councils I have not space to deal. I pass to the section which deals with the electorate.

The right to vote and eligibility for election "belongs to all citizens of the Russian Soviet Republic, without distinction of sex, religion, or nationality, or any residential qualification," provided they are eighteen years of age, and, further, provided that they

(a) Earn their living by productive work useful to Society or minister domestically to those who do, or are workers and employees of any kind ;

(b) Are soldiers in the Army and Navy ;

(c) Are incapacitated ; having worked as in (a) and (b).

Much more significant are the exclusions. The following have neither the right to vote nor are eligible for election, even if they are qualified under categories (a), (b), or (c) :

(i) Those who employ others for the sake of profit.

(ii) Those who live on income not arising from their own work, interest on capital, industrial enterprises, landed property, etc.

(iii) Private business men, agents, middlemen, etc.

(iv) Monks and priests of all denominations.

(v) Members of the late ruling dynasty of Russia and agents and employees of the old police, etc.

(vi) Maniacs and criminals (for a prescribed time).

The electors have the right at any time of recalling those whom they have chosen as delegates to the Soviet.

Such in roughest outline is the Russian Soviet Constitution. To the student of political institutions it presents several features of considerable interest, and if political experiments could be conducted in the dry light of scientific investigation, one would be less reluctant to try them. Unfortunately, they affect the happiness, well-being, and lives of millions of human beings, and under these circumstances detached analysis is difficult. One or two points emerge, however, with tolerable clearness.

The first is that the Russian Soviet Constitution plainly repre-

sents an attempt to get as near to the principle of direct democracy as the vast extent of the country permits.

Soviet Russia claims, as will be seen, to be *federal*; but I have failed to find in the Constitution any of the characteristic marks of true federalism. For instance, the Constitution itself is flexible, not rigid, as a federal Constitution should be; the Congress of Soviets has constituent authority; there is no precise separation of powers; the Legislature is unicameral and omniscient; there is no provision for a federal or—as far as I can discover—any other judiciary. As regards the combination of federalism and direct democracy the Swiss Confederation could give many lessons to Russia, but it is doubtful whether Russia could learn them. Swiss democracy and Swiss federalism are alike the outcome of a long process of evolution and self-discipline. The Russian Constitution is obviously the work of political theorists, not, it would seem, without a certain measure of ability, but plainly devoid of practical experience or knowledge of affairs.

The essential feature of the *Soviet* is, however, the attempt to substitute an occupational for a local basis of political representation, and this is a principle which can be examined quite apart from any consideration of the crimes and horrors with which the Soviet experiment has been attended in Russia.

How far is the vocational principle compatible with representative government or parliamentary democracy? Is the idea of the representation of *localities* necessarily sacrosanct? Could it be abandoned without the loss of anything which is vital in English political institutions?

In briefly answering this question it is pertinent to observe that the English Parliament (like similar institutions elsewhere) was originally based upon a system of *Estates*—in other words, it was *class* representation: Great Barons; Clergy, great and small; the lesser Baronage or Squirearchy; and the traders of the towns. It is true that the local principle was recognised as well—the shires and boroughs were represented as such. But in the fourteenth century the two principles, vocational and local, were still struggling for ascendancy. There are, for instance, clear indications of an attempt on the part of the lawyers and the merchants to set up as Soviets, as the clergy in their Convocations had already been permitted to do. In Spain and France the Soviet principle was from the first unchallenged; but it is noteworthy that neither the Cortes nor the *Etats Généraux* (which might almost be translated Congress of Soviets) survived; nor is it doubtful that the failure of the Cortes and the States General was due primarily to the Soviet principle on which they were organised. Between the three *Estates* of nobles, clergy, and

traders the Crown was able to drive in a wedge, and to defeat each Estate in turn. The fact that in England the Lower House was representative not of a single economic or social interest, not of a Third Estate, but of localities in which all classes commingled, proved the salvation of the English Parliamentary system. When the later Plantagenets showed a disposition to bargain for supplies with a particular "interest," the attempt was promptly suppressed by a House which was already representative not of landowners or merchants respectively, but of the whole Commons of England of all ranks and classes (except the parochial clergy) below the Peerage.

But enough of parliamentary antiquities. Let us pass to the present system. In that system there is only one unadulterated specimen of Sovietism—the representation of the Universities; yet apart from University representation the vocational idea has begun to obtrude itself into the House of Commons. Can anyone pretend that the paid official of a trade union who obtains a seat in Parliament, speaks or votes there primarily as the representative of a locality? Local areas may, and not infrequently do, coincide with dominant industries. Derby, for instance, is not inappropriately represented by an official of the National Union of Railwaymen; but nine times out of ten that official speaks and votes as the representative not of a locality, but of a particular industrial interest. It is the same with several of the miners' representatives. Thus the vocational principle, if legally unrecognised (save in the case of Universities) is not in practice unknown even in our existing political organisation.

Is it advisable to extend its legal recognition? Without design, I recently marked for quotation three passages culled from reviews or books published within the last few months. The collocation surprised me and gave me pause. The first was from the pen of an anonymous writer in the current number (July, 1920) of the *Edinburgh Review*, and was as follows:—

"The Soviet scheme of government embodies a principle differing fundamentally from the parliamentary system which it has been our habit to regard both as complete and ideal from the constitutional standpoint. So much dissatisfaction is, however, now being manifested towards Parliament that it is not surprising to find even serious-minded people wondering whether some merits are not latent in the Soviet system which might permit of its transfusion—gradual and partial, if not total—into a truly democratic body. Would the Soviet system enable us to reform, if necessary, a representative system which has been outstripped by the requirements of the nation, as well as to correct an obsolescent balance between the centralisation and decentralisation of the administrative functions?"

This is the second :—

" Our present territorial constituencies have no commercial interest of their own in the vast number of problems now coming before Parliament. . . . We have to evolve new forms of government to deal with new problems. If our plans are to be successful, they must be based . . . upon the principle of a direct and logical connection between the purpose aimed at and the character of the agency framed for achieving that purpose. The most urgent of modern-day problems are industrial or commercial. Therefore, the basis of the agency or agencies for dealing with them must be industrial or commercial, and not territorial. The germ of such an organisation may be discovered in contemporary industrial movements."¹

The writer of these words is Mr. Harold Cox.

The third is from Mr. G. H. D. Cole's *Social Theory* (p. 207) :

" Misrepresentation is seen at its worst to-day in that professedly omniscient 'representative' body, Parliament. . . . Parliament professes to represent all the citizens in all things, and therefore, as a rule, represents none of them in anything. It is chosen to deal with everything that may turn up, quite irrespective of the fact that the different things that do turn up require different types of persons to deal with them. . . . There can be only one escape from the futility of our present methods of parliamentary government, and that is to find an association and method of representation for each function, and a function for each association and body of representatives. In other words, real democracy is to be found, not in a single omniscient representative assembly, but in a system of co-ordinated functional representative bodies."

The collocation of these passages from the pens of two writers so divergent in their economic and political outlook as Mr. Cox and Mr. Cole struck me as somewhat ominous, if we are still to regard locality as the essential and unalterable basis of representative democracy.

At this point, however, a question even more serious, more fundamental, and more immediate emerges : Is English democracy to be in the future, as it has been in the past, representative, or is it destined to take on a new form and colour? To the discussion of this question I made a slight contribution in a recent article in this REVIEW.² But even since that article appeared—in August—a new stage in the development of events has to be registered. In order to enforce upon the Government their views on an international question of admitted delicacy and difficulty, certain leaders of the Labour Party have constituted themselves a "Council of Action." The name was cleverly chosen, but the thing itself is sheer impertinence, a gross outrage, in intention if not in effect, upon constitutional procedure and Parliamentary government. Any half-dozen men have, of course, a right to designate themselves

(1) *Economic Liberty*, pp. 186-7.

(2) *Under which King* : FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for August, 1920.

by any title they think fit; there is no Act of Parliament, as Mr. Squeers remarked on an historic occasion, to prevent a man calling "his house an island if he likes." The outrage consists in the threat to use the industrial weapon if the policy dictated by a relatively small section of the community be not accepted and carried out by an Executive responsible immediately to Parliament and ultimately to the whole electorate. If ever there has been in this country a usurpation of power, this was the occasion. As a fact, the "Council of Action" has, in characteristic fashion, flattered itself overmuch. The Cabinet was in no way deflected by pressure from the Labour leaders from its predetermined policy. The *Soviet* forced an open door.

Nevertheless, the incident is not without constitutional significance. Indications multiply—and, as we have seen, they do not all emanate from the same quarter—that there is a feeling that the House of Commons, despite, or perhaps by reason of, the extension of the electorate, no longer represents the varied interests which go to make up the nation as a whole. Certain it is that the House of Commons, instead of being *the* mirror of the nation, is only one of several mirrors. Popular language, however loose and inaccurate, reflects the change; so we read of the "Parliament of Industry" (the National Whitley Council), the "Parliament of Labour," the "Parliament of Science," and so forth. These sectional "Parliaments" will continue to develop each along its own line and each within its appropriate sphere. Nothing could be more desirable. Mischief arises only if and when the organ appropriate to one sphere of activity obtrudes upon the sphere of another.

In the political sphere Parliament is and must be supreme; it can afford no competing authority or jurisdiction. If the governing bodies of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons were to threaten to call out all the doctors if the Government—let us say—declined to evacuate Mesopotamia, there would be a general outcry against the political use of a professional weapon. The Labour *Soviet* has no more right to dictate the policy of the nation in regard to Poland than has the Medical *Soviet* to dictate it in regard to Mesopotamia.

To condemn as impertinent the intervention of the "Council of Action" is not, however, to dismiss the problem under consideration. Other questions remain. There may be substance in the complaint that Parliament is attempting too much; that some of its legislative duties might well be devolved upon subordinate law-making bodies; that, in an age of the differentiation of functions some of the more specialised work now done at Westminster might

with advantage be transferred to more specialised organisations : all this is fair matter for argument. Nor is it unreasonable to inquire whether, under the centripetal impulse derived from the development of the means of transport and communication, locality still remains the most logical and most satisfactory basis for representation. The doubt may obtrude itself whether, under a system of universal suffrage, it is even the safest basis. An acute Belgian philosopher answered this question in the negative a quarter of a century ago. "Il est incontestable que le suffrage universel sans cadres, sans organisation, sans groupement est une système factice ; il ne donne que l'ombre de la vie politique. Il n'atteint pas le seul but vraiment politique que l'on doit avoir en vue, et qui est non de faire voter tout le monde, mais d'arriver à représenter le mieux les intérêts du plus grand nombre. . . . Le suffrage universel moderne c'est surtout le suffrage des passions, des courants irrédéchis, des partis extrêmes. Il ne laisse aucune place aux idées modérées et il écrase les partis modérés. La victoire est aux exaltés. La représentation des intérêts, qui contient les passions pour les idées, qui modère l'ardeur des partis par l'action des facteurs sociaux, donne à la société plus d'équilibre."¹ Whether M. Prins would have welcomed the advent of the *Soviet* when he saw it working at close quarters is a question I need not pursue. I quote his opinion as it stands without prejudice and without endorsement.

The point upon which at the moment I desire to insist is that the change, if change there is to be, must come as a result of the deliberate decision of the nation, not at the dictation of a section of the community, however highly organised and therefore influential that section may be. The *Soviet* principle of government, properly understood, is not to be identified with "direct action," nor is it inconsistent with the root idea of representative democracy. Direct action is. No sound democrat can favour or defend direct action, which is in principle essentially oligarchic, and in effect tyrannical.

The foregoing pages have been written, as the opening paragraphs indicate, in anticipation of a possible catastrophe. The claim of the miners, backed as it is by the allied trade unions, is as insincere politically as it is economically inadmissible. With a delusive appearance of candour Mr. Smillie has admitted, and indeed asserted, that the real aim of the threatened strike is Nationalisation. If that were truly so, the aim has been, at least temporarily, attained. The nation is in possession ; distributing

(1) Adolphe Prins : *L'Organisation de la Liberté*, pp. 186, 201.

very high wages to the miners and relatively small profits to the shareholders.¹

Before these words are published the immediate issue may have been decided. Every loyal citizen must devoutly hope that the catastrophe threatened by the Miners' Federation and their allies may be averted by the wisdom and courage of our rulers, relying, as they may, upon the sound sense, the firm will, and the patient endurance of the nation as a whole. If the rulers do not flinch the people will not fail.

But behind the immediate issue there lies, as I have attempted to show, another and a larger. It is not merely or mainly a question of the wages of the coal-miners, nor even of the future organisation of a vital industry. It is more than that. The question is whether England is to stand in the ancient ways, where she has stood for centuries, a model and example for the world; whether she is to move in the future as she has always moved in the past, along the path of orderly progress and evolutionary development; or whether she is to plunge into industrial chaos and prefer to the broad highway of reform the dark and tortuous paths of revolution.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

(1) The following figures speak for themselves :

Pit-head price of coal September, 1920, 33s. 3d.

Items :

	s.	d.	
Miner's Wages	24	3	compares with 6s. 11d. in 1913
Timber, stores, and other costs (including management and insurance)		11	
Royalties		8	
Government charges (under Finance Act)		4	
Owner's profits	2	1	
	£1	13	3

The average annual earnings of all classes of mine-workers, including boys was in 1913 £82.
is in 1920 £220.

In addition miners receive for their own consumption coal, the value of which is £8,000,000 a year.

FROM PETER THE GREAT TO LENIN.¹

RUSSIA'S STRUGGLE TO EMANCIPATE HERSELF FROM THE EAST.

PETER THE GREAT lies at rest amid the stately tombs of the Tsars in the Peter and Paul fortress at Petrograd. Lenin lives amid the gilded magnificence of the palace of the Tsars in the Kremlin at Moscow. Two centuries of progress divide the dead and the living. But Peter flogged the Russians that they might raise from out of the unhealthy marshes of the Neva a strange city to peer into the wonders of Europe, and Lenin has enforced industrial slavery on his people that they might erect from out of the stagnant morass of Asiatic corruption and indolence a remarkable State, which, he believes, will be a pattern to the peoples of the west. Thus they meet at last in search of a common aim—the grafting of a Western civilisation on an emphatically Eastern people. One can almost see the ghost of Peter hovering over the domes of the Kremlin to offer the hand of congratulation to the direct successor of Russia's greatest autocrat.

That Lenin should have been compelled to adopt the worst of tyrannies, the tyranny of enforced labour, need not surprise any student of Russian history, any impartial observer of the Russian Revolution, or, indeed, anyone who has lived among the Russian people. He has, in fact, merely answered to the most imperious demands of the revolution itself. But to understand these demands is to understand the true causes and real meaning of the revolution.

History, in truth, has seldom presented for the instruction and allurements of mankind a spectacle at once so remarkable and so fascinating as that of Russia in her present travail. All the essential elements of a great historic drama, the joy of a people's hope, the bitterness of a people's disillusionment, the sublimity of creation, and the tragedy of the still-born are here to appal the imagination with their solemn grandeur and to search the heart with their moving poignancy. The spectacle alone of one hundred and eighty million souls staggering through the darkness of ignorance in search of a flickering light of wisdom in the far distance, confounded by the ambitious pretensions of one set of leaders and dazed by the extravagant promises of another, yet in the very energy of confusion and the very awakening of disillusion moving irresistibly along the road of Russia's national

(1) Copyright in the United States of America by Herbert Bailey.

destiny, is one that will yet live to astonish and enrapture an appreciative posterity. But even this spectacle is transcended by that of a mighty Asiatic Power striving to erect a fabric of civilisation even more advanced than that of the West. For that is the underlying purpose of the revolution, however much it may be disguised in the garb of a proletariat dictatorship, and however much it may be disfigured by the scars of personal ambition. We have to go back to the days of Peter the Great to trace the birth of one of the greatest movements the world has seen.

It was Peter the Great who, late in the seventeenth and early in the eighteenth centuries, extending the fragile relationship with the Courts of Europe established by Ivan the Great and his successors, resurrected Russia from out of the Asiatic stagnation into which she had fallen under the savage dominion of Muscovy and the brutal caprices of a succession of barbarian Tsars, and turned her face to the West. The enlightenment which had graced the old republican cities of Novgorod, Pskov, Rostov, and Kiev had long since disappeared when Peter ascended the Russian throne. No longer did the great bells toll over the cities to call the people to the market place that they might decide by open vote the questions of the day. No longer did the enrichment by commercial intercourse with the south of Sweden and polite intercourse with the West raise up the splendour of civilisation in these cities only to excite the avarice and to arouse the envy of the Tartar-ridden East. Novgorod, the last of the republican cities, after lingering in the sickness of decay for a few centuries, had long passed to sudden massacre and violent death. In 862 her citizens, unable to compose their own differences at a moment when the barbarian stood sneering just beyond her gates, had sent out a call to Rurik, the Scandinavian. "Our land is great and fruitful," they said, "but there is no order in it. Come and rule and govern us." Rurik came, but all that was preserved of his reign was the enduring lesson of the call and the Scandinavian name of Russia itself.

Thus Peter came to a Russia of vast dimensions almost entirely imprisoned in the sterile fastnesses of Asia. He found a people steeped and enslaved by all the superstition and ignorance, the corruption and inertia of the East, unconscious of the achievements of Europe. He determined upon a revolution, one of the strangest mankind has ever seen. The boundaries of Russia were to be advanced to the European seas, the people were to be taught to look to the West. With all that ruthless extremism that is so Russian, with all the tyranny that the task demanded, he pursued his vision of a new Russia. He, in fact, slaughtered with ease, but reformed by slaughter. He forced the Russians to carry the

stones in their aprons with which to build Petrograd. He cut off the beards of the priests to destroy the enervating influence of the Church. He worked in the shipyards of Amsterdam and London with his own hands that he might learn how to build a fleet, he fought Charles XII of Sweden that Russia might project her head and shoulders into Central Europe to view the greatness of the West, and he won battles on every side that the tongue of Russia might be heard in after centuries from the Pacific to the Baltic, from the wooden huts hidden in the wintry pall of the frozen White Sea to the smiling orchards and summer palaces of the Black Sea. He imported the foreigner from Scotland and Holland, from Sweden and Germany, even as Lenin imports the Swedish metallurgists to-day, that an administrative machine be created and that the force of example and the spur of emulation might raise the Russian up to the heights of European efficiency and intelligence. He erected schools under foreign masters and ordered that no gentleman was to marry unless properly educated. He introduced Western literature into Russia, and he sent the leading men of Russia to Western capitals that they might study the science of war and the craft of diplomacy. Peter, unfortunately, was too sanguine as to the ease with which the vices of the East might be eradicated by learning from the West. The bureaucracy that he left behind was only a machine by which the Russian could systematise and fortify corruption and privilege. The people, too, were antagonistic to the point of revolt. They little understood and less desired his Western reforms. To them he was anti-Christ, who despoiled their religion, compelled them to wear Western clothes, and placed them under the control of the foreigner. But when he died he had turned Russia's face to the West, and laid the causes of the revolution of 1917. History will yet forget his barbarian violence and only recall his enlightened vision. For his crimes, while natural to his temperament, were generally the outcome of the failings of the Russians themselves. A great reformer is always intemperate in ideas and intolerant of failure. And in Russia a revolutionary is bound to become the worst of autocrats. Even Lenin can plead a good cause and a backward people in extenuation of his acts.

From the death of Peter the Great down to the outbreak of the war Russian history portrays with striking vividness the striving of Russia to borrow from the West. Catherine the Great gazing rapturously at the bust of Voltaire, Alexander I captivating the hearts of the women of Paris by his European ease and grace when he entered the French capital in 1812, emperors in the Winter Palace at Petrograd speaking of "emancipation of

the masses," "freedom of thought," and the "rights of man," the children of the rich and educated sitting at the knees of French, English, and German governesses to learn the languages of Europe, the revolutionary in his garret feverishly and apprehensively reading the teachings of Locke and the theories of Marx, these and a hundred more scenes leap to the eye as one travels through the years that followed Peter's reign. French manners and English clothes, the wit of Molière and the drama of Shakespeare, the political thought of Britain, and the mechanical skill of Germany invade the dominions of Russia to find receptive minds and wondering appreciation. Revolutionaries exile themselves in Europe, Britain, and America. They study Western institutions, speak Western languages, and adopt Western ideas. Being Russians and naturally as extreme as the climate of Russia, being exiles and naturally as fanatical as exiles only can be, they patronised the most extravagant of Western communist thought. Russia became to them a land where one day they might plant their ideas and erect a State that would be a model to the West. They often forgot that the Russians were of the East, yet they often remembered that Russia was very primitive when compared with the West. They returned to Russia after the revolution determined to seize power at any cost and by any means. The end would justify all. The story of the Russian revolution down to to-day is the story of their resolve.

The rise of Lenin to power always takes my mind back to the many processions that thronged the streets of Petrograd in the days immediately following the overthrow of the Tsarist régime. No one appeared to work. All were living in a world of congratulation for what had been achieved. I recall one of these processions with distinct vividness. A half a million people marched throughout the day past the graves of the victims of the revolution. Banners, red with revolution fury, were proudly borne aloft. "Long live the Republic," "Long live the Revolution," they proclaimed. Men, women, and even children of all classes and of all conditions, soldiers in their green uniforms and high boots, factory hands and schoolmasters, some dressed in red blouses, moved in solemn array chanting with awesome fervour the mournful dirge composed in honour of revolution's victims. As the soulful notes rose and fell, as the wide gravelled expanse of the reviewing ground lined with the sombre barracks of the soldiers of the Guard seemed to echo and re-echo with the steady yet almost numbed tread of the people and the strains of the stirring hymn, one stood enraptured by the moving scene. But it was when one looked into the faces of the people that one seemed to peer into the soul of a nation. There was depicted all

the sublime wistfulness and all the solemn ecstasy of creation. There was shown the ethereal joy in having achieved something they knew not what, there was the smiling serenity of a hope, they had not visualised. A mother when first seeing her child after birth, I am told, gives forth such a sublime radiance from her face. I was watching the re-birth of a nation. No man not utterly destitute of feeling, no matter what his nationality, could watch that procession without finding himself a victim to emotion. For there was tragedy in the voice of triumph. The people that uttered the sacred name of "Freedom," though they gloried in the work of revolution, knew not what they had achieved. A change—vast, mysterious, and undefined had come, they felt. That a new era had opened they surmised. And that there was reason for congratulatory celebrations they knew. But the portents of the hour meant nothing to them, the meaning of the revolution surpassed their minds. Had a leader of peoples been seated in the chair of state at that moment, had Kerensky himself had the character and the vision, the energy and the foresight of a great man, Russia would have been spared many of the horrors that have since brought such misery and death to the Empire, and might have stood immune from many of the perils with which she is even at present assailed.

A few weeks later I was present at another procession. This time it was the first of May, the labour holiday. But sad indeed was the transformation. The banners themselves revealed the change. "Land and the Will of the People," "Proletariat Unite," "Down with Capitalism," and a picture poster portraying Russian and German soldiers shaking hands in the trenches—these were the cries of the hour. Gone was the simple congratulation for a great achievement, departed the grand spirit of the revolution. I looked once more into the faces of the people. The greed of avarice, the vice of lust, the sneer of contempt, the laugh of irresponsibility, the resolve to gain, had ejected the moving idealism of a few weeks before. The revolution was no longer a revolution for freedom, it was a revolution for individual gain. The desire for enrichment, the desire for peace at any price had conquered. Russia was doomed to all the terrors and travail of Bolshevism. Lenin's triumph was assured. He had just previously returned from Switzerland. It was his first demonstration. The next few days saw crisis after crisis, the dismissal of Ministers, the encroaching power of the Soviet. But it was the changed attitude of the people, the complete subduing of the soul of mighty Russia, the cynical leer that succeeded the hopeful smile that brought despair to the minds of the foreign observers and offered a grim portent of what was to come. The

statesmen of the day ignored the signs of the times and refused to learn the lessons of the hour. Three months later they were flying before the savage onslaught of the Bolsheviks.

Lenin, in truth, determined to seize the power, so that he might erect his pattern State, had undermined all the forces of order to ensure his triumph. When he returned from Switzerland through Germany he found a Government in power, the Government of Prince Lvov, in none of the members of which could he discern anyone who was likely to carry through his programme. As the months passed, and Kerensky succeeded Prince Lvov, he saw that the Russian people were being disillusioned. They still had to line the streets to get their bread, and Kerensky was still talking of offensives in the hope of obtaining loans from the Allies. He saw the opportunity for overthrowing Kerensky, and he utilised his resources with the cynical unscrupulousness and the cool assurance that mark his character. His agents encouraged hostility to war and the craving for peace. They denounced Kerensky as a capitalist sycophant, they accused him of succumbing to the temptations of money, and they showed the republican insincerity of his associates. One Minister had kissed Kesinskaia's slipper, for he was a functionary at the Imperial Ballet under the Tsar. Another had made a great fortune in sugar. Could he be a revolutionary? they asked. The real revolution had yet to come, they urged. And in the army the Russian's natural dislike of discipline and desire for peace was fostered by caressing tongues and skilful hands until the supports of Kerensky, broken by his quarrel with Kornilov, fell from under him. But Lenin, having destroyed one Government by appealing to all the Eastern failings of the people, determined, like Peter the Great, to erect his own by enforcing Western virtues. One would have to search long, indeed, through the pages of history to find anything more grimly cynical than Lenin's attitude towards his own people, or, in fact, any more cynical figure than that of Lenin himself. He found the moment he attained power that the ignorant masses were incapable of appreciating the real meaning or true inwardness of his ideas that were, he believed, to benefit themselves. He realised, too, that he had succeeded not by the philosophic glamour of his proposed State, but only by using the susceptible ignorance of the people as a crude ladder to rise to his lofty eminence. He observed also with consternation and dismay that the love of indolence and the hatred of discipline, the partiality of talk over action and the readiness to succumb to the latest oratorical bribe that might be offered—which he and his comrades had so successfully encouraged in the fight against Kerensky—were still the dominating characteristics of the

Russian people, and were not to be changed by the mere mystic utterance of the name of "Lenin." The peril of a formidable antagonist with a ready tongue emulating his methods and challenging his power was too real to be dismissed with a mere shrug of the shoulders. Then, too, he knew that the state of Russia was not a fictitious contrivance of aspiring capitalists, but a terrible outcome of the burden of war, that the people must endure much privation and suffering, the hardships and losses of the battlefield, the toil of the fields and the factory, and the agony of hunger before the new State could bring an orderly and regenerated Russia out of hapless chaos. He faced the facts with the clearness of mind of a Peter, and he determined like his illustrious predecessor to shrink from no measures, however contradictory to his professed principles, and however harsh and oppressive, to enthrone his ideas. For his enemies in Russia there was to be the sword, for the foreign nations who dared to support his enemies with their forces war without restraint. Abroad the power of propaganda was to frighten Governments into connivance at his rule, and recognition of his Government. He found it was necessary to condone the most reprehensible of acts of local commissaries and the most savage of atrocities of intoxicated or drugged barbarians. He did not hesitate for one moment to give condonation. He found, too, that the Soviets, the only Russian institution of the day which had survived even the ravages of the Ivans and Peter, and had come down from the days of the old city republics to flourish in the village life of Russia before the war, were merely talking assemblies where men of little merit and less prescience uttered attractive nonsense. He would make himself master of the Soviets. They would be useful on some occasions to give semblance of public approval to the most daring of his schemes, and when they became dangerous suppression could always be invoked to curb opposition. But his two greatest tasks were to reorganise the army and create a new administration. He decided on one decisive principle. Every citizen must contribute his share to the building up of the new State. Indolence was not to be tolerated, shirking was to be punished with the utmost severity. There was to be no bread for those who did not labour. There was to be forced enlistment in the Red Guard. But Lenin soon discovered that it was necessary to modify under the test of practicality the stringency of his original views. The army needed brains to organise and direct its energies. He called in the Tsarist generals whom he knew shared not his views, but who were willing, first under the threat of extermination and then under the promise of reward, to serve his purposes. He /

found, too, that administrative genius is the product of slow and laboured growth, that education cannot be purchased in a day, and that the bourgeoisie whom he affected to despise almost as much as the moderate socialists of the world, could by their training and aptitude ensure as his servants much of his success. He invited them by menaces or cajolery to offer their services, and he accepted them with a much firmer regard for alacrity than for scruples. To-day, when we view the vigour with which he has fought his enemies and surmounted the daily difficulties of his situation, the amazing insight which he has shown into the character of the Russian people and the remarkable methods he has devised for combating their defects, we must, whatever our view on his contempt for principle and life may be, and however fantastic we may think his conception of a Communist State, acknowledge that not since Peter the Great was laid to rest has Russia been governed by such an energetic ruler. And at every step his methods bear a vivid likeness to those of his great predecessor.

But is Lenin, too, living in the glamour of a great illusion? Is he a victim of the favourite idea of Russian revolutionaries—that Russia can bridge by one gigantic leap the three centuries of progress that divide her from the West? Again and again I have heard ardent revolutionaries laughing at evolution, and with all the attractive extremism that belongs to the Russian and all that engaging enthusiasm which belongs to the true reformer, declaring they saw no reason why Russia in one year should not advance three hundred. But in the crucible of the practical, ideas are forced to face their severest test.

What happens? The revolutionary who, having successfully overthrown one *régime* in the assurance of bestriding three centuries, finds—as Lenin has found, and Peter the Great discovered—that the Russian people are exasperatingly ignorant, and that tyranny itself is the only motive force that can be employed in quest of progress. A *régime* even more advanced than that which we are prepared to accept in the West is precipitately thrust upon the Russian people, who listen to the voice of the reformer in mystic perplexity, comprehending nothing of that which he utters. Three centuries divide the mind of the leader from his people, but he persists in his determination, substituting only one tyranny for another, until at last in despair he comes to realise that evolution has its functions not less than revolution. That some perception of this truth has entered the mind of Lenin is evident from his haste to educate the Russians. He has ordered the rising generation to his schools, that their minds shall be instructed in the wonders and advantages of Communist

government. But education is a slow process, and no matter with what energy he may press his educational reforms, and what hopes he may have that the Russian people will under the driving power of tyranny educate themselves, he will yet come to realise that although Russian history is emphatically that of striding progress and fierce reaction, he cannot span three centuries in a few years. What will be achieved, however, from out of the turmoil and travail of revolution is that Russia will have made twenty years' progress in five years, that the stirring of the minds of the people by the events of to-day will leave a definite mark on the forward march of the Russian nation, that when the lava has ceased to flow and the volcano's glare grows less and less lurid in the eastern sky, the vineyards will once more give forth their luscious fruit, a new fertility will spring up throughout the neighbouring lands, and a happier, better and enlightened Russia will emerge from out of the womb of suffering. Such will be the true accomplishment of the revolution. Russia will be less Eastern and more Western: she will have progressed by a great stride, but the hopes of Lenin and his colleagues will not have been entirely fulfilled. Like Peter the Great, Lenin will die dissatisfied with his own wonderful achievements because his ideas are too advanced and too little adapted to his people.

Progress through convulsion, evolution through turmoil, seems to be the destined fate of Russia. By turning her face to the East she could find repose, but a repose that would only mean stagnation and decay. The cry is to the West, the law is advance or die. And thus she plunges onward, laughing at the warnings of those wiser than herself, confident of her extraordinary energy when once aroused, disillusioned again and again, but struggling more and more fiercely to bridge the gulf to the West. Well, indeed, has it been written by Alexis Tolstoi that a Russian should:

" Love without slinking doubt and love your best,
And if you quarrel, quarrel not in jest,
And if you lose your temper, lose it all,
And let your blow straight from the shoulder fall,
In altercation boldly speak your view,
And punish but when punishment is due,
With both your hands forgiveness give away,
And if you feast, feast till the break of day."

For extremism is the elixir of life to a Russian. And Lenin is as extreme as Peter the Great. History will surely link their lives together as the men who sought to graft a Western civilisation on an Eastern people, and who brought progress to Russia through a stupendous convulsion.

HERBERT BAILEY.

BRITISH COAL AND AMERICAN COMPETITION.

POLITICIANS, publicists and economists have told us that commerce and industry form the twin basis of our economic life, that our prosperity depends on our shipping which carries on our foreign trade, and upon coal which sets in motion the vast masses of machinery used by the country. However, if we look a little more closely into the position, we find that the economic edifice of the United Kingdom is erected, not on a two-fold basis, but on the single basis of coal, for the prosperity of the British shipping trade depends as much upon an adequate supply of coal as do our manufacturing industries and our railways. It is a fallacy to believe, as many do, that the coal produced by this country is principally used for domestic purposes. By far the largest portion is employed in commerce and industry. This will be seen from the following careful estimate contained in the Final Report of the Coal Conservation Committee (Cd. 9084), which relates to the year 1913 : —

BRITISH COAL CONSUMPTION IN 1913.

	Tons.
Railways	15,000,000
Coasting steamers (bunkers)... ..	2,400,000
Factories	60,000,000
Mines	20,500,000
Iron and steel industries	31,000,000
Other metals and minerals	1,250,000
Brick-works, potteries, glass-works, and chemical works	5,750,000
Gas-works	18,000,000
Domestic	35,000,000
<hr/>	
Total (say)	189,000,000

In 1913 the United Kingdom produced, according to the report mentioned, 287,430,473 tons of coal. It will be noticed that only a comparatively unimportant part of the coal raised was used for domestic purposes. The bulk was employed for industrial and commercial requirements, and the surplus was exchanged against foreign raw materials and food. A serious decline of the British coal-mining industry would, therefore, not merely interfere with our domestic comfort, but would bring the railways, the shipping and the manufacturing industries to a standstill. It would cause general unemployment and starvation. It is probably no exaggeration to say that people would die of cold and of hunger

by the million if we should be deprived of coal for some considerable time. It cannot be doubted that, if we should be left entirely without coal, an occurrence which is most unlikely, the United Kingdom would once more become an agricultural country inhabited by perhaps ten million or fifteen million people.

The prosperity and the very life of the English people depend upon an ample supply of cheap coal. Perhaps one ought rather to say that the existence of this nation is bound up with cheap domestic coal. This densely-populated country lacks both food and raw materials. It has to import vast quantities of these, and pays for them by exporting manufactured goods. England has become a great manufacturing and commercial nation, not owing to the peculiar genius of the inhabitants, but owing to the fortunate possession of vast coal deposits. It is not merely a coincidence that the great industrial and commercial nations—England, the United States and Germany—are at the same time the greatest producers of coal. The industrial and commercial prosperity of this country would disappear if the handicap of having to import foreign coal should be added to the handicap of having to import about half our food and the bulk of our raw materials from abroad. Such a position of affairs would lead to the transference of our industries to foreign lands, the impoverishment of the people, and the decline of the country.

Owing to the policy pursued by the miners, coal has become scarce and dear in this country. The bulk of our precious coal export trade has disappeared. As we paid for imported food and raw materials largely with coal, we find it difficult to import sufficient for our wants. Owing to the shrinkage of our coal exports, shipping freights have risen and the price of foreign raw materials and of food has greatly increased, to the harm of the nation. Countries which used to buy British coal are now buying American, African, Indian, Chinese and Australian coal, which is cheaper than English coal. There is a great danger that foreign nations, after having captured the coal trade of the neutral States, may be able to sell their coal more cheaply in Great Britain than we can produce it ourselves. Unless things change very soon, we may find foreign nations shipping coal to Newcastle. A very black cloud hangs over this country.

In course of time China, India and other countries which possess an abundance of cheap native labour may revolutionise the coal trade and the industrial position of the world. Conceivably the manufacturing industries may migrate from Europe and North America to Asia. However, the more immediate danger threatens us from the United States. As that danger has hitherto not received sufficient attention, it is worth while considering it in

some detail by means of the best official American information available.

On the evening of April 14th, 1865, President Lincoln was murdered at the Ford Theatre at Washington by John Wilkes Booth, the actor. On the morning of that fateful day he gave his last public utterance, which was in the form of a message given to Mr. Schuyler Colfax and addressed to the American miners. The President stated in it: "I have very large ideas of the mineral wealth of our nation. Its development has scarcely commenced. Tell the miners from me that I shall promote their interests to the utmost, because their prosperity is the prosperity of the nation, and we shall know in a very few years that we are indeed the treasury of the world."

Abraham Lincoln's prophetic words have come true. The United States have become by far the largest producers of minerals of every kind. American coal production, which amounted to 21,000,000 tons in 1865, has increased thirty-fold. The United States have become by far the largest producers of coal, iron-ore, copper, petroleum, etc. They have indeed become "the treasury of the world," but their extraordinary prosperity is due chiefly to their gigantic wealth in coal.

We live in the age of coal. According to the Statistical Abstract of the United States, the coal production of the world has increased as follows:—

1800	11,600,000 tons.
1820	17,200,000 ..
1840	44,800,000 ..
1860	142,300,000 ..
1880	340,000,000 ..
1900	800,000,000 ..
1910	1,141,600,000 ..
1917	1,430,000,000 ..

At the present time the United States produce almost exactly as much coal as all the other nations of the world combined, and herein lies the reason of their striking economic predominance. Coal means wealth and world power.

England's commercial and industrial pre-eminence was due not to Free Trade, as many believe, but to the fact that England was the first nation to use coal on a large scale for commercial and industrial purposes. Formerly England was by far the largest coal producer in the world. She occupied in the world a position very similar to that which is held at present by the United States. Free Trade was introduced in 1846. In 1845, the year preceding its introduction, the bulk of the world's coal was produced and used in England. According to R. C. Taylor's valuable handbook,

Statistics of Coal, published in 1848, the coal production of the world was as follows :—

			Production of Coal in 1845. Tons.	Percentage of World's Production. Per Cent.
Great Britain	31,500,000	64.2
Belgium	4,960,077	10.1
United States	1,400,000	8.9
France	4,141,617	8.4
Russia	3,500,000	7.0
Austria	659,340	1.4
Total	49,161,034	100.0

At the time when the United Kingdom produced two-thirds of the world's coal, she produced two-thirds of the world's iron, two-thirds of the world's cotton goods, etc., and possessed two-thirds of the world's shipping. Gradually England's supremacy in coal production declined and her industrial supremacy declined with it. In 1875 England was still the leading manufacturing country. At that time she still produced half the world's coal. At present the United Kingdom produces only from one-sixth to one-seventh of the world's coal. England has ceased to be the workshop of the world. America has taken its place owing to the vastness of its coal production.

The progress of the United States as an industrial country may perhaps best be gauged by the progress of its coal production, which has expanded in the following extraordinary manner :—

1810	20 tons.
1840	1,848,240 ..
1860	13,044,680 ..
1880	63,822,830 ..
1900	240,789,310 ..
1910	447,853,900 ..
1917	649,729,680 ..

Although the coal production of the United States has increased gigantically, and although that country raises at present practically half the coal produced in the world, it has come by no means to the limit of its output, for it disposes of the most gigantic store of mineral fuel in the world. In 1913 an international geological congress was held in Canada, and before its members was placed a comprehensive and authoritative inventory of the world's coal deposits which had been drawn up by the most eminent experts of the various nations. From the figures supplied by the leading practical geologists, it appears that the United States possesses approximately 55 per cent. of the world's coal. Its store of that

mineral compares with the coal occurring in the United Kingdom as follows :—

United States Coal Resources	8,838,657,000,000 tons.
United Kingdom Coal Resources	189,635,000,000 „

Apparently the United States have considerably more than twenty times as much coal as the United Kingdom. Compared with the wealth in coal possessed by the Americans, the coal wealth of the United Kingdom is poverty.

In popular atlases maps of the United Kingdom may be found on which the coalfields are marked in black. They cover only a comparatively small area of the country. The gigantic wealth of the United States in coal may be gauged from the fact that their coal-bearing area extends over 450,839 square miles. As the area of the United Kingdom is 121,633 square miles, the American coal districts are almost four times as large as the whole of the United Kingdom. They are as large as all France, Spain and Portugal combined, and America's advantage is increased by the fact that vast coal deposits occur in almost every part of the country.

The United States have a great advantage over the United Kingdom in possessing a store of coal compared with which England's coal seems but a trifle, and they have a further advantage owing to the fact that for various reasons coal can be produced more cheaply in the United States than in this country. The principal factor in cheapening coal is the efficiency of labour. Unfortunately, England is at a great disadvantage compared with the United States, not only because this country is relatively poor in coal, but also because British labour employed in coal-mining is comparatively inefficient. A short time ago Sir John Cadman, the eminent President of the Institute of Mining Engineers, gave in his presidential address before that body the following most interesting and most important figures :—

		COAL PRODUCTION PER PERSON EMPLOYED.			
		United Kingdom.	Canada.	Australia.	United States.
1886	...	312 tons.	341 tons	?	?
1900	...	208 „	457 „	426 tons.	494 tons.
1906	...	275 „	480 „	462 „	506 „
1912	...	244 „	472 „	542 „	600 „
1910	...	263 „	471 „	547 „	731 „

Sir John Cadman gave, unfortunately, no later figures. In 1917 British coal production per person per year came to 250 tons. In 1918 it amounted to 236 tons, and during the year 1919 it came to only 197½ tons.

During the thirty-years' period for which Sir John Cadman

furnished figures, coal production per man in the United Kingdom declined seriously, and it has declined particularly rapidly between 1916 and the present time. On the other hand, production per man has constantly and very greatly increased in Canada, in Australia, and in the United States. The yearly output per miner is now three times as great in the United States as in the United Kingdom. In other words, a single American miner produces as much coal as do three English miners. With our small population, such low individual output involves, of course, a great and most regrettable waste in man-power.

The extraordinary superiority of the American miner becomes still more startling and disquieting if, instead of comparing production per man per year in the two countries, we compare production per man per day. According to the third volume of the Report of the British Coal Industry Commission and the American Official Report, "Mineral Resources of the United States," production per day per man employed in England and America compares as follows:—

COAL PRODUCED PER MAN PER DAY.			
	United Kingdom.	United States (bituminous).	United States (anthracite).
1880	... 1.33 tons.	?	?
1885	... 1.28 ..	?	?
1890	... 1.08 ..	2.56 tons.	1.85 tons.
1895	... 1.18 ..	2.90 ..	2.07 ..
1900	... 1.10 ..	2.98 ..	2.40 ..
1905	... 1.08 ..	3.24 ..	2.18 ..
1910	... 1.00 ..	3.46 ..	2.17 ..
1915	... 0.98 ..	3.91 ..	2.19 ..
1918	... 0.80 ..	3.77 ..	2.27 ..

In anthracite the American miner produces almost three times as much, and in bituminous coal almost five times as much, per day as the British miner. The United States have only a very small quantity of anthracite coal. It occurs in thin, very irregular and very faulty seams. The mines are old and partly worked out, and mining is generally carried on by hand. The fact that in the anthracite field the American miner produces almost three times as much coal as the British miner shows that British coal production per man might easily be doubled.

It will be noticed that production per man per day has been rapidly declining in the United Kingdom and rapidly increasing in the United States. As five-sixths of the coal produced in the United States is bituminous, one may not unfairly compare bituminous coal production in America with general coal production in the United Kingdom. If we do so, we find that, whereas the English miner produces at present about 16 cwt.

of coal per day, the American coal-worker produces nearly 4 tons per day. In other words, in a single day an American miner produces five times as much coal as his British colleague. Measured by their daily output, a single American miner does just as much work as do five Englishmen.

The superiority of the American miners over their English colleagues becomes still more disquieting if we look at the output per miner in the various American coalfields. According to the American mineral statistics for 1915, the latest which apparently are available, daily production per miner in the three most important American coalfields was as follows :—

Pennsylvania (bituminous)	4.00 tons.
Illinois	4.85 ..
West Virginia	4.89 ..

In the three most important coalfields of the United States production per day per worker averaged nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons. It is particularly noticeable that in West Virginia it reached very nearly 5 tons, because the West Virginian coal-mines have been opened only lately and their output has increased most rapidly. Their production has grown as follows :—

1880	1,829,844 tons.
1890	7,894,654 ..
1900	22,047,207 ..
1910	61,671,019 ..
1917	77,160,060 ..

As West Virginia uses little coal, the mineral produced in that State is mined chiefly for export. It is ominous that a single West Virginian miner produces about as much coal as do six Englishmen. Coal is carried from the West Virginian mines to the sea over a specially built railway line by means of trains which convey 3,000, 4,000 and 5,000 tons of the mineral by means of a single engine.

The English miners' week has five days. Careful comparison of output in England and in the United States reveals the humiliating fact that an American miner produces as much coal per day as the English miner produces in the course of a whole week.

The inferiority in production of the English miner is, of course, to some considerable extent due to the fact that the most easily workable deposits in England are becoming exhausted, while the United States can still draw on their most prolific and most easily workable sites. At the same time, it can, unfortunately, not be doubted that England's inferiority in production per man is very largely caused by the deliberate restrictive action of the miners themselves.

In the *Times* of September 3rd a former clerk, who had become a pumpman in a coal-mine, wrote :—

"I had not been at my new employment long before it was forced on my observation that an excessive amount of idling took place, amounting to almost a positive scandal. . . . On the night shift, the first hour goes by without anyone doing a stroke of work, and in the last hour of the shift the tale is the same as the first hour; rarely would anyone be found working. As an interval for food is, of course, necessary, this would generally absorb another hour. Those who are really working any longer than four hours out of a shift are very few. Much the same takes place on the day shift, but not to quite the same extent.

"My responsibility as pumpman is to keep water out of a district in order that colliers may have a fairly dry working place. My mates, sharing in the general disinclination to work, hinder the colliers by not 'keeping the water down': hence the colliers, instead of doing their own work of hewing the coal, have to desist in order to get their working places clear of water which has accumulated through our inaction. I have ventured to remonstrate, but I was told: 'It doesn't matter what we do, we only get the same wages whether we do little or much, and you mustn't kill yourself.'"

Mr. Gilbert Stone, who was the Deputy Head of Production of the Coal Mines Department, and who acted as Assistant Secretary to the Coal Industry Commission and as Secretary to the Coal Controller's Advisory Board, wrote in his eminently fair book, *The British Coal Industry* :—

"It may be argued that the decline in productivity per man employed is due to the fact that as our mines became older and our best seams worked out such a decline is bound to occur. Such an argument is vitiated by the fact that improvements in the method of getting coal have during the last forty years far more than balanced the difficulty of getting the coal. It is destroyed by the further fact that in our new and favourable coalfields, such as the South Yorkshire area, the men working under the most favourable modern conditions and in new mines where the face is near the shaft, do not obtain as much coal per man employed as that got by the miners in the country generally under the conditions appertaining forty and fifty years ago."

Low individual production in Yorkshire is obviously due to the deliberate action of the miners. It is noteworthy that, according to the statistics given in the third volume of the Coal Industry Commission's Report, the percentage of shifts lost is far greater there than in any other of our coalfields. The percentage is for the average of 1913-1918 fully twice as great as it is in Scotland.

Unfortunately, reduction of output has become an article of faith with the British miners. They try by every means in their power to keep production low. They prevent, as far as possible, the introduction of labour-saving machinery and of improved methods of organisation within the mines. In the United States labour-saving devices of every kind are used in and about the mines, and manual labour, which is comparatively ineffective, is restricted to the irreducible minimum. Unfortunately, the same

machines which in the United States have brought about an enormous expansion of output per man have proved comparatively ineffective in this country. Besides, the use of powerful labour-saving devices in mining is far less advanced in the United Kingdom than in America, as may be seen by the following figures :—

	British coal mined by machines.	American bituminous coal only mined by machines.
1908 ...	5,245,578 tons.	69,620,441 tons
1910 ...	15,747,558 ..	155,398,119 ..
1916 ...	26,303,110 ..	253,285,960 ..

While more than one-half of America's coal is mined by machinery, only a little more than one-tenth of the coal of the United Kingdom is mined by machinery. American machines produce per year far more coal than the United Kingdom produces altogether. In other words, the English miner has to compete with his hands with the most perfect American machinery.

Of course, coal-cutting machinery cannot be used everywhere. In many English mines it cannot be employed. However, the remarkable fact is that production per machine has steadily declined in the United Kingdom and has equally steadily increased in the United States. This extraordinary fact is apparent from the following figures, which, as those previously given, are taken from the third volume of the Coal Industry Commission Report :—

			OUTPUT PER MACHINE.	
			In the United Kingdom.	In the United States.
1903	8,158 tons.	10,457 tons.
1910	8,039 ..	11,722 ..
1916	7,601 ..	15,638 ..

The American coal-cutting machine produces twice as much as the British coal-cutting machine.

Before the Coal Industry Commission an eminent engineer, Mr. Forster Brown, who had a great deal of experience in American mining, stated :—

" Mechanical appliances for coal cutting and getting are employed to a greater extent in America than in this country. . . . I think it is due to two main causes: Partly the physical conditions under which coal is worked in America are better, but also I am of opinion that American labour has grasped to a far greater extent than labour in this country has grasped the fact that the soundest route to improve its position and its employment is to get the maximum output per unit of labour employed compatible with health and safety, either by direct manual labour or the help of machines."

Before the same Commission Lord Gainford of Headlam, the eminent coalowner, complained :—

"The terms demanded by miners have frequently prevented and retarded fair trials being given to coal cutting and labour saving appliances which managers have been keen to introduce."

England's inferiority in coal production per worker employed is evidently very largely due to the unreasonable and obstructive attitude of the workers.

The American mines have hitherto been worked in a somewhat peculiar manner. The miners have, for some reason or other, been employed only during two-thirds of the days of the year or even less. According to the official statistics, the bituminous miners worked in 1907 only on 234 days, in 1908 during 193 days, in 1911 during 211 days; in 1912 during 223 days, etc. In the anthracite mines also employment was given to the men only during two-thirds of the days of the year or less. To some extent the American miners have suffered from casual employment. They have frequently demanded that they should be enabled to work all the year round. Apparently there has been so great an influx of immigrant labour into coal-mining that there was, as a rule, a surplus of miners. If the American mine-owners should succeed in reorganising their industry, in giving the miners fuller employment, production per man per year would vastly increase and the cost of production would correspondingly decline. American coal may thus be made far cheaper than it is at present.

While the United Kingdom suffers from a great shortage of coal, and while the expansion of British coal production is difficult, largely owing to the deliberate policy of restriction practised by the mine-workers, American coal production can immediately and very greatly be increased by giving to the men the fuller employment which they desire. That important point was brought out in the United States Bituminous Coal Commission Report of 1920, which stated, according to a summary given in the *American Economic Review* of June, 1920 :—

"The capacity of the mines at the present time is 700,000,000 tons, while the annual requirements of the nation are about 500,000,000 tons, so that there is an excess of capacity over requirements of about 200,000,000 tons."

The report discloses the ominous fact that the United States mines can with their present outfit easily produce 200,000,000 tons of coal per year for exportation, a quantity which is almost as large as the entire coal production of the United Kingdom. If, as seems by no means impossible, the American mineowners should gradually develop their mining output to the full capacity of the existing machinery, they can entirely wipe out the small portion of the British coal export trade that has remained to us,

and they can in addition dump a surplus of coal, up to at least 100,000,000 tons, in the United Kingdom. The great peril mentioned in the opening lines of this paper may presently threaten the people of the United Kingdom with disaster. The first effect of large imports of cheap coal into this country would, of course, be the closing of very numerous mines which work at present with a small profit or no profit. Only the richest mines, which can produce comparatively cheaply, would be able to remain open. The coal-miners, intending to make themselves supreme by bringing pressure to bear upon the nation, may ruin their own industry and themselves. At present coal exports from the United States, China, Africa, Australia, India, etc., are somewhat handicapped by high freights. An enormous quantity of shipping is on the stocks. With its release, freights may fall to a very low figure. In a year or two we may see large quantities of cheap foreign coal being delivered in the ports of the United Kingdom and even in Newcastle.

In the year 1847 Mr. McCulloch, an eminent political economist, wrote in his *Account of the British Empire* :—

" Our coal mines have been sometimes called the ' Black Indies,' and it is certain that they have conferred a thousand times more real advantage on us than we have derived from the conquest of the Mogul Empire, or than we should have reaped from the Dominion of Mexico and Peru. Our coal mines may be regarded as vast magazines of hoarded or warehoused power: and unless some such radical change should be made on the steam engine as should very decidedly lessen the quantity of fuel required to keep it in motion, or some equally serviceable machine, but moved by different means, be introduced, it is not at all likely that any nation should come into successful competition with us in those departments in which steam engines, or machinery moved by steam, may be advantageously employed."

When these lines were written McCulloch, Cobden and his contemporaries believed that England was, and always would remain, the workshop of the world because this country had virtually a monopoly in the production of coal. Our old monopoly is gone. Owing to its relative poverty in coal, England is in a very unfavourable position for the pursuit of commerce and industry if compared with the United States. The policy of the British miners of making coal ever scarcer and ever dearer threatens this country and its industries with ruin. A great black cloud stands threatening on the horizon.

POLITICUS.

THE WORLD'S SHIPPING : THE BALANCE OF POWER.

AMONG the most significant results of the Great War are the changes which have occurred in the balance of economic sea power, owing, in the main, to the submarine campaign conducted by the enemy with complete disregard of international law as well as of the code of humanity. Whatever may be said of some features of the Treaty of Versailles, it is right and proper that the country which was responsible for destroying 13,000,000 gross tons of shipping, British, Allied and neutral,¹ should have been condemned to practical eclipse as a Sea Power, losing not only its war Navy, but almost all its mercantile tonnage. The situation on the eve of the war and that which exists to-day is reflected in the following table, which indicates the remarkable readjustments in the balance of economic sea power which have taken place during the past six years :—

STEAM TONNAGE.					
(Millions of tons.)					
June, 1914.			June, 1920.		
1. United Kingdom	...	(18.80)	United Kingdom	...	(18.11)
British Empire	...	(20.52)	British Empire	...	(20.14)
2. Germany	...	(5.13)	U.S.A.	...	(12.40)
3. U.S.A.	...	(2.03)	Japan	...	(3.00)
4. Norway	...	(1.96)	France	...	(2.96)
5. France	...	(1.92)	Italy	...	(2.12)
6. Japan	...	(1.71)	Norway	...	(1.98)
7. Holland	...	(1.47)	Holland	...	(1.77)
8. Italy	...	(1.43)	Sweden	...	(1.00)
9. Austria-Hungary	...	(1.05) ²	Spain	...	(0.94)
10. Sweden	...	(1.01)	Denmark	...	(0.72)
11. Spain	...	(0.88)	Greece	...	(0.50)
12. Greece	...	(0.82)	Brazil	...	(0.47)
13. Denmark	...	(0.77)	Germany ³	...	(0.42)

In the whole record of history there is probably no parallel to the nemesis which has overtaken those countries which thought to gain their ends by conducting an inhuman war upon defenceless merchant seamen. They revealed that they did not belong to the great brotherhood of the sea, and it is appropriate that, as a punishment, they should have been swept off the sea.

Our country is still suffering from the losses of shipping which

(1) About 2,000,000 gross tons were also lost by marine risks.

(2) Austria-Hungary has no shipping left.

(3) Germany now possesses only small ships, all of less than 1,600 tons.

it sustained during the war. According to the latest figures of *Lloyd's Register*, we possess about three-quarters of a million tons less shipping than we did six years ago, in spite of the activity of our shipyards and the amount of ex-enemy tonnage surrendered under the Peace Treaty. On the other hand, there are 8,501,000 more tons (gross) of shipping afloat on the world's seas than there was in June, 1914. The readjustments which have taken place in the steam tonnage of the world in the past six years are reflected in detail in the following statement :—

Country.			Difference between 1914 and 1920.
	June 1914	June 1920.	
	Tons gross.	Tons gross.	Tons gross.
United Kingdom	18,892,000	18,111,000	-781,000
British Dominions	1,032,000	2,082,000	+400,000
America (United States) :—			
Seagoing	2,027,000	12,406,000	+10,379,000
Great Lakes	2,260,000	2,119,000	-141,000
Austria-Hungary	1,052,000	Nil.	—
Denmark	770,000	719,000	-51,000
France	1,922,000	2,963,000	+1,041,000
Germany	5,135,000	419,000	-4,716,000
Greece	821,000	497,000	-324,000
Holland	1,472,000	1,773,000	+301,000
Italy	1,430,000	2,118,000	+688,000
Japan	1,708,000	2,996,000	+1,288,000
Norway	1,957,000	1,980,000	+23,000
Spain	884,000	937,000	+53,000
Sweden	1,015,000	996,000	-19,000
Total Abroad	26,512,000	35,794,000	+9,282,000
World's Total	45,404,000	53,905,000	+8,501,000

In a series of notes based upon these statistics, *Lloyd's Register of Shipping* directs attention to the salient points which emerge from this review of the steam tonnage of the world :—

It will be seen that amongst the principal countries, apart from Germany, the United Kingdom and Greece are the only ones which show a considerable reduction in the tonnage now owned as compared with 1914. Notwithstanding the increased construction and the large amount of ex-enemy tonnage provisionally allocated to British management, and of course included in the figures, there are at the present time some 781,000 tons less of steamers owned in the United Kingdom than in 1914.

Most of the other countries show an increase, very considerable in some cases.

The seagoing tonnage of the United States has increased by nearly 10,400,000 tons, an increase of over 500 per cent. on the 1914 figures. The other countries in which the largest increases are recorded are :—Japan, 1,288,000 tons; France, 1,041,000 tons; and Italy, 688,000 tons. As in the case of the United Kingdom, the figures for France and Italy include a considerable amount of ex-enemy tonnage provisionally allocated to those countries.

The figures for Germany conclusively show the change in the maritime position of that country. While in 1914 Germany occupied, after the United Kingdom, the first position with over 5,000,000 tons of merchant steamers, only 419,000 tons are now recorded in the book as German, everything else having been either captured, requisitioned, or allocated to the Allies in accordance with the peace treaty.

The relative position of some other countries has also altered to a large extent. In 1914 the United Kingdom owned 41.6 per cent. of the world's steam tonnage, the present percentage is 33.6. Norway, which occupied the fourth place, is now seventh, while Japan, which was sixth, is now third.

Excluding vessels trading on the Great Lakes of North America (about 2,300,000 tons), the United Kingdom percentage of the world's seagoing steam tonnage has decreased from 43.9 in 1914 to 35.1 in 1920, while the proportion of the United States, which was 4.7 per cent. six years ago, now reaches 24 per cent.

It should be stated that, with the exception of the United States, most of the increase recorded by the various countries, as compared with 1914, has taken place during the last 12 months, during which period over 6 million tons of shipping have been added to the world's merchant navies.

Taken together, the Scandinavian countries—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark—still show a decrease, as compared with 1914, of 47,000 tons.

As the outstanding rival of the British mercantile marine, the United States has taken the place of Germany. It is a mistake to jump to the conclusion that British interests must necessarily suffer owing to this change, though it is an arresting fact that *the United States possesses to-day two and a half times as much sea-going tonnage as was under the German flag six years ago*. This development raises, it is true, a number of problems to which time alone can furnish the solution, for merchant ships are not playthings nor emblems of power like men-of-war, but have to be operated at sea at a profit. In the meantime, it may be suggested that it must be a source of satisfaction that this country's chief competitor in the carrying trade of the world should be a nation which shares not only our language, but many of our traditions, and is one with us in the pursuit of the great ideals which unite the peoples of the British Empire. We could certainly never regard Germany through the same spectacles as we wear when we look at the United States. Germany used her merchant fleet as a weapon for her own aggrandisement as a World Empire and to the injury of other peoples. The policy of concentration which marked her naval policy distinguished also her mercantile policy. At the outbreak of the war more than 60 per cent. of Germany's shipping had been combined in a group of ten lines, which worked with one another and sometimes with associated interests, all of them being regarded with something more than benevolence by the German Government. Germany adopted many expedients, some of them fair, but others grossly unfair, in order to support her mercantile marine. In particular,

the Germans developed an elaborate system for "controlling" a large part of the emigration of Europe and shepherding it into their own vessels. As was pointed out by the Departmental Committee on Shipping and Shipbuilding (1918),¹ the essence of the control system was that:—

(1) The most important part of the Eastern emigration movement passed across Germany and Austria-Hungary;

(2) This movement was tapped by the German lines at control stations erected at the chief frontier posts;

(3) Most of the emigrants were forced to travel by the German lines on pain of being refused transit²;

(4) This control over the emigrant traffic was used by the German lines as a weapon for dividing their competitors and forcing unfavourable agreements on them; and

(5) The action of the German lines enjoyed the support of the German Government.

The importance attached to this system of control was based upon the fact that the main strength of German shipping, in spite of its world-wide activities, was concentrated in the Atlantic trades and the principal services of the two most powerful German companies—the Hamburg-America Line and the North German Lloyd—were to the United States. The German Government's support of the whole system involved (a) denial of the right of passage to subjects of a foreign country, and (b) flag discrimination in favour of German shipping. Sir Alfred Booth's Committee, already mentioned, pointed out that, in view of Germany's interest in the Atlantic trade, she determined to control by every means in her power as large a share as possible of the emigrant traffic. "That traffic was the basis of the Atlantic passenger business, which in its turn was the foundation in many respects of the trade of the chief German steamship lines, and, therefore, of German shipping. Without this basis it would have been almost impossible for the German lines to start cargo services for political reasons or to open up new business in other trades by systematic rate-cutting." German shipping was "the spearhead of German aggression." It was used to force a way into markets into which access would otherwise have been difficult, thus paving the way for German penetration. In addition to this control system and the practice of rate-cutting, the German Government developed, or at least encouraged, a system of rebates on the State railways. A preferential system

(1) Cd. 9092.

(2) Thus in 1913 these lines carried 417,000 third class "continental" passengers out of a total of 829,000 carried to the United States and Canada by the North Atlantic passenger lines.

of through rates was accorded on the German State railways to goods dispatched from inland towns in Germany to overseas destinations. Apart from the subsidies paid by the German Government for services rendered, or supposed to be rendered, by German shipping, the competition to which British ship-owners were exposed was of a very serious character. Sir Alfred Booth's Committee, in summing up their investigations of German competition, reported that :—

(1) Germany's great and growing sea-borne trade, together with the efficiency of the German mercantile marine and the close association of the principal steamship lines, would in any circumstances have made German competition formidable.

(2) That competition was accentuated by the employment of methods at times unfair; these methods were principally :—

(a) The grant by State railways of privileged rates to German exports, especially if shipped in German vessels.

(b) Rate cutting by German lines; and

(c) Abuse of the control station system.

(3) Besides being otherwise detrimental to British interests, this competition had serious consequences in certain directions, viz. :—

(a) German penetration in trades politically important;

(b) The cutting of rates by British lines in favour of Continental, and especially of German goods, thus prejudicing the position of Imperial Preference in the Dominions; and

(c) Conference agreements increasingly unfavourable to British interests.

(4) Most of the problems connected with German marine competition may be traced, directly or indirectly, to the enormous influence enjoyed by the German lines in the North Atlantic trade, which was due primarily to their abuse of the control stations.

Germany failed conspicuously to play the game in reference to Conference agreements which are entered into in order to avert rate wars and produce staple conditions in the great ocean trades. These agreements are in the interest, not only of the shipping industry, but of world commerce, in that they tend to promote the smooth flow of traffic. "Every weapon was used by the German lines, not only to obtain admission to the Conferences, but, when admitted, to extort further concessions not always justified by the magnitude of their trade." The conclusion reached by the Committee was that "the German lines observed their agreements only so far as it paid them to do so. Where an important object could be served by disregarding an agreement, an excuse could generally be found."

It is not inappropriate in the new situation which confronts British shipowners to recall the conditions which enabled Germany to build up her mercantile marine until at length she ranked second only to this country in merchant shipping. The German mercantile marine was engaged not merely

in carrying passengers and goods, but in spreading *Deutschtum* throughout the world, and the German mercantile flag was supported in every sea by the German mailed fist. Indeed, the German merchant navy was organised as a reserve of the war Navy.

In contrast with this picture of German competition by sea, we have the development of the American merchant fleet, embracing two and a half times as much ocean-going tonnage as Germany possessed on the eve of the war. The circumstances in which these American ships were built may be recalled with advantage in order to emphasise the distinction between the growth of the German merchant fleet and that of the United States. When the Allies were sorely pressed through the depredations by enemy submarines on their tonnage, as well as the tonnage of neutrals, it seemed as though the war might end in a German triumph, owing to the failure of the sea communications of the Allies, and particularly of this country, dependent upon the sea for most of its food as well as for the larger proportion of the raw materials required for the making of munitions. Down to the eve of the war the United States had never built more than 250,000 tons of sea-going shipping in any year, and the Germans regarded with scorn the suggestion that shipbuilding resources of so meagre a character as the Americans possessed could prove of much importance in making good the shipping losses which the Allies were suffering. In April, 1917, 870,359 tons of shipping—British, Allied and neutral—were sunk by submarine and mine attack; and in that month the United States intervened in the war. In the record of human endeavour there has been no finer exhibition of organising ability and sustained industry to meet a great emergency than the Americans exhibited when they realised the overwhelming peril which threatened the Allied cause, which they made their cause in the darkest hour of the struggle. The existing shipyards were extended and new shipyards sprang into existence; the engine-making resources of the United States were developed on a vast scale; centres for the intensive training of shipyard labour, as well as ship labour, were started. In a short time, although there were many unforeseen delays, ships were taking the water in numbers hitherto unknown in any country, and were being manned. In the second quarter of 1918, owing largely to the American effort, the world's output of tonnage overtook the world's losses. It was then apparent that, owing to the American "hustle," in association with the measures adopted by the British Admiralty under the impulse of the First Sea Lord (Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Jellicoe) for countering the submarine campaign, scarcity of tonnage would

not bring the war to a disastrous end. In the following November the Central Powers collapsed. As a result of her splendid effort to succour the Allies, the United States Government came into possession of a merchant fleet of upwards of 2,000 ships of 1,000 tons or over—some of them well built and some of them bearing the marks of their hurried construction—in providing which the American taxpayers had expended over 3,000,000,000 dollars.¹

What should be done with these ships was the problem which confronted the American people. Was it unnatural that they should regard these vessels as offering them a possibility of regaining the position at sea which they occupied down to the outbreak of the Civil War? A hundred years ago 88·7 per cent. of American imports and exports were carried in American ships, and in 1860, in spite of the growth of the British mercantile marine, the percentage was 66·5. From the outbreak of the Civil War, the proportion of American trade carried in American bottoms steadily decreased until in 1910 it had sunk to 8·7 per cent. It was a legitimate and praiseworthy ambition on the part of the Americans that they should desire to re-establish the American flag on the seas, if they could do so by fair means—fair to American traders generally, and fair also to shipping under other national flags. After some delay, Congress passed an Act which was signed by President Wilson on June 5th last. The President took this action in spite of the protest by the Secretary of State, who urged that the Act violated a number of existing treaties with foreign nations. The fundamental principle of the Act is that the ships now belonging to the State will pass gradually into private ownership, the State standing behind the owners to give them effective support. It killed Nationalisation because it was realised that Nationalised shipping could not hold its own in competition with shipping operated by private firms, exhibiting initiative, enterprise, and expert knowledge.

This American Act contains provisions which are opposed to the British ideal of freedom of the seas and freedom of the ports: for freedom of the seas is merely an empty phrase under peace conditions, unless ships of all nationalities receive equal treatment in every port. In discussing legislation of this character, it is, however, desirable to avoid adopting a biased attitude, and it is indeed preferable to borrow a general description of the measure from a reputable American authority. Mr. Winthrop L. Marvin, the Vice-President and General Manager of the American Steamship Owners' Association, has given a succinct account of the provisions of the measure²:—

An intense national spirit characterised the framing and consideration of this merchant shipping measure. This was manifest in the extraordinary

precautions taken that the war-built fleet, except possibly for its smaller units, should not be allowed to be transferred to foreign registry. As a matter of fact, the Shipping Board has been making considerable sales of steel steamers and even of wooden steamers of the smaller class, but the Bill at first forbade the disposal of any ships of a larger capacity than 6,000 tons to foreigners—though finally this limitation was stricken out of the proposed legislation, and only a general rigid admonition was left that no Government-owned ships should be sold to foreign flags unless, after searching effort, no purchasers could be found for them in America.

As a further token of the determination of the country to retain and fortify its enlarged merchant fleet, the Shipping Board was entrusted in the Bill with very greatly broadened authority, and it was directed to proceed to sell the Government-owned shipping on liberal terms of payment, to take the initiative in the establishment of additional steamship lines wherever they might seem to be required, turning over these lines to private control as soon as they were made self-sustaining, and, further, in co-operation with the Post Office Department, to provide adequate compensation for the carrying of the United States mails by these American steamers. A sum of \$25,000,000 (£5,000,000) a year was set aside to aid private capital to construct fast steamers of the liner class that might perform a swift postal service and be available for the naval reserve in time of war. Especial provision was made for the encouragement of an American system of marine insurance, and, to facilitate the transfer of the Government-owned fleet to private owners, mortgages given were made prior liens.

Though no direct subsidies were proposed, it was provided in the Bill that owners of vessels operating in the foreign trade should for ten years be allowed an exemption from war profits and excess profits taxes on condition that the amount of such exemption be pledged to the construction of new ships in the United States—provided that at least two-thirds of the cost of such ships be paid for out of the capital of persons or corporations having the vessels constructed. There was a provision, moreover, that ship-owners who sold vessels built prior to January 1, 1914, should be exempt from all income-taxes on the proceeds of those sales, if the entire proceeds thereof were invested in new construction. The Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce, and the Chairman of the Shipping Board, or a majority of them, were authorised to determine from time to time what should be allowed for annual depreciation of shipping, "in order that the owners of such vessels shall, with respect to the capital cost thereof, be put as nearly as may be on a parity with the owners of ships under the flags of our foreign competitors in the world's carrying trade."

A new departure in American maritime policy was embodied in an important provision of the Bill reserving to American ships the carrying of import and export merchandise that might be conveyed at a low preferential rate over American railroads. It was estimated that this provision of the proposed Bill would give a very substantial advantage to vessels of the United States in the conveyance of American seaborne commerce.¹

American ships are to remain American ships, as Mr. Winthrop Marvin explained, and every possible step is to be taken to ensure that they are placed on the trade routes.

(1) The Bill has since become law.

(2) According to a Reuter's telegram from Washington, dated July 24, the Shipping Board has suspended, until Jan. 1, 1921, the operation of that section of the New Merchant Marine Law providing for preferential rail rates on exports sent to the seaboard for shipment in American bottoms.

That intense spirit of nationalism which characterised the entire consideration of the proposed Bill manifested itself especially in a requirement that all American coastwise vessels should be entirely owned by American citizens or by corporations, 100 per cent. of whose stock was held by American citizens, while in the case of American vessels in the foreign trade this requirement of American ownership was placed at 75 per cent. However, in the discussion of the Bill these requirements were lowered in the case of coastwise vessels to 75 per cent., and in the case of overseas vessels to 51 per cent.—the argument being advanced that it was no economic hazard but a distinct economic advantage to have a certain amount of foreign capital invested in American maritime industries, and that American ownership of 51 per cent. or 75 per cent. of the stock respectively would provide safe American control.

The American Act, it is apparent from the statements by Mr. Marvin, contains provisions of a discriminatory character. Senator Wesley S. Jones, who was largely responsible for the drafting of this measure and for carrying it through Congress, has made no secret of the purposes which underlie this measure.

This Act is not intended to foster the use of foreign shipping in the carrying of our commerce with foreign nations, nor to permit such foreign shipping to usurp the right of United States ships in our coasting trades. On the contrary, it is an American measure intended to aid American ships successfully to compete with foreign ships for the privilege of carrying at least a part of the merchandise we buy from or sell to other nations, and to insure that American ships only shall carry the merchandise moving between points in the United States and our possessions in the coasting trades, whether moving direct or via a foreign port, which purpose Congress has always contemplated and in the interest of which it has always legislated.

The Act does not discriminate as between the vessels of foreign nations. Under its provisions they all receive "most favored nation" treatment. They do not receive, nor are they entitled to receive, as a right "national" treatment such as we accord to ships of the United States.

In this Act Congress has amended a statute of the United States dealing with a purely domestic problem, making the wording of the law conform to what has always been the intention of the Congress in the original and amendatory enactment, viz.: To require that only vessels of the United States should be permitted to participate in that part of the transportation which is by water when merchandise moves between points in the United States and its possessions coming within the coastwise laws, whether such movement be direct between such points or is via a foreign port.

These, of course, are purposes which are alien to British policy, for ships of all nationalities receive equal treatment in British ports, and our coasting trade was thrown open freely to vessels of all nations many years ago. With reference to the clauses dealing with preferential rates, Senator Jones has stated:—

The Congress has by law required that domestic rates upon American railways shall be just and reasonable. In the interest of developing the foreign commerce of the United States the Inter-State Commerce Commission has been permitted to authorise our railways to grant for shipments moving in export and import by water a preferential rate lower than the

domestic rate. This lower rate has hitherto been permitted whether the merchandise moved in foreign vessels or in those of the United States. Congress now proposes that where there are available sufficient American ships properly to move the traffic, the preferential rate shall be limited to cargo moving in vessels of the United States. That is in the interest of the public fleet of the United States as well as vessels privately owned by citizens to aid them in their competition with foreign vessels for traffic to and from American ports.

It would be an error to assume that the new American Merchant Shipping Act, which places £5,000,000 annually for five years at the disposal of the Shipping Board to aid in fostering the shipbuilding effort, is of no importance. It has behind it a considerable volume of national sentiment, which has found expression in a combination to create adequate insurance facilities in the United States,¹ and which has encouraged two groups, with great shipping interests, to conclude agreements with the Hamburg-America Line, operating seventy trade routes before the war, and the North-German Lloyd Line in order that American ships may gain advantage from the world-wide organisations which those companies possessed on the eve of the war.² Germany as an independent sea power has disappeared, but it is apparent that the principal German lines and American shipping interests will in future be closely allied, and furthermore that American shipping will increasingly be subject to a process of amalgamation so as to consolidate the interests of the American mercantile marine in the hands of a group of leaders with experience and knowledge and—of greater importance—political influence.

The detailed consideration of a variety of factors which the development of American policy may bring into prominence may advisedly be postponed until their importance can be more accurately judged than is at present possible. The American Shipping Act has only recently been passed, and the newly constituted Shipping Board which is to direct the new movement has not been fully constituted. As we know in our own experience, every measure which receives legislative authority is not found either expedient or desirable in operation, and it is significant that already clauses of the United States Marine Act with reference to the granting of preferential rates as well as the extension of the coasting laws to the Philippines have been suspended.

(1) "Only about 10 per cent. of our hull insurance is done by American insurance companies, and only about 30 per cent. of all kinds of our marine insurance business. Most of our insurance is done by the Allied companies. This gives them a power which they use to the advantage of their countries in many ways. This must be changed."—Senator Wesley S. Jones.

(2) These arrangements have been blessed by the United States Shipping Board, but the American Steamship Owners' Association has protested against any combination with German Shipping lines as inimical to the real interests of the American Mercantile Marine.

It remains to be seen during the course of the Presidential Election campaign what opinions the electors in inland States form of this effort to reassert the American flag by sea.* Nor will foreign opinion be of negligible importance. It is stated from Washington that "the countries with whom the United States has commercial treaties will not take the American discrimination without retaliation, and a close study of specific instances in which retaliation would prove effective from the standpoint of foreign competition has impressed the Jones party with the extreme difficulty of their problem. The Japanese steamship companies have been prominent in their protests, and have threatened to divert their Pacific steamers from the Western American to Canadian ports, or to carry their freight through the Panama Canal to Atlantic ports near places of consumption of their freight, thus meeting the threat to impose heavy compensation charges on rail transportation across the United States of Japanese goods under the amended Inter-State Commerce Act."¹ That statement illustrates the troubles with other nations which discriminatory legislation is apt to create, for the whole basis of international trade is goodwill and equitable treatment.

In face of the expansion of the American mercantile marine and the policy embodied in the Shipping Act, it may not be amiss to recall certain principles, which controversy might easily conceal. In the first place, we in this country have no inalienable right to carry, as we did before the war, half the ocean-borne commerce of the world. We won our supremacy in virtue of the efficiency and cheapness of the services which we rendered and owing to geographical and other advantages, which have been admirably summarised in the following statement² :—

(1) The United Kingdom was the industrial centre of a world-wide Empire, and it relied on the whole world for foodstuffs and raw materials.

(2) Its insular position tended to detach the United Kingdom from European economics and to project its activities into the more distant markets; there were no land frontiers to drain away the traffic that might have gone by sea, whilst the cost of sea carriage does not vary with distance to the same extent as that of land traffic.

(3) The great coal resources of the United Kingdom not only provided outward cargoes for a large amount of shipping, British and foreign, but supplied bunkers to much shipping engaged in the foreign trade.³

It is apparent from a casual study of the statistics of shipping that the key to our maritime position is to be found in the British coalfields. "The value of imports into the United Kingdom during 1913—the last year in which normal conditions

(1) *Daily Telegraph*, August 3, 1920.

(2) Departmental Committee on Shipping and Shipbuilding.—*Cd.* 9092.

(3) In 1913 21 million tons of coal were supplied as bunkers to ships engaged in the foreign (i.e. overseas) trade.

prevailed—amounted to £769,000,000, and their weight may be estimated at about 55,000,000 tons. Our exports (including re-exports), on the other hand, amounted in value to £635,000,000, and in weight probably to about 100,000,000 tons, of which coal accounted for 76,000,000 tons, its value being only £54,000,000." British shipping is at present suffering under a heavy handicap owing to the action of the miners in restricting the output of coal, thus denying to vessels the outward cargoes which are essential to the smooth flow of British foreign trade, and raising the price of bunkers. The Government has definitely declared against the nationalisation of the coal industry, and, since that decision is so evidently supported by the mass of public opinion, we may hope that the miners will realise that it is to their interest as well as the interest of the nation at large—and pre-eminently the interest of other manual workers—that they should raise production at least to the level of pre-war years. When that awakening comes, the British shipowner will again be in a position to face world-wide competition in confidence, seeking only equality of treatment. He will still enjoy all the advantages which flow from the geographical situation, industrial pre-eminence, and natural resources of the United Kingdom, and he cannot be unconscious of the possibilities which exist in a sea-united Empire with a population of 441,000,000 people, *equal to over four times the population of the United States.*

In these days of ocean transport no greater mistake can be made, either by ourselves, by the Americans, or by others, than to conclude that the sea is a barrier to unity of economic policy. The possibilities which the British Empire offers in inter-Imperial trade have not yet been realised. Before the Imperial War Conference, which met in London two years ago, brought its proceedings to an end, the question of shipping was discussed by the British and Oversea Ministers. The Conference then agreed unanimously to the following resolution : —

(1) That in order to maintain satisfactorily the connections, and at the same time encourage commercial and industrial relations, between the different countries of the British Empire, this Conference is of the opinion that shipping on the principal routes, especially between the heart of the Empire and the overseas Dominions, including India, should be brought under review by an inter-Imperial Board on which the United Kingdom and the British Dominions and Dependencies should be represented.

(2) That for this purpose an Imperial Investigation Board, representing the various parts of the Empire, be appointed, with power to inquire into and report on all matters connected with ocean freights and facilities, and on all matters connected with the development and improvement of the sea communications between the different parts of the Empire, with special reference to the size and types of ships and the capacity of harbours; the Board to include, in addition to the representatives of the Governments

concerned, persons with expert knowledge of the problems involved, including representatives of the shipping and trading interests.¹

In the course of the discussion on this resolution Sir Joseph Ward, then Minister for Finance for New Zealand, forecasted the post-war situation in which the leaders of British shipping would find themselves: "They are going to be brought into active competition," he observed, "with at least two other great countries which have gone in for advanced systems of ship-building which they are not going to let go after this war is over; and my opinion is that the concentrated efforts of the people of the British Empire should be in the direction of seeing that the supremacy of the British mercantile marine should not be in any way weakened if we can prevent it." Whatever may be the outcome of this discussion, the resolution which was then passed, and the setting up of the Imperial Shipping Committee, it must be apparent that the resources of such a commonwealth of maritime nations as constitute the British Empire have not been exhausted by any measures which have hitherto been taken. What railways are to the confederation of the United States of America, with its forty-eight States, each with its own constitution and its own legislatures, the seas are to the Five Nations and their dependencies, which form the British Empire.

In looking forward, no greater mistake can be made than to imagine that the shipping conditions which persisted throughout the war will continue. Under the exceptional circumstances which then existed, shipowners throughout the world made considerable profits, though, owing to the control of routes and freights exercised by the British Government, the profits of our own shipowners were, in fact, much smaller than those of the shipowners of other nationalities. Freights are now steadily falling, as the volume of tonnage afloat increases, and the outlook has completely changed. On the occasion of the launch of the *Empress of Canada* for the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services, Sir Thomas Fisher quoted some significant figures. Whereas this ship will cost about £1,700,000, a somewhat similar vessel was built before the war for £550,000. The increase in the cost of maintenance has been even more remarkable. The difference in insurance, depreciation, and interest on capital on a ship built to-day, as compared with one built before the war, involved an additional charge of £20,000 on each round Atlantic voyage. In pre-war days the round trip cost £4,500, whereas the correspond-

(1) In line with this resolution, the Imperial Shipping Committee on which the Dominions and India are represented, was appointed in June last, in anticipation of the meeting of the Imperial Conference in London next year.

ing figure for the present time is £24,000. Repairs now cost £7,700 instead of £1,700, and provisioning £8,000 as against £3,000. By transforming some of the passenger accommodation in order to increase the comfort of the crew, the earning power of the *Empress of Canada* has been decreased by £5,000 for each round voyage. The net result of these circumstances is that a round voyage of the *Empress of Canada* costs £60,000 more than a similar trip by the *Calgarian*, of much the same design, did in pre-war times. It has been calculated that, whereas the cost of working a ship has risen by more than 350 per cent., the passenger rates have advanced by only 185 per cent. Freight rates have also failed to keep pace with the heavier charges for operating cargo liners.

Every development suggests that a shipping "slump" is developing, since additional vessels aggregating over 7,000,000 tons will be completed in the world's shipyards during the next twelve months or so.¹ While freights were high, shipping looked attractive to persons who did not realise the speculative character of the industry. Under the keen competition which is now in view, profits in the immediate future will be earned only by shipping which is managed with all the cautious enterprise, strict economy in detail, and hardly acquired experience which are the traditional qualities of an industry which owes everything to private enterprise. It remains to be seen whether in these respects the free and unfettered British industry has much to fear from fair competition. Ordinary economic laws, in the long run, must prevail over all attempts by Governments and Legislatures to control the movements of passengers and cargoes. There is more virtue in the term, "freedom of the seas," than many persons unfamiliar with shipping imagine, and marines which are not subject to State regulations, however benevolently framed, are bound to exhibit a higher standard of efficiency. In the long run, efficiency, which means cheapness, is certain to triumph, and an island, which is the centre of a vast maritime Empire, enjoys many advantages, the possibilities of which may only be fully developed in face of keen foreign competition.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

(1) The United States Shipping Board is experiencing great difficulty in selling its ships. The *New York Journal of Commerce* has remarked that (a) these vessels cost 220 dollars a ton to build, (b) the board is asking "a round" 175 dollars for them, and (c) Great Britain can furnish a certain amount of tonnage at about half that figure. "We shall never get rid of our Government fleet on this policy," it is added. On the other hand, if the price is reduced new shipbuilding contracts will not be placed. Already the Shipping Board is in the quandary of having either to close the market for its existing ships or deal a blow at the shipbuilding industry, already depressed.

THE ECONOMIST AND THE WORKSHOP.

TO-DAY the working man is constantly being told that something, a dread science termed Political Economy, with which he is unacquainted, enjoins that he must produce more than heretofore and accept less per unit for the product of his labour. It is often explained to him that only by such means can he improve his own condition. Such an assurance, unsupported by detail which is intelligible to him, he finds unconvincing. If he embark upon any investigation of his own it must necessarily be circumscribed. Upon one point, however, he will always obtain definite information at the outset: there is close understanding between political economists and employers of labour. Therefore the offer of more to be earned as a result of accepting less per piece appears to him first as a conjuring feat, and is apt later to take on the semblance of a confidence trick.

Yet each one of us is a political economist of sorts, though very few of us are willing to accept the economic teachings of others. We have Protectionists and Tariff Reformers, Socialists and Individualists, Employers and Employed. If we assume that these six classifications are all we need enumerate still we must not flatter ourselves that there are but six classes of economists. Some of us appear to be as many-legged as a caterpillar inasmuch as we have a foot in each of the camps indicated, while, at the other extreme, we find persons determinedly going the entire animal for one and only one section. Given a choice of six and freedom to select just so many of those six as we please, we may label ourselves in sixty-three different ways. And this may be done without inconsistency, for the Protectionist is, as a rule, willing to exempt certain classes of goods, while the Individualist will usually admit the necessity of some tax; and the Socialist not infrequently considers that he is entitled to claim certain things as exclusively his. Hence in our selection of or from the six there is not of necessity any absurdity in the simultaneous presence of two which may appear diametrically opposed. This reflection overrules the sweet simplicity of the mathematician's sixty-three, for if the individual be at liberty to select but a portion, so much as he may be inclined, of each ticket, then the resultant number of possible types of economists soars away beyond the double infinite! Fortunately, however, because of or in spite of the facts laid down by Malthus, we have not even a single infinite number of humans to consider.

Just to that extent is the number of schools of economic thought limited.

Will such reflections as these help us to construct a bridge between the economic notions of the master and those of his men? The idea of overlapping schools, or partly adopted labels, seems valuable if only because it brings out the fact that every employer is an employed person, while every employed person is an employer. Similarly, the Socialist who objects to pay income or any other tax is proclaiming himself to some extent an individualist, the labourite who claims all for Labour in the name of Democracy is a Hybrid, and landlords are at times tenants.

In that last phrase two new economic labels have been introduced. It is fortunate for us that we have already passed the sixty-three stage, and need not reconsider the number of more or less thoughtful persons on the earth. Yet even this inadvertence is not without its use in our present effort, for it accentuates the fact that each one of us has some taint of cupidity, that the sin of avarice has its host of worshippers, and that it is difficult to find the teacher who has not at least one little axe of his own to grind. Bitter as this reflection is, still we may congratulate ourselves upon the knowledge that no political or economic system based upon the scrapping of humanitarian instincts can prevail even in our imperfect world. It may be idealism or mere sordid expediency which will call a halt, but in certain directions the most rabid of economists will find that their juggernaut car cannot proceed to the coldly logical conclusion.

Labour knows nothing of economics and economists know nothing of Labour. As a consequence the industrial affairs of the nation are either stagnant or stormy. Labour is eager to explain itself and to learn. Can so much be justly said on behalf of the economists? When we emerged from the war Labour was led to believe that its condition would be much improved. Perhaps the future was depicted in hues more roseate than reasonable. Or perhaps wisdom after the event leads us to sit in harsh judgment upon well-meant adumbration. Be that as it may, Labour and every other section of the community has undergone a series of rude awakenings. At the present time it is the working classes who have, or who honestly believe they have, most reason to fear the trend of events. This is because every definitely industrial suggestion put forward by the combination of economists and employers seems to the working classes to indicate widespread unemployment in the not very remote future. It may be well before considering that statement in detail to point out that Labour considers, not without

some show of reason, that the science of Political Economy as preached to-day is something arranged definitely for and on behalf of the masters. Do our economists take their facts from employers or from employed? To which class do they explain their reasoning? On the other hand, British Labour of to-day has, and need have, no prouder boast than this; it has made consistent effort to understand and to be understood. This brings us back naturally to the suggestion of widespread unemployment. The cheap sneer at "the unemployment bogey" defeats its own end. The man who put those words together has never been unemployed in the workman's sense, moreover, such a phrase-maker knows nothing of unemployment. Nor will he learn anything of it from careful study of Poor Law statistics. To know what unemployment can be, and all too often has been, one must have lived in a tenement house on a workman's pay, or without it, throughout months of depression. At such times the unemployed and their dependents starve or accept relief. Sum the figures concerning starvation and relief, still you have not come near to gauging the matter. The charities of the rich are as nothing compared with the charities of the poor. How could it be otherwise? Will a man eat all he has while in the room above or below there is slow starvation?

For, roughly, four years before the war labourers in certain districts in the richest town of the richest country in the world were deemed (alike by their masters and their mates) to be well off if they earned from twenty-seven to twenty-nine shillings a week. Yet if a man on the higher rate had four children it is easy to show that there was not a possible twopence a day for the food of each child, however carefully the wage might be managed.

Unemployment, then, so far from being a mere bogey, is a very real menace, lurking in Channel Tunnel schemes, in suggestions to burn coal at the pit's mouth, in the encouragement given to women to enter industries, in transport co-ordination, and in the employment of more automatic machinery and proposals of mass production generally.

In the past we have had at one end of a depressing gamut the practice of unreasonable speeding up, and, at the other, an unprincipled restriction of output. Yet neither speeding up nor restricted output is wholly to be condemned. Trade Union tyranny is bad, but it was brought into being by something possibly worse. Has that something worse been swept away? Our daily papers are at constant pains to tell us that it has. But the workman who reads of the driving out of the old bad practices also reads of the new proposals. He is told that these recon-

struction schemes are endorsed by the economists who have the nation's welfare at heart. But the suggestions are not explained to him by economists, or anyone else. We have had unemployment in the past. Any unemployment is too much from the workman's point of view; but not so from the master's. The bricklayer's labourer is cheap because there are so many of him. In shipbuilding and engineering "Captains of Industry" have not scrupled to assert (in the bad old days of six years ago) that they regard a surplus of unemployed Labour as necessary to the economic well-being of their industries—Labour must be sufficiently fluid.

The man who will not lay more than four hundred bricks a day is stupidly overdoing what was originally a quite reasonable practice. When masters sought to induce speeding up, before the phrase came into use, by secretly bribing one or two men of each gang to work "on the run," the unbribed were quick to detect the trick; and thus the first definite Union limitation of output came into being. Quite recently in this and many other industries English employers have sought to attain the same end by statements as to what the American workman does. Such statements are not usually accepted by British working men; partly because some of them have been in America and partly because some American workmen have come to this country. The employer who says, or prevails upon others to say, that there should be no limit to production either does not mean quite what he says or is not a very wise person. If the operative being paid by the hour is to work as hard as he possibly can throughout each shift, then it follows that he must so gauge his effort as to collapse at his bench when the hooter blows for "knocking off." If this idea were seriously entertained by the masters it would be at least as foolish as the attitude of the workman who aims at doing as little as possible. The only reasonable policy for everyone concerned is a recognition of the fact that a fair day's work means something between the utmost and the least. Sensible workmen recognise that if such a standard can be fixed in a particular trade it must approximate more closely to the utmost than to the least. To persons unaccustomed to factory routine, and even to some masters, it may still seem a little absurd to insist that the highest possible is almost invariably unattainable. An instance can be recalled where a workman was accused of "slacking." By way of defence he asked simply that an operation might be timed and watched by his superiors from start to finish. This was done, and the forty minutes thus taken were deemed to have been fully occupied. The man was then told that since the single operation took forty minutes he should

perform it twelve times in eight hours. He ventured to point out that while many men can run a mile in five minutes few could negotiate twelve in an hour. His argument was not liked by Authority, but had to be admitted.¹

Here again, as in our consideration of the fear of unemployment, we are brought face to face with the fact that persons who blame Labour upon any count whatsoever are often overlooking some point which is a matter of common knowledge to working men. The point overlooked may be of no great importance, quite insufficient, perhaps, to condone the practice condemned, yet such omission gives the workman a weapon which he may use with more or less mischievous effect. As a striking instance of what is meant in this connection, we may recall the fact that in December, 1919, Mr. Lloyd George blamed workers for stopping work over punctually, when, by continuing for but a few minutes beyond their scheduled time, an operation or a journey might be completed.² This overlooked the fact that the man who takes or loses one minute at the beginning of the day is debited with at least fifteen, while should he give his employer fifteen they will not count as even one.

So much, then, for the errors of economists and educated persons generally concerning Labour. Now has Labour any sort of ground for venturing to dispute with the economists upon points which are essentially within the province of the economist whether he has or has not complete knowledge of the conditions under which Labour lives and works?

The world's food supply will always be a matter of grave importance. Just now it is a burning question. The workman considers it not merely wrong that anyone should die of starvation, but he goes even to the length of saying that there should never be a food shortage. The economist replies by making reference to the teaching of Malthus, and considers that the matter is thus settled. A few days ago, chatting with a group of workmen, the present writer explained the facts put forward by Malthus—addressing his friends in the vernacular and avoiding reference to arithmetical and geometrical progression. He was disappointed; they did not seem to understand. Some time later one of them came to him and propounded a question: "That Methuselah bloke, or whatever his name was, was he the same joint as said 'mostly fools'?" To understand the mental attitude of this man and his mates it may be well to reflect that his

(1) The present writer was the workman concerned.

(2) *Pall Mall Gazette* Dec. 15, 1919.

(3) Is apology needed here? Surely any tampering with such a gem would be sheer vandalism?

question was guided by knowledge that it is now possible to see through brick walls, to fly upside down, and to communicate without wires.

Questions concerning the desirability or otherwise of enormously increased output are now very eagerly discussed. First, by way of anticipating a not impossible confusion of thought, it may be well to say that while deliberately restricted output is usually a mistaken policy or even an act of immorality, yet the taking of steps calculated enormously to increase output is quite a different matter, which the workman thinks may be a wrong of at least equal gravity. This latter course, mass production of all kinds, is being advocated by economists, and more or less stubbornly resisted by workers. The economist says in effect: "You men should accept a lower rate per piece (no matter whether you are paid by day work or by piece work rates, that does not affect the issue now). Thus you will secure more custom, wider markets, obtain higher wages, and buy more cheaply." The workman admits, to clear the ground, that it does not matter in this connection which system of payment, piece or day rate, is adopted, but the difficulty for him remains, will it be wise to help in the adoption of schemes which depend on the turning out of much cheaply that more may possibly be sold. Strip the question of all detail, and one grisly difficulty confronts us: will the proposed system create unemployment or will it not? The workman fears it will, the economist asserts it will not, but is very reluctant to give a clear reason for the faith which is in him. Meanwhile, the workman is being called many things, none of which are complimentary, because he will not accept the bald assertion. The Government, our newspapers, educated persons generally, all insist that the workman is quite wrong here. But they do not explain. Instead they all adopt the opposite course. The Government, through the Post Office and the railways, seeking to increase revenue, puts up the price per piece, and appears callous concerning any possible decrease of sales. Week by week we have read of newspapers increasing their price and being content to risk smaller circulation as a consequence. Medical men and lawyers increase their fees, and seem to say, "We do not want more clients." Government, large employers, and educated persons generally are all busy putting up their prices and reducing their *clientèle*, simultaneously telling Labour that the one sound policy is to sell at low prices to the increased number of buyers who will thus be attracted. What is Labour to think?

If the workman is told that the wrong policy is being forced upon educated persons by Labour's repeated demands for in-

creased wages, he will not be slow to reply that if the wage of every postal worker had been doubled, still this would not justify the doubling of postal charges, because, as he has been repeatedly told, "labour is not everything in production." To this argument the workman may add that there is practically no labour employed in either the medical or the legal professions. If now the economist retort that it is not exactly wages which have forced postal, railway, legal, medical, and newspaper charges up, but rather the general cost of living, Labour will probably want to know whether wages are all that go to make up the resultant cost of living? So that the argument has returned to the point whence it started—the doubling of wages should not double the cost of the finished article.

Pressed to explain in other directions, the political economist sometimes advances yet another tabloid doctrine: "Survival of the fittest." The workman's reply here is usually terse rather than polite. Possibly he may refer quite bluntly to having seen pigs feeding at a trough. It is not such generalisations as these which help the nation, the economist, or the workman. The workman's main difficulty lies in that he wishes to know where he must look for evidence as to the insatiability of markets; how, in fact, is it possible to assert that with lower cost of production sales will so increase that real wages per man having undergone no diminution the same number of workers will be retained. Will the lower price per piece return profit enough to allow the present number of workers to receive the same rate of pay? When an economist asserts in the public Press that under improved conditions one man should do as much as one hundred now accomplish, Labour asks what will become of the ninety-nine? When the real live political economist can be found and induced to answer he usually harangues his hearers upon only one phase of the workman's main difficulty, to the total exclusion of the other. He confines himself, in fact, to explaining either how higher wages may be possible for the few, or how the industry may employ more hands. Labour can hardly be termed greedy for wanting both conditions simultaneously.

When this entire question of wages per man and numbers to be employed is put to the economist, his first line of defence usually shapes itself somewhat on this wise: "If a manufacturer pays £400 per week to 100 men who produce 1,000 articles, then we have each man receiving £4 for turning out ten articles. Therefore 8s. is the labour charge on each article. Now suppose that the workers double their output and wages are raised to £600 per week, the same number of men being employed. Wages are thus £6 per man (a substantial gain to the workers), and

2,000 articles are turned out at a total wages cost of 6s. each, as against the previous 8s., so that the manufacturer paying higher wages can yet offer his goods at a lower price."

The workman sees immediately that these hypothetical conditions would be very nice indeed for everyone in that particular shop. The economist may select other figures to work upon, and thus outline a condition of things which would be still more pleasant—in that particular shop. But there is the difficulty. Assume the new state to have materialised in any shop or factory, and at once the workman objects that the increased output of any one shop tends to narrow the market for every other shop in the industry. Here the economist usually abandons, as it were, his first line of defence, and, going outside the one industry, tells us that since the original trade is now run on more sound economic lines the nation will be in a better position to employ any men who may have been crowded out; that the men compelled to leave the first trade will find openings in other industries. To this the workman objects that the suggestion seems to be that the bright new conditions are to apply to all industries, not merely to the favoured few, that, in fact, men leaving one trade to seek work in another will be met by the men leaving that other already improved industry. In such discussions the workman is as a rule too good a sportsman to insist that he who has spent many years as, let us say, a comb maker would not be of much immediate use in the boot trade, even if the boot trade were not already upon the better economic basis, employing less labour to produce more.

Alternatively it is, of course, open to the political economist to adduce certain concrete instances, referring to what has already been done in some industries. A favourite case in point is that of our cotton manufacture. Economists contend that the introduction of machinery here enormously increased the number of hands employed. The workman admits the growth of the industry, pointing out, however, that two important factors have been overlooked. First, the climate of Lancashire is ideal for the industry, and prevails nowhere else in the world. Next, when machinery was being introduced into the weaving sheds so, too, was machinery being applied to transport. The sudden cheapening of goods synchronised with the new possibilities of delivery in markets hitherto inaccessible. Something was at work to foster development besides the introduction of machinery directly applied to production. Looked at in another way, the quaint thing is that the very forces which appeared to upset the teaching of Malthus were at the same time working to make the operative's doubts seem foolish. Had the climate of Lancashire re-

mained as we know it, and transport developed as we have seen, without the application of machinery to cotton manufacture, who shall say whether short time in the mills would be so frequently heard of?

Recently the economist has taken to adducing the instance of one particular firm in one particular trade—the Ford Motor Co. "Here," says the advocate of mass production, "is a splendid instance of what can be done. And no man employed by the firm receives less than a pound a day." To this the argumentative workman opposes the contention that probably if to-morrow one margarine factory or one boot factory adopted similar methods they, too, would reap a very rich harvest for shareholders and workmen alike. But if a second, a third, and a fourth margarine or boot factory followed suit, what would be the position? The pioneer firm would probably lose much of the advantage derived from its position of splendid isolation. The crux of the entire problem as regards much increased output made possible by mechanical means seems to lie in that. The firm which first cuts the price scores initially, possibly without creating unemployment. As soon as other firms in the same industry come into line the advantage of the wider market is divided up. Moreover, it can never be forgotten that the whole point of introducing automatic machinery is "labour saving." If the saving of labour can be effected where there is already too much unemployment without creating further unemployment the workman wants to know how it is to be done. He is not satisfied concerning the boundless markets which appear essential to all schemes of reconstruction.

Labour's attitude upon the whole question of production may be summed up in this way: The sensible workman does not advocate deliberate or unreasonable restriction of output, though he would insist that no man can work at his own utmost pace for a period of hours on end, and that in certain special cases the pace of a group must be that of the slowest. It is a recognised fact that the speed of a marching army is ever that of the slowest. When it is suggested that output should be much increased by the introduction of means more or less novel and artificial it should be borne in mind that we have had unemployment in the past, and that unemployment is not merely a hardship to certain workmen and their families, it is also a great strain upon their neighbours who are in work, and will, moreover, always be a menace to the entire community, for even though Bolshevism or anything akin may not result, yet the retention of C3 conditions in a nation is not good for that nation. The political economists may (they certainly should) be right in their

contention that unemployment will not be created under the proposed changes. But their contention is directly opposed to all that the workman can deduce from his experience. If the workman's deductions are incorrect then it is for the employer and the economist to explain matters to him. And the best explanation would be proof of the advocate's own faith.

Fortunately the argument that unemployment will not be created is capable of very simple corroboration which would immediately satisfy the working classes. But this useful evidence will not be found in the doings of any pioneer firm in any industry. If in any trade or industry it is sought to introduce machinery, or methods, or both, which will enable one man to accomplish as much as was formerly the work of ten, then let the masters in making their proposal insure all their workmen against unemployment. If the masters and their allies, the economists, are right, and unemployment is not likely to be created, then an insurance scheme actuarially sound will not cost much. State insurance is not suggested here because we already know the National Health Insurance Act in practice. If the masters are sure of the benefits to be obtained under mass production and similar schemes, then their course is simple, let them back their opinion, thus safeguarding and convincing their workers at an outlay which, assuming the accuracy of the optimist prognostications, will easily be recovered.

Apart from any such scheme as that just suggested, there is one and only one direction in which the workers are prepared to welcome the notion of greatly increased production. That is in matters of food raising. We have both land and labour which are not being made use of. As we approach the Autumn of 1920 we hear dark hints of food shortage. Roumania will have no wheat to export, while the Argentine has recently prohibited such export. Working men are saying to-day that, should there be any shortage, someone in authority must have blundered very seriously. It is nearly two years since the proclamation of Armistice. Throughout all that period there has been land to spare, while for the last eighteen months at least there has been too much unemployment.

Having its origin perhaps in a joke, there is now a catch phrase to be heard among educated people, which runs: "I 'ates Labour." If we look below the surface here we are led to conclude the real meaning is that members of the upper and middle class dislike the changes which appear to be coming into being as the result of Labour's demands. While this attitude is easy to understand, yet it may not be unreasonable to ask whether the community as a whole would not find a great deal to "'ate" if

economists and employers were permitted to do as they please with Labour without having first made the possibilities of the situation clear to Labour.

* The working classes admit their ignorance of economic science, but consider that they may with some show of reason doubt the conclusions of economists because explanations are not forthcoming, because economists disagree among themselves, and because economists are better acquainted with the masters' viewpoint and conditions of life than with those of the men.

When proposals of more production, mass production, and labour-saving are mooted by economists and employers the workmen are alarmed, for they know better than either economists or employers what unemployment has been and can be.

The workman regards the suggestion of less payment per piece producing more wages as something in the nature of a conjuring trick, and contends that educated persons are adopting the opposite policy in the conduct of their own affairs. If the economists will not explain how the trick works there remains but one way of convincing the men. Masters must back their avowed opinion by insuring the workmen against unemployment.

HOWARD LITTLE.

MESOPOTAMIA AND PERSIA.

DURING the last two or three months there has been much further discussion of the important Near East and Middle East questions, fresh point being given to it by the signing of the Peace by Turkey, by the allocation of the Mandates and the consequent action of the Powers chiefly interested with regard to Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia, and by the troubles, disorders, and fighting taking place in Asia Minor, Caucasasia, and Persia. Mesopotamia in particular has been the subject of keen debate, which has been intensified by the seriously disturbed condition of that country, as shown in a succession of War Office *communiqués* telling of risings, sieges, murders, and other manifestations of hostility to the Mandatory Power. The Bolshevik descent from Baku to Enzeli on the Caspian and other Bolshevik operations in the same region had brought Persia again into prominence, but for the moment the course of events in Mesopotamia overshadows the situation in Persia, which, however, has not ceased to be of the highest importance as a main factor in the general position of affairs in the Middle East. Of course, British responsibility for Mesopotamia stands on a different footing altogether from that for Persia, but it has been evident for some time that British policy practically looks on these two countries as forming in effect a unit, and must, as things are, continue to do so. This bracketing of Mesopotamia and Persia was very noticeable in recent statements in Parliament respecting the disposition of the British forces and the expenditure involved. A legacy of the Great War, the idea of this conjunction is becoming familiar, and already we speak of "our troops in Mesopotamia and Persia" without being conscious of anything novel or surprising, and similarly we speak of "our expenditure in Mesopotamia and Persia." It is possible to represent the combination as merely accidental and as probably of very temporary duration, but keeping in mind British policy as necessarily shaped by the pressure of circumstances inside and immediately outside the regions concerned during and since the war, it may perhaps more accurately be described as inevitable and as likely to persist so long as these circumstances exercise, as they do exercise, a dominating influence.

In previous issues of this REVIEW the writer endeavoured to consider, carefully and impartially, these circumstances in their various aspects and to face the facts, the more recent articles

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being that on "The Arab Question," which appeared in the February number, and that on "The Middle East," which was published in the May number, both of this year. After noticing what was happening throughout the Middle East generally, the latter article dealt chiefly with Syria, in which a new and critical situation had been created by the proceedings of what was termed a Pan-Syrian Congress that had met in Damascus and had proclaimed the independence of the country under the kingship of the Emir Feisal. The writer pointed out that France was unlikely to accept this action of the Congress, and noted that the long delay of the Peace Conference in reaching a decision as to the settlement with Turkey had been most unfortunate. That decision was not to come till the meeting of the Premiers at San Remo, and by that time a year and a half had elapsed since the Armistice had been granted to the Turks. In his speech in the House of Commons on June 23rd Mr. Lloyd George asserted that the long delay in settling with Turkey was "entirely attributable" (*Times* report) to the request of the United States that discussion of the Turkish Treaty should be deferred until it saw its way to participate. The United States did not see its way, and the Prime Minister rightly characterised the delay as costly. For things happened, criticism was provoked, ill-feeling was engendered, and partisans and propagandists of all sorts had ample opportunities to disseminate their ideas and doctrines, opportunities of which they were not slow to avail themselves. In this period of uncertainty and drift broad aspects of policy for the Near and the Middle East were lost sight of in the West, whose statesmen subordinated nearly everything, no doubt naturally enough, to finding solutions of their own more pressing problems, and decided steps, which would have been comparatively easy to take under the tremendous shock of the war and its termination, were not taken.

For about a year the British were in military occupation of the Turkish Middle East, which was and is predominantly Arab, and then an arrangement was made with France by which she entered into military occupation of Syria and Cilicia, the British remaining in Palestine and Mesopotamia. An exception to this statement was presented by Eastern Syria—the tract of territory which included the cities of Aleppo, Hama, Hama, and Damascus in an Arab administration, under Feisal, set up in the course of Lord Allenby's victories. As the months went past and their political destiny remained undecided by the Western arbiters, the Arabs grew impatient and restive. Damascus was the centre of an intensive Pan-Arab agitation which had its first striking outcome in the Syrian Congress and its challenging doings, but

which was also stirring up strife in Mesopotamia. It was now evident to Great Britain and France, the two Powers interested, that something had to be done and done quickly; the terms of the Treaty with Turkey had to be settled, and settled they were, without American assistance. "The moment the terms were settled," said Mr. Lloyd George, "and the moment we sent those terms to Turkey, and decided definitely who the Mandatory Power should be, we immediately acted upon the declaration of November, 1918." He was speaking about Mesopotamia, but his remarks also covered Syria and Palestine. What was the declaration to which he referred? Sometimes called the Charter of the Arabs, it is of first-class importance. It was published after Turkey had been granted the armistice, and on the very eve of the conclusion of hostilities with Germany. It was an official declaration of the French and British Governments, who doubtless had both given it the most careful consideration. More than that, it is the only one of the "documents in the case" which is open to everybody; there may be others shortly, for Feisal, in a recent interview given in Milan to a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and published in that newspaper on September 6th, said that he would soon issue a statement containing all the pledges given by the British Government to King Hussein (of the Hedjaz), the Arab people, and himself.

The declaration of which Mr. Lloyd George spoke appeared in the British Press on November 8th, 1918. It stated that the object of Great Britain and France in prosecuting the war in the East was the complete and definitive emancipation of the peoples which had so long been oppressed by the Turks, and the establishment of governments and national administrations deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the local populations. Both the British and French Governments clearly announced that it was their intention to encourage and assist the formation of indigenous governments in Syria and Mesopotamia, and to recognise such governments as soon as they were actually established—a phrase, this last, which was susceptible of some difference of interpretation. Finally the two Allied Governments declared, in resounding sentences, that their policy regarding these liberated lands was to secure impartial and equal justice for all, to facilitate the economic development of these regions by inspiring and encouraging local action, to favour the diffusion of education, and to put an end to dissensions which had too long been exploited by the Turks for their own advantage—an admirable programme, but one most of which was, and it may be added is, in Arab conditions not precisely easy of being carried out in any short space of time. As reached at San Remo, the

settlement in the Middle East of what had belonged to the fallen Turkish Empire was in consonance with the official declaration, qualified, however, first by the famous Balfour letter promising a National Home to the Jews in Palestine, a country which, it will be remembered, was claimed by the Pan-Syrian Congress as Arab, and secondly by certain agreements entered into by Great Britain, France, and some of the Arab leaders that in fact affected the whole situation. To France was assigned the Mandate for Syria, to Great Britain the Mandate for Palestine and the Mandate for Mesopotamia. During the interval between the publication of the declaration and the announcement of the settlement the charge was made that there had been a change in the policy of the British Government, but Mr. Lloyd George denied it. The debate in the House on that occasion was on Mesopotamia, and he maintained there was no foundation for the suggestion that the Government had at last returned to its original intentions with respect to that country. The Government, he said, had never departed from them, but had been unable to act upon them until the Mandate had been given, when it took action at once.

Before considering this action it is pertinent to note the action taken by France with respect to East Syria, and by the British with regard to Palestine, after the San Remo decision, for both regions were and are affected by the Pan-Arab movement, just as Mesopotamia has been and is. General Gouraud, the High Commissioner of the French Republic in Syria and Cilicia and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Levant, had told the inhabitants of the Syrian coast, over which he exercised almost complete control from the beginning of the French military occupation, that in the absence of the authorisation of the Peace Conference the proceedings of the Pan-Syrian Congress of Damascus must be deemed of no force because they were illegal. The San Remo meeting ignored the Pan-Syrian Congress with its proclamation of independence under the kingship of Feisal, and definitely gave to France the Mandate for Syria, which meant all Syria north of a line drawn a short distance above Haifa, the line being the boundary of Palestine on that side. Without going into details, some of which are still rather obscure, of all that occurred between the French and the Arabs, the upshot of the enforcement of the Mandate has been the occupation of Damascus by Gouraud, the fall of Feisal and of his administration, and the creation of a new Arab administration more directly responsive to French ideas, while, almost simultaneously, the Lebanon has been constituted a separate State, the *Grand Liban*, with a larger area than was covered by the former Turkish

sanjak of the same name, and with ports at Beyrout and Tripoli. For taking up her Mandate France had given Gouraud a force of about 80,000 men, and in presence of this army serious opposition ceased, but the collapse of the Feisal administration came about so quickly as to indicate the artificial nature of the State which had been brought into being. It remains, however, to be seen whether Gouraud, who has an able collaborator in M. Robert de Caix, will deal with East Syria as a single political entity, or think it better to split it up into four separate States, each of which will be grouped around one of the four Arab cities. That France will have no further trouble with the Arabs who are under her Mandate is not to be expected, but she has had considerable experience elsewhere in handling Arab populations which will serve her in good stead. Her programme is outlined in the following quotation from the *Temps* :—

“ Une politique sage et libérale doit nous permettre à bref délai de retirer de Syrie la plupart des forces d'occupation françaises, et de les remplacer par des milices ou une gendarmerie locale. De même elle doit mettre fin aux erreurs d'administration directe qui furent commises au début par des agents civils ou militaires trop zélés. Notre rôle doit n'être dans le Levant que celui d'un conseiller qui abstienne soigneusement d'intervenir dans le détail des affaires militaires ou administratives. C'est à cette condition seulement que la Syrie sera pour la France un appoint, et non un poids.”

Touching Palestine, it must be recognised that the British Government, after the allocation of the Mandate, made what has every appearance of being an excellent start in the appointment of Sir Herbert Samuel as High Commissioner. The fear that his being a Jew and a Zionist would be prejudicial to his success seems to be groundless. Broad principles of policy have been marked out for him, and though difficulties as regards details are certain to arise, they are not likely to be insuperable. On his arrival in the Holy Land early in July he issued a proclamation, in the name of King George, telling the Palestinians that the business of Great Britain was to ensure the peaceful and prosperous development of their country under a wise and liberal administration, and that the duties of the Mandatory Power would be discharged with absolute impartiality, the rights of every race and every creed being respected. Referring to the decision of the Allied and Associated Powers that measures were to be adopted for the gradual establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, the proclamation went on to state that these measures would not in any way affect the civil or religious rights or diminish the prosperity of the general population of the land. In a speech delivered after the reading of the proclamation the High Commissioner declared that Great Britain asked for no privileges for herself, would draw no tribute to swell

her own revenues, and that the taxes paid by the people would be spent for the benefit of the people. He announced that a small Advisory Council would be appointed, consisting mainly of officials of the Government, but also including ten unofficial members chosen from various sections of the community. "Such has been," he remarked, "in many parts of the British Empire the first stage in the development of self-governing institutions." He promised that when the Mandate has passed through its final stages, *i.e.*, when its terms have been approved by the League of Nations, the Civil Service of Palestine will be placed on a permanent footing, with security of employment, subject to efficiency and good conduct, and with pension rights for its officers. Naturally the higher officers will at first be British, who will be replaced by Palestinians when they have been sufficiently trained; but the lower ranks will be open to all Palestinians irrespective of race or creed. Sir Herbert Samuel has been received very well, and most reports agree as to the tranquillity of the country. It is good supplementary evidence of his success that the Arabs on the east side of the Jordan, who were temporarily under the Feisal administration, but are not within the French zone, have requested him to help them to form a Government for themselves, and that, having consented to do so, he is sending a small number of qualified political officers to advise and guide them. This little Trans-Jordan State is to be independent of Palestine, but the economic bonds between them are strong.

After the allocation of the Mandate for Mesopotamia, the British Government, by the Acting Civil Commissioner in that country, made on June 20th an announcement at Baghdad of its policy. It was stated in this that Great Britain, having been entrusted with the Mandate, anticipated that the Mandate would (1) constitute Mesopotamia as an independent State under the guarantee of the League of Nations and subject to the Mandate to Great Britain; (2) lay on the British Government the responsibility for the maintenance of internal peace and external security; and (3) require that Government to formulate an Organic Law, to be framed in consultation with the people of Mesopotamia, and with due regard to the rights, wishes, and interests of all the communities of the country. Further, the Mandate was to contain provisions to facilitate the development of Mesopotamia as a self-governing State until such time as it could stand by itself, when the Mandate would cease to operate. It was also announced that the British Government had committed the inception of this task to Sir Percy Cox, who would be authorised to call into being, as provisional bodies, a Council of

State under an Arab President and a General Elective Assembly representative of, and freely selected by vote by, the population of Mesopotamia. Sir Percy's special duty would be to prepare, in consultation with the General Elective Assembly, the permanent Organic Law, by which term was meant a Constitution. Before the announcement was made Sir Percy had relinquished his post as Minister at Tehran, and he was in Baghdad when it was made, but his presence there was only with the object of his becoming acquainted at first hand with what changes the situation in Mesopotamia had undergone since he had left it to go to Persia, and hence of being in a more favourable position to consult with and advise the Government in London, whither he was going immediately.

No attempt was made in the announcement at Baghdad to delimit the frontiers of Mesopotamia, but from the debates and answers to questions in Parliament, as well as from what was said in the French Chamber, it appears to be settled that the new State is to consist of the three former Turkish vilayets of Basra, Baghdad, and Mosul. France is to be compensated for losing Mosul, which was placed in her sphere by the Sykes-Picot Agreement, by receiving 25 per cent. of the oil of Mesopotamia, and not of Mosul alone. Should the oil deposits prove as valuable as they are believed to be by experts, France, free from all the cost and the other burdens of administration, may well congratulate herself on having concluded an excellent bargain. Alternatively, if the oil deposits turn out not to be valuable, she may felicitate herself on not being called on to administer a tract of country which really forms an integral part of that lying south of it. There is no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George was correct in saying that the three vilayets form essentially a unit racially, commercially, and strategically. Though there are Kurds in the north and north-east, the mass of the population is Arab. No political unity, however, exists among the tribes. No tribe emerges as of commanding importance, no Emir or prince, native to the soil, as of preponderant influence. (The Emir Abdulla, whom some Mesopotamian notables, meeting in Damascus, at the time of the Pan-Syrian Congress, elected "King of Irak," is an Arab of the Hedjaz, and his partisans came chiefly from Baghdad.) There is a religious cleavage, for the south is Shia, the north Sunni Mahomedan. Yet in many things the Arabs, whether of Basra, Baghdad, or Mosul, are as one. When the troubles and disorders in Mesopotamia have been composed, the high effort of Great Britain under the Mandate will be to unite and nationalise the tribes—a difficult undertaking enough, but one which would be still harder had Mosul been placed outside

the Mandate; if France had been given the Mandate for Mosul she would have found herself in a similar predicament, for there is no real dividing-line between Mosul and Baghdad. The question whether Great Britain should continue to interest herself only in the Basra vilayet or in the three vilayets together would appear to be settled finally by the acceptance of the Mandate for all Mesopotamia by the Government. Likewise, any further controversy as to whether Mesopotamia will or will not be a "paying proposition" would seem to be otiose.

To carry out the Mandate, the precise terms of which have still to be decided, is Great Britain's business. Prior to the allocation of the Mandate and the present disturbances, the public had an impression that, speaking generally, the situation in Mesopotamia was good, and that the Mesopotamians would co-operate with goodwill in the British plans for their benefit. There had been trouble with the Kurds, but it had not been very serious. There had been some fighting in the first half of this year—in January at Abu Kemal and in June at Tel Afar, while in May a train had been wrecked by Arabs on the railway from Baghdad to Kalaat Shergat, in the direction of Mosul, but no particular significance was attached apparently to these occurrences. It was not till well into July that it was suspected, as *communiqué* after *communiqué* was published, that all was not well, and that Mesopotamia might prove a much more difficult affair than had been anticipated. Yet a very definite warning had been given.

In March last there was made public a despatch of General Sir George MacMunn, dated November 12th, 1919, and written in Baghdad, where he was then in Chief Command of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force. In this despatch Sir George observed first of all that the months immediately following the Armistice had been given over to demobilising troops surplus to the force considered necessary for the Army of Occupation, and to reducing all auxiliary services. During that period there were no disturbances in the country. Perhaps he thought the demobilisation was excessive, for he went on to point out that the long delay in coming to a decision as to the future of Mesopotamia, which originally had looked to an effective British control as certain and immediate, had had a bad effect. The pitch had been queered by Pan-Arab enthusiasts, Pan-Islam and Pan-Turk propaganda, the activities of the Committee of Union and Progress, and the approach of Bolshevism to Persia. Intrigue of every kind was rife and there were disturbing rumours. Sir George declared that after making a survey of the situation he was much struck with "volcanic" possibilities in Mesopotamia owing to Mahomedan unrest in Egypt and India, the spread of

the new Wahabi movement in Arabia, the unrest among the Kurds, the Pan-Arab intrigue, and the large number of well-armed tribes between Baghdad and the Persian Gulf, both on the Tigris and the Euphrates. In the article on "The Middle East" which appeared in the *FORTNIGHTLY* for May, the writer commented on what MacMunn said as being a "notable summary of the disturbing and, indeed, disruptive forces at work in the Land between the Rivers." Since the General's despatch was written some at least of these forces have grown stronger or more aggressive. For one thing, the Bolsheviks have done much more than make an approach towards Persia; they have invaded that country. For another thing, there can be little or no doubt that there is truth in the reports that much of the present trouble in Mesopotamia is due to direct Bolshevik inspiration. Besides, the Bolsheviks, since the British withdrawal from Batum, have reduced Caucasia to chaos, and this reacts on both Mesopotamia and Persia.

It certainly looks as if the British Government had been taken by surprise by the outbreaks in Mesopotamia. Things had seemed to be going well there. Much had been done by the British administrators for the material improvement of the country—no doubt of that whatever. Something had been done in the way of educating the population in self-government. As Lord Curzon stated, every effort was made by these administrators to interest, consult, and galvanise into political activity their charges. Municipal and divisional councils had been established, and Councils of Notables, where it was impossible to get any form of representative institution, were started. It is probable that the process of political education went too fast, and that there was too much zeal, but at the moment Lord Curzon's description of Mesopotamia as an oasis in a desert of strife appeared to be justified, and few could have imagined that it was so soon to be falsified. It was not because the British had not kept faith with the people: they had tried to do too much for them rather than too little. The *causa causans* may be found in the absence during 1919 and 1920 of that "effective British control" of which Sir George MacMunn spoke in his despatch. In the circumstances of Mesopotamia this control must be military, and the complete restoration of order will only come about when it is thoroughly effective again. Considerable forces were kept in the country, but events have demonstrated that they were not considerable enough, and they have had to be greatly strengthened. An inspired article in the *Times* of September 6th made an examination of the reasons for the outbreaks, but the most cogent was that these occurrences were the natural

reflex of the mentality of the people of Mesopotamia—a people, for much the most part, suspicious, ignorant, and easily inflamed, deliberately played and worked upon by local and external influences which became more and more active as the British demobilisation progressed. The reduction of the Army of Occupation bred doubts in the minds of many of the Mesopotamians whether Great Britain was as strong as they had supposed, and with these doubts came other doubts which discouraged the friends and emboldened the opponents of British policy. Until a real unity has been achieved among the tribes, a result which, however desirable, it is too much to hope will be attained quickly, it will be necessary for Great Britain to maintain forces sufficiently powerful to ensure tranquillity. The loyalty of some of the Mesopotamian levies shows that part of these forces can be raised locally, and their strength could be gradually increased as opportunity served, a Mesopotamian Army thus being formed against the day when Mesopotamia shall be able to “stand alone.”

After a brief visit to London Sir Percy Cox, when this is being written, is on his way back to Baghdad, and from his knowledge of the people and country and his old-time popularity and success, great confidence is felt in his ability to cope with the situation. There was a time, and that not long ago, when all Mesopotamia clamoured for his appointment as Governor. It is not known whether the British Government has modified the proposals put forward in the declaration of policy already referred to, but it is reasonable to suppose that in the main they will remain unchanged, their being carried out being expedited as much as possible. It is difficult to see how the Government could take, having regard to the general position, any course other than that which it is pursuing. There is the fact of the Mandate—not a negligible thing. It is not only honour, duty, and expediency, as Lord Curzon said, that keep the British in Mesopotamia. The present pervasive exigencies of the British Empire compel them to remain there in force. Mesopotamia reacts on India and every other British interest in Asia, on which continent Bolshevism is as active and malignant as ever. It is this same sheer imperial need that compels the British also to assist and succour Persia.

In justifying the presence of British troops in Persia the Foreign Secretary made this plea:—

“The troops in North-West Persia were there because their disappearance would simply open the door to invasion, partly by the Turks and partly by the Bolsheviks, which would bring, in all probability, the Persian Government to the ground, and would destroy almost in a breath the whole policy which we have been building up in agreement with Persia in the last few

years, and which might recoil with very serious menace on Mesopotamia itself. That was why we were there."

This is true, but he might have added that the disappearance of British troops from Persia might recoil with very serious menace on India. British policy in the Middle East must always be affected by the consideration of India. And when Lord Curzon spoke of the invasion of Persia he had before him the fact that the Bolsheviks had already invaded that country by their seizure of Enzeli. Though the British Government, through Mr. Bonar Law, intimated, after the occupation of Enzeli by the Bolsheviks, that it did not regard the defence of Persia from assault from outside as coming within the scope of the Anglo-Persian Agreement of August, 1919, and though this is the case so far as the letter of that compact goes, nevertheless the fact is that unless the British are prepared to defend Persia from aggression the Agreement is meaningless. That Agreement provided for the supply by the British Government of expert advisers for the Persian Government; for the supply of officers, munitions, and equipment for a uniform force, to be created by the Persian Government; for the establishment and maintenance of order in the country and on its frontiers; and for a loan of two millions sterling. In addition, the British Government agreed to co-operate with the Persian Government in the building of roads and railways throughout Persia. Something has already been done towards implementing the Agreement, but how can it be fully carried out if Persia, or any important part of it, is in the grip of invaders. On the other hand, it may be urged that numbers of the Persian people are opposed to the Agreement, and would like to see the British troops evacuated. Those dissident Persians are composed in the main of those whose interest lies in a weak Persia, on which they can prey; a few are honest in their opposition. Bolshevism has been and is active in Persia.

Towards the end of June Vossug-ed-Dowleh, who for some time had been Prime Minister of Persia, was compelled by ill-health to resign. Probably the ablest man in Persia, he it was who had negotiated the Agreement with Sir Percy Cox, then British Minister; he saw that such an arrangement could not but make for the good government and prosperity of his country—as is the view of most people. But it was said, rightly or wrongly, that he had not received that measure of support from the British Government on which he had counted. His successor, Mushir-ed-Dowleh, took office in July and formed a new Cabinet, but only after obtaining, it was stated, satisfactory assurances from London which enabled him to do so. Mean-

while the advance of the Bolsheviks from Enzeli to Resht and Red raids on other parts of the Persian coast of the Caspian, as well as the recrudescence of the activities of the Jangalis under their redoubtable leader, Kutchik Khan, had not improved the position of the Persian Government. The rôle—one of doing nothing, apparently, except retreat when pressed—assigned to the British troops in North-West Persia was not, and could not be, helpful to the harassed Persians, who, however, under Russian Cossack leadership, have succeeded in reoccupying some of the less important places which had been taken by the Bolsheviks. The Mejlis or Parliament of Persia, which was expected to meet in June, has not yet assembled, but it is understood that the new Prime Minister will have it summoned shortly, and that it will debate the Agreement—so far it has had no opportunity of discussing the matter. To conclude, it may be said that if the British are to do any real good in Persia, either for the Persians or for India, a bolder military policy is necessary; the mere “presence” of British troops is not enough.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

THE STATE AND THE DRINK TRADE : A REJOINDER.

As a prominent member of the Women's National Committee, which has as its object State purchase and control of the liquor trade, Miss Beatrice Picton-Turbervill is naturally anxious to present as strong a case as possible for the policy to which she is pledged ; but that is no excuse for the patent errors with which she has attempted to bolster up her case in her article in the June issue of the *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, entitled "The Case for State Purchase and Control of the Liquor Traffic."

It is somewhat significant of this apologist's attitude that she refers repeatedly to "drink reform" and to "a drastic and permanent reform of the liquor trade." This attitude is significant because, although Miss Picton-Turbervill does not assume the prohibitionist standpoint, her reasoning is of the kind usually associated with the advocates of that extreme measure. To speak of "drink reform" and the "reform of the liquor trade" is to throw the onus on the drink and not the drinker. In other words, this kind of writing makes drink the sin, and not the abuse of drink. To put it briefly, this is moral cowardice. It robs the individual man of his free will, makes him a mere creature of circumstances, and denies to him any power to withstand temptation. The absurdity of all this will become clear immediately the same principle is applied to other offences against the moral law. For example, if Miss Picton-Turbervill is correct in her position, then theft is not the sin, but property is.

Perhaps the most striking example of Miss Turbervill's loose thinking and exaggeration is provided by her remark with reference to what she calls the "Drink Bill of 1918 and the Drink Bill of 1919." She points out that the former represented the sum of 259 million pounds, and that for the latter year "it is in the region of 400 million pounds." This is a favourite device of teetotal fanatics. They love to expatiate upon that 400 million pounds as a colossal and impressive figure. Waiving for the moment any definite consideration of what is represented by the nation's "Drink Bill," it may be admitted that the comparison with 1918 does look rather startling. When, however, the matter is considered in a careful manner and all the circumstances are taken into account, the contrast is not so glaring. For one thing, Miss Picton-Turbervill completely ignores the phenomenal rise in the prices of materials. Is it possible that the lady has had no experience of a matter which is such a

commonplace of our daily life. Cannot Miss Turbervill recall the fact that in 1914 her FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW cost her 2s. 6d., or, to be accurate and to recall the far-off days when there was a discount on books and reviews, 1s. 10d.? To-day, however, THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW costs Miss Picton-Turbervill 4s. net. Would she like her friends to draw a comparison between her FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW expenditure of 1914 and 1920, and then charge her with reckless extravagance of that portion of her mental sustenance? Apart from materials, the production of intoxicating drink is also materially affected by the enormous increase of wages, which have risen fully 150 per cent.

The largest factor of all in the apparently colossal increase of the nation's "Drink Bill" is still to be mentioned. In one part of her article Miss Picton-Turbervill asserts that the State "obtains between 60 and 100 millions annually in revenue from the Trade." This is a capital example of her carelessness with figures. As a matter of hard fact, the duties and licences which yielded £43,298,851 in 1914 to the State will this year attain the enormous figure of approximately 220 millions. One example may be cited of how this colossal increase has been achieved. Before the war the duty on a standard barrel of beer was merely 7s. 9d. Since 1914 that modest sum has been increased in successive years to 23s., 24s., 25s., 50s., and 70s. Now, however, there is to be a further addition of 30s., thus raising the duty on a barrel of beer from the pre-war 7s. 9d. to £5. That is a factor in the increase of the nation's "Drink Bill" which Miss Picton-Turbervill has evidently ignored in her endeavour to frighten us with her total of 400 millions.

In some of her other statements Miss Picton-Turbervill is no less at sea. The year 1880, for example, seems a fatal one so far as she is concerned. She affirms in one place that "the licensing system as it obtains to-day dates from 1880," and in another that "the basis of taxation remains the same as in 1880." These are astounding statements for which there is not the slightest justification. With regard to the latter it would seem that Miss Picton-Turbervill is one of the few people who have never heard of Mr. Lloyd George's famous 1909—1910 Finance Act, in which the licensing duty on public-houses was enormously increased. Instead of the licence duty on some of our London houses being £60 per year, the maximum figure mentioned by Miss Picton-Turbervill, that duty may be as high as £2,000. Such a fact is a conclusive answer to Miss Picton-Turbervill's statement that there has been "no addition" to the charge for licences. With regard to the other assertion, namely, that "the basis of taxation remains the same as in 1880," the facts with regard to beer duty

cited above should be a sufficient rejoinder. In the year in question, 1880, the beer duty imposed by Mr. Gladstone was at the rate of 6s. 3d. per standard barrel, whereas, as shown above, the duty of to-day has reached the phenomenal figure of £5 per barrel. When all these factors are taken into consideration, it is quite clear that the nation's "Drink Bill" of 400 millions is merely the reflection of the enormously enhanced high prices and heavier taxation which are characteristic of all phases of our national life. If it were possible to work out all the figures on a proportional basis, it would probably be found that the 400 millions of the "Drink Bill" of 1919 really represent a smaller expenditure upon intoxicating liquor than the less formidable totals of the years before the war.

Another sweeping general statement of this apologist for State purchase and control is that in which she dilates upon the influence of drink during the war. We are assured that "in 1915 and 1916 drink retarded and hampered the output of munitions, and hampered and hindered the transport of troops and delayed the repairing and building of battleships." This assertion is utterly at variance with the White Paper on "Ship Building, Munitions and Transport Areas" which was published in 1915. It is a statement, too, which evidently ignores the incessant strikes in mines and factories which, as will be recalled by all who have reliable memories, were more detrimental to the making of munitions and the building of ships than any other cause.

In harmony with all this is Miss Picton-Turbervill's disquisition on "ale-houses." If she will refer to Dowell's *History of Taxation*, vol. iv., p. 146, she will discover that the restrictions to which she refers were all imposed for the purpose of keeping the labouring people from playing at quoits, bowls, and kindred games instead of devoting themselves to the practice of archery and other martial games, in order to equip themselves for what, in our time, would be called "cannon fodder." Thus the restrictions were not imposed "purely for the purpose of facilitating police supervision," which would imply that the ale-houses had become disorderly places, but for the purpose of insuring that a martial and well-trained manhood should be available to fight the wars of Great Britain. Students of our literature will fail to recognise in Miss Picton-Turbervill's ale-house of the fifteenth century any appreciable likeness to the old-time English ale-house as it is depicted in the quiet pages of Izaak Walton. Indeed, *The Compleat Angler* may be seriously commended to Miss Picton-Turbervill's attentive reading for the sake of the faithful picture which it draws of the "honest ale-house"

of the sixteenth century. If, too, all teetotal-fanatics could be induced to peruse that classic of our literature, they would realise that the proper ideal for the present day is to return to that type of inn where it was then possible to "pass away a little time without offence to God or man."

Events have been unkind to Miss Picton-Turbervill since she penned her article. To her the experiment in the north of England is the "Carlisle miracle." Alas for her faith in the return of an age which most people imagine had long passed away ! We have had quite recently a severe indictment and exposure of the "Carlisle miracle" by one of the chief begetters of that scheme, namely, Mr. Philip Snowden. He, it will be recalled, was a member of the Central Liquor Control Board, and was one of the half-dozen men who initiated that much-vaunted experiment. He is, therefore, an unimpeachable witness as to the inner working of the scheme, and he, no doubt, was largely responsible for inspiring that mass of eloquent literature as to how the Carlisle experiment had wrought a phenomenal change in the drinking habits of the people of that city. To what does Mr. Snowden testify ? He declares that his views on State purchase and control have entirely changed. He asserts that "the results of that practical experiment have been disappointing." In reply to those who used to assert that State purchase would be the end of profiteering he makes the candid admission that he and his colleagues were "so ashamed of the profit we had made on the first year's working that for a time we hesitated to publish the balance-sheet." So seriously, indeed, has Mr. Snowden's experience of the "Carlisle miracle" changed his views of that wild experiment that he implored the Conference of the Labour Party to reject the resolution in favour of State purchase.

What becomes, then of Miss Picton-Turbervill's unqualified assertion that "the law can make a man sober" ? So far as the Carlisle miracle achieved any beneficent results, they were due to factors which Miss Picton-Turbervill does not take into account. One of these was that enthusiasm for the successful prosecution of the war which was so pronounced a trait of the national psychology during those periods when the issues of the conflict were in doubt. Other factors include the reduced hours during which drink was on sale ; the paucity of the supply of intoxicating liquor ; the inferior quality of the liquor available, and the higher prices for those liquors which were prevalent at a time when the wages of the working classes were practically the same as the pre-war standard. Even Miss Picton-Turbervill, however, is obliged to admit in connection with her "Carlisle miracle" that as soon as the restrictions were loosened there was

an increase in drunkenness. It should be added, too, on the testimony of Mr. Philip Snowden himself, that in the return for 186 municipal boroughs in England and Wales for the first three months of this year Carlisle stood at the very head of the list of convictions for drunkenness.

Still there is one statement made by Miss Picton-Turbervill with regard to the Carlisle experiment which shows that she has at least an inkling of the right lines along which to approach the reform of public drinking. In her description of what was attempted at Carlisle she writes : " Many structural improvements were made, and the public-houses became decently conducted places of refreshment. Almost at once there was a marked improvement in public order." Those admissions indicate the road along which the most effective kind of reform is possible. Unfortunately, every attempt to reform the public-house along these lines, and so create an ale-house which would correspond to Ruskin's ideal of " a Holy Tavern," has hitherto been thwarted by those organisations, secular and religious, which have unjustly arrogated to themselves the name of Temperance. One of the most striking proofs of this was furnished by the report of the Temperance Committee of the United Free Church of Scotland in connection with that very " Carlisle miracle " of which Miss Picton-Turbervill is so enamoured. A full statement as to the Carlisle experiment was brought before that Committee on the authority of the visit paid to Carlisle by Trade Unionists and members of the Labour Party. That delegation expressed their approval of the scheme because it had attempted to " convert public-houses into places which possessed a certain dignity and beauty." This report quite shocked the Temperance Committee of the United Free Church of Scotland. The members confessed themselves " completely at variance " with the conclusions of the Trade Unionists and the members of the Labour Party, and proceeded to crystallise their horrified objection in the following resolution :—" To associate liquor with amusements, to make the public-house attractive and a place of family resort, is fraught with the greatest danger for man and wife and child." An earlier proof of the same spirit was provided by a discussion between the True Temperance Association and the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches. On the publication of a draft Bill by the representatives of the great wholesale and retail industries which conduct the public-house business of this country, the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches refused to give any support whatever to that measure. It mattered not—or perhaps it mattered a good deal—that the Bill in question

aimed at such reforms of our licensing laws as would enable the public-house to become the "honest ale-house."

Now that the Labour Conference has emphatically rejected not merely the motion for prohibition, but also the proposal for the State purchase and control of the liquor trade, thereby completely demolishing Miss Picton-Turbervill's statement that the scheme for State purchase has the support of the Labour Party, the way is distinctly more open for the development of the family tavern. It would occupy too much space even to summarise the draft of the Bill which has been framed by the Licensed Trade of England and Wales, but it may be asserted that it has been constructed on such admirable lines as would, if adopted by the legislature, effect a radical transformation of our public-houses.

According to the sub-title of her article, Miss Picton-Turbervill writes that this subject is particularly "a question for women." It is more so than she appears to realise. Under our present Licensing Laws, as Miss Turbervill is fully aware, it is a stigma for a woman to frequent a public-house, and a criminal offence for a child under fourteen to be taken into such places. The refining influence of women and children is a commonplace of general knowledge. Does it not stand to reason that if the public-house is so radically altered that it may become a place of family resort, then most of the evils of the past will cease to exist? It is this better ideal which we have to keep steadily in view. State purchase and control is utterly discounted. We have had so many cries for the nationalisation of this, that, and the other, and these demands have so quickly subsided into silence, that it is futile, as even the Labour Party is now aware, to try to revive it in connection with the drink traffic. Nationalisation, indeed, has been effectually eliminated by the examples from which the country has suffered and is suffering. For the State to purchase and control the drink traffic would merely mean another enormous addition to those vast armies of bureaucrats which are now battenning upon the financial life of the nation. It would mean, too, that inefficiency and lack of enterprise which seem to be inseparable from official control of anything. Not to abolish but to reform is the line most in accord with the English temperament. Steadily, indeed, all the different panaceas for the cure of drunkenness are being eliminated or discounted one by one, leaving the road open for the revival of that honest ale-house of the sixteenth century plus such additions as will make the public refreshment-houses of our land as pleasant and innocuous resorts for women and children as for men.

REGINALD HALL.

CHINA ECONOMICALLY INTERPRETED.

As a rule, a country's institutions are largely determined by the ideas and character of the people. And the character of a people, as Professor Marshall points out, is moulded by its economic life "more than by any other influence, unless it be that of its religious ideals." These two factors have a mutual influence on each other; the former modifies or even counteracts the latter, and the latter the former. A clear illustration of this is seen in the economic condition of China and in the Chinese outlook on life of the present time. J. S. Mill rightly says: "He, the Chinese, is content to live from day to day, and has learnt to conceive a life of toil a blessing," but errs when he adds the explanation, that "the views of the Chinese are confined to narrower bounds." No doubt if we were to continue in the ways of the past, Mill's contention would be applicable to us, but with regard to our forefathers, who lived at the time Mill wrote, his contention was wholly false; for the Chinese views have been philosophic and ethico-economic, not the least politic—the element of international rivalry being absent in the Chinese mind.

Why should not the ideas of a people develop in keeping with the atmosphere which fosters their growth? We are accustomed to, and are endeavouring to get a thorough knowledge of, Western economic methods, so as to be able to introduce them into China. Nevertheless, I am not sure I am not tempted to fall in love with a pure and romantic farming life, when I recite that part of "The Canon of Poetry" describing the joy of it. Still more I would venture to say, if philosophic ideas have any influence on men's minds at all, I cannot see that Chinese views will be ultimately swept away. I propose to give a definite form to the Chinese idea of life in the lucid language of the writer of the *Times*.

"The Chinese have a whole philosophy of doing nothing, according to which doing nothing is to do everything. It is a kind of ju-jutsu of life. But this ju-jutsu needs great skill. It is a masterly inactivity that must not be confused with the inaction caused by not knowing what to do. It is the inactivity of the advocate who knows when the other side is winning his case for him. The Chinese quietist never allows himself to be forced into action, not because he is afraid of doing something nor because he is lazy, but because he prefers the inner life of the mind to the outer life of satisfying bodily wants. He looks at the incessant activities of men, and sees that they are caused by incessant wants.

His principle is to want nothing, not from asceticism or from a belief that God prefers men to be miserable, but because there is no end to wants if you try to satisfy them. No man would be poor if he could help, and poverty therefore is despised among us as a sign of incompetence. Whenever we choose to go without a thing we call it self-denial. But to a Chinese quietist it is not self-denial at all, but self-liberation. He would deny himself, if he set himself tasks to satisfy his bodily wants, and to him we, with our Western activities, seem to live in a vicious circle." Such is the *Times'* view of the Chinese ideas, and the writer is to be congratulated upon his success in his estimation of so elusive a doctrine, though it could be still more vividly represented by a master of the Chinese language.

One might wonder why, in such a wealth-scrambling and self-seeking world as this such an idea could ever have been entertained at all. "Time is money." Inactivity means loss of time, and the sequel is loss of money. Here, however, I am not concerned with "inactivity" in its theoretical, but in its practical, aspect. The discussion of its merits and demerits is the concern of the philosopher. We propose to take it only from its economic side. Since we have now defined our scope of discussion, the way is clear for our inquiry into the causes that led to the full development of the Chinese idea of wealth. And it is quite correct to say that this idea has still a firm root in the Chinese mind, notwithstanding the overwhelming force of modern European economic thought. True it is that the Chinese mind is adjusting itself to the European mode of thinking, but this is, it seems to me, only a political expediency. We are not the sole supreme Power in the "world," as we always thought we were until quite recently. Our environment has entirely changed. Modern inventions—steamships, for example—have brought us into contact with Western civilisation. In consequence we are forced to fall into line with the rest of the world. If the prevalent spirit of nationalism and its sequel of keen national rivalry were superseded by the much advertised principle of self-determination—"the right to go to hell in their own way," as Mr. Lloyd George calls it—we would still choose to go our own way. Indeed, our mode of thinking and living has found no mean support in many an advanced thinker at the present time in Europe, as indicated in various recent literature. However, as circumstances and environment are the moulder of human character and thought, and as our environment has utterly changed, it is natural that we should re-shape ourselves according to such environment—that is to say, we have to be nationalistic, and therefore patriotic. And patriotism is a new thing in our case, for only within the last few score years has it

been fostered by the encroachment on China by other nations. As there are individuals in European countries who accumulate wealth from the love of power or the spirit of emulation, but not from the love of money itself, so China will determine her policy among the people of the world by these very motives, though she will preserve her time-honoured, humane, and peaceful traditions in dealing with all.

As a concrete example of China's changing spirit, we may refer to a certain individual, of whom the late Dr. Timothy Richard gives an account in his *Some Forces of Modern China*. "We might mention Chang Chien, one of the greatest scholars of the country, a true patriot who established schools and colleges at his own expense, and started industries to compete with Japan, who flooded the country with her goods." He is above sixty years of age, and is a Chinese scholar and poet. He was once the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. At the time of his first acquaintance years ago with Western nations, he was merely a country gentleman. Realising that the new system of education and industry was the only means by which his country could be enriched and strengthened, he set himself to establish cotton mills and schools in his own district. Nor did the prospect of wealth suggest this undertaking; he is none the richer, but continues to lead a simple rural life. Chang Chien is certainly one type of the Chinese quietist, though not of a very practical character. I mention him in order to show how easily the Chinese mind of even the old type can adapt itself to European thought. But Chinese thought is not likely to undergo any fundamental transformation. Chinese thought will remain Chinese thought. The adjustment is an expediency.

In the preceding pages we have given a fairly precise account of Chinese economic ideas, and here one might be inclined to ask the why and the wherefore of their development. The reasons are both political and social.

1. *Political Reason*.—It is curious to note that the first war in our long history of more than forty-five hundred years was a punitive expedition against those who would not submit to Chinese teaching, or, in other words, to Chinese civilisation. On the rebellious chiefs being punished, and on their followers accepting our teaching, arms were laid down, and the conquered people treated exactly as our own citizens. Hence Confucius said that barbarians who accepted Chinese civilisation were Chinese, but that Chinese who identified themselves with barbarians were barbarians. Everybody is eligible to be a Chinese citizen on condition that he submit to Chinese civilisation. Consequently the consolidation of the Chinese people and the spread of Chinese

civilisation became the chief duties of an emperor. This policy was successful. Our civilisation reached in the east to Japan, in the north to Siberia, in the south to the Malay Peninsula, in the west to Tibet, and, according to English writers, even to Africa. China was the supreme power of nearly the whole east, and indeed the imperial rule itself sometimes held sway so far. Under such circumstances, it was natural, therefore, that *cosmopolitanism* characterised the Chinese outlook. As late as fifty years ago, one of our old scholars still had the idea that we should spread our civilisation in Europe. or, as he put it, propagate the truth of ancient sages. He died only two or three years ago at the age of eighty and upwards, and once wrote to the first Chinese Minister in London, urging him to teach the "truth" to the British people. Both scholar and Minister belonged to my own province, and both enjoyed great renown for their learning. The dream they sought to realise was the universal brotherhood of man. With a world-wide Chinese civilisation, with all peoples Chinese citizens, no nation would then be foreign.

Political circumstances produced Chinese cosmopolitanism; and side by side with it a *laissez-faire* policy characterised the governmental administration. The people considered it their duty to live peacefully, and devoted their energy to "letters, agriculture, and deeds of benevolence." The *laissez-faire* policy was reflected in our literature. "It is the one and only object of all the storied treasuries of centuries, which has remained active and immovable." Men of the learned class were alone countenanced in the political sphere. They had to master the classics (ethical canons), so as to be able to apply ethical ideas to politics. Hence we find Confucius saying, "Whoever wishes to rule the world must in the first instance manage well the affairs of a community within the empire; whoever hopes to manage the affairs of a community must first of all govern his family virtuously; whoever wants to govern his family must conduct himself rightly." Politics and ethics were bound up together.

This cosmopolitanism plus the *laissez-faire* policy are largely responsible for the present confusion in China. Until recently we had no standing army, because we had no foe to fight; we had no foreign trade, because we had no rival countries about us. They were all dependencies. In Europe the surprising development of modern industry is the direct result of commercial wars among rival nations. Economic freedom has been encouraged thus. The scheme of a British trading bank in the early years of the Great War is a good indication of all these tendencies. If the Chinese had no commercial rivals, it was only

natural that they should not take economic problems seriously. Moreover, wealth-seeking was condemned by our ethics. In fact, Confucius blamed one of his most prominent disciples for making money in business. To well-educated men the search for purely philosophic truth was the supreme duty. Truth was life itself. "If you understand the truth in the morning, what though you die in the evening?" Commercial enterprise being thus left for those who were not fit for the understanding of higher things, business men were looked down upon in society. In short, in the absence of international economic rivalry, with such an ethical idea of wealth and with so vast and fertile a territory, economic pressure was never brought to bear upon our people until recently. Indeed, if China were thoroughly organised, we could still live on our agricultural produce, even though modern methods of production were not introduced. But these methods we are ready to adopt and apply to every aspect of our national life, though at the same time we shall continue to hold, in the background, no doubt, yet firmly withal, our old ideals.

2. *Social Reason.*—It would be useless for one to try to treat of the social ideas of a people without having some understanding of the corresponding ethical ideas. A most comprehensive maxim has been laid down by our thinkers for training the young. "We should steep their mind and spirit in those of heaven and earth (laws of Nature), we should aim at a complete life for all people, we should propagate the truth of ancient sages, and make the world prosperous and happy for kings." The Chinese philosophers lay down concrete principles for actual life. They do not appeal to any kind of religion for aid. They teach you how to train and master your mind. They do not accept the doctrine that God "leads us not into temptation but delivers us from evil." The man himself must do this. One of our great writers describes strength of mind in these words, "When you are master of the mind and have penetrated the truth, you have power to alter the atmosphere around you and can reduce tempest and storm to your will." I have been often asked, "If you have no religion, then what is your driving power?" The Chinese driving power is the mind, and so it is with every great people. A more definite form embracing our fundamental ethical idea has been set forth by another thinker. "Heaven is my father, earth is my mother, all peoples are my brethren, all things—whether organic or inorganic—are my fellows." He speaks of kings as elder brothers, and, to put it simply, wishes to extol absolute social equality.

It is curious to note again that at the dawn of our history we had two of the greatest democratic emperors. The first, Emperor Yao, lived about 2400 B.C. Our finest and oldest litera-

ture dates from his reign. He recognised that the duty of rulers was to serve and protect the people, and asserted it as his opinion that the throne should be occupied only by the noblest and wisest man among the people. Knowing that his son was not worthy to be his successor, he ordered his councillors to choose a good candidate for the throne. At last they found a farmer's son among the emperor's subjects. His ability having been put to the test in every way, and found to be very great, this farmer's son was accordingly enthroned at the demise of the emperor. In his turn, and for the same reason, the newly-appointed emperor preferred to the throne one of his ministers before his son. Again, in our history, not a few chancellors have been selected from the "quietists." These "quietists" were energetic statesmen, but remained inactive, choosing such a profession as farming. In more than one case, the emperor would visit a farmer to beseech him in person to be his chancellor and adviser. In one case the farmer consistently refused till he received a third visit from the emperor, when he consented to accept office. It will be evident that in China between the emperor and the farmer no fixed social distinctions were drawn. Democratic ideas were paramount. A farmer, if he was capable, was entitled to become the grand chancellor, or, more, the emperor. Consequently, capability being the only accepted recommendation, and wealth without capability of no account, scholars and men eager to be politicians alike preferred a rural life to the distracting allurements consequent upon the pursuit of luxury. We need not go back to our history for examples of the quietist. There is one in France at the present time (who has been made the chancellor of Pekin University since this article was written). A few years ago he was Minister of Education in China, but voluntarily resigned. He came to Paris, and now leads an ordinary student life, and personally teaches Chinese labourers. Though he is far from being rich, he has never had a thought of gathering wealth; and in this he is not an exception. I know of a number of capable men who could make a fortune in a few years' time, but who remain very poor, preferring the inner life to the satisfaction of bodily wants.

All Chinese citizens, then, are socially equal. In accordance with our tradition, wealth is never taken by high-minded people to be the standard of ability, and thus economic inequality has been avoided to a great extent. I would venture to say that if *the Chinese young men try to keep up this by no means unhappy tradition, the chances of economic inequality are reduced to a minimum in the future.* I am also inclined to think that State Socialism is likely to characterise our government policy. All

these tendencies, as I hope I have shown, then, are the product of these two joint factors—the political and the social ideas of the people.

The result of Chinese economic thought is focussed in the present hopeless economic condition of China. Public finance, in particular, well exemplifies this. It is natural that public opinion should have absolute influence on the Government. As a result our financial policy has always been a complete application of our economic thought. Our philosophers were too bent on framing ethical ideas with regard to everything. Not a thing would they let pass without speculating thereon. Thus we find them laying down maxims in accordance with which financial affairs ought to be directed. These maxims they essayed to force on sovereigns and chancellors, and, if they failed, they used their clever pens in the hope of influencing future generations and then reaping their due reward. Our politics having been conducted and the nation led by successive bodies of absent-minded philosophers, the ordinary people have simply been puzzled by their profound learning. We did not know what course to pursue. We wanted law: the philosophers would say: "Mere law is ineffectual; so you are better without it." We wanted to sit at ease: they would say: "You must sit upright with your dress adjusted nicely." They interfered with us in everything, and what they said was very effective because they wrote fine and attractive essays, which charmed us and elicited obedience. In fact, in China the force of literature is almost equivalent to that of love. It "makes the world go round." We are a nation of literature. "Everything is done by literary ability. The whole fabric of national life centres around it," as Miss More says. Our country has been half ruined by our philosophers. Our brain has been bewildered by them. If it were not for the sake of our civilisation which exalts literature to so high a place, we would feel inclined to clear our heads by destroying it all and substituting for it modern science.

Something more ought to be said about our system of public finance. It is worth noting that again at the dawn of our history both literature and philosophy had already reached a high stage of development. Philosophic ideas were applied to every aspect of life, simple as life was in those early times. Great emperors hated the idea of living luxuriously. And these emperors were themselves philosophers. So as to set a good example to the people, some of them even wore very coarse clothes and dwelt in humble palaces and refused delicious eatables. At the same time they were noble of spirit, deep thinkers, and affectionate guardians of the people. They were adored by our people. They

were ideal rulers. Their conduct and ideas, pictured by the finest literature of our tongue, influenced succeeding emperors. Imperial advisers would constantly remind their masters of those examples of history. Hence we find such an ethical idea as this: "Kings do not have wealth"—that is, "Kings should scatter all wealth among the people and make them content, and should identify their spirit with that of Nature inasmuch as she bestows life on everything, but asks no reward." Confucius laid down a financial principle also, though it is neither scientific nor philosophic. "When wealth is scattered, the people will gather together; when wealth is gathered together by the State, the people will scatter." In this way our *laissez-faire* economic policy was fostered. "Let the people live in their own way and do not molest them in the slightest degree." Emperors often levied no taxes. To philosophers such was the ideal policy. Thus, though we had a regular tax system about four thousand years ago, our ideal policy being such as it was, not the greatest of our kings nor the ablest of our grand chancellors could have proposed a new tax or a financial reform without being stigmatised by the people and by great thinkers as disobedient to the canons of ethics.

One of our ablest statesmen in the Sung Dynasty (A.D. 1100), on undertaking, in his capacity of Chancellor, a financial reform, was severely criticised even by his most intimate friends. To a colleague he wrote: "You accuse me of encroaching upon the rights of Government officials and of undertaking needless reform; you charge me with exacting wealth and of contumaciously refusing advice, with the consequence that I have to bear the severest criticism of the world. But I cannot agree with you. I am entrusted by his Majesty with the task of reform, and of making laws to be carried out by the officials. I am not encroaching upon their rights at all. To reform is not needless undertaking, to manage financial affairs for the sake of the world is not exacting wealth." I quote this in order to show how our philosophic statesmen mixed up ethical ideas with practical affairs, and how much they hampered the economic development of China. The Grand Chancellor mentioned had, after all, to abandon his scheme and retire. I must not omit to say that we have had thinkers who have held that public money had quite a different signification from private money. Though you care not for wealth yourself, you must manage the financial affairs of the State efficiently. But our philosophic politicians were not practical enough to see the desirability of this. It is worth adding that practically all our great statesmen were either philosophers or poets or essayists. What exceptions there were, were rare.

As the development of economics in Europe was retarded by Middle Age theological ideas, so the Chinese economic development has been retarded by our ethical ideas. "But the firmer organisation of the centralised monarchies, the development of money dealings and the revolution in economic relations produced by the supplies of the precious metals from the new world, resulted in a new development of social and political inquiry." These influences being absent in Chinese history, our economic conceptions underwent no change. "Mercantilism is the principal condition affecting the growth of finance in the seventeenth century. Political economy came into existence as a collection of principal rules for the guidance of statesmen" in Europe. But China had no need to adopt a "mercantile policy" till within very recent years. The presence of certain factors produced European economic development, the absence of these factors produced Chinese economic stagnation.

But the future bears a brighter aspect. During the last few years economic activities in China have given the world an initial sign of a growing industrial development. The students' movement has fired the first volley of nationalist spirit and enthusiasm. With the end of the Great War and the birth of the League of Nations—though a mere child—the outlook of the world cannot but be regarded as improved. The principle of self-determination bids fair to take the place of the wanton aggression of Prussianism, though much remains to be attained by controllers of the world's destiny. Latterly the presence of Chinese students in all the leading European countries and their enthusiasm for Western learning combined with the appreciation of Chinese culture by many prominent thinkers in the West have gone a long way towards the unity of ideals and sentiment. "Those who have the same voice respond to each other; those who are of the same sentiment attract each other," says one of our old maxims. Only a common ideal can unite the different peoples in the world. If that be true, I can see no difficulty in the way towards a world democracy. With the changed outlook, both national and international, China will be able to work out her salvation unmolested, economically as well as politically. We specially look for the friendly help of the British democracy, whose fame has long since inspired confidence in the bosoms of the Chinese people; we further fervently hope that they will so direct their Far Eastern policy as to promote the welfare and security of both the British Empire and the Chinese Republic.

CHIAWEI KWO.

RÉJANE.¹

I.

RÉJANE's genius might be imagined as a mixture of the tragic and the comic elements. She is never wholly comic, nor wholly tragic. She is a whole theatre in herself, infinite in variety. "Magnificent in sin," not in Ottima's sense, her speech is fervent and fervid, perverse and passionate; she betrays, when she chooses, the imagination which is her capacity for suffering. She is abnormal, when "the expense of spirit" is too much for her to endure; she can conceive, she can create on the stage, more than most actresses have conceived of the subtlety, of the cruelty, of beauty. Aware of the phrase, "the world well lost," she is aware also of the inevitable penalty. Give her some small corner of existence burningly alive with tremendous issues, and she will give you all that can be given of a lover's comic tragedy. Flushed and feverish, she can become the epitome of sex; she knows, as Cleopatra knew, the explicit meaning of "us who trade in love." Do not Sapho and Zaza and Zanetta trade in love? The way to lose a man, the way to win him: was ever actress so cunning as Réjane to startle you, thrill you, as she snatches an emotion, before it can struggle into speech, and then strangles it, after the fashion of those poisonous women of the Renaissance—when they did not induce you to commit an assassination?

I have referred to the question of cruelty, which is often found in great acting. I find it in Irving's creations of Louis XI. and of Shylock; in Coquelin's *Tartuffe*; in Sarah's *Phèdre*; in Réjane's Sapho and Zaza; tremendously in the star actress of Bataille's *L'Enfant de l'Amour*, when she is horribly real, tortured by her hysterics; immensely in Porto-Riche's *Amoureuse*, an unsparing study of the passions that devour the body and lacerate the flesh, where she creates a woman whose passions are unlimited, whose jealousy is ceaseless; who, certainly, cruelly and almost insanely, tortures herself. And where, as I have said, Sarah Bernhardt would arrange her emotion for some thrilling effect of art, where Duse would purge the emotion of all its attributes but some fundamental nobility, Réjane takes the big, foolish, dirty thing, just as it is: is not that, perhaps, the supreme merit of acting?

I still vividly recall the night, when at the Lyceum, I watched the sad and eager face of Duse, leaning forward out of a box, and gazing at the eager and gentle face of Irving. I could not

(1) This article was written some time ago—during the lifetime both of Réjane and Henry Irving.—[Ed. F. R.]

then help contrasting the two kinds of acting summed up in those two faces. To Duse, acting is a thing almost wholly apart from action; she thinks on the stage, hardly moves there; when she feels emotion, it is her chief care to press it down into her soul, until only the pained reflection of it glimmers out of her eyes and trembles in the hollows of her cheeks. To Irving, acting is all that the word literally means; it is an art of sharp, detached, yet always delicate movement; he crosses the stage with intention, as he intentionally adopts a fine, crabbed, personal, highly conventional elocution of his own. Irving's acting is almost a science, and it is a science founded on tradition. It is in one sense his personality that makes him what he is, the only actor on the English stage who has genius: an individual genius, which in him was the expression of a romantic temperament, really Cornish—that is, Celtic—which had been cultivated like a rare plant in a hothouse. Irving was an incomparable orchid, a thing beautiful, lonely, and not quite normal.

The Celtic temperament, equally in the Cornish, the Irish and the Welsh, is, in almost every sense, totally unlike the English temperament. It is a question of our race: and that is all. It is we who can be boundless in praising and in cursing; in wondering where the dregs of the soul are and what the best intoxication is for the soul's mockery and wonder and petulance.

Irving had in his blood two different strains that never mixed: the strain of cruelty and the strain of kindness. Max Beerbohm wrote: "In Irving a mixture of kindness and unkindness existed in a very high degree; and the number of wonderfully kind things he is known to have done is hardly greater than the number of wonderfully unkind things he is said to have said. To ignore Irving's cruelty is to ignore a very salient part of him. Which quality predominated in him—cruelty or kindness?" He leaves his question unanswered.

In Réjane, as woman and as actress, there was always something voluptuous, which had for many of us an unholy fascination. And had she not a wayward fashion of throwing away some chance of stage effect, and then wholly penetrating you with the suddenness of a seeming nothing? Insatiable, how much of an effort, was it not, for her to be anything but restless? With that animality, that vitality, that exuberance, that she possessed—possessed in the extreme—she did certain things stupendously, prodigiously: at other times she could even, as Sarah could, act with indifference; could give one a sense of petty spite. Craft being as natural to her as her breath, she feared death. Death took her as a mean woman is taken; she, who had given so much of the blood in her veins, sheerly and literally, for the sake of her

art, for the sake of the théâtre, for the sake of the various passions that helped in destroying her.

It is almost terrible to think of those last tragic years of hers, up to the point when she consumed her existence in the sublime and all but impossible creation of the part she had to play in *La Vierge Folle* of Bataille. "Sublime," says Bataille, "ayant imprimé tout à coup à son corps vacillant, exsangüé, je ne sais quelle ardeur surhumaine, étant parvenu à brider la Camarde qui semblait du coup repliée en elle, vaincu par l'effort d'âme unique, jamais Réjane ne prodigua plus son génie que ce soir-là. L'autre grande muse blessée du théâtre, Sarah, de sa baignoire, jetait éprouvement des roses."

After the curtain has fallen she murmurs to Bataille: "Quelle minute! Ça vaut ça! Ah! Ça vaut ça!" With that implacable will that has always been hers, she forces herself to go on playing the part; five hundred and fifty times she literally makes herself act it; aware, all the time, that she is dying inch by inch.

II.

Only three actresses in our generation possessed that supreme quality, Genius: Eleonora Duse, Sarah Bernhardt, and Réjane. I have received many wonderful letters from Duse, in London and in Venice; I have had many wonderful conversations with her in Rome, Zurich and London. I therefore give here one of my impressions of her. The face of Duse is a mask for the tragic passions, a mask which changes from moment to moment, as the soul models the clay of the body after its own changing image. When she speaks of beautiful things her face takes light as from an inner source; the dark and pallid cheeks curve into sensitive folds, the small, thin-lipped mouth, scarcely touched with colour, grows half tender, half ironical, as if smiling at its own abandonment to delight; an exquisite tremor awakens in it, as if it brushed against the petal of a flower, and thrilled at the contact. She is a woman always, but she is a woman almost in the abstract. When one is in the same room with her she has no sense of the human nearness of body to body.

Now, after seeing her in her room, let us see her on the stage; as, for instance, in that scene of *La Dame aux Camélias* when Armando's father pleads with Marguerite to give up her lover for the sake of her love. She sits there quietly beside the table, listening and saying nothing, thinking mournfully, debating with herself, conquering herself, making the great decision. The outline of her face is motionless, set hard, clenched into immobility; but within that motionless outline every nerve seems awake,

expression after expression sweeps over it, each complete for its instant, each distinct, each like the finished expression of the sculptor, rather than the uncertain forms of life as they appear to us in passing. The art of Duse is to do over again, consciously, this sculpture of the soul upon the body.

There is nothing new to be said of *La Dame aux Camélias* nor of Sarah in the part of Marguerite. The hectic, pathetic play, not nearly so good as the novel on which it was founded, has its attraction, the attraction of a lesser *Manon Lescaut*, and one cannot think of it without thinking of Sarah. If she were to live to be eighty—and she is now seventy-five—I am sure she will act that play and still thrill me. Always in that part she is unsurpassable. Marguerite is the Parisian whom Sarah impersonates perfectly in that hysterical and yet deliberate manner which is made for such impressions. Duse has a way of being Mademoiselle de Lespinasse rather than Marguerite Gautier: a creature in whom ardour is as simple as breath, and devotion a part of ardour; and she gives us the obscure suffering of the soul.

When Duse was struggling with the clockwork incoherence of *Fédora*, I defined her play as a detective story with horrors. Sarah is always subtle, in such a play as this, in getting her own effects, the sharp, tragic effects at which she aims. The whole thing is put together with extreme ingenuity, like a puzzle read backwards, just in order that she may have her series of moods, her harmonies and her discords in their carefully-arranged progression. She did not take the trouble to make every detail as real as Duse made it; she seemed to hold herself in for her vehement outbursts; the vivid movements were wholly her own. At these moments she was the human animal, suffering through every fibre and crying out in some inarticulate rage and agony. Only, when Sarah acts in *Phèdre*, it is as if the play had been written yesterday or in the beginning of Time. She gives you the woman as if nothing but some raging animal were there, and she gives you the poetry as if there were nothing but Racine to think about. The whole thing remains to me a miracle of interpretation, of creation. Every word has the emphasis of great poetry, and every word was given as simply as if it had been in prose.

I was in Paris in 1892 when Goncourt's *Germinie Lacerteux* was revived at the Odéon. If Réjane ever surpassed herself, she did so in her personification of the sordid and miserable, devoted and worn-out, tortured and agonised servant, Germinie. Goncourt was never so cruel nor so ruthless nor so merciless as in this realistic tragedy, which drags one's whole spirit downward deeper

and deeper into the mud and mire of Paris. In Jupillon, the young and hideous bully, Goncourt has created over again a grasping scoundrel with more care and harshness, with more deliberate aversion, with infinitely more analytic subtlety, than ever Zola managed to invent. That Réjane has to hide that illness she suffers from, that drags her night by night deathward, from everyone is to have created an unimaginable tragedy in which the torn body and the diseased nerves are the disintegrating elements. To me, her climax of genius—mean, monstrous, but essentially Parisian—is where she crouches, huddled up on herself as any ruined woman might be, outside the door of the lighted pot-house inside which she knows that Jupillon is drinking hard—on her own money—and making despicable love to some obscene street-girl.

When I saw Olga Nethersole act in *Sapho*, I said to myself: "If one could see how far acting can go in the direction of genius without ever becoming great, here is your test." And the test, of course, was useless. Take the third act: Réjane, in this part, was wonderful from the first moment she entered the door to the last moment when she closed the door behind her. She was most wonderful, of course, in the moments of crisis, but she held one's interest all the time, when she was doing nothing, merely because she was there. In the very significant scene in the second act, when Sapho comes to Jean Gaussin's rooms with the intention of remaining, Réjane held me breathless. It was not the calculated seduction of a man by a designing woman (as in *Zaza*); it was a loving woman for whom it is life or death to be loved. To be merely "the girl from Maxim's" (I think of the famous Maxim's, in la rue Royal, in Paris, I have so recently seen) meant nothing. Always with Réjane I felt an actual physical sensation; the woman took me by the throat, almost literally, as if someone were appealing straight to me: I seemed to be guilty of her tears. With Réjane it was the feeling, the emotion, the passion, the sordid and pathetic and almost unendurable tragedy of that one act, in which she was so unsurpassable, that possessed me; that possessed me and shook me, as a storm at sea can shake one.

In *Sapho* Réjane is the every-day "Venus toute entière à sa proie attachée," and she has all the brutality and all the clinging warmth of the flesh; vice, if you will, but serious vice, vice plus passion. Certain actresses have tried to do by a careful method what only can be done, as Réjane does it, by a method plus something else. That something else is genius, perhaps; but if the word genius sounds a little vague, let me say it is vitality, sincerity, temperament. Sarah in her acting subordinates effects

to effect. I have heard her glide over really significant phrases which, taken by themselves, would seem to deserve more consideration, but which she has wisely subordinated to an overpowering effect of *ensemble*. She never forgets that art is not Nature, and that when one is speaking verse one is not talking prose. The pleasure of seeing her as Francesca or as Marguerite Gautier is always doubled by that other pleasure, never actually out of our mind, that she is also Sarah Bernhardt. One sometimes forgets that Réjane is acting at all; it is the real woman of the part, Sapho, or Zaza, or Zanetta, who lives before us. Also one sometimes forgets that Duse is acting, that she is even pretending to be Magda or Silvia: it is Duse herself who lives there, on the stage.

The reason why Duse is the greatest actress in the world is that she has a more subtle nature than any other actress, and that she expresses her nature more simply. In *Magda* we see a tired woman who has lived, who has loved, who has learnt, who thinks. All the time Duse is on the stage we see her thinking: not thinking her own thoughts, or expressing her own personality, but thinking the thoughts of the character she is representing, and expressing that imaginary personality as if it were her own. Her genius is to empty herself, as if by some occult process of transmutation, emerging with a new soul, which almost creates its own body. Not young, not beautiful, she has a face in which all the passions and all the reticences can become eloquent. In a part like *La Locandiera* she can smooth out all the lines of sadness and experience by an effort of her will, and be a smiling Venetian, to whom all life is a masquerade. But for the most part, in her tragic actions she obtains her distinction from the kind of melancholy wisdom which remains in her face when the passions have swept over it. All her acting comes from a great depth: it seems to be only half telling profound secrets.

No play has ever been profound enough, and simple enough, for this woman to say everything she has to say in it. When she has thrilled one, or made one weep, or filled one with wonder or pity, she is always holding back something else. It is that something else, divined underneath all she says, and all that she looks, which gives her incomparable power over her audience. Meanwhile, she can do at least everything which everyone else has done before. I have not seen Sarah act in *Magda*; Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the only English actress who can be named in the same breath with the great Frenchwoman and the greater Italian, plays *Magda* magnificently; but it is quite a different magic from Duse's, and I can no more compare them than I could compare two people of different race.

III.

Mimi Aguglia, the Sicilian actress—who had a sinister and cruel and animal genius lacking in the others who came from Paris to London, who gave us a kind of acting which is more primitively passionate than anything we are accustomed to on our moderate stage—has studied Duse for her tones, for some of her attitudes; her art is more nearly the art of Réjane. While both of these are great artists, she is an improviser, a creature of wild moods, of animal energies. She catches you in a fierce caress, like a tiger-cat. She gives you, as in *Malia*, the whole animal, snarling, striking, suffering all the pains of the flesh, the emotions of fear and hate, but for the most part no more. To see her after the Santuzza of Duse, in Verga's *Caratteria Rusticana*, is to realise the difference between this art of the animal and Duse's art of the soul. And if one thinks of Réjane's Sapho, the difference is hardly less, though of another kind. The Santuzza of Aguglia—unlike Duse's pathetic and tragic and strangely nervous creation—is a stinging thing that bites when it is stepped on—as if one were to step on a snake unawares and were to be poisoned by his sudden sting.

In *Malia* she gave me thrill after thrill; for all these sinful and sinning creatures of mere carnal desire can image, if they choose to, our naked and unashamed souls; and, in Aguglia, this new and living art of the body, which I see struggling in the rebellious clay of Rodin, concentrated itself violently in this woman who expresses all that the poets have ever said of the supreme witchcraft, animal desire, without passion, carnal, its own self-devouring agony.

It seemed to me then, and it still seems to me, that the play really existed for Aguglia, and was made by her—as she certainly made d'Annunzio's *Mila di Codra* inconceivably greater than she is in the drama; for, not only has she moments of absolute greatness, as in all the irrationality of utter fear she strains backward into those clutching hands that are holding her in the attitude of her death before her sinful body is given to be consumed by the eternal flames, but in the scene in the cave with Lazaro di Roio, which is the most ghastly and accurate rendering of the sense of fear that has, I am sure, been seen on any stage.

Réjane, certainly, has done greater things in her own way than Aguglia, and certainly in her own way she is a greater artist. But not even Réjane has given us the whole animal, in its self-martyrdom, as this woman has given it to us. Such knowledge and command of the body, so consummate an abandonment to its instinctive motions, has not been seen on our stage, not even

in Sada Yacco and the Japanese. They could outdo Sarah in a death scene, but not Aguglia in the scene in which she betrays her secret: it was the visible contest between desire and will.

"After all," I wrote in an essay on Sarah Bernhardt, "though Réjane skins emotions alive, and Duse serves them up to you on golden dishes, it is Sarah who prepares the supreme feast." Sarah's vitality was equal to Réjane's; it was differently expressed, that is all. With Réjane the vitality was direct: it was the appeal of Gavroche, the sharp, impudent urchin of the streets; Sarah's vitality is electrical, and shoots its currents through all manner of winding ways. Both acted with their nerves, but with a different kind of intelligence; and with certainly an absolute difference in their forms of expressing passion. Sarah's passion at its extreme is when she abandons herself, wholly, at times, to her *fureurs*, she tears the words with her teeth, and spits them out of her mouth, like a wild beast ravening upon prey; in *Phèdre*, where she is always wonderful and Jewish, she gives the sense of a passion which is abnormal, an insane thing, and that passion comes to us with all its force and all its perversity; but the words in which it is expressed are never extravagant. For, as Racine assures us, *Phèdre's* character "*est ce que j'ai peut-être mis de plus raisonnable sur le théâtre.*" The phrase seems to us odd, but every stage of the passion of *Phèdre* is logical and reasonable.

Réjane's way of expressing passion is not only the feminine equivalent of intellect; it "magnetises our poor vertebræ," in Verlaine's phrase, because it is sex and not instinct. It is unerring and it calculates. It has none of the vulgar warmth of mere passion: it leaves a little red sting where it has kissed. And this peculiar, often unnatural, form of her passion has often intoxicated one—for it appeals, at once, to so many sides of one's nature; it has thrilled me and made me admire, admire with a certain response of the blood. When Sarah's acting is like a passionate declaration, offered to someone unknown; when it seems as if the whole nervous force of the audience were sucked out of itself and flung back, intensified, upon itself; when she shows us her insatiable nervous fire, Réjane—at her highest points of genius—seems to literally hurl herself upon us; her instructed and sordid eyes—in which all the vices and all the passions have found a nest—speak, with an impudent insolence, their own language; while her whole face despairs, lies, exults. And I have known certain nights when both actresses have made me cruelly enjoy the cruelty of the thrills they inflict on the audience.

The ingredients—all the ingredients of the highly-spiced and

highly-flavoured dishes Réjane used to serve—may be named without defining them; all were Parisian, and that is only to say that these ingredients of her genius unite nervous force with a mastery of charm and a wicked ease. It was all sheer acting, with Réjane, together with a *canaille* attractiveness which suggested everything; which left nothing unsaid of what is most nakedly wicked in that truth of things, that truth of Nature to Nature itself, which resides in the creative imagination.

IV.

Meilhac's play, *Ma Cousine*, which owed most of its success, when it was produced at the Varieties, October 27th, 1890, to the acting of Réjane, is one of those essentially French plays which no ingenuity can ever accommodate to an English soil. It is the finer spirit of farce, it is meant to be taken as a kind of intellectual exercise: it is human geometry for the masses. There are moments when the people of the play are on the point of existing for themselves, and have to be brought back, put severely in their places, made to fit their squares of the pattern. The thing as a whole has no more resemblance to real life than Latin verses have to a schoolboy's conversation. Reality, what after all probably holds us in it, comes into it accidentally, in the form of detail, in little touches of character, little outbursts of temperament. The rest is done after a plan, it is an entanglement by rule; it exists because people have agreed to think that they like suspense; the tantalisation of curiosity on the stage. We see the knot tied by the conjurer; we want to know what he will do with it. In France, and in such a piece as *Ma Cousine*, the conjurer is master of his trade; he gives us our illusions and our enlightenment in exactly the right doses.

And Réjane, in this wittily artificial play, suits herself perfectly to her subject, becomes everything there is in the character of Riquette; an actress who plays a comedy in real life, quite in the spirit of the stage. She has to save the situation from being taken too seriously, from becoming tragic; she has to take the audience into her confidence, to assure them that it is all a joke. And so we see her constantly overdoing her part, fooling openly. She does two things at once: the artificial comedy, which is uppermost in the play, and the character part, which is implicit in it. And she is perfect in both. The famous *Chahut*, which went electrically through Paris when it was first given in all its audacity, shows us one side of her art. The delicate by-play with eyes and voice, or rather with the voice and the overhanging eyelid of the right eye, shows us another. She is always

the cleverest person on the stage. Her face in repose seems waiting for every expression to quicken its own form of life. When the face is in movement one looks chiefly at the mouth, the thick, heavily-painted lips, which twist upward, and wrinkle into all kinds of earthly subtleties. Her face is full of an experienced, sullen, chuckling *gaminerie*, which seems, after all, to be holding back something: it has a curious, vulgar undertone, a succulent and grossly joyous gurgle. Here, in *Ma Cousine*, she abandons herself to all the frank and shady humours of the thing with the absolute abandonment of the artist. It is like a picture by Forain, made of the same material with the same cynicism and with the same mastery of line.

Ma Cousine, on seeing it a second time, is frankly and not too obviously amusing, a piece in which everybody plays at something, in which Réjane plays at being an actress who has a part to act in real life. "Elle est impayable, cette Riquette!" And it is with an intensely conscious abandonment of herself that she renders this good-hearted Cabotine, so worldly-wise, so full of all the physical virtues, turned Bohemian. She has, in this part, certain guttural and nasal laughs, certain queer cries and shouts, which are, after all, a part of her *métier*; she runs through her whole gamut of shrugs and winks and nods. There is, of course, over again, the famous *Chahut*, in which she summarises the whole art of the Moulin-Rouge; there is her long scene of pantomime, in which every gesture is at once vulgar and distinguished, vulgarly rendered with distinction. There are other audacities all done with equal discretion. I am not sure that Réjane is not at her best in this play: she has certainly never been more herself in what one fancies to be herself. There is all her ravishing *gaminerie*, her witty intelligence, her dash, her piquancy, her impudence, her mastery. I find that her high spirits, in this play, affect me like pathos: they turn to a kind of emotion. I compared her art with the art of Forain; I said that here was a picture, made out of the same material, with the same cynicism, the same mastery of line. She suggested, in her costume of the second act, a Beardsley picture; there was the same kind of tragic grotesque, in which a kind of ugliness became a kind of beauty. The whole performance was of the best Parisian kind, with genius in one, admirably disciplined talent in all.

Paul Hervieu's *La Course du Flambeau*, which was given by Réjane at the Vaudeville, April 17th, 1901, is first of all a sentimental thesis. It begins with an argument as to the duty of mother to child and of child to mother. A character who apparently represents the author's views declares life is a sort of

"Lampadephoria," or "La Course du Flambeau," in which it is the chief concern of each generation to hand on the torch of life to the next generation. Sabine protests that the duty is equal, and offers herself as an example. "I," she says, "stand between mother and daughter; I love them as myself; I could sacrifice myself equally for either." Maravan replies: "You do not know yourself. You do not know how good a mother you are, and I hope you will never know how bad a daughter." The rest of the play is ingeniously constructed to show, point by point, gradation by gradation, the devotion of Sabine to her daughter, and the readiness with which she will sacrifice, not only herself, but her mother. The only answer to the author's solution is to reinstate the problem in terms of precisely contrary facts; we have another solution, which may be made in terms no less inevitable. The play itself proves nothing, and it seems to me that the writer's persistence in arguing the point in action has given a somewhat needless and unnatural air of melodrama to his piece. It is a melodrama with an idea, a clue, but it is none the less a melodrama, because the idea and the clue are alike so arbitrary. One is never left quietly alone with Nature; the showman's hand is always visible, around the corner of the curtain, pulling the strings. Whenever one sees a human argument struggling to find its way through the formal rhetoric of the speaker, it is the French equivalent of sentiment. The piece is really the comedy of a broken heart, and what Réjane has to do is to represent all the stages of the slow process of heartbreak. She does it as only a great artist could do; but she allows us to see that she is acting. She does it consciously, deliberately, with method. She has forced herself to become *bourgeois*; she takes upon herself the *bourgeois* face and appearance, and also the *bourgeois* soul. The wit and bewildering vulgarity have gone out of her, and a middle-class dignity has taken their place. She shows us the stage picture of a mother marvellously: that is to say, she interprets the play according to the author's intentions; when she is most effective as an actress she is not content with the simplicity of Nature, as in the tirade in the third act. She brings out the melodramatic points with the finest skill; but the melodrama itself is a wilful divergency from Nature; and she has few chances to be her finest self. She proves the soundness of her art as an actress by the ability to play such a part finely, seriously, effectively. Her own temperament counts for nothing; it is not even a hindrance: it is all the skill of a *métier*, the mastery of her art.

In 1893 Réjane created, at the Vaudeville, the woman whose part she had to act, in *Madame Sans-Gêne*. For some reason unknown to me, Réjane is best known in England by her per-

formances in this thoroughly poor play, which shows us Sardou working mechanically, and for character effects of a superficial kind. There are none of the ideas, none of the touches of Nature of *La Parisienne*; none of the comic vitality of *Ma Cousine*; none of the emotional quality of *Sapho*. It is full of piquancies for acting, and Réjane makes the most of them. Her acting is admirable, from beginning to end; it has her distinguished vulgarity; her gross charm; she is everything that Sardou meant, and something more. But all that Sardou meant was not a very interesting thing, and Réjane cannot make it what it is not. She brightens her part, she does not make a different thing of it. There were moments when it seemed to me as if she played it with a certain fatigue. The thing is so artificial in itself, and yet pretends to be nature; it is so palpably ingenious, so frank an appeal to the stage! It has about it an absurd air of honest simplicity, a pretence of being *bourgeois* in some worthy sense. Réjane plays her game with the thing, shows her impeccable cleverness, makes point after point, carries the audience with her. But I find nowhere in it what seem to me her finest qualities, at most no more than a suggestion of them. It is a picture painted so sweepingly that every subtlety would be out of place in it. She plays it sweepingly, with heavy contrasts, an undisguised exaggeration; one eye is always on the audience. That is no doubt the way the piece should be played; but I must complain of Sardou while I justify Réjane.

La Parisienne of Henri Becque, like most of his plays, has never lost its interest, like the topical plays of that period. It is a hard, ironical piece of realism, founded on a keen observation of life and on certain definite ideas. It is called a comedy, but there is no straightforward fun in it, as in *Ma Cousine*, for instance; it has all that transposed sadness which we call irony. It shows us rather a mean grey world, rather contemptuously; and it leaves us with a bitter taste in the mouth. That is, if one takes it seriously. Part of the actor's art in such a piece is to prevent one from taking it too seriously. Throughout Réjane is the faultless artist, and her acting is so much of a piece that it is difficult to praise it in detail. A real woman lives before one, seems to be overseen on the stage at certain moments of her daily existence. We see her life going on, not, as with Duse, a profound inner life, but the life of the character, a vivid, worldly life, hard, selfish, calculating, deceiving naturally, naturally wary, the woman of the world, the Parisian. Compare Clotilde with *Sapho* and you will see two opposite types rendered with an equal skill: the woman in love, to whom nothing else matters, and the woman with lovers, the (what shall I say?)

business woman of the Emotions. There is a moment near the beginning where Lafont asks Clotilde if she has been to see her milliner or her dressmaker, and she answers sarcastically: "Both!" Her face, as she submits to the question, has an absurd stare, a stare of profound dissimulation, with something of a cat who waits. Her whole character, her whole plan of campaign are in that moment; they but show themselves more pointedly, later on, when her nerves get the better of her through all the manifestations of her impatience, up to the return into herself at the end of the second act, when she stands motionless and speechless, while her lover entreats her, upbraids her, finally insults her. Her face, her whole body, endures, wearied into a desperate languor, seething with suppressed rage and exasperation; at last her whole body droops on itself, as if it can no longer stand upright. Throughout she speaks with that somewhat discontented grumbling tone which she can make so expressive: she empties her speech with little side shrugs of one shoulder, her sinister right eye speaks a whole subtle language of its own. The only moments throughout the play when I found anything to criticise are the few moments of pathos, when she becomes Sarah at second-hand.

After *La Parisienne* came *Lolotte*, a one-act play of Meilhac and Halévy. It is amusing, and it gives Réjane the opportunity of showing us little samples of nearly all her talents. She is both *canaille* and *bonne fille*; above all, she is triumphantly, defiantly clever. Again I was reminded of a Forain drawing: for here is an art which does everything that it is possible to do with a given material, and what more can one demand of an artist?

A greater contrast could hardly be imagined than that between these two plays and Brioux's sombre argument in the drama *La Robe Rouge*. Unlike *Les Atarés*, where the argument swamps the drama, *La Robe Rouge* is at once a good argument and a good play. There are, perhaps, too many points at issue, and the story is, perhaps, too much broken into sections, but the whole thing takes hold of one, and, acted as it is acted by Réjane and her company, it seems to lift one out of the theatre into some actual place where people are talking and doing good or evil and suffering and coming into conflict with great impersonal forces; where, in fact, they are living. Without ever becoming literature, it comes, at times, almost nearer to everyday reality than literature can permit itself to come. There is not a good sentence in the play, or a sentence that does not tell. It is the subject and the hard, unilluminated handling of the subject that makes the play, and it is a model of that form

of drama which deals sternly with actual things. It gives a great actress, who is concerned mainly with being true to Nature, an incomparable opportunity, and it gives opportunities to every member of a good company. The second act tortures one precisely as such a scene in court would torture one. Its art is the distressingly, overwhelmingly real.

La Robe Rouge is a play so full of solid and serious qualities that it is not a little difficult not to exaggerate its merits or to praise it for merits it does not possess. The play deals with vital questions, and it does not deal with them, as Brieux is apt to do, in a merely argumentative way. It is not only that abstract question: What is justice?—may the law not be capable of injustice?—but the question of conscience in the lawyer, the judge, the administration of what goes by the name of justice. It is tragedy within tragedy, and the peasant woman Yanetta, who loses her husband, children, more than life itself, through the blind working of the law, is not the only victim. All these people of the play are seen as if caught in some bit of machinery, which goes on indifferently, taking a bit of the soul of one and a bit of the happiness of another and the life of another. But how admirably the whole thing acts, and how admirably it was acted! There was not only Réjane, but there was Gaston Dubosc, whom I have never admired so much. But Réjane? Well, after seeing this play, I realise what I have often wondered, that Réjane is a great tragic actress, and that she can be tragic without being grotesque. She never had a part in which she was so simple and so great. When I read the play I found many passages of mere rhetoric in the part of Yanetta: by her way of saying them Réjane turned them into simple natural feeling. I can imagine Sarah saying some of these passages and making them marvellously effective. When Réjane says them they go through you like a knife. After seeing *La Robe Rouge*, I am not sure that of the three great living actresses—Duse, Sarah, and Réjane—Réjane is not, as a sheer actress, the greatest of the three.

Réjane has all the instincts, as I have said, of the human animal, of the animal woman, whom man will never quite civilise. Réjane, in *Sapho* or in *Zaza*, for instance, is woman naked and shameless, loving and suffering with all her nerves and muscles, a gross, pitiable, horribly human thing, whose direct appeal seizes you by the throat. In *Sapho* or *Zaza* she speaks the language of the senses, no more; and her acting reminds you of all that you may possibly have forgotten of how the senses speak when they speak through an ignorant woman in love. It is like an accusing confirmation of some of one's guesses at truth,

before the realities of the flesh and of the affections of the flesh. Scepticism is no longer possible : the thing is before you, abominably real, a disquieting and irrefutable thing, which speaks with its own voice, as it has never spoken on the stage through any other actress.

In *Zaza*, a play made for Réjane by two playwrights who had set themselves humbly to a task, the task of fitting her with a part, she is seen doing *Sapho* over again, with a difference. *Zaza* is a vulgar woman, a woman without instruction or experience ; she has not known poets and been the model of a great sculptor ; she comes straight from the boards of a café-concert to the kept woman's house in the country. She has caught her lover vulgarly, to win a bet ; and, to the end, you realise that she is—well, a woman who would do that. She has no depth of passion, none of *Sapho*'s roots in the earth ; she has a *béguin* for *Dufresne*, she will drop everything else for it, such as it is, and she is capable of good, hearty suffering. Réjane gives her to us as she is, in all her commonness. The picture is full of humour ; it is, as I so often feel with Réjane, a *Forain*. Like *Forain*, she uses her material without ever being absorbed by it, without relaxing her impersonal artistic energy. In being *Zaza*, she is so far from being herself (what is the self of a great actress?) that she has invented a new way of walking, as well as new tones and grimaces. There is not an effect in the play which she has not calculated ; only, she has calculated every effect so exactly that the calculation is not seen. When you watch *Jane Hading* you see her effects coming several seconds before they are there ; when they come, they come neatly, but with no surprise in them, and therefore with no conviction. There lies all the difference between the actress who is an actress equally by her temperament and by her brain and the actress who has only the brain (and, with *Jane Hading*, beauty) to rely on. Everything that Réjane can think of she can do : thought translates itself instantly into feeling, and the embodied impulse is before you. When Réjane is *Zaza*, she acts, and is the woman she acts ; and you have to think, before you remember how elaborate a science goes to the making of that thrill which you are almost cruelly enjoying.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

"THE SORROWFULL MAYDEN" AND "THE JOVIAL BATCHELLOR."

IF the bachelor was taxed in ancient Sparta, in Athens and in Rome for patriotic reasons, and, along with widowers, in England of 1695 for purposes of revenue, why should he cry out to-day (which to do him justice he has not been guilty of) when the country needs in equal degree his money and his offspring? It is true that under William the Third the minimum amount demanded from him was just one shilling, and the maximum was no more than £12 10s.; whereas now!!—seven times that sum does not represent the luxury tax which the average bachelor is called upon to pay. His silence explains his attitude, which is expressed in the defiant song of the doggerel poet of an earlier day:—

" Submissive I kneel—bare my neck to the axe—
Cry, Hail to the Parliament Batchelor tax!
Sweet Liberty, Hail!—there is nothing more worth
Than Freedom and Singleness, Frolic and Mirth! "

Yet, in spite of his braggadocio, he could hardly escape the reflection that perhaps he was purchasing his liberty at too high a price—recalling in his silent, loveless chamber, with larder ill-ordered and linen in disrepair, one of the truest of Mack's wife's many proverbs which she utters in *The Shepherd's Play* (c. 1425):—

" Full woful is the household
That wants a woman."

Such was the domestic view of the question, the view that would more profoundly influence the playgoer, the reader of broadsides, and the singer of ballads. There was romance for the more cultivated, men less likely to be moved in their own feelings and conduct towards the opposite sex by anything they read or by anything that was preached at them: they would take all representations of feminine perfection as just a poetic version of the grim facts of life.

It was therefore all very well, so far as propagandism was concerned, for the playhouse—which prentices as well as gentles so greatly affected—for dramatists and managers to pass before the vulgar eye a procession of exquisite female characters, in disposition immaculate, in manner winsome—captivating by their virtue and their nobility, and bewitching in their charm, models of loyalty, innocence, modesty, devotion, obedience, patriotism—

"replete with" all the graces. Wherever we look we find them, doing infinite honour to their sex and to their creators' chivalrous invention. They sweeten not a few of the early morality-plays, and grace our comedies from the outset.

Commanding as they did admiration and respect, they might well have been expected to contribute something towards the stemming of the flood of suspicion, if not silencing the mercenary enmity of the poison-tongued pamphleteer and unprincipled ballad-writer. With these ladies in our mind we may realise why the poet wrote: "Angels are painted fair to look like you"; for they set a standard hard enough even for angels to live up to.

Perhaps the public was still suffering from a surfeit of good women, the puppets of moral propaganda as set forth in the great series of mysteries, moralities, "enterludes," and the like, or from an indigestion of the exaggerated chivalry, with its artificial sense of honour, soon to be laughed out of Europe. The poet had raised women to the skies; the playwrights were now rolling her in the mud. The pendulum had not only swung back to reality, but had passed very far beyond it. While Puritanism, as widely preached and caricatured, may have injured the "subordinate sex" in men's estimation—condemning it for levity, or praising it for dull, drab virtue at the best—the lovely spectacle of these "wonders among women" (the dramatists' favourite phrase of admiration) seems to have been robbed of nearly all its effect by the counter-display—the pitiless illustration of all the viler passions in a series of pictures not less vile of worthless womanhood.

Here, in the estimation of playgoer and reader, was something like! Here were refreshing thrills—here were opportunities for revelling in actual stories of feminine hypocrisy and indelicacy, of vice and sin, of every kind and degree of meanness, profligacy, and crime. What chance had the tender flowers of sweetness and beauty and perfumed delicacy against the rank and poisonous undergrowth?

So men listened to Shakespeare's plays with their warnings against matrimony uttered by the mouths of his characters—how marriage is a world-without-end bargain, as likely as not to be loveless, mercenary, cold, insensate, and, worst of all, hateful in unfaithfulness, and tragic too, especially when "inforst," as marriages in their day so frequently were. They learnt that "of women there is one good in ten" (*All's Well*), that she is "capricious" (*As You Like It*), "frail" (*Hamlet*), "inconstant" (*Cymbeline*), "treacherous" (*Winter's Tale*), and from the poems that they are "fickle" (*Sonnet XX.*), and irresponsible (*Lucrece*), and innumerable other defects besides [I take but a few and of

the least offensive at random], which, in the aggregate, are so terrific that, as the Clown in *Antony and Cleopatra* declares, as common knowledge, "the Devil himself will not eat a woman."

Thus the ordinary mind came to relegate woman to a lower order of creation: the rule was persistent and almost Chinese in its absoluteness as to her intellect as well as to her conduct. The point seems amusingly illustrated, in an unimportant aspect it is true, by two books, the titles of which, strangely contrasted, I lately met in the catalogue of an antiquarian bookseller: (1) "The Whole Duty of Man . . . with Private Devotions . . ."; (2) "The Whole Duty of Woman . . . with the whole Art of Love, also choice Receipts in Physick, Cookery, Beautifying . . . Written by a Lady."

Even when efforts were made to level up the sexes in public esteem, the champions of women only half knew their business, as when Samuel Torshell set about his advocacy in 1650 in his book, "*The Womans Glorie: a Treatise, first, asserting the due Honour of the sexe.*" The title-page thus begins pretty well, but the author proceeds: "By manifesting that Women are capable of the highest improvements," doubtless expecting curtsies from his *protégées*; moreover, after enumerating feminine virtues, he artfully urges as indispensable to the consummation of her Glorie, "inward beauty; modesty in carriage, language, and attire; humility; and SILENCE." This was soon followed by a "backslap" at the mannish¹ girl of just three centuries ago—(how does Time revenge himself!)—curiously entitled "*Hic Mulier: or the Man-Woman: Being a Medecine to cure the Coltish disease of the staggers in the Masculine-Feminine of our Times. Exprest in a brief Declaration. Mistres, will you be trim'd or truss'd. 1620.*" Yet it must be admitted that the book, which promises so well, addresses itself fantastically and yet with power mainly to the absurdities of fashion in dress and manners, as being "the disgrace of the whole sex . . . amazing men's minds by their strange proportions," even to their hair, wickedly short-cut or unconscionably bobbed! Yet it is clear that *Hic Mulier* rankled, and rankled long, for after eighteen years' devoted deliberation an antagonist put forth in reply: "*Hacc Homo, wherein the excellency of the Creation of Woman is described by way of an Essaie*"—an amiable attempt to justify the Almighty in His

(1) Shakespeare hated the "mannish" girl, and more than once used the adjective with point; an example is in *Troilus and Cressida* (III. iii., 16020/3 where Patroclus is taunting Achilles in order to spur the hero to activity:

"A woman impudent and mannish growne
Is not more loath'd than effeminate man
In time of action."

scheme of Nature, and so make the plan of the universe pleasant for all parties, Creator and created.

But what was the effect on the bachelor of Shakespeare's other testimony, *en contre-partie*, of Woman—proclaiming her kindness (*Taming of the Shrew*); her constancy (*Troilus and Cressida*); her charm (*Antony and Cleopatra*); her graces (*Much Ado*); her beauty, virtue, and self-control (3 *Henry VI.*); her greater freedom than fickleness compared with man, and her sublime gift of love (*Twelfth Night*), and so on, throughout his plays and poems? Not very much, it is to be feared. The pathetic picture of judicial-minded Mariana pleading for her repentant husband, the ex-scoundrel Lord Angelo, on the ground that "the best men are moulded out of faults," could have made but little impression upon him, and he only laughed at the wish of Mistress Page—outraged by Falstaff's impudent advances—to see "a bill in Parliament for the putting down of men." What probably was more appreciated was the utter denunciation of the married state by the Clown in *Twelfth Night* (I, v) when he laid it down that "many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage," or, as Winstanley puts it in "Poor Robin" (1678), "he that is tyed in a matrimonial noose to a scold, had as good be tyed up from his meat at the three-corner'd Tenement betwixt London and Paddington"—by which is indicated Tyburn, a few yards from where the Marble Arch now stands. It was the perennial joke, even more certain then than to-day to raise a laugh. "I beshrew thee" [*i.e.* curse thee], says Wil to Simplicitie in *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London* (1590), and receives the innocent reply: "Why? I am beshrewed already, for I am married." Again, when Wit, rejecting an offer of employment with the words, "I have a maister already," is told "So have I too, but she learnes me little wit: my wife I mean"; and grave old Nemo (being "Nobody") makes the equivocal claim: "I can keep women both quiet and content"—a thing, of course, which Nobody can do with ease. In the same play Dissimulation confesses that he can take on "three sundry shapes: one of a Frier, and they can dissemble; another like a woman, and they doo little else; the third as a saint and deuill and so is a woman."

These malignant attacks, interesting enough in their way as an historical picture of manners, are rather sickening as we become sated with them, especially if considered independently of the times in which the satirists and "comic poets" lived and wrote. It was the significant custom of the bigger men to put their verbal assaults into the mouths of their more contemptible characters—as when Chapman let *Monsieur d'Olive* (1606) vent his spleen in characteristic phrases such as this. He is drawing

his picture of married life: "I, careful to please my wife—she, careless to displease me; shrewish, if she be honest; intolerable, if she be wise; imperious as an empress; all she does must be law, all she says gospel: oh, what a penance 'tis to endure her! I am glad to forbear still, all to keep her loyal, and yet perhaps, when all's done, my heir shall be my horse-keeper. . . . Take this of me, there's ten times more deceit in women than in horse-flesh." The retort brings satisfaction to the reader: M. d'Olive is set down by one of his "friends" "a most accomplished ass—the mongrel of a gull and a villain" who remains a bachelor—as his father did before him.

It is the savagery of the onslaughts on women which to us of to-day appear so inexplicable. For example, there is nothing very unusual in the violence of the invective used by Planet—in *Jack Drums Entertainment* (1602), a character believed by some to be intended for Shakespeare himself—when he seeks to bring back the flighty jilt Camelia to her true love, his friend Brabant. How does Planet—generous, manly, blunt, and virtuous—temper his gentle persuasion to the needs of the case? Perhaps he is moved by finding that the light-o'-love virgin has fallen in love with himself; yet he finds it proper to remonstrate thus:—

"I hate thy flatterings,
Detest thy purest elegance of speech,
Worse than I do the Croaking of a Toade.
. . . Hence packe, away.
Ha, ha! I pree thee kneele, beg, blubber, Cry,
Whilst I behold thee with a loathing eye:
And laugh to see thee weepe. . . . [*She sings to him.*] . . .
Out Syren, peace scritch-owle, hence chattering Pye—
Go sing M. John [*another of her jilted lovers*]. I shall be blunt
If thou depart not; hence, go mourne and die."

She goes—perhaps in order to escape his threat of becoming "blunt." Yet this, according to the dramatist, is how an Elizabethan gentleman permits himself to expostulate with a lady—though she be but a capricious, frivolous girl—before he arrives at the stage of bluntness. Still, it prepares us for her punishment—for not one of the three will have her when she pleads to them in turn: whereat her father, good Sir Edward Fortune, justly remarks (as a warning to others): "This is the plague of light inconstancie"; and then skilfully turns the conversation.

The very titles of stage-pieces specially favoured and "played with good applause" to appreciative audiences were enough to frighten the weak-kneed youth of the period farther back into his shell of celibacy. *Woman*, according to one of them, is *hard to please* (1597). So, as we have seen, said M. d'Olive; and

so echoed Acutus in *Everie Woman in her Humour* (1609) in his complaint that she is *difficile* :—

"Wants she but ritche attire or costly dyet.
Yet these are *weaker vessels*! Heauen doth knowe
Lay on them aught but ease—you do them wrong!"

and then "her tung is more venome than a Serpents sting." Then *Woman will have her Will* (1601). *Woman's a Weather-cock* (1612), *Woman's too hard for him* (1621)—and no wonder, if there is truth in Madame de Girardin's aphorism that "the man of greatest wisdom is a simple soul compared with the simplest woman of no wisdom at all." *Women beware Women* (c. 1630), which ignores the verity of the French discovery that the prime cause of woman disliking woman and destroying her is—man. *A Woman never Vext* (1632) sets forth as a miracle, which must specially have delighted the audience, for that was a fossil of humour derived from the Stone Age. It may be supposed that the classic example is to be found in the amusing Enterlude of *The Four P.P.* (c. 1540), wherein the satirist, John Heywood, lets himself go in his banter of the sex. He gives us a contest in outrageous mendacity between three of the P.'s—the Palmer, the Pardoner, and the Poticary; with the fourth P—the Pedlar—acting as judge: for sixteenth-century pedlars were traditionally gifted with quick wit and cunning and with rattling tongues. Autolycus is the type. He awards the prize to the Palmer for his declaration that, having seen and known half a million women all over the world—

"Yet in all places where I have been,
Of all women that I have seen,
I never saw nor knew, in my conscience,
Any one woman out of patience."

His listeners gasp; and the arbitrator, proclaiming the tale incredible, lays it down in the course of his judgment that two women out of every three are shrews, unless "ye hap to find them shrews all."

Then came *Woman Turn'd Bully* (1675), dealing with an ever-popular view of the nuptial state, even as, before 1521, *Johan Johan the husbände, Tyb his Wyfe, and syr Jhān the preest* had done—showing how Tyb, the virago, who "wyll go a gaddyng very myche," takes delight in compelling her hungry husband to keep at futile work while she and her paramour the priest proceed to devour the pie between them. Says she, with a chuckle :—

"Now, by my troth, it is a pretty jape
For a wife to make her husband her ape!"

Indeed, the militancy of wives and the pusillanimity of husbands is a constant *motif* in the hands of the comic writer in all classes of popular literature. A noteworthy example is the early ballad (of 1589) of "The sorrowful Cudgelling of the Coblin of Colchester"—a poor wretch whose life is one long merciless chastigation with the broom-stick ("a hard penance of banging," as the poet calls it) at the hands of his violent spouse, "with her harts trill lill," and all for having once eaten, without her permission, of her apple-pie and rye-bread. Other play titles represent woman as "*fickle*," as "*vengeful*" (1635), and as "*false*" (1677)—as a human syren who delights in betraying trustful man—justifying the words of the mediæval proverb. *Fœmina ridendo, flendo, fallitque canendo* ("With tears she beguiles, With songs and with smiles"). And then comes Tragedy, with its female prodigies of iniquity culminating in Webster's *White Devil* (1612), to say nothing of witches or vampires—creatures all, human and devilish, happily described by the term used in the Interludes of *Calisto and Melebea* (c. 1530) and *Impatient Poverty* (1560) of "Miswomen." This was an old expression, even then: Chaucer had used it in the "Remedy of Love." Thus woman is not only the sinner, but the sin-maker, upon whose shoulders is cast the moral responsibility for the wickedness of the world. Even so, the monster-husband, Calverley, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy* (1608), recovered from his murderous fit, goes one better, and seeks to shift the burden of his crime and place it directly upon his Maker, exclaiming:—

"That heaven should say we must not sin,
And yet made women!" (sc. iv.)

Somewhat the same line was taken by James I. when in 1623 he caused to be engraved upon his pomander the sardonic inscription: "From Man came Woman—From Woman came Sin—From Sin came Death." The logical induction of it he ignored. Thus he who was the apple-eater "blames the woman still." It was time when, at last, to such as these, a woman-writer levelled the reproach: "Have you forgot your mothers?"

It is not easy to ascertain if there was any truth in Lady Macduff's boast to her ill-fated son that, as for husbands, "I can buy twenty at any market." If so, we know that they had become scarce by the time when the words were written down. To-day they are perhaps the only necessary commodity for which many women will always go a-shopping in the world in vain, for the major reason that the supply is unequal to the demand, and for the minor, that reflective young men, whose reason controls their passions, have a way of watching how couples get along.

Save for the stubbornness of non-marrying men, whose marble

hearts not even taxation can no more soften than crush, and whose patriotism stops short of sacrifice of personal inclination and self—the future seems bright enough for women. They now vote, as many of them did in England centuries ago. They ride astride, as, when not on the pillion, they were accustomed to do until the day when Anne of Bohemia, Richard the Second's admirable queen, set a period to the practice by introducing the side-saddle, somewhere about the year 1385. They may be as "dashing" as they please without attracting any particular notice,—which, of course, is not without its disadvantages. They smoke as unconcernedly in public, and as unnoticed, as women did at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when, like the men, they "drank" or "blew" or "took" tobacco—as they might choose to express it. It may be true that the first woman-devotee of the pipe was that Mary Frith, known to infamy as Moll Cut-purse. The practice must have spread quickly. In Ursula, the "pig-woman" in *Bartholomew Fayre*, Ben Jonson drew a creature accustomed to fly to her pipe for solace, without, however, ever ceasing from obscene and profane talk. In his earlier comedy, *The Case is Altered*—which was written in 1598, but was not printed till eleven years later—he again represents the pipe between female lips, but this time a cultivated lady's. Here Phoenixella reproaches Aurelia—both daughters of Count Farneze—with levity of speech, seeing that they were still in mourning for their mother, saying:—

" Sister, these words become not your attire
Nor your estate; our virtuous mother's death
Should print more deep effects of sorrow in us . . ."

to which the lively Aurelia replies with the sneering retort:—

" Sister, i' faith, you take too much tobacco,
It makes you black within, as you are without"—

one of the chief arguments against smoking being the fancied blackening of the internal organs.

Women have occupied the pulpit, and dignitaries of the Church have applauded their presence there. They are now to be regularly ordained, not only in the Church, but (wonder of wonders!)—in America—in the Synagogue! They are even now planning a flank attack on the Bench, *via* the Bar. But, even so, when that time arrives, as arrive it will—with or without restrictions—not even this invasion on the preserves of man will have the novelty of a seat in Parliament. The possibility of it may have been laughingly hinted at in Betterton's *The Woman made a Justice*—but centuries before the question had been taken up in France and settled there. Thus the playwright is here again a valued historian for the ordinary reader. We have proof of it

in that delightfully witty and humorous morality-play, written in "well-fil'd" verse by Nicole de la Chesnaye, *La Condamnacion de Bancquet*, and printed in 1507, a couple of years before Henry the Eighth sat upon the throne. The law is there cited (*Decretis, causa quinta, questiona tercia*)—*In aliquibus mulier potest esse iudex*—with reference to the Act. Besides, Queen Mary had appointed Lady Berkly Justice of the Peace and Magistrate, and she sat on the Bench at assizes girt with a sword.

The claim of women, therefore, at least as to "certain matters," must be held to be vindicated; for the ordinary reader, the precedent in modern Law is more than four hundred years old.

An element in the whole question not less important is that of facilities for divorce, the outcry for which has lately rent the air, yet without effect. It may be claimed as an intensified echo of the stand made by women in Shakespeare's day, only then the gravamen of the protest was Incompatibility of temper. Delia Spurcock, for example (in *The London Prodigall*), is but a type of the determined sister-virgins who were ready with their superficial objections to matrimony. On the other hand, Julia (in *Patient Grissill*) protests not wholly for herself. Hers is a long and cleverly-reasoned argument against the indissolubility of the marriage tie. The advice she gives to Sir Owen ap Meredith (who is afflicted with a wife more shrewish than Petruchio's Kate ever promised to be, and yet not so wholly "curst" as to be irreconcilable) is much to the point, and shows her belief that the case is desperate. [I transcribe from the first known quarto, 1603] :—

"Your best Phisicke, Sir Owen, is to weare a veluet hand, leaden eares, and no tongue; you must not fight howsoever she quarrels, you must be deafe whensoeuer she brawles, and dumbe when your selfe should brabble: take this cawdle next your heart every morning, and if your wife be not patient, the next remedy that I know of is—to buy your windingsheete."

Then she addresses to the female audience the following counsel :—

"Amongst this company I trust there are some mayden batchelers, and virgin maydens" [wicked discrimination!], "those that live in freedome & love it, those that know the war of mariage and hate it, set their hands to my bill, which is rather to dye a mayde and leade Apes in hell than to live a wife and be continually in hell."

Can we not hear the groundlings applaud this echo of their sentiments?—almost drowning the Welsh Knight's reply—"Know you, discords mag good Musicke, and when lovers fall out is soon fall in: pray you all be married, for wedlocke increases peobles and cities." A pretty argument, truly, wherewith to encourage and convert the scared youth of England! Rather would they mutter the braggart Armado's farewell (in *Love's Labour's Lost*) as they troop out of the theatre, avoiding such "sorrowfull damsell's"

as had the hardihood to attend the play—"You that way, we this way."

The admirable Mistress Sullen's discourse, as she protests despair at her brutal husband's conduct, raises the discussion, one might almost say ennobles it, and endows *The Beaux' Stratagem* with some of its finest lines. "Law!" cries the injured girl to her sister-in-law, "can a jury sum up the endless aversions that are rooted in our souls, or can a bench give judgment on antipathies? . . . O sister! casual violation is a transient injury, and may possibly be repaired, but can radical hatreds be reconciled? No, no—Nature is the first lawgiver, and when she has set tempers opposite, not all the golden links of wedlock nor iron manacles of law can keep them fast"; and then, her soul bursting into rhyme:—

"Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heaven's decree,
Such as Heaven ordain'd it first to be;—
Concurring tempers in the man and wife
As mutual helps to draw the load of life.
Must man, the chiefest work of art divine,
Be doom'd in endless discord to repine?
No, we should injure Heaven by that surmise—
Omnipotence is just, were man but wise."

So spake Farquhar in 1707 from his heart, almost with his last breath; and audiences applauded and bachelors were confirmed in their determination. "Marriage is the poison deadly-nightshade," wrote a critic of the scene; but he forgot that one of the ingredients is *bella-donna*, an antidote, surely, not without its attraction. Farquhar may have taken for the text of his drama-sermon the book by "William Seymar, Esq." (whoever he was), which was published in 1673-4, under the title of *Conjugium Conjurium* [wedlock-discord], which attracted sufficient notice to call forth an immediate reply: "Marriage Asserted; in answer to a book written by a Country Gentleman"—a futile attempt to argue with an avalanche. Likely enough, no success was desired for it, for the agitation it professed to allay being of perennial public interest was not a topic "the Trade" would willingly suppress. Indeed, the publisher of it, Herringman, six years before had struck a new vein in the gold-mine that was the marriage question—the discovery of the value of jealousy when cleverly handled by the wife. The book, conceived in a Machiavellian spirit, was a translation from the French; it was "The Husband Forc'd to be Jealous, or the Good Fortune of those Women that have Jealous Husbands." It caught on, and in the following year the theme was developed in "A Treatise of Jealousie, or means to preserve Peace in Marriage," also an importation from France. It may be assumed to have carried little conviction, because in

the next year an attempt was made to administer a soothing draught to male readers in "The Honourable State of Matrimony made comfortable, or an antidote against discord betwixt Man and Wife: being special directions for the procuring of family peace." The prescription had need to be more drastic than that if it were to effect a cure and eliminate from the masculine mind the fixed opinions diligently implanted by the master-moralists for generations past. For example, in so early an Interlude as *Johan the Euangelyst* (of c. 1547 to 1558), the sport that villains indulged in among "other men's wives"—with the ready approval, apparently, of the ladies themselves—is recorded not once but four times. On the first occasion Eugenio tells Irisdision how sometimes he will "take men's wives." On the second, Actio boasts: "And with other men's wives That be of wanton lives Oft do I run away." On the third, Evil Counsel affirms, by way of recommending his own abilities and pressing his services upon Idleness, that in such matters he is a practised agent. And, on the fourth, Idleness declares that for his part he has no wife of his own, but "more than twenty-five of other men"; and all within eight pages! It takes more than a few controversial works to eradicate ideas hammered into the public by persistent affirmation by nomadic players and by the printing-press onwards from the days when religious morality-plays set the stigma of innate wrong-doing upon women, and masterpieces of literature gave assent. It must, of course, not be forgotten that in a great measure women were, perforce, inarticulate, seeing that they had in practice no access to the printing-press—then, and for many years afterwards. Yet the facts of the constant agitation, even when reduced to its true proportions, point to the very frequent misery of married life, through the natural laxity of female morals and through the defects of the female temper, too often provoked into iniquity by the injustice and gross ill-treatment which women suffered at the hands of men. If this be true, we may take it that the sweetness, virtue, and conduct of women have developed in exact ratio to the degree of liberty and justice accorded to them, either willingly or, latterly (let us confess it), under compulsion. It is equally certain that the charges were generally accepted as substantially true and as legitimate material for humorous or sarcastic literary use. A simple example is found in Medwall's Interlude, *Nature* (of 1538 at latest), where we find Envy declaring:—

" Now, he that would have war or strife,
I pray God send him a shrew'd wife,
And then he shall have enow."

One bad thing is pretty certain—a section of the youth of both

sexes once more do not quite hit it off as far as marriage is concerned.¹ We are told that mutual confidence has diminished, and that the damsel who insists on her independence looks no longer for her sheet-anchor to man's superiority, but rather to his banker's balance for her comfort. His ears have caught the echo of the French proverb, "Women to-day are too cultivated to love and too clever to be lovable." It is a distressing situation which bodes little good to either youth or country, even supposing that the movement—which the economic situation threatens to render more serious—involves but a small minority of the population.

Let the bachelor recall the fate of Cinna the poet at the hands of the angered mob—torn to pieces as, *primo*, a bachelor, and, *secundo*, a writer of bad verses. Let him beware. He despises the Chancellor and his annual fine, as he has been heard to declare, and says "it's worth it." Julia, it is true, has encouraged him with her warning: "Batchilers take heed, you are no sooner in that heauen [of wedlock] but you strait slip into hell."

But even Benedick the misogynist, the bachelor who loved no woman, for not half so good a reason and not half so glorious a cause, took Beatrice unto himself "for very pity," and was content to be set up, painted and framed, as "a sign of Blind Cupid." You bachelors of to-day need no such playful subterfuge. Touchstone's plain words to Audrey are addressed to all of you who are unduly enjoying the precious bliss of celibacy:—

"Is the single man therefore blessed? No. As a wall'd towne is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batcheller."

"Consider," says the acute Biron—to ignore women "is flat treason against the kingly state of youth." The Hellespont of Matrimony awaits the plunge of the too-too degenerate Leander of to-day. If he stands shivering on the brink the Chancellor, with his annual demand for four-score pounds and ten by way of pitiful compoundage, will know the reason why. That is a trumpery matter compared with the country's call. It is for Leander to awaken to his proper passion, and to be Heroic in a double sense. If then all be not well, he will at least have made his sacrifice on the altar of duty. There is the heroism of Peace as well as of War; and Conscientious Objection is a nuisance and a danger in both.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

1) An American lady novelist is reported to have said quite lately: "I have no use for marriage. What I want is romance—and marriage just knocks that on the head. I can't have a man always about the house, I must be free." There it is. Romance is too often the road to ruin. Yet there is a silver lining to the cloud in this case: the lady's race will die out, unless stability reasserts itself.

SOLOGUB.

SOLOGUB is a poet, a thinker, and a dreamer. His mentality is too subtle and profound to appeal to the general public, too picturesque to appeal to the philosopher. His appeal is therefore to those interjacent between these two categories. He is not of those who are content to record, to sit at a window, describe what happens and there leave it, as for instance, Chekov and the greater number of our English writers. He may see a Punch and Judy show, but he will not rest satisfied with saying and thinking that they are just Punch and Judy. He must know, Who moves them, What moves them? He questions and surmises, but not in terms of philosophy,—that is too dry a style for Sologub. He uses allegory, parable and fable to convert his thought into words. His tales are for the most part fantastic, imaginative, amid the ordinary surroundings of life. He invariably writes to illustrate a thought, and not merely for the joy of indulging in imagination. Unfortunately, though, as he does not write any explanation under his pictures many people may be left in doubt as to what he means thereby; consequently, the average reader, who does not want to think too much, and likes a plain story told him in a plain way, will omit to read Sologub. And the philosopher will pass him by, for, as he does not draw his conclusions from pictures, he prefers something more sober and less fantastic.

Sologub, therefore, is not for the multitude. He himself felt this, and did not care if he was or not. When asked to explain his writings, he answered that a man writes by inspiration, and that, if he does not in such mood make his thought clear, neither can he do so later when the mood has passed and the vision has faded. This is what all poet natures must feel, and to be asked to explain what they meant is to show a lack of appreciation of the nature of the dreamer and poet.

Great writers such as Sologub are wizards of the word, who give shape and form to what mere lower mortals feel but know not how to express. Our thought lies floundering in darkness; we try to help it to utterance, but when we listen to the sound we feel it lacks all that rich resonance we were seeking for, and we remain desperately dumb, convinced that words are but a poor exponent of thought.

These wizards, however, find words a medium to conjure with. As we pursue their thought, so well expressed, we gradually become aware that such an one has brought another stone to

lay on the great pyramid of thought whose apex will one day reach the skies.

Sologub began his literary career as a poet. His early poems show with what zest he pursued every wild hypothesis from peak to plain, but nowhere could he find an answer to the elusive Why and Wherefore of existence. "All life is a game," he writes, "without any aim." All life is a vain and aimless struggle. There is no sense in living. He wrote during this period a volume of poems entitled "Oppressive Dreams." He describes the futility of man's existence, due to the caprice of clumsy chance, as also the limitations of human endeavour, in a fable called "Three Spittles."

"Walked a man and spat three times. He passed on, they remained.

"Said one spittle: 'We are here, the man is not.'

"Said the second: 'He has gone.'

"Said the third: 'He only came to put us here. We are the aim of man's existence. He has gone and we remain.'"

Another fable:—"What of That?" is in the same tone.

"Two white candles were burning; also many lamps on the walls. One man was reading out of a book, others listened to him in silence.

"The lights flickered; the candles, too, were listening; they liked the reading. They felt moved thereby; wherefore, the lights trembled.

"The man finished reading. The lights were put out. Everyone left.

"What of that?

"One grey light was burning. A sempstress was sitting sewing. A child was sleeping and coughed in its sleep. It was draughty and the candles wept large white tears. The tears flowed and congealed. The dawn came. The sempstress with reddened eyes was still sewing. She put out the lights and continued to sew.

"What of that?

"Three yellow lights were burning. A man lay in a coffin; he was yellow and cold. Another man was reading out of a book. A woman was crying. The candles were dying of panic and pity. A crowd came in. There was singing, incensing. The coffin was carried away. The candles were put out. Everyone went away.

"What of that?"

Yet, although oppressed by the futility of existence, we have proof that he was not devoid of that inexpressible gift of a sense of humour by the following little fable, which again bears on the same subject, but which is too comic to be omitted. It is called "An Old Man and an Old Woman."

"There lived an old man and an old woman.

"The old man was five hundred years old, the old woman four hundred.

"The old man received a large pension and gave it to the old woman for expenses.

"The old man wore a waistcoat, the old woman dyed her hair with fixatura.

"The old man took snuff and steamed himself in a hot bath.

SOLOMON.

"The old woman ate sweetmeats and went to Russian opera."

"One day the old man went to the bath, steamed himself, steamed himself, over-steamed himself and died in the pan."

"The old woman went to the opera, encoored the singers, shouted, shouted, over-shouted and died in the gallery."

"They buried the old man and the old woman."

"Nothing to grieve about. There will be more old men, more old women."

In another story, called "Shadows," he likens life to a senseless flashing of shadows on the wall.

And thus, pursuing his strain of thought through his writing, we find him gradually passing on from the general shallowness of life to the particular, dependent on the human being, and writing his long novel, "The Little Demon," satirising the paltry *bourgeois* surroundings of the Peredonovs. But to get a clear and crystalline idea of his maturing thought, wherein he indulges in scorn for all the hypocritical conventionalities, we need only read his charming fable of "The Lily and the Cabbage":—

"In a flower garden grew a lily, white and red, beautiful and proud."

"Softly she said to the wind blowing near her:

"Be more careful, I am an imperial lily, and even Solomon the Wise was not so richly and beautifully clad as I."

"Not far distant, in the kitchen garden, grew the cabbage. She heard the lily's words, laughed and said:

"That old Solomon, in my opinion, was nothing but a *sans-culotte*. How were these ancients clad? They covered some sort of nudity with a dressing gown, and then imagined that they were arrayed in the latest fashion. Now I have taught people to dress. I can take that credit to myself. Round the naked cabbage stalk comes the first wrapping, the vest; over the vest the fastening; over the fastening the under-garment, over that the hasps, over the hasps the dress, over the dress hasps, over the hasps the clasp, over the clasp again the vest, the dress, hasps, vest, clasp, wrapping at the side, wrapping above, wrapping below, and the stalk nowhere to be seen. It is warm and decent."

He is now on his way to a new discovery—that of beauty. In his suddenly awakened enthusiasm at realisation of the existence of beauty, he longs to tear down all the rank growth choking this rare flower, and burns with indignation at the *bourgeois* methods of hiding naked beauty behind all the artificiality of modern life.

His great preoccupation until now had been to find an escape from the oppressive triviality of things. At one moment he had thought to find it in "blessed unreason." This did not satisfy him, and he passed on to seek it in the holy Jerusalem, in what he calls his *Oilé*:—

"Among the stars will I find my way to another land, to my *Oilé*."

But now, after all, beauty may be a justification for everything. It is the best dream he has yet dreamt. And soon he is transported with it. "Dream of beauty," he writes, "invest the

world with beauty and preserve your dream from the rude and damaging contact of earth." He pursues beauty passionately, finds it everywhere and in everything. He leaves the unanswerable and creates a new and beautiful world.

He thrills at the beauty of sadness. In his poems he speaks of dark and lonely ways with sorrow as his companion, the most desirable and beautiful. Does not the beauty of sadness exceed that of joy? The beauty of the rainbow is built through tears. In a brief poem he tells of a little boy who stuck his knife into the birch tree; like tears the sap spurted forth, but the soft green branches continued to smile as sweetly in the sun.

The wanderer has now rounded another dangerous corner, for he has seen that we must conquer sadness, and not let sadness conquer us. "Cease to grieve and weep," the little sisters tell the brother who allows his grief for his mother's death to overwhelm him. "We all loved our mother, but she would not have us weep for ever for her. Be gay, be happy, as all good people." For the sake of others, that is to say, abandon your grief. Sologub himself has felt the seduction of sorrow and grief. In Lilith he has embodied the grim cold charm of despair. The young man falls in love with her fatal beauty, and, thereby deprived of all energy, is doomed to die. The crimson-lipped Lilith fascinates him by her cold beauty. Her condition to those who abandon themselves to her love is that they give her a drop of their rich red blood. Her red lips shall suck their blood. Robbed of all power, all energy, are her lovers, and will-less they submit. To love her is to die. For the sake of one mad kiss will they also die who love the Gardener's daughter. She gives them a flower from her father's garden, and they must die. The allurements of the stillness and perfect peace of death, who will save us from it? The eternal silence of death. Who will break the spell of the moon-cold Lilith? She stands at the door. It is despair at the door. She comes, all in black; from her sweet icy presence emanates a perfume of tuberose. "My beloved! One more drop, the last, of your precious blood!" Nearer she draws, inevitably, like Fate, like Death. But the Divine Child, Who was born to redeem the world once for all from darkness and death by the light of His presence, expels her, and in her stead came Hope, and "joy sang and re-echoed in the soul of tired, tormented man." Never again shall the wicked enchantress, with her immeasurable cruelty and hunger, have power over mankind. Never! Power is given Evil to exercise for a certain time, but He conquers always who was born to justify Life and overcome Death.

This note of optimism is poles apart from the philosophy of

his contemporary, Shestov, who wrote a "philosophy of tragedy," revelled in despair, and spoke vituperously of all such comforting illusions as Hope, and likened the idealists to executioners. Schopenhauer did not welcome destruction of life and the annihilation of the world more whole-heartedly than did Shestov.

The acceptance of death forms the subject of a curious little story by Sologub. A young man, tired of life, advertises for death. He receives a reply from a lady, who says she is willing to play the part, and will meet him at the appointed rendezvous on the given date. The young man is all trepidation. What will his death look like? Will she be old, ugly, terrifying? Or will she be beautiful, attractive? She is young, sad, and charming. She plays her part to perfection, she shadows him silently, and at last she leaves him at the door of his own room, where he tries to shut himself in out of her pervading presence. Later she returns, enters unasked, and, after fondling him awhile, with a quick thrust of her poisoned stiletto she deprives him of life, and the next moment does the same to herself.

Sologub, as we see, seems for a moment to have been arrested by the idea of Death and Despair, but finally to have recognised the importance of the mental attitude towards Life and Happiness, and thus to have reacted against it. Happiness is attainable. At the same time, it lies not in outward things. We cannot make an earthly paradise by fencing in a place and making a beautiful garden, collect there all imaginable joys, and pervade it with such sweet air that we forgot all our troubles when within its precincts.

No, he says, I will not say that you do not smell of goat, nor your breath of onion, that you are sweet and fresh-smelling as the Saron lily, and your breath sweeter than the roses of Kashmir, and that you are Dulcinea and the most beautiful of women. But since "life's terrible choice" lies between Truth and Happiness, and we cannot have both, unlike Shestov, Nietzsche, and others, he will choose Happiness. Choose truth, and all happiness vanishes. Choose happiness, and truth has no part. Happiness is built of illusions—the more beautiful the better—but they are dreams, nothing but dreams, and truth is to each one of us what we make it.

The question of life, therefore, for Sologub resolves itself into, not What shall we live for? but How shall we get through life? His answer is, By dreams. His principal concern being to get through life, the nature of the dream was of secondary importance, and it nowhere appears to have occurred to him that by a belief in happiness we are led on to believe in a Hereafter.

So, seeing we are in this dreary world of three dimensions, we can manage to live through it by the creation of a fourth dimension, and thus, like Queen Mab, who sailed away in her nutshell skiff, chiselled by squirrels, and with its spider-spun sail, we, too, can fly beyond the bounds of uttermost bounds by the help of dreams.

And how shall we believe in our dreams? We must have faith, ideals, and a belief in miracles. To those who believe, miracles will happen. And he re-tells the parable of the ten Virgins.

There were ten Virgins sitting awaiting the Bridegroom. All was in readiness, the banquet laid, there were ten lamps burning, twilight was fast approaching. Outside was heard a noisy crowd of revellers, young men and women; they were drinking and singing, and the burden of their songs was ever: Let us enjoy while we may; we live but once; we are young but once, and life is throbbing in our veins. The Virgins spoke in subdued, happy tones: "Soon the Bridegroom will be here. Heard ye Him not? Is He not already at the door?" "Alas, there is no one; we heard not His footstep. By midnight He will surely be here." The foolish Virgins begin to grow impatient. "He will not come. He has forgotten us. Perhaps He is not coming. How foolish to wait. How those without are enjoying themselves. Let us join them." And they would not wait. "The Bridegroom will come and find us there. We will leave Him a note on the table." And five foolish Virgins, taking with them one wise one, picked up their lamps and joined the band of revellers. The four wise Virgins sat and waited, but the Bridegroom did not come. Their tears began to flow, their eyes grew heavy, they slept and dreamt the Bridegroom came to them, the lamps burnt low, the dawn slowly crept over the sky, the birds began to sing. And then the Virgins knew He would not come. Said the wisest of them: "My sisters, we will be going home, and we shall remember this night spent in waiting for the Bridegroom, and that He did not come. But the unwise would do likewise. To what good, then, our wisdom? Shall we not, in our wisdom, evoke a world of light by the courage of our will? The Bridegroom is not with us now. He did not come, for, being content with us, He left us." And the wise Virgins wiped their tears, ate and drank, and were glad. "The Bridegroom departed early. He was with us but a short time, nevertheless we rejoice in our hearts, though His stay was brief. He is ever our Beloved Bridegroom. He loves us. He has left us golden crowns on our heads." As they stood on the threshold with their arms entwined, waving farewell to the departing Bridegroom, their

eyes brimming with tears, pale of face, and smiling sadly, the six foolish Virgins passed by, having ended their revel; and they taunted the four wise ones. "Did the Bridegroom come? Was it a joyful banquet? Why are you now alone and the Bridegroom not with you?" "The Bridegroom has left," answered the others. "He has gone towards the sunrise." But the foolish believed them not. "You are ashamed to confess that He did not come. How can you prove to us that He has been with you? Show us his presents." "He gave us golden crowns," they answered. "He himself placed them on our heads. Can you not see the glitter of our crowns?" But the five foolish laughed, saw them not, and said:—"You have no crowns. You saw it happen in a dream. You would have done much better to have come with us and enjoyed the live-long night." And the five passed on their way. The sixth, however, fell on the ground at the feet of the wise Virgins, weeping bitterly:—"Happy wise Virgins! How enviable is your lot! The Bridegroom, Whom I saw not, banqueted with you. On your wise heads He placed crowns of gold; your hands are blessed by the touch of His, and your lips by the fragrance of His kisses. Would that I could die at your feet, on the steps by which the Bridegroom entered into your presence! Wretched, unhappy woman that I am." The four wise ones lifted their unhappy sister and spoke comforting words:—"Dear sister, you saw the crowns on our heads; the Bridegroom has given to you wisdom and sight. The crown, which was on the Bridegroom's head, He left to us, to give to her who turned from folly to wisdom. See, we place on your head a golden crown, and it shines with the brilliance of the rising sun. The Bridegroom Himself will come to you in due time." With tear-filled eyes and hearts welling with joy and sorrow, the five wise Virgins, each wearing their golden crown, went forth to tell the world of wisdom and hidden things.

He returns to the same idea in his rendering of the water turned to wine. Figuratively speaking, there is no need to taste that insipid, colourless liquid when by an act of our will we can convert it into a rich red juice. At this feast some of the guests were already drunk, and so fancied a miracle had been performed, and that water had become wine; others, less drunk, said it was wine mixed with water, while others said it was water and nothing else. But one young girl came up to Christ and asked if it was wine. He answered her:—"Drink with faith, and the young girl did as she was told. She believed and saw a miracle. Seeing her joy, many pitied her, but also envied her, for she had seen a great mystery and miracle. Heaven had opened for her, and God had spoken to her. Such is the force of illusion and

faith; and a miracle is as great a miracle seen by one person as that blinding many people.

Now a miracle does not necessarily imply a physical phenomenon; it may also be the gift of transmuting the dross of life into gold. And, there where people dull of sight will only see the misery, squalor, and cruelty of Life and Nature, those gifted with vision will see beyond, and will even help to illumine the way for others. Sologub, analysing the psychology of the human mind, came to the conclusion that man thirsts after miracles, has an insatiable hunger for them, but his faith is weak. This point he depicts in a fable called "The Hungry and Thirsty." The crusaders were marching on Damascus; they divided in order to attack it from all sides. Romuald of Touraine led six thousand into the desert to take it from the east. There was a cloudless sky, a burning sun, a sandy desert, his army had eaten all their provisions, and not a drop of water was there to be had. So great grew the discontent that with his rod he made bread of sand and caused water to flow from the rocks. His army, thus refreshed, eagerly begged him to lead them to Damascus, and to show them the way. Romuald confessed he did not know the way, but said his rod, maybe, would show the way and so saying, flung it from him. He, not believing in the miracle, sat down and wept. The young Bertram picked it up, and, followed by those who had eaten and drunk by their faith in miracles, marched onward and reached Damascus. Romuald and his disbelievers died in the desert, where jackals ate up their bodies, and the wind played over that mound of bones, rattling them one against another. By the conquering force of the Idea we attain to Immortality.

But, to complete our dreams, besides faith and miracles, there are ideals. Each has his own ideal, his cherished dream. We have been told that even the murderer has his "ideal," and that he will commit a murder for his "conscience" sake. There are few things more difficult than to keep our ideals free from the "damaging contact of earth." How easily they melt when brought near to the flame of reality Sologub alludes to in an allegory called "Snowflake." Playing in the garden one winter's morning, two children make a snow figure, and by the power of faith breathe life into her, and the three play together all the day long. At night, in spite of the children's protests, the father insists on bringing her into the house, saying she will be cold and cannot be left outside in the snow and frost. She is brought in and put near the stove, where she melts away. Little Snowflakes are our ideals which people with such kind intent destroy for us, or life does if they spare us.

There remains plenty more to be said about this talented author, but I have said enough for the present. He has no new message to convey; his writing is principally the self-communing of the poet-philosopher, but it is always instructive and inspiring to follow a deep thinker's progress from hopelessness to hope. He has, moreover, a vivid imagery, and describes with great art what he has seen in his voyage of discovery, which, I think, these many abstracts from his writings will show. As one reads him one has almost the impression of following the peregrinations of some medieval traveller.

He has written a great deal, but only a small number of his books have been translated, and of these not the most characteristic. No doubt, some day, we shall have all his work in English, and he will then rank among us with his compatriot, Tolstoi.

A. LISTER KAYE.

THE SMALL ENTENTE.

SELDOM has the birth of a new political combination been more unobtrusive than that of the so-called "Small Entente," and seldom, one may add, have the precise aims and scope of such a combination given rise to such multifarious comments and interpretations. Creeping silently into an otherwise engaged and distracted world with the deprecating coyness of the early primrose, the "Small Entente," despite the mock litotes of its name, has suddenly revealed itself as no negligible factor in European politics. The coming together of three such countries as Czecho-Slovakia, Yougo-Slavia and Roumania constitutes a Power which is not only strong numerically, but strong also in bayonets, and if, as would seem to be on the cards, Austria and Greece may also be drawn to some extent into the circle, then the possibilities of this combination are even more imposing.

It is significant of the reaction against Continental politics which has temporarily swept over our country that this phenomenon, which is now attracting considerable attention abroad, and nowhere more than in Germany, should have passed hitherto almost unnoticed by the British Press. British interests, no doubt, are not largely or immediately affected by the "Small Entente," but it is at least worth while to point out that in Germany at any rate this union of Powers which are all regarded as Ententeophile has been widely hailed as a distinct snub to the Entente, above all to France, and as being, if not directly friendly to Germany, in any case far from hostile to her. It is, of course, to be hoped that this Teutonic interpretation is incorrect, but nobody who, like the present writer, has lived in Central Europe continuously since the Armistice can deny that the methods of the Allies have unfortunately stirred up great discontent among our friends, and that in the present welter and chaos the natural anxiety of our former enemies to give us as much trouble as possible has been seconded by the intrigues of our friends to make, each for himself, as much as he can out of our family squabbles.

The most authoritative and concise account of the objects of the "Small Entente" is probably to be found in the exchange of toasts between Dr. Benes, the Czecho-Slovakian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and M. Vesnitch, the Yougo-Slav Prime Minister, on August 16th. Both statesmen, of course, paid the customary tributes to the cause of peace, but M. Vesnitch said notably that "they would tolerate no disposition to overturn the status estab-

lished by the Peace Treaties. Their two peoples would highly approve their alliance, and would greet it with confidence and enthusiasm," whereas Dr. Benes declared that "at the moment when in the East two Slav nations were in conflict it was their duty to draw more closely together in order to show Europe that two other Slav nations wished intimately to collaborate in the pacification of Europe and in establishing the foundations of an entirely new Europe, a Europe peaceable, just, and democratic. They desired to make their two peoples see that their close collaboration and alliance in the future signified for them labour for peace and internal consolidation on the one hand, and the affirmation of the sentiments of external authority on the other." It was not possible for the two Ministers at this date to make a specific reference to Roumania, but a few days later an official *communiqué* from the Czecho-Slovak Legation in London was published which spoke of these "three of the main successors of the defunct [Austro-Hungarian] Empire having concluded an agreement with the object of creating a peaceable centre around which the policy of the other States may be able to develop," and though there are still those, notably in France, who speak as though Roumania did not form an integral part of this combination, the odds are that if she is not the formal ally of Czecho-Slovakia and Yougo-Slavia she has come to close terms with them.

Concerning the economic aims of the "Small Entente," there is, for the moment, but little to say. This may be "above all," as has been claimed, a positive agreement to facilitate a return to normal economic conditions, to regularise the exchanges between these countries, and generally to promote the restoration of trade, commerce and industry throughout the States of Central and South-Eastern Europe. Any fair and comprehensive scheme which shall do away with the present conditions, based as they are upon prejudice and upon all the exploded fallacies of mediæval political economy, is certainly so much to the good. On paper, indeed, a start is already being made in this direction. Under a recently-signed convention, for example, Roumania has agreed to export petrol, grain and raw materials to Austria in exchange for machinery, manufactured articles and goods of all kinds, and the "Small Entente" generally has concluded a series of economic arrangements which are destined to enable Austria to extricate herself from her lamentable situation. Whether anything will result from these benevolent intentions is another matter. The unfortunate experiences of Austria during the last eighteen months suggest rather that she will be unwise to expect too much. Every agreement hitherto made by her has in its performance lagged far behind its promise. Moreover, the Vienna section of the

Reparations Commission under the energetic and capable presidency of Sir William Goode is notoriously working out a far-reaching scheme for the salvation of Austria, and one cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that the "Small Entente" has protested too much when it lays such obviously strong emphasis upon its economic aspects. The truth appears rather to be that the primary objects of the "Small Entente" are political and military.

Among these political and military aims the first and foremost is certainly the curbing of Hungary. Hungary has committed two offences in the eyes of her neighbours. In the first place she has been compelled to cede to Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Roumania and Yougo-Slavia tracts of territory inhabited to a greater or lesser degree by purely Magyar stock, which she naturally wishes to get back again; and, secondly, she has pronounced herself in favour of a restoration of the monarchy—possibly of the Habsburgs. Nations, like individuals, hate those whom they are conscious of having wronged, even though their own wrong-doing may have the specious justification of being nothing more than legitimate reprisals. Hungary has certainly committed many offences in the past, and the course that she is steering to-day shows that she has not yet finished cutting her political teeth. The more irresponsible elements of her naturally pugnacious people seem to take an insane delight in creating minor incidents between their country and her neighbours, or in pursuing a course of Jew-baiting, which, while it has never attained the proportions ascribed to the "White Terror" by gullible Labour delegates or intimidated Semitic profiteers, has nevertheless justified doubts as to the strength or sincerity of the Horthy régime. It is small wonder, then, if the neighbours of Hungary have become exasperated by such conduct, and their irritation and anxiety are increased by the knowledge that if left to fight single-handed against Hungary, each one of them, with the exception of Yougo-Slavia, would be routed with consummate ease. Hence, then, this combination, which with its overwhelming numerical superiority and with its armies equipped and drilled by the Entente, at last feels strong enough to threaten Hungary in no unequivocal terms.

The second ground of Hungarian offending is not so much her devotion to the monarchical principle as her alleged desire to have the Habsburgs back upon the throne of St. Stephen. There are, of course, a large number of Habsburg adherents in all the dominions of the old Dual Monarchy, and discontent with the appalling conditions which have prevailed since the close of the war has not diminished their spiritual strength. Scores of monarchist conspiracies are part of the daily pabulum of the Press

of these countries, and it was only the other day that a frankly monarchist newspaper made its appearance in Vienna, and that the activities of that versatile and volatile friend of the ex-Kaiser Karl, Prince Louis Windisch-Graetz, led to his being expelled from Austria. It is an undeniable fact that nowhere has the ex-Kaiser more fervid friends than in Hungary, but it is certainly a mistake to suppose that his return would be hailed with undiluted joy by all the population. There are, in fact, various currents of opinion about the monarchy. There are the real legitimists, such as Count Apponyi or Count Andrassy, who cannot conceive of another king than Karl; there are the semi-legitimists, so to speak, who want to catch Karl's son Otto while he is still young and bring him up as an exclusively Magyar sovereign; there are other Habsburg partisans who would like to have the Archduke Joseph or some other member of the family; there is a party for Admiral Horthy or some other Hungarian nobleman; there is a party in favour of a foreign prince, especially if he be British; and finally there is a party, which, if anything, is growing in numbers, in favour of a republic. It is, then, not absolutely certain that the Habsburgs will be recalled at all, and in any case there are many cool-headed men in Hungary, even among the ardent legitimists, who feel that for the time being it would be wiser, now that the adherence of the country to the monarchical principle has been formally established by Parliament, to defer the actual choice of a king until rather more settled times. These facts are, of course, perfectly well known to competent politicians and observers in Central Europe, though they may pretend for party or national purposes to think otherwise, and to declare that Hungary is on the point of putting a Habsburg on the throne and reconquering at the point of the sword her thousand-year-old territorial integrity. The manoeuvre, however, is certainly ingenious and has the advantage of containing a sufficient amount of truth to make this two-fold grievance against Hungary a common rallying-ground for each member of the "Small Entente."

But these two obvious and immediate grievances involve various collateral grievances which bring the "Small Entente," or are supposed to bring it, into collision, if not with the Entente as a whole, at least with France. It has long been known that France has favoured the establishment of a Danube Confederation. This plan is, of course, only the continuation to-day of her traditional policy of trying to weaken Germany by splitting up the German *bloc* into a number of smaller entities. With this aim she forbade the Austrian movement in favour of union with Germany

by special clauses in the Treaties of Versailles and Saint-Germain, and, in order to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, has looked favourably upon a union of Austria with a Bavaria forming part of a South German Confederation, or again upon an incorporation of Austria into a Danube Confederation. It is clear that this latter plan has now definitely failed. Dr. Benes was from the very outset strongly opposed to the idea of a Danube Confederation, which, in his eyes, was bound sooner or later to lead to the reconstitution of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy in some form or other, and he has recently declared explicitly that one of the objects of the "Small Entente" is to disprove the truth of the old saying that if Austria-Hungary did not exist it would be necessary to create her. In this view Dr. Benes has not stood alone. It is common knowledge that Italy was strenuously opposed to the French policy on the same grounds, and that MM. Allizé and Pontalis have found in Vienna firm opponents in Prince Borghese and the Marchese della Torretta. Belgrade in this matter sided for once with Rome, and articles appeared in some Serbian newspapers advocating the Austrian union with Germany, because thereby Yougo-Slavia would acquire a common frontier with that land with which an advantageous trade for the future is expected. Whether the danger of an Austro-Hungarian revival was really as imminent as Dr. Benes and his adherents affected to believe may perhaps be doubted. So far as Great Britain is concerned, the parrot-cry that we are thick-and-thin supporters of a reactionary Hungary is demonstrably false. If Admiral Sir E. Troubridge, Mr. Hobler and General Gorton have refused to admit that thousands upon thousands of Jews have been murdered under the largely imaginary "White Terror," it must not be forgotten that all the British correspondents in Budapest in August, 1919, unanimously condemned the *coup d'état* of the Archduke Joseph and M. Stephan Friedrich, and that it was largely due to the report of Colonel Wedgewood and other British Labour delegates that the ridiculous—though from the point of view of Constitutional Governments exceedingly dangerous—boycott against Hungary was established. It was, in fact, precisely because they have not received the expected measure of support from Great Britain that the Hungarians ultimately listened to the blandishments of France. Speaking in Prague at the beginning of last month (September), Dr. Benes declared that the "reports that the French Government had come to an agreement with the Magyar Government whereby the interests of neighbouring countries, and especially our own in territorial matters, were disturbed, are untrue." This is doubtless accurate, and, now that he has achieved his purpose, Dr. Benes can afford to be generous; but

one may be permitted to wonder how much credence Dr. Benes attached at one time to the universally-circulated reports that the Marquis de Saint Sauveur and other representatives of French high finance during their negotiations for the taking over of the Hungarian State railways had hinted at the possibility of the restoration of Pressburg and Kaschau and other tracts of Slovakia to Hungary as the price of compliance. One need not believe that the French diplomatic representative in Budapest ever put forward officially any such proposals, which would have torn Slovakia completely away from the Czechs and would have nullified one of the principal creations of Entente policy. One need not, again, believe that French official diplomacy is working for the restoration of the Habsburgs. In the opinion, indeed, of some people the return of the Habsburgs would defeat the very object ostensibly aimed at. No man, whether he be a Habsburg or not, would be allowed to assume or to wear long the crown of St. Stephen unless he were prepared to work for the restoration of Hungarian territorial integrity; and if it be natural to suppose that a Habsburg would go further and seek to regain all the lost possessions of his family, it may confidently be stated that Hungarian magnates such as Count Apponyi would never tolerate Budapest again being subjected to Vienna and would therefore even go so far as to prefer Austria becoming united with Germany. Many members of the various Entente missions and organisations which have been active in Vienna and Budapest since the war have certainly advocated some form of Danube Confederation, and equally certainly they have not consciously worked for the restoration of the Habsburgs, but have simply striven to break down the barriers of animosity, Chauvinism, *intransigence*, and petty jealousy which have hitherto nullified all, even the most disinterested, endeavours to bring back some measure of order, decent relations, and prosperity into countries which, after all, had formed for centuries a tolerably satisfactory economic unit.

It is far from the intention of the writer to attribute unworthy motives to Dr. Benes, but it is noteworthy that even those who have acclaimed most heartily the rise of the "Small Entente" have credited it with an "onlie begetter" with an altogether unworthy amount of ingratitude.

"Flectere si nequco Superos Acheronta movebo" is, in effect, stated to have been the feeling which prompted Dr. Benes. It is undeniable that the relations between Paris and Prague have for some time past lost much of their previous cordiality. Two years or so ago Czecho-Slovakia flung herself completely into the arms of the Entente, and, especially after the lamentable *débâcle* against the Hungarian Bolshevists, the fault for which was laid

exclusively at the door of Italy, more particularly into the arms of France. This, of course, suited exactly the French book, and General Pellé, ably backed up by an efficient staff, looked forward to creating in Czecho-Slovakia a powerful advance-post of France against Germany. But much water has flowed under the bridge since then. The decision in the Teschen dispute has taken from Czecho-Slovakia much land and even more confidence in the Entente. Prague to-day affects to believe that Poland, not Czecho-Slovakia, was always the pampered darling of Paris, and has been at no pains to disguise her indignation. In her disillusion and anger she turned to Yougo-Slavia and thus created that alliance which a Laibach newspaper recently described as having been established "by the emancipated States on their own initiative, without protection, and perhaps even against the will of the Entente."

If, then, we are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the "Small Entente" in its conception is animated by no very friendly feelings towards its prototype, we certainly need not take too seriously the malevolent statements of German correspondents that it is actively hostile to us. German correspondents are like those dramatic characters of whom Sheridan said that "when they do agree upon the stage their unanimity is wonderful," and one cannot help being struck by the similarity of the many articles which have appeared recently in most of the important newspapers. We have not, if we are to believe these accounts, a single friend left in any of the countries forming the "Small Entente," and, though Germany may not yet be actively beloved by them, she is no longer actively hated, and has ceased to be a subject of attack in the Press. And so on and so forth. As usual, these German accounts defeat their own object by tactless exaggeration and ill-concealed propaganda. Besides, many of these articles are fain to admit certain considerations which put a different complexion upon the situation considered as a whole. If the refusal of the Czecho-Slovaks, for example, to take any but an attitude of strict neutrality in the Russo-Polish war was really the first sign of Czech estrangement from France, the Czechs may well be pardoned for the suspicion that Hungarian troops, if once admitted into Slovakia, might not continue their journey any further, but, backed up by the undoubtedly large section of Magyar partisans, would simply occupy the country and show the same bland disinclination to retire that they are showing towards Austria in West Hungary. After all, as Dr. Benes and M. Vesnitch made a point of remarking, the two dominant parties to the agreement are both Slav nations, and therefore may be excused for not wanting to fight against Russia,

even though she is at present in the hands of Bolsheviks. To begin hostilities against Russia is a very different thing from being willing to fight a defensive war against her, and that the "Small Entente" would not shrink from that course in the last alternative appears certain from several indications, not the least of which is the understanding with Roumania with her natural preoccupations over Bessarabia and the Bukowina.

Again, the almost daily telegrams announcing the impending adherence of some new State to the "Small Entente" should be received with due caution. The most comprehensive theory yet published appeared in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* of August 31st, and suggested that the ἀρχή ὅθεν ἡ κίνησις was to be found in Vienna rather than in Prague. According to this theory, Dr. Renner was the originator of the "Small Entente" idea, and "not so much of this as of a far more wide-reaching idea, namely, the firm establishment of the European small States upon a basis of sharply-defined neutrality, for which—and this is the decisive point—Italy also shall be won over." But if the Hamburg lamb has been taught (presumably by Herr Hagenbeck) to lie down with the lion, this idyllic condition of affairs certainly does not exist in Central Europe and the Balkans, and, so far from the accretion of fresh States being an additional source of strength, it would probably be a cause of weakness. Thus, for example, an Austria which continues passionately to affirm her desire to be united to Germany is not likely to prejudice the hopes which she professes to entertain of obtaining this object through the League of Nations by engaging herself too closely with those who were only yesterday her arch-enemies. Nor, again, can we easily picture to ourselves an Italy as the boon friend of Yougo-Slavia or a Bulgaria in close alliance with either Roumania or Serbia. There is, then, no fundamental reason for supposing that the Germans are correct in proclaiming that a new and powerful enemy to the Entente has suddenly arisen in our midst. It is highly improbable that the map of Europe as drawn in Paris last year will be in existence unaltered in another five years' time. It is quite possible that the alliance between Prague and Belgrade will be answered by an alliance between Warsaw and Budapest and that the remaining Balkan States will group themselves round these two centres. Much depends upon what the actual terms constituting the "Small Entente" prove to be when published. Meantime there is no occasion for us to become prematurely alarmed, though we should certainly not under-estimate the many obvious possibilities of danger. A little more tact than we have displayed in our past dealings with our smaller allies, and, above all, the giving of unmistakable proofs that the original Entente

is going to be maintained with undiminished strength and with undiminished cordiality would go far towards diverting the energies of the "Small Entente" into more peaceful and purely economic channels. If we can help forward such a movement as this, there is no reason why the somewhat forced approbation with which the official representatives of the Entente are now greeting the creation of Dr. Benes' genius should not turn out to be genuinely justified. Let us hope that it will.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY. .

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THERE is only one real issue in the coal controversy, and that is the future ownership and control of the mines. The demand for an increased wage for the miners is only subsidiary, if indeed it was not included to make the result of the ballot certain. The size of the minority against a strike is enough to show that some stimulus was needed if Mr. Smillie were to get a full and sufficient mandate for action. It has been strenuously denied that the fight is a fight for nationalisation, but Mr. Smillie's speeches are full of talk of nationalisation. Nationalisation has been the aim of the miners' leaders for a long time. They produced a first-class crisis over it last year, and were side-tracked by the Government by means of the Sankey Commission. Over that Commission they regard themselves, with some justification, as having been sold. "What was the use," they ask, "unless it was a mere trick, of inviting us to submit our policy to the Commission, if all its most important pronouncements are to be disregarded?" Since that date they have failed to persuade the other unions to adopt a policy of direct action to secure nationalisation. Their propagandist campaign has not had any very conspicuous results in either direction. It has shown the mass of the people to be apathetic. Now another contest over nationalisation has begun, and the miners have taken a somewhat subtle line.

The Government's policy is now believed to be to return the mines to their owners as quickly as possible; it is a policy of de-control. For the present the fixing of prices by the State, and the limitation of the amount of coal available for export, are to be retained; indeed, they must obviously be retained in view of the world shortage of coal and the desperate blow which would be struck at British industry if world prices were allowed to prevail in this country. But this state of things may not always last; for the sake of humanity we must hope it will not. Our own outcry against the amount we have to pay for other people's oil is only a faint echo of the bitter complaints continental nations are making against the price they have to pay us for our coal. When the European coalfields become once more productive at their full capacity, possibly before that date if American coal firms make the most of their opportunities, the price of export coal may be expected to decline. As soon as a free coal market can be permitted in Great Britain, with free market prices and unrestricted export, the last vestiges of war-time control may be expected to disappear, assum-

ing the continuation in office of the same Government with the same policy.

The miners seem to have realised that the one way to prevent complete decontrol is to destroy the chance that such a free market may be restored. When they insist that 14s. 2d. a ton shall be taken off the price of coal consumed in this country, they insist, not that the coal industry as such shall become insolvent, but that a large number of mills shall become individually insolvent. Export profits are to subscribe 14s. 2d. of the cost of every ton used at home. All the mines producing coal for home consumption will therefore be producing at a loss, and their losses will be made up by those producing for export, as was the case before this 14s. 2d. was put on to the price of domestic coal by the Government. The result of that is absolutely clear and certain. It would mean that the coal industry would be inextricably bound into a unit by its own financial complications. It would be one concern, not a number of competing concerns, not even, as the Government seem to wish it to become, a number of competing groups of concerns. And as the Government would presumably have to fix prices as export profits fluctuated, the reality of State control would continue. The mines would not indeed be nationalised, but they would be, as they have been since control began, half way to nationalisation. The State and the Miners' Federation would be face to face, and the colliery owners more or less powerless in between. Above all, no step directly away from nationalisation could be taken.

That is the issue on which the public attention should be focussed. It is not really a matter of the division of the export profits between the miners and the consumers. If there is a strike these profits will disappear, and they will have to be made up either by the consumer or by the Exchequer, which comes to much the same thing. For the margin of coal to spare for export will not any longer be in existence. The public, moreover, has to make up its mind on two points, first what its attitude is to be towards this issue as presented to it by this particular strike or threat of a strike; secondly, what its general attitude is to be towards the whole problem. I think the miners' policy is too subtle to form a good basis for a strike. It involves the constant reiteration of arguments that are not sincerely meant, and that will speedily be seen through. Opinion during periods of social crisis does not appreciate subtleties; it concentrates on broad facts. The one fact that will speedily become clear is that the only people who are going to get anything material out of a successful strike will be the miners with their rise in wages. The rest of us are going to pay through the nose anyway. And in so far as it is an attempt to advance the nationalisation campaign, it is the use of direct action, delicately camou-

flagged, for a political purpose. For that organised Labour has itself shown little enthusiasm. But whether the miners strike or not; and whether they win or lose, the position of the future of the mines will still require an answer. I have already given in this REVIEW my reasons for being in favour of the nationalisation of the mines, and it is not necessary to go over the ground again. But this much must be said: It is no longer possible efficiently to run a great industry dependent upon a compactly organised body of labour in direct contravention of the wishes of that body. The Government has played fast and loose with the miners, and any suffering the community may have to bear must be set down in great part to its account. Unless a compact is sealed with the miners there will be no peace. The coal industry will go on, but intermittently and with constant trouble. It will never be efficient, and it will never reach its maximum of production, because both efficiency and production depend on the co-operation of the miners, and that will not be forthcoming. The Government has manœuvred us into a position in which we have to resist this strike. The miners have given it every facility to execute that manœuvre. But nothing will be gained by the result. There will be less coal, no prospect of catching up the lost ground, and the same problem of the future of the coal mines, a problem which will be left further than ever from a solution.

Neither the Press nor the great mass of politicians have appeared at their best in recent discussions of our future policy in Mesopotamia. I cannot pretend to any exhaustive knowledge of Mesopotamian conditions, but I have at least seen the country, and it is quite manifest that the majority of people who comment on the present position there have not. Even as a regimental officer in an invading army I learnt enough to know that the prevailing impression that it is possible to cut our losses, shirk our responsibility and retire to the littoral of the Persian Gulf, is totally misconceived. But it is a misconception which the Government, with its easy talk of the early creation of an Arab State and of an "organic law," whatever that may mean, is very largely responsible. These are splendid and sound ideals for our administration to aim at, but it must in the nature of things be long before they can be attained.

There are three main points about Mesopotamia that we must get clearly into our heads if we are to understand the elements of the problem before us. First of all "Mesopotamia" is only a name, a geographical expression, descriptive of an area of country which has no boundaries worthy of the name, with the single exception of the Persian hills to the east, and no cohesive force except the two great rivers which run through it and give it its name. The Danube runs through many States, but it has not yet made a nation

of them, and the Tigris and Euphrates are not Danubes, but rather uncontrollable streams, difficult to retain within their banks, and not very efficient for transportation purposes.

The other two points are the incoherence of the population, and the extreme scantiness of it. The total population has been roughly estimated at 2,000,000, and if the inhabitants of Bagdad, Kut, Amara, and Basra be subtracted, the total for the whole of the remainder of the country, extending along many hundreds of miles of both great rivers, remains very small indeed. It is possible to travel for long stretches without seeing a single being, and yet the country is not a desert in the proper sense of that term, but only a wilderness. Nor has this scanty population any sense of unity. The towns have a life of their own; the rich and princely sheikhs of Mohammerah and Koweit, who live near the coast, have little in common with the Arabs up the rivers. These in turn differ widely among themselves, some being more or less settled, and others still nomadic, some peaceful, others quite the reverse. Finally, the country stretches away to the Kurdish Hills, where is the oil we hear so much of, to meet another problem and another intractable race. The whole land is divided and cut up by religious and racial differences, warring upon itself if it be permitted. If there be a general wish for independence, it must be a wish, not to manage its own government so much as to be free from government altogether.

Mesopotamia was no doubt most inefficiently governed by the Turks. Under their rule it could never have progressed, either politically or economically. All the same, they did provide it with something in the nature of a centralising force. Presumably they kept the towns free from raids, if they did not prevent the tribes fighting each other outside. We have conquered the Turks and driven them out. We have made quite clear our determination that they shall never return, that their "blighting rule" shall never be restored. We are quite justified in doing that; we have both right and might on our side. But, having done it, we are not justified in packing our bags and departing and declining to accept the responsibility we have created for ourselves. We have captured the ship, taken off the crew, and put in our own prize crew. Well and good, but we cannot withdraw our navigators and leave the ship a derelict, a general danger, and the certain grave of passengers who know nothing of navigation.

The consideration of the emptiness of the country leads on to another problem. It was for a long time thought that Mesopotamia was to become the emigration ground for the surplus population of India, which has successively been denied a foothold in America, South Africa, and East Africa. Mesopotamia requires for the

restoration of her once great agricultural prosperity both capital and a diligent agricultural population. India could certainly supply the latter. We are responsible for the foreign policy of the Indian Empire, and we have to remember that Mesopotamia was conquered by an army, 75 per cent. of which was Indian. Against that consideration we have to set the opinion of competent observers, that Arabs and Indians cannot live side by side, that an influx of Indians would be incompatible with the growth of the Arab state we have promised to bring to birth. But this is a point which requires some sort of pronouncement by the Government.

The immediate military problem will soon, I believe, be solved. It is difficult enough. We have stirred a hornet's nest about our ears, a mass of disconnected, unruly tribes, living on the country, working without a base, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and actuated very largely by the simple desire for loot. It is more difficult to cope with them than to defeat in the field an army of twice their number. But the main difficulty is already nearly over—the intolerable heat of the summer, which pins our troops to their stations and makes military operations quite impossible. One can neither march nor fight in a temperature between 125° and 130° in the shade. Already there are signs of activity on the part of our forces, and they should soon have the tribes under control. But even when that is accomplished our task will only have begun. Mesopotamia is not an Egypt or even an India. It would be a poor tribute to our work in those countries if we could say it was. It is right that we should set before ourselves a liberal ideal, and its clear enunciation should help us with the Mesopotamian peoples. But we deceive ourselves if we regard such a policy as the renunciation of our burden; it is no more than a statement of the direction in which we mean to carry it.

Mr. Wells has now finished his *Outline of History*, and one is able to contemplate on a whole a work which, in its episodic parts, was a little difficult to get into focus. Whatever else may have to be said about it, it may at once be asserted that no other living writer could have written it. Historical scholars may arise in their wrath, and say that this or that incident has been proved by their researches to have happened in this manner and owing to that cause, and not as Mr. Wells has asserted. But historical scholars by their concentration on the microscopic examination of tiny patches of history, have renounced all right to condemn this great attempt at a synthesis of all their work. Mr. Wells has not summoned Clio in order to compose a sonnet to her eyebrow, still less to count the number of hairs in it. He gives us the Muse in all her splendour and vigour, with a personality and a character strongly portrayed. He gives us man's whole life-history. He describes his birth and gradual growth to physical completeness.

Then he depicts his conquest of his circumstances and his attempts to elaborate a social order out of chaos, both processes still only in their beginnings. Finally, he dips into the future, inviting us to prognosticate on the next steps of our progress, to summon up before us some vision of its ultimate purpose.

One great lesson stands out from Mr. Wells's story. Man's task does not end with a discovery or an invention. It ends only with the standardisation of that discovery or invention. Neither the reality of the Greek city nor the Utopia Greek thinkers dreamed of could be safe or possible as a small oasis in a barbaric world. The Pax Romana must be fragile so long as it was anything less than world-wide. Traversing the arid intellectual waste of the Middle Ages, mankind must have lost much of the treasure stored up in classical times. We are lucky, perhaps, that more still was not lost. The same is true to-day. Nothing political is secure so long as it is particular to a single nation or to a group of nations; it is always liable to be overwhelmed by some catastrophic stroke from the incalculable and uncontrolled forces outside. We are more secure than the Greeks and Romans, but only so in that a greater proportion of the world's population is on the same higher level. So also of social strata, no culture is safe so long as it is the privilege of a class. At any moment, as in Russia, a social cataclysm may sweep it away. So Mr. Wells looks for ultimate security, and a firm basis for the building up of the world's civilisation, to a unified political system based on democracy both political and economic. It will admit of divergent cultures but not of conflicting cultures, still less of jealousy and strife over the good things a few only can possess.

This is a real and important consideration, but Mr. Wells stresses it so much that he does, in my opinion, less than justice to the contributions made by individuals and individual peoples to the world's progress. After all, a small portion of heaven does in time work upon the whole. Moreover, the perfection of an idea or of an implement requires concentration upon it. Turning their gaze inward upon themselves, obsessed, as Mr. Wells puts it, by the idea of the city as the ultimate state, the Greeks were enabled to soar away from the general level in the intellectual and political sphere. Even if we only regard their work as one of mankind's great unconscious laboratory experiments, it was nevertheless of incalculable value, a value which lasts down to the present day. A discovery may be lost again, it is true, but this one was not lost. So also with Rome, a state which, in an empirical way, came to realise that it must go out to meet its fate or be overcome by it. Rome created and left behind her a conception of the unity of civilisation, of the universality of law. This idea became inextricably mingled with the quite different conception of the unity of Christendom, but even so it was not lost; perhaps it became the more easy to preserve. It was just

strong enough to hold the new-born European nations together during the Middle Ages and to live on to be a foundation upon which modern statesmen could build. When Mr. Wells recognises the unifying powers of religion, he is really paying a tribute to the unifying influence of Roman thought. Religion itself has divided people more often than it has joined them.

Mr. Wells displays a splendid faith in the reality of human progress towards a perfection of which as yet we only see the faint beginnings. It is encouraging to be able to recognise that his book fully justifies his faith. For it sets defined sketches of time in their proper relation to the whole of the time that man has had at his disposal. It shows his progress to have been slow and groping indeed, to have been subject to serious set-backs, but to have been none the less real. Looking back on the society of Greece and Rome, we are apt to think how little we have really gained since that time, how slow we have been in winning back some of the things the Greeks would have regarded as their simplest possessions. Nevertheless, we have got them back and added a great deal, and how short the intervening time has really been! Perhaps our most real achievement has been, as I remarked above, that we have gone some way towards the standardisation of our knowledge. Russia may go under, Germany and Austria may totter, but France and Britain remain, and the others will struggle back. Europe might be overwhelmed, but America would remain and the sacred flame be guarded. And there are few races left who would really wish to extinguish it, who would not know what it meant when they saw it burning. That is a colossal achievement for a few centuries. We can keep the faith. If we could not, life would indeed be a gloomy voyage and chartless to a generation which has seen its creeds swept overboard and found its philosophies inaccurate, which has been battered by a storm bringing infinite tragedy to individual lives. But we have this one star to steer by: the knowledge that our ship is on the whole proved seaworthy, that Humanity is at once our sacred passenger and our constant reinforcement, and that sometime and somewhere our successors will struggle into port.

H. B. USHER.

HÉLOÏSE AND ABÉLARD¹—(II.).

THE storm was over, but a storm leaves disorder behind it, and her uncle's disparagement of Abélard made it impossible for her to continue sitting opposite to him, though she knew that his sneers and sarcasms were intended to provoke her or to put her enthusiasm for the lecture (which he judged to be excessive) to a test. He was forgiven, but his presence was an irritation, and she sat thinking how she might leave the room without rousing her uncle's suspicions that she was angry; and to save him from all misapprehension she continued to read the *Eclogues* a while longer, till at last, unable to bear the strain, she rose to her feet abruptly and bade him good-night, saying that she felt tired and was going to bed. A very long and dragging hour it has been but it is over at last, she said, on her way to her room, and as she could think better lying than sitting, she undressed, turned over in her bed, folded her arms, and began to ask herself why she had omitted to tell her uncle what had befallen her in the Cathedral. The words were often on her lips, but they were checked and passed over, which was unfortunate, for it was nearly certain he would hear the story from somebody present, Alberic or Romuald; and besides these there were others who were on friendly terms with him and came to the house in the rue des Chantres. As soon as he heard of her behaviour he would come to her and say: what is this story that I hear about thee, bursting through the disciples at the end of the lecture and throwing thyself at his feet? What answer would she make? At last it became clear to her that she must confide the whole matter to her uncle when he came downstairs next morning. But she was down before him, and after waiting some while, she and Madelon started forth for the market, their baskets on their arms, thinking that the Canon would be up to meet them when they returned. But though they were an hour away, the Canon was still abed when they returned, having drunk more wine than was good for him after we bade each other good-night, Héloïse said to Madelon, who answered that on these occasions the Canon was unfit for the transaction of any business. He will sign any papers that are put before him, and it is my duty to deny him to callers; we shan't see much of him before three o'clock. Her words hit the mark; it was a little after three before the Canon left the house, without Héloïse hearing him leave it, and when an hour later she asked Madelon for news of her uncle, Madelon

(1) Chapters from Mr. George Moore's forthcoming work, "Héloïse and Abélard."

answered : he has gone to the Cathedral ; he left here about an hour ago, and thou must have been deep in thy book not to have heard him, for he banged the door behind him. There is often much noise in the street, Héloïse answered, and she returned to the company-room, thinking to continue her reading till her uncle returned, for her mind was still fixed on confiding her trouble to him. And if she got tired of reading she would go to the woods and come back with the violets that she did not gather yesterday. He will smell them from the doorway, and will be pleased to find them in his study, she said.

And her thoughts passing from violets, she began once more to consider the story she had to tell her uncle. At what point would she begin to tell it ? She would have to tell him the whole of it, so she would begin by telling that as she was about to cross the Great Bridge something stopped her from crossing it. He would ask her what she meant by something, and she only knew that she was turned from her first purpose (which was to go in the woods and gather violets) by a thought that she needed the Virgin's intercession. She was on her way to the Cathedral to say a prayer, but was turned from this second purpose by the sight of the students in the King's Gardens, where Alberic and Romainald were indulging in mental gymnastics, laughing alternately at Realism and Nominalism ; and it was in the midst of their jocular disputation that Abélard crossed the Gardens, surrounded by pupils and disciples, on his way to the cloister. All this she had told her uncle, and about Gosvin ; and of the wonderful lecture on Faith and Reason she had given such an account as she was able. Her story would therefore concentrate on the moment when she was compelled to press through the crowd and throw herself at his feet. Alas, her uncle would think that she was telling him a fable, a dream that she had dreamed overnight and mistook for reality. She would not blame him, for her conduct was so unlike herself that she did not recognise herself in it, nor would anyone who knew her recognise her in it. The nuns, were they told the story, would deny it, and who knew her better than the nuns ? Not even Madelon. Madelon wouldn't believe it any more than the nuns would, nor could she blame them, for she didn't believe it herself—yet it was true. How little one knows of oneself ! She fell to wondering if the impulse that had compelled her in the Cathedral would arise again ; not the same impulse, but similar impulses. Was she subject to these ? And was the one that had risen yesterday but the first of a long series ?

Overcome, almost afraid, she sat viewing her future life through her imagination, and so immersed was she in the possi-

bilities that a single thought had evoked, that she did not hear the door open, and was startled almost out of her wits by Madelon's voice : now whatever is the girl thinking about? Did I frighten thee, Héloïse? Well, these frights are soon over, and as soon as thou has recovered thy wits tell me the story thou hast been reading. It's no story, Madelon ; I was only thinking. And it not being Madelon's way to press for an answer, she said : a letter has just come for thee, and I have brought it up. Héloïse thought she detected a faint irony in Madelon's voice. A letter for me? she said ; from whom can it be? I can tell nothing about it, Madelon answered ; a boy brought it and went away quickly. Brought it and went away quickly, Héloïse repeated. The letter could not have come from other than Abélard, and the thought brought a change of expression into her face, which was unfortunate, for Madelon's eyes were upon her. Did the boy come from Argenteuil? Wouldst thou have me stand in front of thee guessing whence a letter comes, and it in thy hand, silly? *And the answer put the thought into Héloïse's mind that she had not spoken wisely in mentioning Argenteuil.* Her first mistake was followed by a second, for she did not dare to read the letter under Madelon's inquisitive eyes, but threw it on the table beside her, saying : the letter can wait ; I am busy reading, Madelon. But she would not betray me, Héloïse said to herself, so why did I not trust her? And opening her letter as soon as Madelon left the room, she read the brief note that Abélard had sent her, saying : I must write to thank you, Héloïse, for your quick outburst of admiration for my lecture, and I shall be waiting for you in the Cathedral after vespers. That was all. Waiting in the Cathedral after vespers for me, she repeated. Héloïse—who can have given him my name? Alberic or Romuald? It matters little which, she said. What was important was that he knew her name and had written to her. His letter was proof that he did not look upon her as a little fool, so she had been frightened by nothing. He had written her a letter, a letter asking her to meet him in the Cathedral? And she sat lost in an amazed delight at the honour that had befallen her. But why did he want to see her? The reason was not far to seek ; he had said that he would like her to attend his lectures, and to make sure of her attendance he sent for her ; he wished her to sit under him in the cloister and to take notes like the other pupils, and to put questions to him like the others, though she was only seventeen and had come from the convent of Argenteuil not more than six months ago. But would her uncle allow her to attend Abélard's lectures? He would be only too glad, he was proud of her learning, but if he had not drunk so

much wine last night and had left his bed earlier, she would have confided the story of her conduct to him, and he would have remained in the house talking to her, forgetful of his business in the Cathedral, till Abélard's letter came, which she would have had to show him, and he would have said : let us go together to see Abélard. Instead of the great pleasure that awaited her, meeting Abélard alone, hearing him talking to her, she would have sat apart hearing Abélard talking to her uncle, a thing that would be no pleasure to her whatsoever, nor to Abélard ; he would have been annoyed with her for showing her letter (for if Abélard had wanted to see the Canon he would have written to him) ; he would have thought her a little fool, and she would not have been able to explain. He might never have written again, never wished to see me, so what a good job it is for all of us that uncle drank that wine, she said. Uncle has spoken about the benefit I could get by going to the cloister to attend the lectures ; true, he was talking of Champeaux, but I couldn't have learnt from Champeaux, I know I couldn't, Abélard would like to teach me and I could learn from Abélard.

Her thought of him brought him before her eyes, and his image set her thinking of the little quarrel overnight between herself and her uncle regarding his appearance. He was short, it is true, but strong and well knit, with fine shoulders. A noble and kindly brow bespoke his vast intelligence and placed him above all men and made all men jealous of him. She had heard him spoken of as proud ; she knew many who were proud without just cause, but he was proud—could it be else, since he was acknowledged by all the world as the greatest philosopher of his time, perhaps of all time ? She had heard it said that he could not brook an interruption, but she had seen other people fly into a rage about trivial things ; Mother Ysabeau, for instance, when a novice came in to ask her a question, interrupting the addition of a column of figures. It was said that he resented contradiction, as well he might, for he knew that all he said was true and could be proved ; nor could she blame him for the words he had uttered against Gosvin, offensive though they were. It was part of his genius, and if we are to have genius we must put up with the consequences of genius, a thing that the world will never do ; it wants geniuses but would like them just like other people ; how stupid the world is, it never can understand. And she stood like one at bay, hating the world for its inability to appreciate Abélard, working herself up into a rage, saying : never is he praised for his kindness, his tolerance ; yet these qualities were manifest no later than yesterday, when a student interrupted him in the middle of his lecture to ask him if the Iliad were not more

beautiful than reasonable, by no means a stupid question ; and that was why Abélard had been at pains to answer the student, to lay aside his own thoughts and apply himself to discovering an answer, which of course he did. And how well he explained that it was reason that gave us beauty ; saying that the animals may have preferences, but can have no thought for beauty, for they have not the power to compare one thing with another. And he discovered this wonderful answer in the middle of his lecture, returning to his lecture, easily picking up the thread just where he had left it. How wonderful !

She awoke suddenly though she had not been asleep, and her first thought on returning to herself (she seemed to have been absent for a long time, for how long she did not know—a few seconds or a few minutes) was to rue the time she had spent over the Latin poets ; how much better it would have been if she had given half the time to the Greek philosophers. Plato was always in his mouth ; he revered Aristotle, but Plato was almost a God in his eyes ; and having acquired the right to ransack her uncle's library as she pleased, she opened a closet and sought for the *Timæus*, and spent a couple of hours poring over it ; but her mind was so distraught by the prospect of meeting Abélard in a few hours' time in the Cathedral that she failed to fix her attention for long on any page of it. Aristotle is easier, she said, and returning the *Timæus* to its place, she took down the *Categories*, hoping that he would fall in with her mood better than Plato. But her attention wandered from Aristotle as it did from Plato, and she was soon thinking of another philosopher, one of whom she had heard Sister Josiane speak in the convent (Sister Josiane rarely spoke of anybody else), an Irishman who came to France three centuries ago ; a petulant, irritable man of violent temper, afterwards killed by his pupils in England, who could bear his despotism no longer. Sister Josiane pressed this man's writings upon all and sundry, and if she had hearkened to the Sister she would be better able to meet Abélard in the Cathedral and talk to him befittingly, but—— Her thoughts seemed to fall into nothing, and she sat for a long while unaware of any thought, in a lethargy, a stupor, from which she awoke surprised to find herself in the company-room.

She had not told Madelon from whom her letter came ; she had refused to read it in front of her, afraid of her searching eyes, but Madelon never stopped till she knew everything ; patient as a cat she watched and waited till she knew, but she never made any use of her knowledge. She can't bear, Héloïse continued, to be ignorant of anything that is going on in the house, that is

all, and uncle is often afraid to speak, walls having ears and speech too, for Madelon—— How else is it that she knows next day what was said overnight in the study? . . . I'd like to get out of the house without her knowing it. And choosing the moment when she thought she might leave without encountering Madelon in the passage, and with all the streets well in her mind that she must take to avoid meeting the Canon on his way home from the Cathedral, Héloïse hurried on, a little vexed and anxious, for why, she said, did he give me a tryst so late in the evening? And why did he choose the Cathedral? It will be as black as night, maybe. But I shall miss him if I stand thinking; and she hurried on through the by-streets, arriving at the Cathedral without being stopped by anybody she knew.

It's blacker even than I thought for, she said, as she pushed through the swing doors; so black it was that she barely escaped falling over some penitents kneeling within the shadows of the first pillars, and as she advanced into the Cathedral she came upon other groups of penitents, all so immersed in God that they lay indifferent whether the passer-by lost her feet or kept them; and indifferent to them as they to her, the girl sought her lover through the gloom of the pillars, peering and stopping to listen but not daring to call his name aloud. At last a voice spoke her name, setting her heart beating violently, for though she could not see the face she knew the voice was Abélard's: it was good of you to come. Good of me? she repeated; but I wanted to come. If there was only a little light. And still picking their way through penitents, they moved up the church, guided by a rim of daylight high up in the roof. I was so glad to get your letter, she said. Tell me why you were glad to get my letter, he asked. You must know very well, she answered, for it is not difficult to guess: because I was ashamed of my conduct and afraid that you would think me a little fool. But I could not help myself, for what you said sounded to me like a prophecy, and it is one. Neither you nor your disciples laughed at me, did you, when you returned to the lecture hall from the cloister where you left me? Laughed! he said, and the accent of indignation that he put upon the word convinced her even more than his letter that she had done no more than to obey a fortunate impulse. You were so kind, so thoughtful, and you understood where many another would have failed to understand; but of course you understood, I am talking nonsense; you understand everything, even Héloïse, which is but natural, since you understand Plato and Aristotle. And then, encouraged by his eyes, which she could just see in the darkness, she began to tell him that as soon as she reached home the Canon asked her how it was she had brought

no violets home from the woods : and I answered him that I hadn't been to the woods but to the Cathedral ; and after telling him about your lesson and giving as good an account of it as I was able (a very poor account of it, it is true, for it was all in a tangle in my head and I could not unravel it yesterday, not even as well as I could to-day), I put questions to him about you, and he told me all your story : how you had given up your lands to your brothers and sisters so that you might be free to wander the world over teaching ; and the story seeming to me like some Old Testament story I was carried away by it, almost as I was by your own words. But did you tell him, Abélard asked, that you pressed through the pupils and disciples as I came down from the pulpit, and——? No, she said ; I did not tell him that I threw myself at your feet and kissed your hands, but afterwards I saw that I had done wrong in keeping back anything : I suppose I was ashamed to tell it, but I am ashamed no longer, I glory in it ; for if one is not to give honour to the greatest philosopher in the world, perhaps the greatest of all time, to whom? But, she continued, after a pause, it fell out that I couldn't tell him, for next day—— We shall be able to talk better in a side chapel, Abélard said, interrupting her, for penitents were moving about them, and though Héloïse spoke in a very low voice he was afraid that some part of their talk might reach other ears than his. Penitents, he said, are apt to forget their sins when there is anything to overhear ; and taking her by the arm, he led her through the church. Not this way, she said ; there is a side chapel where we shall be quite alone and where there is a little light ; and as she was leading him to it she tried to continue her story, but he said : wait, for I shall be able to listen to you better in the side chapel. As soon as they were in it, he said : you were telling me that you were unable to tell your uncle—— That I threw myself at your feet? Yes, she said ; I intended to tell him in the morning, but he was still in bed ; and every morning I go to the market with Madelon, our servant—— And when you returned, Abélard interjected, the Canon had left for the Cathedral? No ; he did not leave till the afternoon, and I was reading in the company-room, waiting for him, but he left the house without my hearing him. But you told him on returning from my lecture that you had seen me? Yes, she answered : there was no reason why I shouldn't tell him I had been to the cloister. No, there was no reason, Abélard said. But if you would not like me to tell him that you wrote to me and asked me to meet you in the Cathedral—— I shall meet the Canon to-morrow or the next day, and think that my account—— Would be better than mine, she interjected. Of course it would be. But how fortunate it was that I did not

hear him leave the house, for if I had, I should have had to show him your letter and he would have stopped and talked to me, and perhaps would have come with me; and he and you would have talked together, and I should have been left out, listening to my uncle, who is often very talkative. You read Latin, he said, every evening together. Now who could have told you that? Alberic or Romuald, of course, who often come to my uncle's house in the rue des Chantres. And they told me, too, he said, that you came last autumn from the Benedictine convent at Argenteuil, the favourite pupil of the nuns there, and that you are already known in Paris as *la très sage* Héloïse. The nuns have praised me to my uncle, and my uncle is proud of my learning, such as it is, but what is it compared to yours? Nothing at all. But I do love the Latin language, and am wondering why we are not talking it instead of the jargon, and why you asked me to meet you in the Cathedral.

The Cathedral is very dark, he answered; and I have many enemies. Is that why we are talking jargon? she asked; because none would believe the story, if it were put about, that the great philosopher Abélard met the learned Héloïse in the Cathedral and held converse in jargon. But you must not speak of the French language as jargon, he answered; it was not until the last century that the language of the people, spoken only in the fields and in the market-places and on the high roads, but never written in, found its way into literature. Have you not heard of the *Chanson de Roland*? And a language that has an epic poem written in it cannot be spoken of as jargon. The songs of France are all written in French. Have you not heard of the troubadours and trouvères? Héloïse answered that she had heard of the trouvères and the troubadours, but knew nothing of their songs, and Abélard continued to tell her of the progress of the French language: spoken to-day, he said, in all the castles of the nobles. But you speak it in the rue des Chantres. I speak it to Madelon, and Romuald and Alberic speak it when they come to the rue des Chantres, in the corners. But it is frowned upon by the canons who come to your house from Notre-Dame, Abélard replied. I forgot just now when I said that I had never heard a song in French; some of the students sing in French— But these songs are frowned upon? Abélard interjected. Yes, just so, she answered. The Church would have Latin spoken by everybody except the working folk, he replied; for the Church wishes the world to remain in ignorance, reserving learning to itself, as its exclusive possession, a mistaken view, for in spite of the Church the jargon, as the ecclesiastics are apt to call it, has become the language of music, and poetry and music and the arts, I have

often thought, are as powerful as dialectics. We have therefore art and reason on our side; and the Church will not prevail against us in the end, though the end be far distant. But why, then, asked Héloïse, do you not lecture in French? I should be understood, he answered, only by a handful, for the French spoken in one district is not exactly the same as in another; the language is in the process of formation, and Latin will dominate the lecture-room for many a year to come. But the language of the future is the French language: even the ecclesiastics are obliged to speak it when they call assemblies to urge the people to enlist in Raymond's army, and the welcome given to Pope Urban was really given to the French language. I will never speak of the jargon again, but always of the French language, Héloïse said, half to herself, half to Abélard. An awkward silence fell between them, and at every moment it became more acute and intense, till it seemed impossible to break it. You asked me to attend your lectures, Héloïse said at last. And you will come, he interjected, his speech returning to him suddenly. She asked him when he would lecture again, and he answered: not till the end of the week. I am lecturing to-morrow and the next day at Ste Geneviève; but I am afraid I shall never be able to please you again as I did yesterday. Why do you say that? You will. Each time I shall be delighted more than the last, for I shall understand you better, she replied.

He would have liked to have kept her thoughts on himself, and to have spoken to her about herself, but his vanity intervened: and wishing to hear what part of his lecture appealed to her more than any other part, he said: you, who were so deeply moved by my lecture on Faith and Reason, may be able to tell me what part of it you liked best: general statements are good: one should begin by liking the whole, but the Nominalists, and we are all Nominalists to-day, believe that it is only through the parts that we have knowledge of the whole.

You would not have me, a schoolgirl from Argenteuil, advance my reason against yours, master? Not against, he replied: but without repudiating any part you can tell which struck your imagination. Tell me, for to hear will be a help to me. I liked it all, she answered, but the piercing was when you said: it has come to pass that within the last century a new science has been given to us whereby the whole world may be won to Christianity, for then I could barely restrain myself from calling out to you the words of the Chorus in Seneca's *Medea*: new worlds shall be discovered in the age to come, the imprisoning ocean shall be thrown open till there shall be no land alone, no ultima Thule. I remember the play, he replied, though it is many years since I

read it. She gathered from his tone that he did not like the play or had forgotten it partially, and she did not feel certain that she had done well to mention it. After thinking a while, he said, Jason goes in search of the Golden Fleece and brings back Medea. In a galley, she cried, with Orpheus singing at the prow. A wonderful story, but not more wonderful than your own, which I heard last night from my uncle, all of it except the years when, after confounding Champeaux, you fell ill and went away nobody knows whither. Did your uncle not hazard a guess? Abélard asked, and Héloïse answered that her uncle spoke of England and Germany: England especially, where he said you met Roscelin. And in which country do you think I spent those years? I like to think, she said, that you went in search of the Golden Fleece and found a Medea to help you, for without Medea Jason would not have captured the Fleece from the dragon that was set to watch over it: it was Medea's mother, the great sorceress, who gave the poison that Jason threw into the dragon's jaws. So you think that a man cannot conquer unless he has a woman to help him? Abélard asked, and Héloïse, feeling that the question was directed against her, was loath to answer; but her courage came to the rescue, and she replied that it was so in Jason's story and likewise in St. Paul's: for it might have fared ill with Paul if he had not met Eunice at Derbe, she said, who, with her mother, carried him and Barnabas to their house after the populace stoned the Apostles, and kept them there for many months. And did not Eunice, she asked, go to hear Paul preach and was converted by him? And did not Paul circumcise Timothy, lest an uncircumcised man should give offence to the Jews, who were in great numbers? And you will not deny, Abélard, that Eunice gave her son Timothy to Paul to accompany him on all his wanderings, even to Rome: nor was Eunice the only woman in Paul's life, for when he was in great straits for money, did not Lydia, the dyer of purple in Philippi, come to hear him and was converted as Eunice was, and like Eunice, did she not take him to her house? And so it seems to me strange, Abélard, that in all your wanderings you met neither a Eunice nor a Lydia. For you not to have met either puts the doubt on my mind that the women of those days were greater than the women of these, for I can imagine no greater glory for a woman than to be a man's partner in a high enterprise, such as yours is; to carry the faith of Christianity over the world by means of reason, which has not yet been put to the service of Christianity: for that, in my simple way, is how I understand your lesson.

You speak well, Héloïse, very well indeed for a schoolgirl from Argenteuil, and do credit to the nuns that taught you and to the

uncle with whom you live ; you apprehend my lesson better than another and are from this day my favourite pupil. Other examples of men who owe their fortunes to women might be given. It is true that Æneas left Dido behind to go away to Italy to accomplish the will of the Gods. And you, Abélard, she said, were like Æneas, who left your Medea on the shores of England maybe? There was no Medea, he answered ; I fought my battle alone. And it was on his lips to tell that his battle was only just begun and that a woman might come to his aid to win it, but it seemed to him out of keeping to speak words which would certainly be misunderstood ; and his mien becoming graver, he said : I wish I had thought of Seneca's words, they would have given additional point to my lecture ; for Tiphys was a prophet though there be no new worlds for our ships to discover. The world within us has been enlarged, horizons have been thrown back ; and when you return to my lessons you will understand that I always try to exhibit the genius of the Latin poets, for it is part of my teaching that wisdom was not invented yesterday. All my quotations from Seneca and Lucan are made with a view to showing that antiquity was aware that righteousness springs from within and not from without. The spring never runs dry—not altogether. It flows in him who pleads that faith may not divorce reason, as it did in Seneca when he taught that a right action should be performed independently of any desire to please the Gods. And you will remember that Cato declined to consult the Oracles when he went to Africa to defend the republic against Cæsar, saying that he knew what was right and that advice from an Oracle was not needed. The spring was in humanity always ; stones were thrown into the spring-head and the spring was closed for a time, but never for long. The history of mankind might be reckoned by the opening and closing of the spring. A thousand years ago Our Lord Jesus released the spring again, and new life was given to the world by it, and at the end of another thousand years the spring is again open. All may drink and be refreshed, and all may hope, for the science of dialectics has been returned to us, the science of reason, he said ; and out of this science he began to build a world of dreams, in which faith and reason would walk hand in hand, a wedded couple, two mighty forces that together would rescue the world from evil. Which, dear child, would disappear were we not loath to use our reason : why we should be afraid of reason it is hard to say, for it is the quality above all others that divides humanity from animality.

Héloïse listened, ravished by the voice that came to her out of the darkness, by the sound of the voice, by the ideas, or by both, she did not know, for she heard him as one hears in a dream ;

and the awakening was painful, though his words—that he could not talk to her any longer without seeing her—were a compliment to her. Let us go into the cloister where we can see each other ; nobody comes to the cloister at this hour. And it was hand in hand that they picked their way once more through the groups of penitents, finding their way almost instinctively to the cloister where their eyes could distinguish the cherry bloom and the figure of Ste Geneviève showing through the dusk of the quadrangle, and when she looked up in his face he was pleased to see in her a woman that appealed to his passion as much as to his reason. For though by no means beautiful, he said to himself, she is better, for she is to my taste, and forgetful of Faith and Reason, he thought how her figure might be : delicate and subtly made, he said to himself, without harsh angles ; and he was near to taking her in his arms, so ardently did her ruddy complexion and her brown silky hair appeal to his senses ; and he admired the thick braids wound above the nape. A neck, he said, that carries the head as a stem carries its flower. And she too was satisfied with what her gaze gave back to her, for she read a fixity of purpose and an idea in his brow, and she could not doubt but that he bore the mark of a high destiny.

So you spend your evenings with your uncle reading Seneca ? he said, and she answered : I read Seneca in the morning when he goes to the Cathedral ; in the evening I read Tibullus, for my uncle took Cicero from me ; he wanted to read the *Academics* again. So you read Cicero, Abélard replied. I have only read the *Academics*, she interjected, and that being a work that Abélard did not know even as well as he knew the *Medea*, he asked her to tell him the plan of the work ; and when he had gathered from her that the plan of the *Academics* was to set one inference against another, he said : a most earnest work it must be from your description of it, one to which I must give my attention at once. His mien becoming graver at that moment, she inquired : of what are you thinking, master ? A thought had just come to me, he replied, that a book might be written in which the inferences of the Fathers might be set one against the other, as Cicero set the inferences of the philosophers. I shall read the *Academics* before I see you again, and do you look into them too, if you can get the book from your uncle. But shall I see you again, or will you forget me ? she asked, looking up into his face. A man does not forget a girl—but I must not pay you compliments, else you will say that I am laughing at you. Within the next few days you shall hear from me.

Within the next few days I shall hear from him, Héloïse repeated, as she picked her way through the rue des Chantres,

thinking of the *Academics*. Where is the Canon? she asked Madelon, who opened the door. Asleep in the company-room, Madelon answered. And where hast thou been? Héloïse did not find a prompt answer, and Madelon returned to her kitchen saying : there is a lover or a liker about. And next morning she marvelled greatly at the assiduity with which Héloïse sat poring over her book, for as soon as the Canon left the house she was immersed in Cicero, forgetful of all things except to obtain Abélard's approval, committing some pages to memory, and going to meet him in the Cathedral on the third day, certain that she would be able to answer all his questions. She expected certain questions, and was eager to speak her answers to them, but Abélard seemed to have forgotten Cicero and was much concerned to know why she had not been to the cloister to hear his lesson yesterday. I am not ashamed, she answered, of what I did, but much as I would have liked to have gone to hear you, shyness prevented me; I was afraid of the eyes of Alberic and Romuald and others. Do you know, it is a pity that I yielded to that impulse. It's always a pity, he answered, to take the world into our confidence, but if it hadn't been for that impulse we might never have known each other. But we should, living in Paris together, she answered; we could not have gone missing each other for long, unless indeed you left Paris again to hide yourself from everybody. My dear Héloïse, he said suddenly, this is the last time we shall meet in the Cathedral. You speak, she cried, as if you were bringing me welcome news. I hope that my news will seem welcome when you have heard it, he answered; and he told her that he had heard from a common friend that the Canon desired to make his acquaintance. Nothing will give me greater pleasure, was my message to the Canon; and on the following day it was our lot to come upon each other on the steps of the Cathedral. If our friend were here now he might make us known to each other, I said, addressing him, at which he laughed heartily and fell into pleasant talk. A pleasant man is Canon Fulbert. There is no need for dismay, Héloïse, but for rejoicing rather. At parting I happened to speak of the difficulty of preparing my lessons, so noisy was my lodging. Whereupon the Canon, who, by repute, loves money dearly, told me that a great part of his house was unoccupied. Come and see it, he said, and if it pleases you to share it with us—— We shall see each other every day, she cried. We shall assuredly; and I shall be your private tutor, for I mentioned that much time remained on my hands after preparing my lessons, leading him to ask me to give you some of my spare time; at which request I made pause. But will you, master? He wishes for your advancement in learning

as much as he does for the money I shall pay him, and lest I should prejudice my good fortune (for a pupil like you is indeed a great good fortune), we must part now. It would not be well that we should be seen together. Do not speak to your uncle of these two visits. But I have told him of the lecture, master. Did I do wrong? No; for it is well to be truthful about what cannot be withheld from our enemies, and mine are many, and my reasons for giving you a tryst here would be difficult to explain away; so you will not speak of these meetings to anybody. We shall meet as strangers to-morrow—— Not as strangers, Héloïse, for we have never been strangers. It seems, he said, that I have had you in my mind always. And I have always been striving after you, master, unwittingly striving.

After parting with her, Abélard called Héloïse to ask her if she had a story to tell that would explain her absence. She had none in her mind, but did not think she would be asked questions. Madelon will not betray us, she answered, and returned in the hope that no questions would be put to her. The Canon is very angry, were Madelon's words, whispered quickly in her ear as she crossed the threshold. Go to him at once and tell him a good story of the fields and posies. Then Madelon knows, Héloïse said to herself, as she crossed the living-room. At her footsteps the Canon flung open his door, and unable to restrain his words he walked about the room, his large nose more than usually prominent, saying that he had not foreseen such folly as her venturing out in the evening, exposing herself to all dangers. But of the dangers you speak, uncle, I have no knowledge. On these words he cut her short, asking her where she had been; and hardly waiting for an answer, he stormed on again, and it would have been better, perhaps, if she had not attempted to tell him that she had walked under the willow-trees to hear the nightingale singing, for it was there that many robberies had been committed. But, uncle, why so much ado? So much ado! he cried, and possessed of a sudden idea, he turned: go at once to thy bed, child, and without any supper. May I not take the *Academics* of Cicero with me? No, he answered; an unmerited return is thy disobedience. But you never told me, uncle—— Little thou knowest of the means I have been seeking for the completion of thine education. And Héloïse, shocked at his anger and at the deception she had been led into, went to her room ashamed at what had befallen her, finding excuses for her uncle's anger but none for herself, till Madelon told her next morning that the Canon had locked up all the manuscripts before going to the Cathedral.

She began to feel that though she had done wrong her uncle

was not free from blame. So I cannot even be trusted with a book, she said; willing to admit that her uncle was within his rights to send her supperless to bed for having left the house in the evening, but what she could not admit was his taking her books from her; for what reason? That she had left the house in the evening without asking leave was no reason. But after all, it didn't matter; Abélard was coming to live with them and then he couldn't forbid her his books. The Canon is on the stairs, Madelon cried, and Héloïse's face lighted up, for another step caught her ears. It is Abélard's, she said to herself. Pierre Abélard, this is my niece, of whom you have heard, the learned Héloïse of the convent of Argenteuil, the best Latin scholar they have ever had, which I will guarantee her to be. She reads and writes Latin and speaks it as well as any of us in the Cathedral. Now, my dear child, let us forget last night. Héloïse did not answer, and turning again to Abélard, he said: at nine o'clock she was under the willows listening to the nightingale, a place where footpads and dangerous characters loiter, and now she is sour because I sent her to bed supperless. Héloïse, it was for thy good that I spoke angrily to thee. My words are often harsher than my heart. Now wilt thou hear the good news that I have brought? Harken: Abélard, the great Pierre Abélard, the renowned philosopher, has done us the honour to accept a lodging with us, and he hopes that this quiet house, for we are quiet here, will enable him to finish a work which will be of great value to the world, and it is for thee to profit by this great chance of getting instruction from him. It is indeed, Abélard, a great good fortune to myself and to my niece that you are able and willing to come and live with us.

It is I who am obliged to you, Canon Fulbert, and not you to me, Abélard answered, for hardly an hour of my life was my own in the house in which I lived, so besieged was it with pupils and disciples coming to me from all parts. But here I shall be free of trouble, and there will be time for me to put such poor knowledge as is mine at your niece's disposal. We have here a fair library of the Latin writers, Fulbert said, and taking his keys from his bag he went to the closet and showed his books to Abélard one by one, begging of him to handle them, saying: here is the *Æneid* that Héloïse has just finished reading, and the *Georgics* are here. Seneca is her last love, and before long she will be speaking of *Medea* to you. I give her into your charge, Pierre Abélard, and a girl with much love of her books; an insurgent spirit, too, if last night be characteristic of her. We shall find that out. I give her into your charge and confer on you the right to punish her for her transgressions.

GEORGE MOORE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor, THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read with, I admit, comprehensible surprise the few references to Greece made by your contributor Mr. "Y" in the July issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW in an article entitled—"Why the League of Nations languishes."

I hold no authority to discuss the question if the League of Nations languishes or no. But it seems to me too early in the day to pronounce a judgment on such a complex subject. It is true that Hercules while still in his cradle strangled several serpents, but babies, as one generally sees them in cradles, are as a rule adverse to such exploits. But I consider it very unjust to talk as your contributor does about the "Megalomania" of Greece. Since when has it been deemed appropriate to qualify as "Megalomania" the comprehensible and natural efforts of a nation to liberate 2½ millions of its co-nationals from a foreign yoke, a yoke so heavy, so oppressive, so inhuman as the yoke of the Turks? Has your contributor never heard of the fact that the Turks have exterminated 1,000,000 Armenians by massacring them and more than 500,000 Greeks by deporting them into the interior of Anatolia, by expelling them from their homes and allowing them to die of starvation and privations? Is it possible that your contributor has not read yet the terrible description of 1,500 Greeks being recently herded into a church at Foulajik and burnt alive by the Turkish Nationalists? Is the mere desire of a free nation to reunite under its wings all its nationals such a crime that it should be denounced with such contempt as it is done by Mr. "Y."

The Rumanians and Serbians have liberated many millions of their unredeemed nationals—and no other nation has viewed this liberation with more joy and satisfaction than the Greeks—but nobody has accused the Rumanians and Serbians of "Megalomania!" Why should the Greeks accomplish a similar task and be characterised as "Megalomaniacs." And why should the Great Powers, guided by the principles of justice and liberty in the name of which they have fought and who are helping Greece, be accused of assisting this Megalomania.

The signatory of the article could also have been better informed as to what preceded the Treaty of Peace with Turkey. It is not with the view of permitting the Greeks to "Hellenise" Smyrna that it has been decided that a referendum will take place there only in five years' time. It is merely in order to lessen the wound inflicted on Turkish *amour-propre* that the referendum which was first to have taken place in two years has now been postponed by the San Remo conference for five years, without taking into consideration the opposition of Greece, which would be happy if the referendum took place a great deal earlier, being sure of the feelings of the populations in the Asiatic districts assigned to her by the Peace Treaty. It is only by totally ignoring all the facts that your con-

tributor can give this referendum the character that he wishes to attribute to it.

As regards your contributor's prediction that Greece will "prove a broken reed" in Asia Minor, a campaign of a fortnight's duration of which we Greeks may be quite proud has proved in the most brilliant manner that prophecy of the signatory of the article is entirely unfounded, fortunately for Europe, liberty and civilisation.

I have thought it necessary to address you these few words and I am confident that your high impartiality will not wish to refuse them hospitality in your columns, from which I am accustomed to imbibe valuable information and knowledge of the greatest value.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

D. CACLAMANOS,

Greek Minister to the Court of St. James's.

**.*The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written.*

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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NOVISSIMA VERBA.—(XI.)

THE establishment of a statesman of tried authority in the French Republic is a happy omen for the peace of Europe and for the union of our two great nations. On that union the future of civilisation is staked. At first sight, it might be thought that nothing of great importance had been effected by the transfer of M. Millerand from the office of Prime Minister to that of President of the Republic. Those who know France have seen that the change is of deep significance. M. Millerand does not accede to the Elysée as a courtly figurehead and judicious Chairman of Cabinets, but as the masterful chief of a great people who receive him as their guide and inspirer. He himself declared that he would accept office only on those conditions. He even suggested that he hoped to see amendments in the Constitution. But the Constitution already offers to an able President an authority greater than that of a British Prime Minister and greater than that of a President of the United States. Our Prime Ministers, we know, can be dismissed by the sudden vote of a very small majority of a single Chamber, and at times they have been hampered by the silent influence of the Crown. The American President (elected for four years only) can be absolutely checkmated by a Congress which he cannot dissolve and a Senate which has almost equal authority in foreign affairs.

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M. Millerand is now irremovable President of France for seven years. His position is quite different from what it was when he was Prime Minister and had to defend his every act with opponents in the Chambers and could be overthrown by a single vote. He has himself declared that he claims the right to conduct negotiations with allies. He has legal authority to do much which Woodrow Wilson attempted to do, but which the American Constitution proves to be *ultra vires*. No doubt the French President can be held up by the entire Parliament acting together. He is no dictator, but a constitutional Minister. But M. Millerand has gifts to lead Parliament which no President since Thiers ever has had. He has a much longer term of office than an

American President. He cannot be dismissed in a night sitting as a British Prime Minister may be. He ascends to his high office with all the prestige of a great Parliamentary leader, yet he has no authority above him to represent the nation. Like an American President, he is irremovable, and for a term practically double. And yet, as Chairman of a real Parliamentary Cabinet, he can take active and continuous part in Parliamentary legislation with a freedom which no American President can exert. He is the first French President since Thiers who has succeeded to that office with an immense majority in the Chamber.

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The opinion of those who know France best long ago convinced me that a strictly Parliamentary Executive on the British lines is unworkable in that country, and that a Presidential Executive—neither party leader nor dictator—is best suited to the genius and traditions of the Republic. The vast mass of rural citizens, at last disillusioned of an Empire, have always been opposed to the faction-fights in the Chamber at Paris. Their ideal is stable Republican Government. Internecine Parliamentary cabals have ever been the grave of French statesmen. Socially speaking, and for maintenance of the institutions of order and of property, the French people are more settled—more conservative—than either the British or the American people. There is in France a more steady horror of ochlocracy and communism than in any Anglo-Saxon race. The recent Socialist Congress at Orleans showed how organised Labour in France, constituted as it is on Socialist lines, by a crushing majority repudiated the Bolshevik Communism and its tyranny; whilst neither British nor American Socialism, much less German and Italian Socialism, have taken any such emphatic step. The social system of France—still mainly a self-supporting and industrial peasantry—is more stable than the social system of Britain and America—where gigantic industrial enlargement fills the mind of capitalist and workmen with perpetual visions of a new world.

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A real statesman in the position of an irremovable President, who is also the effective chief of his own Cabinet, through whom he is in daily touch with Parliament, is far more able to effect his own policy, if he keeps it resolutely in his mind, than is an American President or a British Prime Minister. Our Minister has to be continually hedging and compromising and altering his plans as the House seems to sway backwards and forwards; and often he is forced to show the whole of his hand prematurely, or meet rude and stormy insults. An American President is not in regular touch with Congress, and what he calls his Cabinet

is not a true Parliamentary Cabinet in our sense. A French President is, or rather may be, in a position which shares some of the advantages of a British Prime Minister in that he is never at arms' length with Parliament, and also he has the great strength of the American President in that he is irremovable by direct vote. Now M. Millerand has all the opportunities of using both advantages—and I confidently look for a new and stable Government in France more conservative in spirit and more effective in international peace.

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M. Millerand and Mr. Lloyd George have worked together with rare comradeship, and we trust that this common *entente* may continue and increase. But the difficulties to be overcome are deep seated. Union between England and France forms the very condition of the welfare of both. But there are inherent differences in our interests and mental habits. France in her heroic struggle has been all but bled to death. Her chief industrial district has been ruined for a generation. Her deadly enemy has even still larger material resources and a population almost double; and there are no strategic barriers between them. France adopted the Wilson programme enthusiastically whilst it seemed to mean a powerful protector and, in the extinct triple Treaty, a perfectly efficient safeguard. But she never had any illusions about a world-peace and an omnipotent League to restore civilisation, such as was the honest dream of the English people and Government. France was far too miserable about her wounds and her defenceless state to indulge in visions about general civilisation. When Wilson withdrew, and took with him the abortive triple guarantee, France could see nothing but her own almost desperate isolation—the need of indemnities and new provinces. How was she to get money, coal, Eastern allies, and security in the Mediterranean? Her one hope was—gold, Poland, Asia Minor, Syria, restored mines, manufactures, allies, and more coloured troops. All else might go to ruin its own way. All that was very natural in a people faced with the imminent peril of their beloved France. But it was not the British way, and not the way to European peace.

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Frenchmen have two qualities in rare perfection—a logical perspicacity to follow out reasoning to its full consequences, together with an incurable tendency to suspect motives and aims of friends and foes. Now the English mind is much slower to detect danger, desertion, or treachery; and is averse to pressing every point to its logical sequence. The Frenchman takes up his *data* and follows them up to the end *coûte que coûte*. Now

the English mind, when it finds reasoning comes to startling results, begins to hark back and think there was something doubtful in the *data* from which he started. He says things have altered, what was true at first is no longer true. He begins again from fresh *prémisse*—he is an opportunist by habit and from experience. The Frenchman turns round and accuses him of treachery, of vacillation and ill-will—*perfide Albion!* This accounts for many things in recent disputes. French and English Ministers agreed with Wilson's schemes to re-settle Europe, to make Germany pay, and to put her in chains. Englishmen, in a year or two, began to see that Germany could not pay all—and that to put her in chains was to make it impossible that she could pay at all. They began to see that Poland was a very poor substitute to France for Tsardom Russia, and that Soviet Russia would not and could not pay the Tsardom debts. They saw that France could not hold Cilicia and had no real hold on Syria. Frenchmen heard all this with rage and suspicion. What! Germany is not to pay, nor Russia! Poland no good! Syria a failure! What is to become of France then?

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England and France must hold together—or both will fall. But the difficulties of joint action are great. Our nation is, above all things, practical—ready to see that conditions are changed, that new plans must be formed. And our Governments are more completely and continuously under the direction of Parliament and of opinion than is usually the Government of France. But the French people and their rulers, with the passionate will of their race and their exact and scientific mind, vehemently insist on literal execution of every agreement and precise adherence to every clause of a common policy. To differ from their view is to desert them—to see new conditions is to side with their enemy. All this makes co-operation extraordinarily difficult. It is impossible for us to join in all the schemes on which France has set her heart—and yet we cannot actively oppose them. We will, and we must, press Germany to make good her reparation in all reasonable measure; but we cannot join France in fresh military invasion of German land. We know how futile are hopes of any Russian Government recognising outstanding liabilities—how vain is the refusal to trade until this is done. We know how precarious is the hold of any Christian Power on any Asiatic littoral. And we know how precarious and how intractable is the new-born Polish nation. Yet we cannot formally resist the French *entêtement* for these schemes. As a matter of fact, we are powerless to take any adequate part in any of them. With Constantinople, Palestine, Mesopotamia, India, Ireland, all in

military occupation, we have not a man to spare. Finally, the democracy at home places an absolute bar on any fresh commitments of a warlike kind. On the contrary, it is loudly calling out for a great reduction of those we have.

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The result is that everything connected with the Covenant must be counted at present as secondary, and our first and urgent care must be the home interest of the United Kingdom—and, indeed, of the entire Realm overseas. Circumstances now force us to take up much the same position as that of the American people. They cry—as practically did both Conventions—America first! France too cries—France first! rather, indeed, *La France quand même!* That is a cry which we cannot share, but which we cannot defy. It will require infinite diplomatic adroitness to avoid being entangled in desperate adventures which our reason opposes and our people condemn, and yet to avoid the charge of deserting our ally. One way of cementing alliance would be to reduce at least by one-half—even by two-thirds—the monstrous profit we make by the price of indispensable coal to our friends. So sorely as we need the gain, our financial position is greatly better than that of Italy or France. For my part, I would practically sell coal at cost price, and, indeed, I would cancel the sums advanced on loan. A second way of clearing up all grounds of estrangement would be frank and complete publicity for all facts and intentions. We have suffered all through the war by secret policy and by withholding adequate explanation of our own case. France, Italy, America have never had true understanding of what is our actual condition and what are our real aims. There is a conventional bar on a British Government defending itself until it is formally attacked in Parliament. The “English gentleman’s” pride is to treat all abuse with contemptuous silence. And yet we now know the incalculable power of active and skilful *propaganda*. It is time for a British Government to force upon all the real facts and its own determined policy.

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The burning problem of Nationalisation has been ably treated by a great succession of the leading statesmen, economists, capitalists, Socialists, and workers, from almost every point of view and with a variety of different experiences; and it has been my business to study them, whether supporting or opposed to the scheme. But of all that I have seen none seem to me so convincing as the essay of Lord Emmott.¹ In some 78 massive

(1) *Nationalisation of Industries*.—A criticism, by Lord Emmott. T. Fisher Unwin, Limited, 2s.

pages Lord Emmott has examined the entire case for nationalising industries; generally, or in mines, railways, transport, and land. It is done with rare lucidity and judicial impartiality, shirking no aspect of the problem, and examining each scheme in detail. He combines in himself many qualifications for wise judgment—a trained economist, an experienced statesman, an eminent financial authority, an old official in both Houses, a great industrial chief, and an ardent Liberal. As might be expected of a public man of such wide range of interests, the whole essay is composed with scrupulous moderation, entire fairness, and the weight of judicial decision.

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Lord Emmott begins with a thorough and truly Liberal examination of the causes of Industrial Unrest. He shows that nationalisation of *all* industry is mere tyranny—as the Bolshevik experiment proves—because universal and real Communism, being in incessant conflict with the acquisitive instincts of human nature, can only be maintained by ruthless universal coercion. This English and French Socialist leaders have at last come to see. Lord Emmott then passes on to examine the organisation of nationalisation, as proposed in various schemes. He proves that the *virus* of coercion must rule in any type of nationalisation, and that any form of coercion of any industry necessarily implies bureaucracy. It is futile for Labour leaders to repudiate bureaucracy in words if they ask for the national organisation, which, whatever it be called, is nothing but a monstrous, disciplined, hard-and-fast official staff. He goes on to show how this staff grows and hardens, and how it reacts on politics, and how industrial nationalisation will demoralise government, leading to a system wherein Parliament and Ministries become the resorts of those who promise most to their electors. In an ultra-democratic Constitution the ultimate effect of nationalisation is to place the pay, the hours, the conditions, of each industry in the hands of the workers themselves. No Minister of nationalised industry could refuse the demands of the workmen acting directly on the M.P.'s they elect.

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One of our burning questions is Bureaucracy; for the advancing armies of Socialism wave banners which, whatever may be their professions, necessarily involve a multiple system of bureaucracy; and, on the other hand, all who hold by our social order repudiate the extension of bureaucracy camouflaged under another name. And now we have a very timely book about the eminent civil servants of our age by one of the most eminent of them all.

Sir Algernon West's *Contemporary Portraits*¹ is at once a memoir of the Civil Service of the Victorian era and a book of personal impressions and delightful anecdotes. For some forty years Sir Algernon has ably served his country, has been at the very centre of the official world under all administrations, and, as a member of many commissions, councils, and clubs, has known everyone and has heard of everything going. The result is a vivid picture of that vast and silent staff of officials who in practice work the British Empire, but who are so little known to the ordinary public—*ignotique longa Nocte, carent quia vate sacro*. One of the oldest of their comrades has now come forward "to sing the praises of good men" by a faithful record of what he has seen, not, as Isaac Walton puts it, "by vague reports and barren eulogies," but by pictures of the men as they lived and worked.

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And these men did work. It is a story of indomitable energy, conscientious sacrifice to duty, patience, tact, and fairness, of which we may be proud. No Civil Service in the world—none, perhaps, in history—can show a better series of able men serving their country without any adequate reward and without recognition except from the statesmen and the sovereigns whose business they carried on. I can myself bear witness to the truth of these portraits. Though I have no pretension to be a civil servant, yet, as I have served on two Royal Commissions and sundry official Committees, and on the London County Council, and have been a member of many clubs and societies, I have known most of the persons described and have been the friend of many of them. As I am a year older than Sir Algernon, my memory goes as far back, and, I think, is as sure as his, and I can certify to the accuracy of his portraits. All that he tells us of Lords Farrer and Lingen, of Sir Spencer Walpole, Sir Louis Mallet, Lord Welby, of Trollope, Arnold, Mowatt, Lushington, and Digby, bring back to me the men as I knew them, and have often served or debated in their company. I wish that Sir Algernon had written more of Sir Henry Maine, of Lord Hobhouse, of Herman Merivale, of Bertram Mitford, and of Lord Thring, each of whom had special gifts and individual tasks of their own.

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Let it not be supposed that this book about civil servants is a dull summary of official minutes. It is full of good things, of humorous anecdotes, and witticisms that do not often pass outside certain coteries and clubs. The old Dickens' Circumlocu-

(1) *Contemporary Portraits : Men of My Day in Public Life*, by the Right Honourable Sir Algernon West, G.C.B., with twenty-four illustrations, 8vo. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.

tion clerks, we hear, were like the fountains "which play all day from 10 to 4." Alfred Montgomery, the last of the old dandies, rebuked a clerk in his shirt-sleeves by suggesting that he might take off his trousers; Lord Hammond's hall-porter excused his chief's absence: "for he had gone to a funeral—the only day's pleasuring he has had for four years." Matthew Arnold in his early economic days took "a blow-out" in Paris, and then mistook Frederick Leveson-Gower for his own chief, Lord Granville. The Treasury complained that he did not stop at Edmonton: "How could I," said the Inspector, "when John Gilpin couldn't?" But the story that Arnold didn't know common plants and trees is quite ridiculous. He loved and knew Nature as well as Wordsworth or Tennyson. Gilbert's coat of arms and motto for Sir Blundell Maple was—*Cœur-de-lion in prison, Blondel m'appelle*. The history of No. 10 Downing Street is extremely interesting. The twenty-four illustrations are wonderfully life-like, especially those of Sir Algernon, of Mallet, Arnold, Farrer, Walpole, Trollope, Rowton, Welby, and Mowatt. The book altogether is one that fills a gap in the biographies of our time, and it ought to fill a gap in the shelves of any collection that calls itself a library.

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P.S.—October 12th.—The first—the urgent—task of this Session must be to take in hand the appalling condition of Ireland. It threatens the very existence of the United Kingdom, of the Empire, of the Throne, of civilisation. For the moment, Ireland is practically a separate Republic, under military occupation and sporadic civil war. If this were to last, what becomes of our monarchic Constitution, of our Imperial position in the world? I say that this is the worst crisis that has befallen Britain for centuries. In these pages I have foreborne to meddle with the Irish dilemma, so tangled, so obscure, so inexplicable are the facts; and my own forecast of the future seemed so hopeless that it might appear unpatriotic to state it. But now that my "Last Words"—perhaps my last days—are soon to close, I cannot but say that our country never was in more imminent peril.

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There is a general cry for a frank understanding between the British and the Irish peoples; and it is certain that now the people of Britain desire to accept whatever the Irish people claim, short of inflicting a deadly wound upon our own island. But how are we to get into touch with the Irish people, if the loudest voices in its name repudiate all dealings with the united nation's Government and Parliament? Who are the true representatives of Ireland? Where are they? What do they claim? This nation

cannot deal with secret murder clubs nor with demagogues in America and overseas. For one nation to treat with another nation, both must have authorised persons to represent them and to bind their own nation by their contracts. Where are the Irish representatives, and who can show that they have power to pledge the Irish people? The actual Government of Soviet Russia are known persons, having visible power to make good their agreements if they choose to do so. But where are those who can pretend to speak for Ireland, to bind Ireland by any treaty they might sign?

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I study the various proposals of our Elder Statesmen; and with all the spirit of goodwill and of peace they breathe, I fail to see how their schemes would work out. These wild, ill-disciplined, and barbarous reprisals must be sternly repressed. But what then, if civilians, officials, police, soldiers, continue to be murdered by secret assassins? If the Irish people claim to be at war, why continue the farce of civil law, juries, pensions, subsidies, and the whole pretence of carrying on civil government? If military occupation be necessary, it should be such as we honourably carry on now on the Rhine in the enemies' country. If all military occupation is monstrous, and, as Labour insists, all soldiers are to be withdrawn, who can guarantee but that parts of Ireland will follow the example of so many provinces of Russia, and break out in general chaos, plunder, and appropriation? And of all military manœuvres, the gradual withdrawal from an enemy country is the most difficult, as the German Army found in November, 1918. If Ireland were to have a separate army and absolute control of all ports and shipping, the maintenance of British trade and commerce, and the very safety of this country, would be at the mercy of enemy factions.

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The essential question is: How can the British people be brought into free speech with the Irish people? The Home Rule Bill, even amended and enlarged, will not do that. What will? I do not pretend to say what would. But it happens that a scheme of this kind, obviously "heroic," was shown to me, was submitted to Government then engaged in drafting the Bill. It was proposed by an Englishman, a resident landowner in the disturbed West of Ireland. His idea was this. Let freely-chosen delegates from Ireland meet an equal body of delegates from Britain, and try to frame a treaty of peace, as if they were sent by two nations that had been carrying on a desultory war. The Irish delegates were not to be nominated by the British Government, nor was any condition to be imposed on them by

the British Parliament. They were to be free representatives of the Irish people, to treat in their name.

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Such was the "heroic" scheme of an English gentleman living on his property in Ireland and in close touch with the farm people around him. But how were free delegates from Ireland to be found? What would be their authority if they were found? If that were the only difficulty, it could be got over at once. There are at present 105 duly elected M.P.'s from Ireland, of whom, unfortunately, we only see at Westminster a very small contingent. Suppose that the whole of these Irish M.P.'s chose in Dublin, say, five (or seven) delegates, and that the British House of Commons in Westminster chose an equal number. Let the chosen meet in friendly interviews in an independent spot—say the Isle of Man—with an independent chairman—say from an Overseas Dominion, such as General Smuts. It is no doubt a highly unconstitutional vision, though scarcely more wild than that of some current schemes. But, at any rate, it might give an intelligible answer to the question: What do the Irish people claim which the British people can accept?

FREDERIC HARRISON.

WHY THE TSAR WAS MURDERED.

DESPITE the light shed upon the end of the Romanovs by the recent brilliant series of articles from the pen of the *Times* correspondent formerly in Petrograd, containing and amplifying the findings of the Sokolov Commission appointed by Admiral Kolchak, considerable obscurity still exists concerning the motive for the Emperor Nicholas II.'s murder and the reasons why the particular moment in July, 1918, was chosen for the crime and not another. It is the object of this article to illuminate some of the spots left dark, and to fill in one or two blanks in the chain of evidence, direct and presumptive, by a record of observations that in the nature of things could only be made by one who was at the time in the heart of Bolshevik Russia and was able to maintain touch with persons who were spying upon or working against the tyrants imported in the famous "sealed cars" from Germany.

Tsar Nicholas II. was murdered by the Germans.

Not only by Germans, or, what is the same thing, Magyar assassins, but for motives of German policy and with the connivance, if not at the instigation, of the German Government.

In June, 1918, Moscow, the seat of the Bolshevik Government, where Sederbaum, *alias* Lenin, actually lived in the Kremlin as though he were Emperor of Russia, Moscow, the Heart of Russia, the White City, was full of Germans and practically occupied by German and Austrian troops. When Count Mirbach, the German Ambassador, arrived in the spring, the city, which before was falling into a lamentable state of filth, was, at least in the central portions, miraculously cleaned. Street lamps, which had gone almost totally out of use, were relit in the principal thoroughfares. Municipal militiamen, a feature of the Provisional Government period that had vanished on the Bolshevik Revolution, were again visible. It became safe to go about Moscow at night, and the murderers who formerly lurked at every corner sought the suburbs. The statue of Russia's great hero, General Skobelev, who had loudly voiced Russian hatred for Germany, was pulled down. The Huns pushed their domination to the point of having a parcel of twenty thousand French fashion papers, lying in the post office at Moscow, burnt on the pretext given by the Bolsheviks that they were too *bourgeois*, while Berlin imitations were freely sold in the shops. A strong force of Germans, looking ill at ease in the Russian kit in which they

were disguised, guarded the quarter where Mirbach resided, while the rest of the town was a parade-ground for Austrian troops, nominally prisoners of war, but clad in brand-new Austrian field service uniforms, marching in regular formations. At least two direct wires connected Berlin with the Kremlin and another with Count Mirbach's house. No one on the spot had any doubt that the Germans could in a single night have taken open control of the ancient Russian capital and with it of all the machinery of government in Moscow.

In a convent hard by lived the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, sister of the Empress and widow of the Grand Duke Serge who was blown up some years previously by revolutionaries in the Kremlin. One day we in Moscow were surprised by a statement in the Bolshevik papers that the Grand Duchess was being removed from the convent and sent to Perm, a town a few hours by rail on the direct line from Ekaterinburg, whither the ex-Tsar and his family had recently been brought back from Tobolsk in Siberia, the town selected by Kerensky as their place of exile. In the opinion of Mr. Sokolov, the *juge d'instruction* empowered at a later date by Admiral Kolchak to investigate the murder of the Imperial Family, it was the intention of the Bolshevik dictators to bring the Tsar to Moscow: this was the intention announced to him by the Commissar Yakovlev at Tobolsk, and it was this that drove the ex-Empress into a frenzy of rage and apprehension, suspecting that the Moscow junta proposed to coax or compel Nicholas II. into coming to terms with them, and sanctioning the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk made by Bronstein, *alias* Trotsky, and Sobelsohn, *alias* Radek (himself an Austrian Jew), with the Germans. On this theory Nicholas was intercepted at Ekaterinburg on the way to Moscow by the local hooligans, acting on the very popular axiom of *vlast na mestax* or "power on the spot," which meant that whatever decrees might sound forth from the Kremlin, only those would be enforced which were palatable or profitable to the self-styled authorities in the provinces.

There is considerable reason, however, to think that this theory does not provide a correct interpretation of history. In the first place, it is clear that Nicholas was removed from Tobolsk by order of the high Moscow junta, which, in the circumstances, is as much as to say in direct fulfilment of German policy. Further, despite the anarchy existing throughout the country in matters of indifference to the Bolsheviks, such as were dealt with in the many pompous decrees about education, which were only of consequence as part of the general camouflage to mask tyranny, we must look far to find an instance of Moscow being thwarted

by local opposition in a step so vital to its policy as the attempt to legalise the Bolshevik position by an act of the last Tsar. Count Mirbach controlled Moscow; a near relative of the same name directed the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, and his nephew sat at the headquarters of the Commission for Combating Counter-revolution, the notorious Bolshevik inquisition and secret police. If they and Lenin-Sederbaum, their tool, wished to have the Tsar in Moscow or anywhere else, they had only to send a squad of Magyar or Lettish troops to get him. At Ekaterinburg, equally as at the centre, he was in their hands. But they had good reason to wish it to seem that the Imperial family was not in their hands. In the first place, if anything went wrong with their plans, it would be much easier to cloak the failure with the Tsar at a distance. If it was needed to do away with him, again it would be easier and feasible, moreover, to cast the blame on others; whereas to murder him in Moscow would almost certainly provoke a popular outburst. Some ground for thinking that this calculation weighed with the Bolsheviks is lent by the fact that at the beginning of the last week in June—over three weeks, that is, before the date of the murder—a rumour was spread that the Tsar had been put to death. On this the railwaymen, a class in Russia of singular intelligence and character, instantly organised and were on the point of declaring a general strike. The news was then contradicted, and a special commission hurried to Ekaterinburg, whence it telegraphed that the Imperial family were all alive and in good case. Later, when the so-called execution of Nicholas II. was announced, measures had been taken to weed the railway service of its staunchest members and to overawe the rest. There were many who afterwards believed that the Emperor had really been killed at the earlier date, that the report of the Commission was trumped up, and that the announcement of the murder was merely delayed till a time more convenient to the Bolsheviks. Looking back and knowing that the first rumour was untrue, one must think it probable that it was deliberately put about to test the feeling of the people. The hostile result obtained must have confirmed the Bolsheviks in their decision not to bring Nicholas to Moscow, where his murder could not be concealed and would less easily be extenuated.

For the complete success of the German-Bolshevik plans the consent of the Emperor was necessary. Exactly what was the most likely shape of those plans will presently be seen. But, broadly, they wished to give the stamp of legitimate authority to the peace of Brest-Litovsk, which had robbed Russia of 780,000 square kilometres of territory, 46 millions of population, 37 per cent. of her harvest, 26 per cent. of her railway system, 280 sugar

factories, 918 tobacco factories, 1,681 distilleries, 244 chemical, 615 paper, and 1,073 textile factories. It was, however, dangerous, as we have seen, to bring Nicholas to Moscow in order to get that consent. The matter had to be put to him at a distance, and for this an uncommon emissary had to be found. It was obviously useless to send a Bolshevik, even of the higher and more intelligent order, to the Emperor; this would have been to court refusal. Equally difficult for any German of sufficient standing to be entrusted with such a delicate mission, since amid a hostile population complete secrecy would have been impossible, and the Germans, who were feigning hostility to the Soviet Government, would have been compromised beyond hope. It was also extremely desirable to find an envoy who might speak on terms of equality and have personal influence with the Tsar. What choice in these conditions could be better than that of his sister-in-law?

It is now often maintained that, contrary to the general belief in 1916, the Empress Alexandra was on national grounds strongly anti-German. It seems clear that she had a personal enmity towards the Kaiser, and it may well be that, whatever her previous feelings, the sufferings she had undergone had led her to reflect on the intimate connection between the Germans and the Bolsheviks and on the irreparable harm they had inflicted on her and hers. The Grand Duchess Elizabeth had not had the same personal experiences. Even more bigoted in the Orthodox faith, since her marriage to the Grand Duke Serge, than her sister, and living since his death in cloistral retirement, she was reputed throughout the war to have lost none of her national Teutonic sympathies, and to have been the centre of pro-German intrigue in Moscow. It was at all events easy for Count Mirbach to have access to her, and without attempting to pronounce judgment on her earlier position, we must remember that at this date there was a strong faction among the loyalist Russians in Moscow that favoured making terms with the Germans and through them obtaining the expulsion of the Bolsheviks from Russia. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the Grand Duchess may have shared these views. The Germans had indeed gone so far in this intrigue that they were recruiting Russian officers to strengthen the Turkish Army.

To Perm, then, within easy communication of Ekaterinburg, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth was sent. It may be thought that the Germans would be unlikely to entrust so decisive a piece of work to a woman. But we are ignorant who were her companions upon the journey that was to prove fatal to her. Competent emissaries from Count Mirbach may have been sent to

assist and control her; or it may be that the despatch of "a German mission, ostensibly Red Cross," which (I quote the *Times* of September 4th) "came to Ekaterinburg at the end of May to ascertain all about the life of 'the residents of Ipatiev's house,' as the Imperial prisoners were officially styled," affords a clue. In any case, if the Grand Duchess was not sent on an errand to the Tsar it is difficult to imagine a reason why she should have been sent at all. It is not sufficient to say that others of the Imperial family were already at Perm. They had been sent thither before. Nor would it have been a sufficient reason had the Bolsheviks desired to murder her. The four Grand Dukes who were murdered in January, 1919, were kept in Petrograd and there basely done to death without any difficulty. Moreover, it is quite certain that she could not in the summer of 1918 have been publicly removed by the Bolsheviks from Moscow without authority from their German masters. She was further, as was told me by a responsible railwayman, sent in an express train and with every comfort.

Another reason exists for seeing in this the hand of German policy. Had Nicholas II. been willing to fall in with this policy, he was to have been brought not to Moscow, unless perhaps for a short visit, but permanently to Petrograd. This is shown by the fact that the Anichkov Palace, the favourite residence of Alexander III., which had not, like the Winter Palace, been sacked by the Bolsheviks, was put in order and made ready for the reception—of whom, but of the Imperial family? The preparations were known to a former member of the Duma, who was president of a house-committee in the same district, and as such managed to keep on good terms with the Bolsheviks. He was afterwards denounced on a frivolous charge, and after a terrible imprisonment in the fortress of Peter and Paul was enabled to escape through a unique bluff on the part of a relative. Petrograd, about whose streets Prussian soldiers swaggered in their proper uniforms, was perhaps not more under the thumb of the Germans than Moscow, but in the Anichkov Palace Nicholas and his family could at all events have been removed from any semblance of Russian surroundings, and would be far from the possibility of a peasant rising inspired by the proximity of the Emperor's person.

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What, then, was to be the *dénouement* of the drama the first act of which was played by the German trains that transported Lenin and his confederates to Russia and the second staged in the tragi-farcical "set" of Brest-Litovsk? How did the Germans propose to make use of Nicholas II. once they had him in their power?

As the tale was told to me, thus: Nicholas, in the Act of Abdication signed at Pakov, had abdicated the throne of Russia, not only in his own person, but for his son as well. This was probably an act *ultra vires*, but its invalidity, if it was invalid, could not be relied on. It would not be enough now to produce Alexis the Tsarevich, and, declaring him legal wearer of the imperial crown in place of his father who had resigned it, get him to support the German claims. To make sure, Nicholas himself was required. But, since he could not be relied on to execute the policy of the enemy he had fought, he was required only to make way for the son, a weakly boy who could be better managed. The plan was therefore to bring back both father and son to Russia, when Nicholas should recant his abdication as having been obtained under pressure and then again solemnly abdicate, but with this difference, that he would now abdicate in favour of his son Alexis. Alexis would thus be legal Tsar of all the Russias. He it would be who should then sign the peace of Brest-Litovsk.

And what of the future? That, too, was prepared for. Alexis would be Tsar, but a minor, and therefore a regency must be instituted. The regent should be the Grand Duke of Hesse, the ex-Empress's brother, and that assurance might be doubly sure the boy Emperor should be married to a German princess. With a German Empress, of whose sympathies this time the Germans would make sure, a German regent and the position legalised by Nicholas's formal recantation of the ban he had pronounced against his son, the Germans might feel reasonably secure against attacks on their governance of Russia from a juridical point of view: from the practical standpoint the overthrow of the Bolsheviks, who would with their connivance vanish from the scene, and the restoration of order, would give them a hold so strong as to make it almost impossible to dislodge them. Thus assured both legally and actually, they would proceed to use the resources of Russia to feed the starving population of Germany and buttress their weakening Western Front against the Allies.

It is evident that the revelation of this plan could only come from Bolshevik sources. It came to me from two sides: on the one hand, I had it in substance *before the Tsar's murder* from the former member of the Duma referred to above, who learned it in Petrograd; on the other—later and in more detail—from an officer who had been in the Emperor's bodyguard, had held a high command under the Provisional Government, and at this date was carrying on secret operations against the Bolsheviks and the Germans and had agents within the Bolshevik headquarters in Moscow. Strict historical confirmation can only come when,

years or ages hence, Count Mirbach's secret instructions are given to the world, if indeed any papers on the subject have been preserved; at present we can only see how far probability goes, how well, in the late Professor S. R. Gardiner's phrase, "the key fits the lock" of the problem.

On July 6th, 1918, Count Mirbach was assassinated by the Left Social Revolutionary Party, who had tardily awakened to the fact of the Bolshevik treason to Russia. But it is a mistake to suppose that the murder was, as has been suggested, a decisive factor in the situation, except in so far as it revealed to the Bolsheviks their own strength as possessors of the machine of government. They had been afraid of the Left S.R.'s, as the latter party were called; and when the breach came the Bolsheviks saw that the Left S.R.'s had not the force nor the wits to oust them. The Left S.R. leaders were seized, killed, or put otherwise out of harm's way; their rebellion fizzled out for lack of organisation, and the Bolsheviks were left supreme in Great Russia against anyone but the Germans. The Left Social Revolutionaries had banked on the murder so shocking the pride of Germany that she would resume the war in Russia and so arouse patriotic resistance from all Russians, which is just what would have happened had the murder had a decisive effect. But in point of fact the Germans sat tight in Moscow and did not withdraw till some time later. They could have easily replaced Mirbach had they wished, and, with the excellent organisation they already had, perhaps no longer needed a figurehead at all.

What ruined the German scheme for the direct mastery of Russia by the Bolsheviks passing their power into the hands of a young Emperor entirely under German control was much simpler. The Grand Duchess Elizabeth's errand, if, as seems probable, she was entrusted with it, failed. Nicholas absolutely refused to be a party to the scheme. His words were reported to the officer who told me. "I will not," he said, "be a traitor to my people." However unpalatable the idea may be to some people, it must be accepted as a definite historical fact that we owe the downfall of the main German intrigue in Russia to the loyalty to Russia and her Allies of the Tsar, whom his enemies falsely accused of being a traitor to both. Had he consented, the scheme was undoubtedly workable, and could have been worked whether Mirbach was alive or dead. The short period—only ten days—separating the German Ambassador's murder from that of the Russian Emperor has probably tended to confuse the fact that separate causes led up to them, and that the former was but an incident having at most a slight connection with the latter. Only after the murder of Nicholas II. did the

Germans officially decamp from Moscow. Thereafter their work was underground. This is the crucial proof that when he was gone the policy they had pursued became vain, and the justification of the view put forward here. Knowing, as we have reason to believe we do, what was asked of the Tsar, we see clearly that his refusal to do the German work was an ample, and the only, reason for his death. In the first place, once he rejected the Germans' offer he became useless to them; in the second, because he was a witness to it, an active danger. There was no further reason why they and their Bolshevik minions should not fling him, like carrion, to glut the appetite of the criminals who composed the bulk of the latter's rank and file; and there was every reason why they should wish to suppress all possible testimony to the traitorous deal they had proposed. The Emperor Nicholas II. gave his life, and, yet harder, the lives of the only beings he loved, rather than be false to his trust.

The same reason that dictated the Tsar's death brought about those of his wife, children, and family. All who had been with him at Ekaterinburg, all those at Perm with whom the Grand Duchess Elizabeth had been or might have been in touch, must be slaughtered, and she herself too, for had they lived they might have disclosed the shameful secret. That they were not killed simply because they were of the Romanov house or were its friends is clear from the fact that the four Grand Dukes in Petrograd were not harmed until the beginning of last year, when a plan to help them to escape was revealed by an *agent provocateur* in Stockholm. Those destroyed at Perm suffered, then, for another reason. It can only have been that they knew the true nature of the transaction proposed to the Tsar, and that he was killed for rejecting it. As for the pretence that Nicholas II. was killed by the local Bolsheviks without orders from Moscow, it need only be said that, apart from the definite evidence, no one who was in Russia at the time would for a moment admit this as barely worthy of consideration. It is equally clear that the murder was not ordered by Lenin and Sverdlov in a fit of panic lest the Czecho-Slovaks advancing on Ekaterinburg should rescue the Tsar. The orders were given, as we know from the telegram to Sverdlov from his agent at Ekaterinburg, the copy of which was found and included in the Sokolov report, prior to July 4th, more than two weeks, that is, before the town was actively menaced; and if fears of this sort were entertained, it would have been easy to remove the Tsar elsewhere. The railway was working freely, the Bolsheviks were busy removing the store of gold and platinum from the Ural district down to and beyond the time of the murder itself, and

they had all Central Russia for their choice of a prison. The contents of the telegram, besides, belie the supposition. "Syromolotov has just gone for organisation of affair in accordance with direction of Centre," are not words written by a man in a fit of nerves, but, on the contrary, damning proof of design. Any suggestion of such motives put forward in extenuation of the Bolshevik leaders' guilt must be dismissed at once as fantastic. Nothing of such high consequence as the annihilation of the Imperial family could have happened by accident or in a moment of fright. Every important event was directed by an iron hand from Moscow. The Russian people were undergoing their second Tartar subjection, and the aliens who ruled them from the once holy Kremlin were the obedient servants of Germany.

Only two persons of note at Perm escaped. These were the Tsar's only brother, the Grand Duke Michael, and the latter's secretary and constant companion, Captain Johnson, a Russian despite his English name. About the 12th of June, according to the evidence of a servant who succeeded afterwards in getting into the loyalist lines, they were taken out of bed by Red Guards and carried off to an unknown destiny. An Englishman who was there and later made his way to Vladivostok knew of it and assumed they had been shot, and a telegram received in Gatchina by Countess Brassova, the Grand Duke's wife, raising hopes that he had escaped, has since been interpreted as an error, or perhaps a deliberate lie. The telegram, however, contained a true message. The supposed Red Guards were friends in disguise who had made their way to the Grand Duke and got him away under cover of a pretended arrest. This I know, for at the end of July I met in Moscow a Russian officer who had just come from the Grand Duke and was going back to him. Captain Johnson, he said, was with him at the time. It must unfortunately be added that there appears to be every likelihood of the Grand Duke Michael's having since perished in some way unknown. The district where he was then fell afterwards into friendly hands, and it seems incredible that, if he were still alive, he would not have made himself known.

This is, as far as our present knowledge can trace it, the picture of the reasons why the Tsar was murdered, together with all near him. Tried by the test of probability, it accounts for the facts, and it accounts for all of them. The key fits the lock. To the best of my belief, it is the only one that does. The Bolsheviks have tried hard to keep the door shut, even to deny the dreadful deed within. But prejudice and crime will be hard put to it to lock the door again.

JOHN POLLOCK.

IN RED EKATERINBURG.

In spring last I spent two weeks in Ekaterinburg, and passed most of that time in the town, where I saw many interesting things and met some terrible men, the most terrible of them all being Yurovsky, the murderer of the Tsar. I had lived in Ekaterinburg previously, first in 1918, when the Czechs were there, and again in 1919, when Kolchak's troops and a battalion of the Hampshire Regiment occupied it. On both these occasions it had been a very busy place, the railway station being blocked with staff trains, most of which might be briefly described as *bordels ambulants*: the station platform, a local Piccadilly in more senses than one, being a favourite place of assignation and always crowded with officers and ladies; the streets filled with soldiers, horses, cabs, and the swift motor-cars of great, brass generals: the shops and eating-houses full of food; the market-place crowded with farmers' carts. In fact, it was, like any other army base, a town of good cheer, overcrowding, khaki, "hustle," horses, and sin. Boisterous, imperfect, with streaks of religion and bursts of philanthropy, it was, with all its faults, human.

The Ekaterinburg that met my eyes on February 19th was completely changed. Trying to describe that change to myself in one word, I meant to say "Bolshevism," but found myself saying "Puritanism." For between the two there are the most astonishing resemblances, perhaps because extremes meet, perhaps because the one is as pre-Christian as the other is post-Christian. I know that it ought not to be so, and that Lenin should be seated on a heap of skulls quaffing human blood, while Trotsky should be engaged nightly in bacchanalian revels; but, as a matter of fact, Lenin leads as austere a life as Oliver Cromwell, while Trotsky is as busy as Lloyd George.

The platform of Ekaterinburg station was no longer a promenade, and only people who had business to do came there. It was sometimes deserted altogether, save for three grim and watchful figures, thirty paces apart, Trotsky's janissaries. One great hall in the station had been turned into a typhus hospital and another great hall into a "Propaganda Point." The station walls were covered with advertisements—not advertisements of the nerve tablet and hair tonic order, but Bolshevik propaganda advertisements. At each end of the platform was painted a huge notice ordering, in imperative language, all C.O.'s to bring their

men without fail to the "Propaganda Point" and to apply there for newspapers and "literature," which would be given free. It was like the notices one would expect to find in a Cromwellian army, directing the pious soldiers to some quiet tent wherein the hungry soul might find manna in the outpourings of Master Zerubbabel the chaplain or Grace-be-here the holy corporal.

These "Propaganda Points" exist in every station along the Siberian line, and are very remarkable institutions. The largest hall in the station building is always selected, and is generally presided over by a C3 Red soldier, who has a tiny office apart. Seated there on a collection of Bolshevik newspapers, he wrestles in his spare moments with the voluminous volumes of Karl Marx, indicates to the young the damnable and pernicious heresies of Krautsky, or engages in edifying conversation about Lenin's latest encyclical with grave, ungodly old Communists from the local Soviet.

Over the entrance of the Ekaterinburg hall there was painted in large letters the text, "Those who work not, neither must they eat," while inside one saw on every wall the well-known appeal of Karl Marx: "Workers of the world, unite! You have a world to gain and only your chains to lose."

The pictures and cartoons, with which the whole interior was covered from floor to ceiling, might be divided into several groups: (1) Those praising the Red Army and calculated to foster a military spirit; (2) those condemning capitalists, priests, and militarists; (3) those flattering the workman and promising him the overlordship of the world; (4) those exciting anger against foreign countries, particularly France and England. There were appeals to the railway workmen not to go on strike, but to remember that by striking they would inflict a deadly blow on democracy, and that, though their present discomforts were great, there was a good time coming. There were charts showing the parts of machine-guns and the way to make bombs, and these were generally accompanied by explanatory letterpress and by appeals to the workmen to drill and arm and study the mechanism of their rifles, so that no power on earth could disarm them and force them back again into the old servitude. Side by side with these were charts explaining the construction of the latest agricultural machinery and exhorting the peasantry to make themselves proficient agriculturists. There were numerous exhortations to study, and numerous denunciations of ignorance and illiteracy as unpardonable crimes which would only lead to the capitalist yoke being again fastened on the necks of the workers. The attacks on religion consisted of caricatures showing monks and priests making money out of holy relics and squandering

that money privately on revels and debauchery. The priest was sometimes represented as a huge, leering spider weaving his web around the *muzhik* and his wife and children; and these anti-clerical cartoons were generally accompanied by satirical doggerel from the pen of the Soviet's principal poet, a Moscow Communist who writes a great deal of coarse, satirical verse under the pen-name of Ivan Bedny (Poor John). All of this anti-clerical propaganda would meet to such an extent with the approval of the English Protestant Alliance that I would respectfully suggest that these two great organisations get into touch with one another for an exchange of "literature." Many huge coloured cartoons were devoted to Kolchak and Denikin, and were mostly vulgar but effective. One represented Kolchak seated, in an intoxicated condition—the Supreme Ruler did, as a matter of fact, drink rather too much at times—on an imperial throne, with savage-looking generals and fat business-men bowing in front of him and a corpulent, bibulous priest blessing him. In the background stood French and British officers. Another represented red-faced, bull-necked, brutal-looking officers of Denikin shooting women and children in the corner of a ruined cottage. The workman was always represented as young, brawny, triumphant, in shirt sleeves, neck and arms bare, a hammer in his hand and the world at his feet. The triumph of the Red Army was exhibited, not without a rough art, in a series of cartoons, some showing the Red soldiers winding through frozen steppes, others showing them charging madly through the smoke of battle. And over their ranks the Revolutionary banner always waved. In one double picture a number of bloated capitalists, smirking priests, and purple-nosed generals were shown in the act of binding the Russian workman in chains. In the other section of the same picture the workman was seen breaking the chains, scattering his would-be masters right and left, and jumping on the stomach of the fattest of them. The "elimination" of the landlord was represented in a cartoon containing many sections. In the early sections we had the old days of serfdom, the slave-owning landlord being represented as lording it over his human cattle, whip in hand, while an unctuous and subservient priest stood by apparently lost in admiration at the greatness of the squire; in the later sections we had the landlord running for his life, accompanied by the parish priest; and, finally, a prosperous and contented peasantry owning everything in sight and provided with a palatial and well-attended Communist school, but with no public-house or church in the village.

Some posters dealt with British rule in India—soldiers shooting down Hindoos or blowing them from the mouths of cannon;

Sahibs in solar topees ploughing with natives instead of with horses. The Bolshevik expert on Irish affairs is a Comrade Kerzhentseff, who was in Ireland during the Easter rebellion and has published a number of pamphlets on "The Irish Revolution" and the Irish question generally. Being a very able journalist and head of the Rosta (Russian Socialist Telegraph Agency), he makes great capital out of the present state of things in Ireland, though he realises that the Orange workman of Belfast is far nearer to him in many ways than the Catholic peasant of Tipperary. He has probably inspired also some Irish posters, in one of which Ireland is pointed out as a striking example of the cruelty of capitalism. The main facts of the famine of 1848 are given: that there was food enough in the country to feed all the common people, but that so much of it was exported to pay the rent that, owing to hunger and emigration, the population fell from eight millions to four millions.

An almost religious tone was lent to this Propaganda Hall by the pictures relating to Karl Marx. One showed a sinking ship in which all humanity was perishing, save only one man who was standing on a raft in the form of an open book, across which was written the name "Karl Marx." If one substituted "Holy Bible," this picture would be quite suitable for hanging up in Mr. John Kensit's "Protestant Book Shop" in St. Paul's Churchyard. There were also numerous busts of Karl Marx, looking very patriarchal in long hair and beard: but the most prominent object was the Red Star of Bolshevism, a huge construction of red glass with a light inside, fixed high up near the ceiling and throwing a baleful light on the great crowd always gathered underneath in the evenings.

These crowds attended the service of song and "instruction" which went on daily from about five o'clock to midnight, and which was certainly very popular, for I never found it possible to get anything but standing room. The best local singers and musicians, as well as good musicians from Russia, performed *gratis* on a platform at the end of the room, where there was a piano and an orchestra. Not only were revolutionary songs given; classical songs by Pushkin and Lermontov were also heard, as well as music by Tchaikovsky and other great composers. Recitations, lectures on art, education, Socialism, typhus, and every conceivable subject lent variety to the entertainment. Meanwhile "Comrades" who wanted to write letters or to study at leisure had the use of a reading-room in which note-paper, envelopes, and some books of reference were available.

The streets of Red Ekaterinburg were very much quieter than the streets of White Ekaterinburg had been, and nearly every-

body wore civilian dress. For the first time in five years I found myself in a town where one could walk about for hours without catching a glimpse of khaki.

I have already alluded to the decorations in honour of Trotsky's arrival. These took the form of Red flags *passim*, of many triumphal arches, made of wood covered with red paper and with boughs of pine-trees, of many pictures of Lenin and Trotsky on the walls, and of all sorts of other pictures, as well as a vast amount of bunting, evergreens, transparencies, and coloured cloth on all the house-fronts. The entablature of the arch near the station was covered on each side with a huge picture twenty feet square. The painting on one side represented Lenin and Trotsky going in a trolley along a railway track from an old burning town to a new and prosperous-looking city, the former being capitalist, the latter proletarian civilisation. On the other side Lenin was represented as driving a railway engine labelled "Progress," which three foreign officers—English, French, and American—were vainly trying to stop by the offer of a bag of gold to the engine-driver, who was apparently determined nevertheless to run them down. There were similar representations on all the other arches, and everywhere, in gigantic letters, the war-cry of Bolshevism shouted at one: "Workers of the world, unite!" If anything ever becomes true by constant repetition, this union must soon take place, for it is a stereotyped heading on every issue of every newspaper, it appears in about a dozen languages on some of the Bolshevik paper money, it appears on all the propaganda matter and all the Government stationery, and Bolshevik mothers paste it over their child's cradle as an American mother pastes "God Bless our Home," or as a Catholic mother puts a picture of the Madonna or the Angel Guardian.

A Bolshevik official once said to me: "What an amount of propaganda we shall be able to do when we get enough paper!" But what an amount of propaganda will they not do when they get peace and begin to develop the inexhaustible natural wealth of their country! Electric lights will then print in gigantic letters on the midnight sky and electric signs will flash from the house-tops, not the stirring message, "Try Tapley's Tea" or "Drink Macpherson's Whisky," but "Workers of the world, unite! You have a world to gain and only your chains to lose." Probably they will then use in Communist and anti-Christian propaganda throughout Moscow and Petrograd as much electric power as is now employed on commercial propaganda in New York, Chicago, Paris, and London put together.

The former British Consulate, which had been converted into a Bolshevik Government office, had broken out into a perfect

eruption of decorations with a picture of Lenin, framed in a wreath of evergreens, as the centre of the scheme. The French Consulate next door, which had been converted into a Court of Justice, was similarly decorated, and carried a picture of Trotsky. Peter the Great had been knocked off his pedestal in the centre of the town, and his place had been taken by a large marble head of Karl Marx. Catherine the Great had also been deposed. In front of the cathedral was a great pyramidal erection of wood covered with red cloth bearing the inscription "To Labour." It was adorned with brass plaques representing half-naked figures toiling in mines, forges, and factories, these figures being so well designed that I suspect the plaques must have been taken from some museum. The house where the Tsar was murdered was converted into an office of the Political Department, and bore a great painting representing the Red Army charging through smoke and snow. The square in front of this house had been called "Resurrection Place," but that name has now been changed to "The Square of National Vengeance," which shows that the Bolsheviks, who ought to know, entertain none of those doubts about the murder of the Tsar which some people in this country still harbour. The street that runs north and south of the square is called Karl Liebknecht Street, and the other principal street, in which the Municipal Theatre is situated, is called Lenin Street. All the remaining streets and squares have also had their names changed, being now called after prominent revolutionists of the past or the present (even Stenka Razin, the Jack Cade of Russia, being commemorated), or after gifted though impetuous writers like Mamontov-Sibiriak.

Formerly there were few Government institutions and no clubs in Ekaterinburg, but now there are whole streets consisting of nothing else. Instead of promoting business, however, this multiplication of Government offices has killed it. The dead hand of Government control has stifled every kind of enterprise. An engineer employed by the Soviet told me that on one occasion, in order to put through a matter of urgent public interest, he had had to visit five different institutions, including a Government office dealing with railway work, a Government office dealing with Ural industries, and a "Professional Union" of industrial workers. The British public had some experience during the war of how a Government runs work that had previously been left to private enterprise; but the muddle in Russia is a thousand times greater and causes extreme exasperation, even among the marvellously patient and long-suffering people of that country, who have been accustomed for centuries to the most exaggerated forms of officialism.

One man told me that if he lost a button off his trousers he would have first of all to get a permit from the "House Committee." Then he would have to bring that permit to a Commissar. Then he would have to go to a Government department which would give him an order on a Government store. Then he would wait all day in a *queue* outside that Government store only to find, when his turn came, that it had given out all its buttons, and that he would have to go to a similar store at the other end of the town and wait all day in a *queue* there. A button in the offertory is consequently a source of unmitigated joy to the impecunious Russian and Polish priests, for a whole plateful of the paper money and the postage stamps which are given liberally by the Faithful would not buy a packet of cigarettes. I tried to get twopence worth of Epsom salts, a very cheap and common drug in the Urals, but I found that I had first to go to so many widely separated departments that I gave up the attempt in despair and asked a friendly *Feldsher* to get it for me. The *Feldsher* told me, however, that it was no use his trying, owing to the complexity of the process; and I had consequently to go without. These are not exceptional cases; they are the rule: and I often told the Bolsheviki that if a Government like that were established in England, the workers themselves or their wives would sweep it away in twenty-four hours.

There is even a strong tendency for these establishments to increase and multiply in the way we were familiar with in England during the war, and there are even *liaison* establishments to enable different departments to keep in touch with one another.

The number of "professional unions" is also very great. There are unions of railway mechanics, metal workers, fitters and joiners, plumbers, and of many others, but they are different from our trade unions inasmuch as they are absolutely powerless.

Most of the houses which are not occupied by Government departments and professional unions are used as clubs for workmen (who do not work) and by assembly halls for the "League of Communist Youth," a widely-spread organisation which the Soviet Government encourages very much, as it is anxious to get hold of the rising generation in order to make them grow up with Bolshevik ideas. One sometimes sees workmen lolling back at their ease in the deep armchairs of these various clubs, while the famished *bourgeois* who formerly dozed on those chairs, seated on newspapers, now stands outside in the snow and flattens his nose against the cold window-pane in an attempt to see what is going on inside, and perhaps in the hope of deriving some

stimulus from the sight of the savoury viands. And, if he wanders about the streets too late at night, he risks being run over by the "workmen" returning in their swift sleighs from the theatre, where they get free seats, while he cannot get a seat at all. The largest club in town is for private soldiers, and is called the Trotsky Club. It has a great picture of Trotsky hung outside, and colonels, generals, and staff officers are, I presume, ineligible for membership, and must amuse themselves as best they can at home or in less sumptuous resorts. Others are named after less-known Bolshevik leaders. Some children's homes, hospitals, and public reading-rooms are called after Mrs. Lenin and other women Bolsheviks.

As soon as the Reds entered the town everything became the property of the State, and one of the Bolshevik officials gave me a humorous description of how he had walked into one of the best houses on Karl Marx Street and "bagged" it, afterwards getting a large consignment of extra furniture by applying to the Quarters Committee, which sent him an alabaster table, a Japanese silk screen, a fine sofa, and a miscellaneous collection of expensive chairs. He had no idea where most of this loot had come from, but suspected that some of it had been taken from the villa of a wealthy German runaway called Schmidt.

I made the acquaintance of the principal Bolshevik in the town, a big, bearded man of about thirty, who looked like an Australian squatter, but who had been a foreman in one of the Ural factories. He had, of course, been in gaol repeatedly for his revolutionary activity under the Tsar's Government; had lost three of his fingers in the factory and had got eightpence compensation for each finger, and had been for two years fighting against Kolchak. In America or Canada he would have started as a successful pioneer and ended as a self-made trust magnate worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, for he knew all about minerals and was full of enterprise. The rule of Nicholas II. had converted him, however, into an embittered and dangerous revolutionary; and the equally pernicious rule of Tsar Lenin has now made him an incurable politician and deprived the Ural industries for ever of his services. He was selected by the Gubernia Soviet to represent them in the All-Russia Soviet, and I afterwards met him in Moscow.

This man, whom I shall call Ivanov, showed me all over Ekaterinburg, and I was amused at the way he did it. "There," he said, "is the restaurant where Kolchak's officers used to drink; it is now a school. There is a villa which an old general presented to the Tsar; it is now an orphanage. A wealthy mine-owner lived here; it is now a barrack"; and so on. Entering

the fine museum we saw portraits of local celebrities. "Most of these will be pulled down," he said. "See that man with the sword? He was a sugar merchant who bribed right and left in Court circles until he got a civil rank corresponding to the rank of a general in the Army. He prepared a great reception for Alexander III. when he came here: hence all those decorations. That man with the spectacles? Oh, he was a great geologist, and a poor man from start to finish. *His* portrait will remain."

Inside the museum he found an opportunity at every step to show his hatred of the old order of things which he had helped to crush. There was, in a glass case, an exhibit of ancient Court dresses side by side with an exhibit of peasant costumes. He sneered at the Court dresses, and pointed out the comparative superiority of the peasant costumes from the point of view of comfort as well as from the artistic standpoint. In another glass case was a collection of objects dating from the days of the serfs and placed there not by the Bolsheviks, but in the time of the Empire. Among them were iron fetters, a heavy iron collar for the neck, a whip for scourging the slaves, and various instruments of torture. His face grew black as he looked at them. "Can you wonder," said he, "that the Ural miners have no great affection for the capitalists and the Tsars? The first miners in this town lived like brute beasts and worked in chains."

At a meeting of the Provincial Soviet over which Ivanov presided, I sat in my peasant's sheepskin coat at the reporters' table, and tried, with a success so great as to be almost disquieting, to look as plebeian as possible. There were some things that I liked about that meeting, though I would not recommend their adoption by our own Legislature. In the first place, the speeches were short, never over ten minutes: and, in the second place, suitable musical selections were played by a brass band during the intervals between the speeches. Of the selections played, one was the "Marseillaise," one the "Internationale," and one the lugubrious funeral march which the Russian Revolutionists have played since 1905 in honour of their comrades who have fallen since then in the fight against the Tsardom.

The election of delegates which took place at this meeting was a farce. To put the case in a nutshell, the ruling clique named its candidates, and nobody dared to oppose them for fear of becoming a marked man. All Bolshevik elections, from those for the village Soviet all the way up to the All-Russian Soviet, are of this character; and the election of non-Bolsheviks is rendered almost impossible, not only on account of this practice, but also because no candidate who is not a Communist can get

any printing done, can address any meetings, can write in any newspaper, or can get a pass on the railway.

Owing to the nationalisation of all private libraries, there are some thirteen or fourteen new libraries in the town, but all are for the proletariat, and a more *bourgeois* like myself had no more chance of being admitted to one of them than a chimney-sweep would have of being admitted in his workaday costume to the Athenæum Club. Consequently I had to wander about the streets, and soon I began to get quite annoyed with the glowing eulogies of Communism which glared at me in print and in paint from every wall and every arch of triumph. They seemed, like Bolshevism itself, to consist only of great promises and no performance. The town contained, it is true, many Communist eating-houses, but they were only for Communists. And a disagreeable, workhouse appearance they all had. Exactly the same in every respect save that some bore the sign, "Soviet Government Eating-house. For Adults," and others the sign, "Soviet Government Eating-house. For Children." The children, by the way, are well fed both in Ekaterinburg and in Moscow, but this is all part of a large and cunning scheme to get them from their mothers and make themselves regard themselves as children of the State, and not bound by ties of peculiar affection to any man and woman.

All the adult Bolsheviks who have been in these feeding-places detest them cordially, and say that the food is very bad. I did manage to get into one myself, though I had nothing to eat in it; and the impression it made on me was painful. This nationalisation of restaurants would never be tolerated by the British working man, and I am not sure that even the British tramp would like it. To feed in one of these places makes one feel like a pig being fed by a master. Government employees in all countries tend to be "superior" and uncivil; having been a Government employee myself for the last five years I can understand that tendency. To buy a postage stamp from a Government employee is hard enough at times for the buyer, but to have to take, not buy, your *hors d'œuvre* and soup, *entrée*, joint, sweets, and coffee from such a superior person is the last word in discomfort. Such a system would brutalise any people. The brutal would become more brutal, and the rest would hunger-strike and die of starvation. The abolition of charity might be a good thing, though I am afraid that the poor will be always with us, but the abolition of hospitality and of the home is inhuman.

Repelled by the blank, barrack-like exterior of the Soviet feeding-troughs, I tried to buy food elsewhere, but I found it

utterly impossible. Again and again was I attracted by painted and temptingly illustrated signs dating from Tsarist times and telling that bread and butter, sugar and coffee, honey and milk and jam were to be had within. I always found a locked and empty shop, broken glass in the windows, broken bottles on the floor, an inch thick of dust on the counter, and a spider's cobweb on the rusty scales. When this had happened the hundredth time I permanently lost all faith in Bolshevism as a sane governmental system. But, being now ravenously hungry, I determined to try sundry humble little places where I had formerly bought excellent bread and matchless Siberian butter. Not one of them was open, nor had any of them apparently been open for six months. All trade stopped when the Reds entered the town, just as all trade stopped in Pompeii when it was overwhelmed by Vesuvius.

It was not that the Red Army had eaten up everything or that all the food had been sent to European Russia, for no food had been sent across the Urals since the Bolsheviks came to that town, which lies close to one of the richest agricultural districts in the world; and, though there had been a White Army in Ekaterinburg when I was there last, the civilians could nevertheless get plenty of food. The reason for this stoppage lies in the Socialist theory that the State should feed everybody and that there should be no private restaurants, no shops, and no middle class at all. This kills all private enterprise as surely as a tree is killed by the cutting away of its roots. I had to go into this question very carefully, and the results of my investigations are embodied in a series of reports I made to the British Government and which would be too long to give in the present article, so that I shall confine myself here to one instance of how the Communist theory works. When I was in Ekaterinburg there were thousands of tons of frozen fish at Tobolsk, but they were left to rot there because the Government had no time to distribute them and because no individual would do so. An enterprising man would, under any other sort of *régime*, have hired sleighs, brought those fish in forty-eight hours to Ekaterinburg, and sold them there to the advantage of the population and of himself. But, under Bolshevism, no private individual would do so, as (1) he would be stopped by the local Extraordinary Commission at Tobolsk; (2) if he overcame difficulty (1), his fish would be seized by the local Extraordinary Commission at Ekaterinburg; (3) if he overcame difficulties (1) and (2), the money he got for the fish would be taken from him and he would be imprisoned for "speculation." This triple barrier prevented anything being done by private initiative, and consequently the fish all rotted.

The same objections applied to trade in grain and every other kind of foodstuffs. There existed, it is true, a Government Provisioning Department, but I know that in Moscow it is extremely corrupt, so that I assume that it is even more corrupt in Ekaterinburg. Farmers will not grow grain if it is to be handed over to Government Departments which do not pay them for it and which persecute and imprison them if they make any complaint. The peasants will not rebel; but the passive resistance of this great dark mass of over one hundred millions causes profound disquiet to the Soviet Government, much greater disquiet than that caused by all the Allies put together. The *muzhik* is the Sphinx of the situation. Lenin storms at him and calls him a capitalist. Trotsky takes his sons and makes Red soldiers of them, and sends them back to the villages to preach the gospel of Karl Marx. The Sphinx smiles and says nothing, but Lenin likes neither that smile nor that silence.

There was a market-place in Ekaterinburg to which some peasants came with their carts, but they only sold cranberries, a very limited number of potatoes and carrots, and occasionally some butter and cheese. The crowds around their carts were so great that I was never able to buy anything; but, finally, after a week's search, I discovered a little shop where one could buy butter if he entered a secret door and traversed dark passages and observed the precautions generally taken by thirsty people in America. As I was having quite enough adventure as it was, I did not investigate this mystery, but turned my attention to a sort of booth, about the size of a newspaper kiosk, where a frightened old man sold butter and cheese, which he weighed with the exquisite care of a jeweller weighing diamonds. As his whole stock did not consist of more than six pounds of butter and twelve pounds of cheese per day, and as he charged R.1,200 for a pound of butter, he could hardly be said to go on the rule of "small profits, quick returns." In Moscow, I might add, butter fetched R.3,000 a pound.

A disquisition on the price of butter may seem an ignoble conclusion to a paper on such a terrible subject as Bolshevism, but it is not inapt, I think, for Bolshevism, with its head in the clouds, will probably slide and fall on something simple and slippery—like butter. Not that I have any desire to indulge in prophecy, for history is strewn with falsified forecasts. James I. planted Ulster with sturdy Scots who, instead of proving a support to his dynasty as he had expected, drove James II. from the throne. We planted New England with Englishmen so as to counterbalance French influence in Canada, but New England threw us over, while the French-Canadians remained faithful to

us. And future history may likewise be paved with the miscalculations of statesmen. I am sometimes tempted to think of even the Bolshevik bureaucracy as the possible ally of a future German bureaucracy. Why should not the handful of desperate adventurers who have conquered Russia by their ideas evolve into a ruling caste, even as the disreputable freebooters who conquered England in 1066 by their swords evolved into perfectly respectable people? But the conclusion at which I have invariably arrived when engaged in such surmises is that the ideas of the Bolsheviks will not keep their edge so long as did the swords of the Normans, and that the feudal system, with its roots stretching down to the humblest of the people, contained far greater promise of stability than does the Bolshevik theory which has no hold on the peasants and no hold on most of the workmen. There are 125,000,000 people in Russia, and, according to Trotsky, the Bolsheviks number only 604,000, of whom not more than 70,000 are workmen. All the rest are bureaucrats, and, from personal investigations which I conducted in Moscow, I discovered that at least half of these 70,000 workmen are engaged on what they call "political work," though they are paid by the factories, are inscribed on the books of the factories, and are supposed to be working in the factories. The Bolsheviks are losing touch with the manual workers at a very rapid rate indeed, and, in a short time, every member of the party will be a bureaucrat. Obsessed by their impracticable theories, they will be carried further and further from the realities of life and of human nature until finally they are tripped up by something very simple and very small, as the Tsar was tripped up on a drunken pilgrim and a shortage of bread. Wars have been caused by diphthongs, and the Bolsheviks may be overthrown by the one word "worker." To that word they have consistently given the interpretation "manual worker," so that when, in 1905, Count Witte claimed, and with very good reason, to be also a worker, the deputation of Workmen's Deputies, which, by the way, included Trotsky, laughed him to scorn. Yet now there are, in Moscow alone, 230,000 Bolshevik officials who do not work with their hands, against 100,000 manual workers, of whom considerably less than half are members of the Communist party. A Menshevik recently asked in the *Pravda* why so few skilled workmen are Bolshevik, and the editor replied that he needed time before he could answer that difficult question. "Those who work not, neither must they eat": out of their own sacred books shall the Bolsheviks be confounded.

The Polish war is now as unpopular as the "imperialistic" war was in 1917, and, according to the latest Bolshevik newspapers

which have reached this country, two other questions cause profound disquiet—the partial failure of the harvest and the destruction by fire of most of the wood fuel which had been collected along the railways. I might add to this the curious fact, which I pointed out in an official report six months ago, that the very completeness of Trotsky's victory over Kolchak and Denikin has, by leading to the incorporation of very many White officers, officials, and soldiers in the Red Army, proved to be a misfortune to the Soviet Republic, which now realises that it has swallowed more than it can digest.

The most probable outcome of this Russian experiment will be a successful military reaction involving the extermination of half a million Reds and perhaps another half-million of inoffensive Jews, after which the pendulum will go on swinging from right to left and from left to right until it finally comes to rest at a Constitutional Monarchy or a *bourgeois* Republic.

FRANCIS McCULLAGH.

PRESIDENT OR PREMIER?

THE PROBLEM OF THE EXECUTIVE.

"The President presides but does not govern; he can form no decision save in agreement with his Ministers; and the responsibility is theirs. . . . The President, therefore, exercises no power alone."

Raymond Poincaré (1913).

"The President of the Republic shall be responsible only in case of high treason."

Organic Law of France (February 25, 1875).

"Energy in the Executive is a leading character in the definition of good government. . . . The ingredients which constitute energy in the Executive are, first, unity; secondly, duration; thirdly, an adequate provision for its support; fourthly, competent powers. . . .

"Those politicians and statesmen who have been the most celebrated for the soundness of their principles and the justice of their views have declared in favour of a Single Executive."

Hamilton: *The Federalist*, No. LXX.

"With us the King himself governs."

Bismarck (1862).

"The English Prime Minister, with his majority secure in Parliament, can do what the German Emperor and the American President and all the Chairmen of Committees in the United States Congress cannot do."

Sir Sidney Low.

THE National Assembly of France has just elected a new President of the Republic. Within a few weeks the people of the United States will have done likewise. Hitherto the two Presidents have had little in common except the title. The powers of an American President, though strictly defined by the Constitution, have in effect varied with the personality of the holder of that high office. The position of the French President was described thus by Sir Henry Maine (1885):---

" There is no living functionary who occupies a more pitiable position than a French President. The old Kings of France reigned and governed. The Constitutional King, according to M. Thiers, reigned, but does not govern. The President of the United States governs, but he does not reign. It has been reserved for the President of the French Republic neither to reign nor yet to govern."

With this position President Millerand has intimated that he does not mean to be content, though the actual words of his Presidential message are somewhat cryptic: "The nation is for ever bound to the Republican *régime*, which, after having corrected the errors and faults of personal power, has fulfilled its work in reconstituting the unity of the country. . . . Its will, manifested by the voice of its representatives, needs, in order to

be accomplished and respected, a *free executive* power under the control of Parliament and an independent judicial power. You will choose the hour which, in accord with the Government, you judge opportune in order to effect in a prudent manner *desirable modifications in the constitutional laws.*" The italics are mine. Tentative and cautious as is the phrasing, the message unmistakably points to an intention on the part of the new President of the Republic to claim for himself something of the powers entrusted in the first troubled days of the Third Republic to M. Thiers as "Chief of the State." President Millerand is, indeed, understood to have made it clear to his late colleagues in the Cabinet that he meant to take an active part in the control of foreign affairs. Under Article 8 of the *Organic Law* of 1875 the President has the right "to negotiate and to ratify treaties." That provision, M. Millerand is believed to have insisted, gives to the President the right, and imposes upon him the duty, of active participation in foreign policy. Only thus, in his belief, can the continuity of French foreign policy be in these critical days effectively secured.

Should the suggestion of M. Millerand materialise, should the necessary revision of the Constitution be effected, the new experiment will be watched with profound interest by all students of political institutions. Hitherto the French President has been a strictly "Constitutional" ruler. In M. Poincaré's phrase, he has presided, but he has not governed. Henceforward, if M. Millerand is allowed to have his way, he will at least take a hand in the Government.

M. Millerand's claim raises a problem the solution of which is of the highest concern, not merely to France, but to all the democracies of the modern world, and assuredly not least to our own. The problem may be stated in more than one way. Is the Parliamentary type of democracy—the type first evolved in England and from England copied by a large part of the civilised world—about to be superseded? Is it proving, on the executive side, unequal to the claims made upon it by the increasing complexity of modern government and in particular by the intricacies of foreign affairs? Is the Parliamentary type of Executive undergoing a process of subtle approximation to the Presidential type? Has the development of the Cabinet system reached its term; is it destined, in the near future, to give place to another? The closest observers of contemporary politics will be least inclined to give a positive and dogmatic answer to these questions, but the questions do suggest that the time is opportune for a cautious attempt to discern and to interpret the signs of the times.

Two propositions may, at the outset, be advanced with a considerable measure of assurance. First, that nothing has lately happened to diminish the importance of a strong Executive; and, secondly, that for the modern world the choice virtually lies between the English form of the Executive and the American, between the Cabinet system and the Presidential—I had almost written between a Premier and a President.

One possible misconception ought, however, to be removed. Parliamentary democracy is, both in logic and in practice, consistent equally with an Hereditary Monarchy or a Republic, provided that the Republic is non-Presidential and the Monarchy is "Constitutional." Equally, a Presidential Executive may be vested either in an hereditary autocrat or in the elected Chief of a Republican State. Bismarck said, with perfect accuracy: "With us the King himself governs." The Prussian Executive was in no sense Parliamentary. But neither is the American. The Prussian King believed his authority to emanate from God; that of an American President is plainly derived from the people. It is not, however, the derivation of power that is now in question, but its scope, and still more the manner of its exercise. The actual powers of William of Hohenzollern differed little from those of President Wilson. The position of both was wholly unlike that of King George V. or his Prime Minister. Between the two the choice of modern States would seem to lie.

There is, indeed, a third alternative which must not be ignored. The Constitution of the Swiss Republic confides the Executive authority neither to a President nor to a Premier; neither to a Cabinet nor to an autocrat. The Ministers who compose the Bundesrat or Federal Council are in effect, though not in form, the permanent heads of certain State Departments, and they exist to do the will of the sovereign people, whether expressed to them directly by an "instructed" initiative or through the intermediation of their elected representatives in the Legislature. In this, as in other respects, Swiss democracy is direct, but whether such a form of democracy can exist elsewhere than in a small State, itself the federal aggregate of still smaller States; peculiarly situated, alike as regards geography and also international relations, is a question which must not detain us.

For the great States of the modern world the choice, let it be repeated, lies between democracy of the Presidential, and democracy of the Parliamentary, type.

Of these two types England and the United States present the predominant examples. There is something to be said in favour of each, and one thing to be said equally in favour of both: both are native, both are racy of the soil in which the culture was

developed ; both, therefore, may be presumed to correspond with the political necessities of the States which gave them birth. In duration there is little to choose between them. Of Premiers, in the modern English sense, Sir Robert Walpole is generally accounted the first ; but he disclaimed both the title and the position. The younger Pitt definitely and justly claimed both. In the United States the position of the President has changed little from the days of George Washington to those of President Wilson.

What was the germ of these two offices—the most important in the modern world? To this question it is commonly answered that the English Premier is the product of a long process of evolution ; that the American President was either a copy or an inspiration. The first part of the answer is a good deal more accurate than the second.

Of all the anomalies of a Constitution replete with anomalies the most glaring, perhaps, is the position of the Prime Minister in England. So lately as 1902 Mr. Balfour said : "The Prime Minister has no salary as Prime Minister. He has no statutory duties as Prime Minister ; his name occurs in no Acts of Parliament, and, though holding the most important place in the Constitutional hierarchy, he has no place which is recognised by the laws of his country. That is a strange paradox." "Nowhere," wrote Mr. Gladstone in 1878, "does so great a substance cast so small a shadow ; nowhere is there a man who has so much power, with so little to show for it in the way of formal title or prerogative. . . . He has no official rank, except that of Privy Councillor. Eight members of the Cabinet . . . take official precedence of him. . . . He is almost, if not altogether, unknown to the Statute Law." Since Mr. Gladstone wrote and even since Mr. Balfour spoke, some part of the paradox has been removed. The "office" of Prime Minister is not even now statutory ; no salary is attached to it ; but the title now appears frequently in official documents, and by a Royal Warrant issued in December official precedence is assigned to the "Prime Minister" immediately after the Archbishop of York, who in the table of precedence takes rank after the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord High Chancellor.

The actual authority wielded by the Prime Minister depends to a great extent upon the personality of the individual and upon that of his chief Cabinet colleagues. Lord Rosebery repudiated the notion that a Prime Minister "represents universal power," and described his position as that of "the Chairman of an Executive Committee of . . . Privy Councillors, the influential foreman of an executive jury." But his view was not perhaps uninfluenced

by his own position. Succeeding immediately to Mr. Gladstone; owing his position to the Sovereign's personal choice, unratified by reference to the electorate; a Peer-Premier, with a powerful and disappointed colleague leading the House of Commons, Lord Rosebery's position was, among modern Prime Ministers, somewhat exceptional. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, insisted that: "The head of the British Government is not a Grand Vizier. He has no powers properly so-called over his colleagues." Yet, in describing Sir Robert Peel's place in his Cabinet—"a perfectly organised administration"—he was doubtless describing his own: "Nothing of great importance is matured or would ever be projected without his personal cognisance; and under any weighty business would commonly go to him before being submitted to the Cabinet."

The Cabinet and its Chief are alike the resultant of a long process of evolution. The critical moment occurred in the seventeenth century, when the nation decided to transfer supreme power from the Crown to the King-in-Parliament. But, although the large principle of the sovereignty of Parliament was thus affirmed, it still remained a matter of uncertainty how that sovereignty was to be exercised. The solution of the problem was found during the first half of the eighteenth century in the evolution of a Cabinet responsible to Parliament. The Cabinet system, as we in England have understood it, involves the acceptance of five principles: correspondence between the Cabinet and the Parliamentary majority of the day; political homogeneity; mutual responsibility; the exclusion of the Sovereign; and common acceptance of the leadership of a "First Minister." The establishment of these principles was gradual, but was materially assisted—especially in relation to the last two—by the accession in 1714 of a foreigner, who spoke English hardly at all and understood it indifferently. George I. consequently found it tedious to preside over a Council of Ministers who were as ignorant of German as he was of English. So the Sovereign dropped out of the Cabinet, and even George III. found it impossible to get back.¹ William III. and Queen Anne were more than titular heads of the Executive Government. Their will, particularly in foreign affairs, prevailed. So long as the Sovereign presided at Cabinet meetings there was no room for a "First Minister." When George I. dropped out, Walpole inevitably slipped in. He disclaimed, indeed, both the title and the prerogatives. When accused of usurping them, he replied with

(1) There would seem to be three occasions on which since 1714 the Sovereign has been present at a Cabinet Council, but as Anson says, "As exceptions from the established rule they are wholly unimportant."

emphasis: "I unequivocally deny that I am sole and Prime Minister." The House of Lords recorded in its *Journal* its deliberate opinion: "A sole or even a first Minister is an office unknown to the law of Britain, inconsistent with the Constitution of the country, and destructive of liberty in any Government whatsoever." None the less, Walpole is to-day universally acclaimed as the first of the long line of British Prime Ministers.

For two centuries the Cabinet system developed without halt or interruption down to December, 1916, when the exigencies of the Great War compelled a change of method, if not of system.

For nearly three years Cabinet Government was suspended. The precise nature and full extent of the constitutional revolution effected—not without ample justification—in December, 1916, is even yet—despite the publication of *Reports of the War Cabinet* for 1917 and 1918—imperfectly apprehended by the simple or even perhaps by the learned. Nor has the time come for full disclosure. Yet some points, and those perhaps the most significant, are sufficiently obvious. The familiar principles ceased to operate: the Executive was divorced from the Legislature; party allegiance and Parliamentary experience were disregarded: the heads of administrative departments, though on occasion consulted, formed no part of the supreme Executive; above all, power almost dictatorial was vested in the single person of the Prime Minister.

No Minister since Pitt's day has occupied a position similar to that of Mr. Lloyd George, and even Pitt was more of a *Parliamentary* Minister than the present Premier. For some time, indeed, it seemed doubtful whether a change necessitated by war conditions would not be permanently engrafted upon the Constitution: whether the Cabinet would not give place to a directorate; whether the principle of departmentalism would not supplant that of collective responsibility; above all, whether the office of Premier would not by a subtle and silent transformation develop into something akin to that of a President.

Unquestionably there was a period—during the summer of 1919—when things were in the balance, when it was uncertain whether the pre-war Constitution would, in essentials, be restored or no; whether there would evolve out of the Imperial War Cabinet a real Imperial Executive, and whether the domestic Cabinet, if restored at all, would not occupy a secondary place in the economy of the Commonwealth. The House of Commons began to betray curiosity if not alarm.

Mr. Bonar Law, questioned on the matter, replied that "the Cabinet" consisted of the Prime Minister, Lord Curzon, Mr. G. N. Barnes, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and himself. Further

questioned by the present writer as to whether there was in existence any Cabinet other than the "War Cabinet," he replied in the negative. Further asked "whether there are any Cabinet Ministers who are not members of the Cabinet," he replied humorously, but cryptically: "It is obvious that if there is a Cabinet and there are Ministers who are members of it, they are the only Cabinet Ministers for the time being"! (*Official Report*, Vol. 118, Col. 2277).

Could anything more aptly or strikingly illustrate the truth of De Tocqueville's aphorism: "En Angleterre la constitution n'existe point"? Within a few months, however, from the date of this curious dialogue (July 31st, 1919) the formation of a "normal" Cabinet, consisting of twenty Ministers, was announced to the House. The only legacy of the war time would appear to be a permanent Cabinet Secretariat; the Imperial Cabinet upon which such high expectations and hopes were founded has apparently faded into space; the Premier is once more only *primus inter pares*; the Parliamentary type of democracy has, for the nonce at any rate, reasserted itself. How gravely that type is menaced by other dangers I have recently attempted in these pages to indicate¹; but to that theme I must not revert.

American democracy, in striking contrast to our own, is, though representative, not Parliamentary. The type is *sui generis*. Even the Legislature is not "Parliamentary," but, as Dr. Woodrow Wilson insists, "Congressional"; the Executive is not "responsible," but Presidential. The American President is as much a product of native evolution as the English Premier. The office was not modelled, as Sir Henry Maine suggested, upon the English Kingship shorn of certain trappings and prerogatives of royalty; it evolved from that of the State Governors under the Constitutions of 1776-1780. Had Hamilton and his colleagues intended to set up a republican George III., they could hardly have failed even in 1787 to make some provision for a Cabinet; and it is plain that the omission was deliberate. Hamilton preferred the practice of Cromwell to the precepts of Pym; the theory of Montesquien to the practical expedients of Walpole. "Those," wrote Hamilton, "who have been the most celebrated for the soundness of their principles and the justice of their views have declared in favour of a single Executive and a numerous Legislature. They have with great propriety considered energy as the most necessary qualification of the former, and have regarded this as most applicable to power in a single hand."

(1) "Under which King" (*Fortnightly Review*, August, 1920), and "Soviet versus Parliament" (October).

Under the American *Instrument*, therefore, the Executive was vested, not in a Cabinet nor in a Parliamentary Premier, but in a President. Between the Executive and the Legislature there was no necessary correspondence; nor was the former politically responsible to the latter. On the contrary, such responsibility was expressly repudiated by Hamilton. "However inclined we might be to insist upon an unbounded complaisance in the Executive to the inclinations of the people, we can with no propriety contend for a like complaisance to the humour of the Legislature."

Consequently no provision was made for a Cabinet Council. The President may (Article II., Section 2) "require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." These principal departmental officers have in course of time developed into something which is now commonly known as the "Cabinet"; but between the American Cabinet and the English Cabinet there is no more resemblance than there is between an English Consul and a Roman Consul. The American Cabinet is a mere fortuitous aggregation of the heads of the principal State Departments (now ten in number). Each Minister is personally responsible, not to Congress, nor to his colleagues, but to the President alone. The "Cabinet" entirely lacks solidarity or cohesion, and its members have no vestige of mutual responsibility. Unity of administration is secured by the fact that the Executive is vested (apart from the rights inhering in the Senate) in the President: he alone is responsible. Technically and legally the Ministers are his servants, though, in fact, they tend, according to Mr. Wilson, to become his colleagues.¹ Be this as it may, the Ministers are in no sense the servants of Congress. They may not vote in Congress and do not sit in it; they do not initiate legislation nor help in passing it; they have no oral interpellations to answer and no policy to defend in debate, though each Secretary is required to make annually to Congress a report upon the work of his department.

The relative advantages and disadvantages of the two systems—the Presidential and the Parliamentary—have long been the commonplace of juristic commentators. Walter Bagehot, writing in this REVIEW some fifty-four years ago, had no difficulty at all in deciding in favour of the Cabinet system as against the Presidential. The English Executive seemed to him "by far the best." "The English Premier being appointed by the selection, and removable at the pleasure, of the preponderant Legislative Assembly, is sure to be able to rely on that Assembly. If he

(1) *Congressional Government*, p. 46.

wants legislation to aid his policy, he can obtain that legislation; he can carry out that policy. But the American President has no similar security. He is elected in one way, at one time, and Congress (no matter which House) is elected in another way at another time. The two have nothing to bind them together, and, in matter of fact, they continually disagree" (*The English Constitution*, Introduction to second edition, p. lvi). Bagehot, it should be recalled, was writing at a moment when by general consent the forces of the English Constitution exhibited the most perfect equipoise; when the balance of the several parts was as yet undisturbed. He was writing, moreover, at a moment when the peculiar weakness of the American Constitution had just been revealed; when, owing to Lincoln's assassination, Vice-President Johnson had become President, and the House of Representatives had "impeached him criminally in order that they might get rid of him civilly." The attempt failed, and the Legislature and Executive were left in the unhappy situation of a married couple whose *decree nisi* has been frustrated by the King's Proctor. But in the late 'sixties nine impartial people out of ten would have endorsed Bagehot's verdict. The English Constitution, with all its curiosities and ambiguities, was literally the admiration and envy of the world.

Sir Henry Maine, writing some twenty years later, struck a slightly less complacent and confident note. In the interval Disraeli had "shot Niagara," and Gladstone had extended household suffrage to the rural constituencies. Maine was filled with forebodings as to the future of Popular Government, and cast envious eyes upon the relative stability and strength of the American Constitution. "While the British Constitution," he wrote in 1885, "has been insensibly transforming itself into a popular Government surrounded on all sides by difficulties, the American Federal Constitution has proved that, nearly a century ago, several expedients were discovered by which some of these difficulties may be greatly mitigated and some altogether overcome" (Preface, pp. xi-xii). He was particularly impressed by the strength of the securities provided by the American Constitution against "hasty innovation"; by the distinction there drawn between ordinary legislation and constitutional amendment; by the authority of the Supreme Court, and by the moderating influence which exhales from the genius of a truly federal Constitution.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson, writing at about the same time as Maine, was less tender towards the faults of his own system, and seemed at that time to incline towards the Cabinet principle. Power, in his view, tended to concentrate in Congress, but Congress found itself in a situation precisely parallel with that of the English

Parliament after the Revolution of 1688 and before a solution of the problem had been found in the Cabinet system. Congress, he wrote, "is still lingering and chafing under just such embarrassments as made the English Commons a nuisance, both to themselves and to everybody else, immediately after the Revolution settlement had given them their first sure promise of supremacy. The parallel is startlingly exact" (*Congressional Government*, pp. 312-13). And again: "As at present constituted, the Federal Government lacks strength because its powers are divided, lacks promptness because its authorities are multiplied, lacks wieldiness because its processes are roundabout, lacks efficiency because its responsibility is indistinct and its action without competent direction" (*ibid.*, p. 318).

It might be deemed impertinent, and would certainly be at the present juncture indiscreet, for a foreigner to speculate as to Mr. Wilson's present views on the checks and balances which give to the American Constitution its peculiar significance; but this at least may be said: the Parliamentary system afforded to the British representatives at the Paris Conference a far more secure basis than that enjoyed by the American President. The English Premier spoke with an assurance derived from the fact that he had behind him a large and recently elected Parliamentary majority. His credentials came from a *plébiscite* which simultaneously nominated him as chief of the Executive and elected a House of Commons to render him efficient support, legislative and financial. That is the supreme strength of the Cabinet system, and it has never been more effectively or convincingly displayed. Mr. Wilson occupying—so it seemed to careless observers—a position of equal eminence and more uncontrolled authority, was necessarily unaware whether he could count upon the Legislature, and knew that his executive authority was shared with a hostile Senate. Never has the weakness of the American system, in relation to foreign affairs, been more clearly or more disastrously demonstrated.

France, as we have seen, when drafting its latest Constitution, deliberately preferred the English to the American type of democracy. The third French Republic has since 1875 been essentially Parliamentary. The President has presided; the leader of the Parliamentary majority has governed. The position of M. Thiers after the cataclysm of 1870 was wholly exceptional, and may in this connection be disregarded. "The French as a nation do not care for or appreciate Parliamentary Government." So Bagehot wrote, with unquestioned accuracy, in 1872. For many years after 1870 it seemed

doubtful whether the Parliamentary system, even with a President substituted for an hereditary Monarch, could ever satisfy the political instincts of France. Yet in recent years France has not only settled down to the final acceptance of a Republican *régime*—that presents no difficulty to the logical mind of France—but has blended with a Republic, not unsuccessfully, the peculiarly English type of Parliamentary Executive. This *régime*, though displaying at times symptoms of fragility, has lately been subjected to the severest test and has emerged from it triumphantly.

A change in the balance of constitutional forces seems, however, to be impending. M. Millerand's acceptance of the Presidency would appear to have been conditional upon such a modification in the Constitution as will permit the President to play a real part in the Executive Government. In a sense—as even a foreigner can perceive—the moment is opportune. The eastern frontier has been rectified in such a way as to relieve France from the anxiety to which for half a century she has been a prey. The Republic itself has stood the test not only of war, but of time: the present *régime* having already endured more than twice as long as any of the round dozen of constitutional experiments which preceded it. When the present Constitution was drafted in 1875 no party in France regarded it as more than a temporary expedient: the Monarchists anticipated a speedy restoration of the Monarchy; the Republicans acquiesced in a "Conservative Republic" with the avowed intention of democratising it at the first opportunity. Yet, despite some serious shocks, notably the Boulanger episode (1886-1891), the Republic has now been accepted by all parties as a final solution of the constitutional problem.

How far M. Millerand's proposals will extend is not yet known: but any change in the relations between President, Premier, and Cabinet cannot fail profoundly to affect the balance of the Constitution. Thiers repeatedly refused to introduce a system of Ministerial responsibility on the ground that, however consistent with the dignity of an hereditary king, irresponsibility would be for him, "a little Bourgeois," ridiculous. He remained, therefore, Chief of the State, the real head of the Executive. M. Millerand, having exercised power as Premier, intends, it would seem, to retain it as President. Should he succeed, he will occupy a position wholly unlike that of his predecessors, and will go far to transform the French Republic from the Parliamentary into the Presidential type.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

IRISH ADMINISTRATION.

THE present writer is an ardent lover of Ireland, proud of his Irish ancestry, and also proud of being a citizen of that wise and splendid imperial system whose influence extends to every part of the globe. He considers it would be for the advantage of Ireland to remain a part of the Imperial Union and to participate in the freedom of the great Empire to whose foundations and constitutional development Irish soldiers and Irish statesmen have rendered great service. As a subordinate instrument in the service of the Empire he learnt the business of administration, and to the teaching of the past he has looked back for guidance in dealing with the Irish question.

Long summers have been spent by him in Ireland during the last twenty years renewing his acquaintance with his own people. He has enjoyed the hospitality of Ulster and dwelt in the kingdom of Kerry. He has watched the change that has come over the land. In the days of old the chief topic of conversation was the poverty and misery of the people; in the present time it is the prosperity and growing wealth of the country. The old cabins are fast disappearing, and they have been replaced by neat, solid stone cottages. The pig no longer wanders by the roadside, but is confined in a sty—a striking example of the curtailment of liberty due to the tyranny of British rule. The picturesque beggars have disappeared, owing to old-age pensions—another illustration of the evil wrought by British administration. Material prosperity has vanquished the piteous misery and suffering of former days, but it has not brought to a close the bloodshed, the assassination, the misrule, or absence of rule, which has stained the sad history of Ireland.

• The present writer was in Dublin when the Fenian movement was in full activity and Ireland was bordering on a state of insurrection. Forty years have elapsed, and the soil of Ireland is again heaving with the volcanic fires of revolution. No man can tell when the earthquake will take place. It would require a large canvas to paint a picture taking in the whole of the nature and complexity of the present disorders. The doctrines which have been preached and the practices that have been countenanced have poisoned the minds of the ignorant masses. Never has the dislike and distrust of England been so great. No charge against her is too foolish to be believed. I have been told that the British Government has choked up Queenstown

Harbour in order that the large Atlantic steamers should call only at English ports. The Royal Irish Constabulary used to be regarded, and justly regarded, with pride by Irishmen. No slander is now too foul to be launched against them by their own country and believed by an excitable people. The murder of policemen has come to be regarded as an act of justice, and a well-planned attack on their barracks as a legitimate act of war. Raids on private houses for arms are justified on the ground that it is only arms that are taken. But the numerous cruel and foul murders of late have had a marked effect on the body of public opinion in Ireland. The bishops and priests have, somewhat late in the day, denounced these crimes and told their flocks that murder is contrary to the law of God, even when perpetrated under the disguise of politics.

These denunciations are bound to have a good effect on the mass, but in a country whose Government does not afford adequate protection to life and property public opinion dare not assert itself.

The primary cause of these crimes is the reckless negligence of English statesmen, who, having undertaken to rule Ireland, have not ruled it. During the past twenty years no resolute, continuous effort has been made to enforce the law. The language of political aspiration was tolerated when it became sedition, and as sedition proceeded it drew to itself the many desperate elements to be found in every society and incorporated with itself many agricultural and personal grievances. The inevitable results followed—outrage, crime, and a state of society bordering on anarchy. As the remedies of law are no longer available, hateful repressive measures of police and military must be applied. But repressive measures alone never produced a permanent improvement in any country. Ireland needs a firm, sympathetic, and scientific administration. A scientific administration is one in which the different departments of Government are co-ordinated without undue overlapping. The duties of every Government are many and complicated. A problem in administration seldom arises which affects only one department, and does not need to be sent to another department for information and opinion. When the Irish Press rails against some blunders made by the Castle, they mean some gross blunders made by a department over which no sufficient control has been exercised. Ireland has been administered by departments, not by an organised body, a true Government. Hitherto the Royal Irish Constabulary has been regarded more as a separate military body than a civil institution in close communication with other departments. There is perhaps no service in his Majesty's wide

dominion where so much is required from officers and men as in the Royal Irish Constabulary, or one in which it is of such importance that they should possess military qualifications combined with a correct and full sense of the particular nature of their situation and civil duties. A military body of police is well adapted to repress outrage and crime, but it is not so efficient in detecting their origin. This can only be efficiently accomplished by a police force in touch with the peasantry, and having their sympathy and support. There was never a period in which the future organisation of the Irish police required more consideration. The present system of maintaining law and order in Ireland is not a success.

The Home Rule Bill, in attempting a reconstruction of the Irish Government, wisely provides that no subject of his Majesty shall be disqualified for holding the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland on account of his religious belief. The present disqualification having been removed, the United Kingdom is surely not so bankrupt in statesmanship as not to be able to find a Governor capable of guiding the affairs of Ireland with wisdom and sympathy. The executive power in Ireland should, however, like the executive power in Canada, which is exercised by the Governor-General with his Council, be exercised by the Lord-Lieutenant with his Council. The Home Rule Bill provides for an Irish Council, and the duty of Parliament will be to consider the proposals put forward to improve it. Some additional administrative power should be given it, and from its members should be elected an Executive Council, who, with the Governor, will administer the heavier duties of the State, and be his responsible advisers. An Irish ruler has hitherto been mainly dependent for advice and guidance on Castle officials—a class that seldom expresses the national feeling of the country.

The heavy responsibility rests on Parliament for so amending the Bill that in the two Parliaments stable elements of society shall assume their proper parts in public life. The country gentleman, the farmer, and the man of business must take part in the work of the Councils with the lawyers. The power of the landlord and the man of means will depend on their impressing the people with the fact that they are working for the welfare and advancement of the country. The prosperity of the farmers has increased by leaps and bounds, and they have begun to fear that the establishing of the Sinn Féin leaders in power would be legislation in favour of the agricultural labourer and fatal to the farmers' growing prosperity and even to the security of their property. They owe their title to their land to a British Act of Parliament. The professional and great middle class, who

have a strong belief in the powers of freedom and the powers of self-government, offer no support to the two grand objects of the Sinn Féin leaders—the severance of Ireland from England and the setting up of an Irish Republic. The power which the extremists wield is due to the weaknesses and vacillations of the British Government and the grave blunders of the Irish bureaucracy. The vitality which it possesses among the moderates is mainly due to the universal want of belief in British honesty and British statesmanship. They regard the financial clauses of the present Bill as a proof of the fraudulent nature of the measure. Honour demands that these clauses should be scrutinised by Parliament with the utmost care, and dealt with in the spirit of generosity. The restrictions in the financial powers of the proposed Government are regarded as an offence to Irish national feeling; and there can be no final settlement of the Irish problem unless every respect is paid to that feeling compatible with the unity and safety of the Empire. “The supreme glory of the Act [of Union],” say Mr. Albert Dicey, K.C., and Professor R. S. Rait in their important and interesting book, *Thoughts on the Scottish Union*, was that, “while creating the political unity, it kept alive the nationalism of both England and Scotland.”

AN ADMINISTRATOR.

THE GROWTH OF THE SPEAKERSHIP.

MR. LOWTHER, on the occasion of his election at the opening of the present Parliament for the fifth time to the Chair of the House of Commons when "in accordance with ancient custom he submitted himself to the House," directed attention to the growth and working of Parliamentary institutions. "The genius of this country," said the Speaker, "leads it ever to desire to graft new shoots upon old stocks, to build new buildings upon old foundations that continue the old historic traditions. . . . We want to return, so far as we can, to the old methods and to adapt them to new ones: and what is true of the policy generally is true, I think, particularly of the House of Commons in procedure." The development of the great office of Speaker, the election to which is conducted in accordance with forms scrupulously observed which have varied very little since they were virtually settled early in the fifteenth century, is mainly a series of silent changes in the practical working of an institution whose outward and legal form has remained almost unaltered, while the whole character and spirit of the office have become essentially different from its character and spirit in early times. Mr. Samuel Warren in a felicitous phrase has described the Sovereign as "the visible representative of the majesty of the State." The Speaker at the present day may be described as the visible representative of the dignity and authority of the House of Commons. He is the guardian of its rights and privileges and the mouthpiece of the Chamber as a whole. Deference paid to him is paid through him to the House of Commons: a slight to him is regarded as a slight to the House of Commons: the authority he exercises has been committed to his charge by the House of Commons as its chosen servant in the highest and best sense, and that authority is exercised by him in the sure and certain conviction that he possesses the absolute confidence of the House in the discharge of his delicate and important duties. The shadow of a doubt that such confidence was no longer reposed in him would make the tenure of the Chair for an hour unendurable. Now the office of the Speaker is little changed by statutes or in its outward aspect and surroundings since the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts, when Sir John Eliot (whom Mr. Hallam, not prone to indiscriminate eulogy, terms "the most illustrious confessor in the cause of liberty that the time produced") characterised the Speakership as an office "frequently filled by nullities, men selected for mere Court convenience." The contrast between the Speaker of Sir John Eliot's

time and the Speaker of the present day, with powers ungrudgingly placed in his hands by a House of Commons which knows he will exercise them in the interests of the House as a whole, aloof from all influences no matter whence coming, may perhaps be thus strikingly illustrated. Adjournment is solely in the power of each House of Parliament respectively. On August 16th last the Houses of Parliament adjourned till October 19th, subject to the condition, as regards the House of Commons, that "unless it appears to the satisfaction of Mr. Speaker, after consultation with the Government, that the public interest requires that the House shall meet at an earlier time during the adjournment, Mr. Speaker may give notice he is so satisfied, and thereupon the House shall meet at the time so stated in such notice." By the carrying of this motion, to which there was not the very faintest suggestion of opposition, the Speaker was invested, "after consultation with the Government," with a discretionary power of fixing the time to which the House should stand adjourned. A great picture adorns St. Stephen's Hall, the site of the Old Chapel of St. Stephen, which, before its destruction by fire, was the meeting-place, from the reign of Edward VI., of the House of Commons. That picture has been obviously placed in that position to recall recollection to a momentous instance in Parliamentary history nearly three hundred years ago (March 2nd, 1629) of the assertion of the privilege of free speech and of the absolute control of Parliament over its own proceedings. It represents a scene in the House of Commons in which Sir John Eliot himself, Holles, and Valentine are leading figures, when Sir John Finch, the Speaker of the House of Commons of the day, who was "satisfied, after consultation with the Government (the Crown), that the House should adjourn," was forcibly held down in the Chair while a remonstrance was voted. The riot and outrage in the House of Commons three centuries ago on the holder of the office of Speaker, which would now be regarded as flagrant contempts of the House itself, were, on the dissolution of Parliament, the subject of prosecution in the Law Courts. The Court of King's Bench held that they had jurisdiction to deal with the case, though the alleged offences were committed in Parliament and that the defendants were bound to answer. On the parties refusing to put any other plea than that to the jurisdiction of the Court, judgment was given that they should be imprisoned during the King's pleasure and not released without giving surety and making submission. Eliot died in the Tower without making the submission required. In the Long Parliament the House of Commons came to several votes on the illegality of these proceedings, and at last in 1667 the Commons resolved that the

judgment of the Court of King's Bench given eight and thirty years previously was an illegal judgment and against the freedom of Parliament, "an important decision," writes Mr. Hallam, "with respect to our constitutional law which has established beyond controversy the freedom of speech in Parliament unlimited by any authority except that of the House itself." It was admitted in the debate on the subject in 1667 that the plea to the jurisdiction of the King's Bench could not have been supported as to the imputed riot in detaining the Speaker in the Chair, but, nevertheless, that very holding down of the Speaker in the Chair by members of the House of Commons of which the Speaker himself was the mouthpiece is commemorated as a vindication of the authority of the House of Commons by a picture placed in a prominent position in the Palace of Westminster to emphasise a proudly remembered and famous episode in the history of the rise of Parliamentary government. A question instantly suggests itself. If the conduct of Eliot, Holles, and Valentine to the Chair in 1629 is to be regarded as a vindication of the privilege of Parliament, why should similar conduct on the part of members of the House of Commons to-day be unthinkable as constituting a most shocking outrage on the House of Commons itself and on everything for which that House stands? The answer is supplied by the statement that in the three centuries since 1629 Parliamentary government has been established in this country by means of a Cabinet responsible to the House of Commons and, through the House of Commons, to the people, and that in the process of that great evolution the Speaker of the House of Commons, from a position of subserviency to the Sovereign at a time when the Sovereign claimed to reign by a title independent of Parliament, has attained the strictly non-partisan and judicial position of to-day. The growth of the Speakership is, indeed, part and parcel of the growth of the British Constitution, and, like that growth, is mainly due to a series of political changes which have been made with very few legislative enactments, but, to use the words of Mr. Speaker Lowther, by "the use of old methods and their adaptation to new methods." Sir William Anson, with characteristic lucidity and accuracy of statement, says: "We must recollect that until the eighteenth century was fairly well advanced the Speaker was a nominee and a Minister of the Crown." The Speaker of the House of Commons was elected subject to the approval of the Sovereign, but the choice of the House was then brought about by the Crown. It may be safely said that from the establishment of the office of Speaker till the claim of the House of Commons in 1679 to elect a Speaker independently of the subsequent

approval of the Crown of that election, the Speaker of the House of Commons was divided in his allegiance to the House on the one hand and to the Crown on the other. During this period Speakers were proposed by servants of the Crown, and the Crown sent orders to the Speaker whose salary was paid by the Crown. The Speaker, moreover, was at times the recipient of marks of favour from the Crown and not infrequently held with the Speakership valuable offices of profit under the Crown. To give a single illustration, Sir Edward Coke, who was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1593, held with that office the position of Solicitor-General. In a tract in the Harleian Miscellany it is stated: "One of his Majesty's Council doth use to propound that it is His Majesty's pleasure that they shall freely choose a Speaker for them and yet recommendeth in his opinion some person by name." The true state of affairs is betrayed by the fact that the nomination of the Speaker was usually undertaken by some member of the House who was in the service of the Crown. The Speaker was a link between the Crown and the House of Commons, and the domination successfully exercised by Henry VIII. and his successors over Parliament did not render the position of the Speaker difficult by reason of competing claims of the Sovereign and the House. The first struggles of a Parliament under the supremacy of Puritans rendered the Speaker's post one of the very gravest embarrassment, since subserviency to the Crown was manifestly incompatible with the faithful discharge of his duty to the House of Commons. The memorable sitting of March 2nd, 1629, to which I have referred, is an object-lesson of the fact that the Speaker could no longer reconcile the discharge of his duties to the Crown with the discharge of his duties to the House of Commons, and that in the great constitutional struggle between King and Parliament there must be a change in the relations of the Speaker to the Crown or in his relations to the House of Commons.

"Finch's position," writes Dr. Gardiner, "was, indeed, a hard one. Elected by the Commons, but with a tacit regard to a previous selection by the King, the Speaker had hitherto served as a link between the King and the House over which he presided. In Elizabeth's day it had been easy for a Speaker to serve two masters. It was no longer possible now. The strain of the breaking Constitution fell upon him. 'I am not the less the King's servant,' he said piteously, 'for being yours. I will not say I will not put the reading of the paper in question, but I must say I dare not.'" Finch's tenure of the office of Speaker, which was signalled by so striking an incident at the close of a Parliament whose dissolution was followed by no fewer than

eleven years—1629-1640—of Charles I.'s absolute government, has been pronounced by Professor Redlich "as the lowest point in the line of the historical development of the office."

Bishop Stubbs thus delivers judgment on the attitude of the Speakers of the Tudor period towards the Crown on the one hand, and towards the House of Commons on the other, of which the conduct of Finch in the time of Charles I. may be regarded as an illustration. "The Speaker, instead of being the defender of the liberties of the House, had often to reduce it to an order that meant obsequious reticence or sullen submission." The struggle of Eliot, Holles, and Valentine with the Chair ended in the temporary defeat of the cause of popular liberty, but laid the foundation of a real and lasting triumph in the development of Parliamentary government. There is little doubt that Mr. Speaker Lenthall had in his mind as a precedent most religiously to be avoided the craven betrayal by Finch of the liberties of the House. Lenthall, selected though he was by Charles I. for the Chair, manfully defined and declared his position as Speaker to be the position of a servant of the House of Commons on an occasion which is likewise commemorated by the pencil of the painter in the Palace of Westminster. When on January 4th, 1642, Charles I. broke into the House of Commons of the Long Parliament for the purpose of the arrest of five members whose Parliamentary action had made them obnoxious to the Crown and asked the Speaker whether the members whom he sought and who had made their escape were present, Lenthall replied in words which express, after the lapse of seven generations, the very highest ideal of the office of the Speaker of the House of Commons: "Sire, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me whose servant I am here, and I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me."

This enunciation of a Speaker's duty was in 1814 commended by Mr. Whitbread in debate on the motion of censure on Mr. Speaker Abbot.

I think the first great step towards the establishment of the independent and non-partisan character of the office of Speaker was the definite fixing of the practice, which (as distinct from the formal procedure) is rigidly maintained, whereby the choice of the occupant of the Chair is exclusively vested in the House of Commons. At the present time, as in days past, when the letters patent constituting a commission for the opening of a new Parliament, at which the Sovereign is not usually present, have been read, the Lord Chancellor desires the Commons to choose a

Speaker. The Commons then retire from the House of Lords to their own Chamber to choose their Speaker. On the following day the Speaker-Elect goes to the House of Lords with the members of the House of Commons, announces his election, and "submits himself with all humility to His Majesty's gracious approbation." The Lord Chancellor then expresses approval by His Majesty of the choice of the Commons and confirms him as Speaker. After this is done the Speaker demands "the ancient and undoubted rights and privileges of the Commons." A crisis in the history of the office leading to the free election thereto by the House of Commons was due to the refusal of the Crown of its royal approbation in 1679 of Mr. (Sir Edward) Seymour as Speaker. This gentleman had been elected to the Speakership at the opening of the Session in 1673, and was then elected on the recommendation of the Sovereign.¹ Objection was, indeed, taken subsequently to his election to his occupation of the Chair on the ground of his association with the Court when he was appointed a member of the Privy Council. It was urged, but unsuccessfully, that Mr. Seymour, as a Privy Councillor, was unfitted for the Chair; that there was no precedent since the Reformation of the position of Speaker being held in conjunction with a Privy Councillorship; and that such a union of offices endangered liberty of speech. In 1673 Mr. Seymour was elected to the Chair as an avowed Court favourite. In 1679 the confirmation of his re-election to the Chair was refused, and the Commons were desired to make another choice. Seymour had become unacceptable to the Court owing to some dispute with Danby, who had advised the dissolution of the late Parliament owing to his impeachment for high treason. When the Commons returned to their Chamber, Sir John Ernle stood up and acquainted them that he had orders from His Majesty to recommend Sir Thomas Meres to be their Speaker. The proposal was rejected with scorn. "If," said one member, "Mr. Edward Seymour be rejected from being Speaker and no reason given, pray who must choose the Speaker, the King or us (*sic*)? It is plain, not us (*sic*)." Williams, who was himself at a later period Speaker, urged that the presentation of the Speaker by the Commons to the Sovereign was a mere compliment—a mere useless form. A deputation was sent to the King with an address, in which it was asserted that it is "the undoubted right of the Commons to have the free election of one of their members, and that the Speaker so elected and presented according to custom hath by the constant practice of all former ages been continued Speaker and executed that employment, unless such persons have been excused for some

(1) Seymour was Speaker of a House of Commons of which his father was member, just as a century later, in 1771, Lord Chancellor Apsley was *ex-officio* Speaker of a House of Lords of which his father, the first Earl Bathurst, was a

corporal disease which has been allowed by themselves or some others on their behalf in full Parliament." The King stood firm, and so did the Commons, who sent another deputation and a second address, whereupon Parliament was prorogued for a few days. The new session found both sides favourable to a compromise. The King did not insist that the Commons should choose Meres. The King gained his end in so far as he prevented Seymour as the enemy of Danby from filling the Chair. William Gregory was elected Speaker, and accepted "without hesitation." "The Commons," in the words of Mr. Porritt, to whose *Unreformed House of Commons*, a work, the result of profound learning and patient research, I am deeply indebted, "did not gain a complete victory, but the permanent gain lay with them." Since that time no King has ventured to give the Commons express commands as to the election of a Speaker. Williams, who succeeded Gregory in the Chair, was at that time an avowed opponent to Court influence. When approached with reference to being proposed for the Speakership, he declared that he would not be thought to do anything that might "seem to incline against the interest of the Commons in that trust." The open exercise of the influence of the Sovereign in the selection of a Speaker came to an end when, after the expulsion from the House of Commons for corruption of Sir John Trevor when Speaker, Thomas Wharton, Comptroller of the Household in 1695, attempted to impose a nominee of the Crown upon the House. His proposal was immediately encountered by the objection "that it was contrary to the undoubted right of the House of choosing their Speaker to have any person who brought any message from the King to nominate one of them." Foley, who had denounced the exercise of the Royal veto on the Place Bill a few months previously on the ground that "the prerogative of the King is committed to him for the good of us all," was elected in opposition to Lyttleton, the Court nominee. The great achievement of securing that the Speaker should be elected exclusively by the House of Commons itself did not, of course, preclude the bringing of the influence of the Crown indirectly on the election to the Chair. Walpole, in the Parliament of 1722-1727, told Arthur Onslow, who had confided to him that he had set his heart on the Chair, which he was destined to fill for a generation, "that the road to that station lay through the gates of St. James's"; and George III. in 1780 took a most active part in ousting Sir Fletcher Norton from the chair and placing Mr. Cornwall therein.

Many circumstances for more than a century and a quarter after the absolute right of the House of Commons to elect a Speaker had been established hindered the development of the Speakership

to its present position of a non-political, non-partisan office of absolutely judicial character.

A Speaker, for instance, was not as a matter of course re-elected to the Chair after the dissolution of the Parliament in which he had presided in the House of Commons. He sometimes, as in the case of Sir Richard Onslow in 1760, had even the humiliation of being ousted from his constituency at the general election. His coming back to the House as a private member was not only a declension in position to him personally, but was calculated to lower the dignity of the office which he had filled. Again, when party government was in its formation, it was held to be compatible with the dignity and impartiality of the Chair for its occupant to hold, in conjunction with the Speakership, ministerial or judicial position. The robes of the Speaker are the robes of the Master of the Rolls, from the circumstance that so many Speakerships have been held in conjunction with the position of Master of the Rolls. A Speaker was not infrequently a Minister of the Crown. Sir Edward Seymour was, as Speaker, Treasurer of the Navy. Harley, in Queen Anne's time, was, as Speaker, Secretary of State; and Spencer Compton, who was Speaker from 1714 till 1727, was Paymaster-General. Arthur Onslow, in his first Speakership, held the office of Treasurer of the Navy, which he resigned from the belief that the holding of the position of Minister of the Crown was incompatible with the tenure of the Speakership, whose holder must not be in any degree a member of the Government, but must preserve an impartial attitude towards every member of the House, and be the representative of the House itself free from all predilection towards any member or any section of members. It was not till 1790 that a statute forbade the holding by the Speaker of any place of profit under the Crown during pleasure. Then, again, the holding of the Chair, so far from being, as now, the crowning prize of a public career, which owing to its distinction creates in public opinion and by a constitutional convention a barrier to further preferment, and to any temptation when in the Chair to act with a view to further preferment, was held to be a stepping-stone to higher things.

No fewer than four Speakers of the House of Commons have afterwards occupied the position of Prime Minister. Robert Harley, elected Speaker in 1700, was advanced to the Peerage as Earl of Oxford and filled the leading Ministerial position. Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House from 1714 till 1727, and created Earl of Wilmington, was First Lord of the Treasury in 1742-43. William Wyndham Grenville, Speaker in 1789 and created Lord Grenville, took the lead in the Ministry of All the Talents in 1806-7; and Henry Addington, Speaker from 1789 till 1801 and

afterwards Viscount Sidmouth, was Prime Minister from 1801 till 1804. Speakers were in constant touch with the leaders of the party to which they belonged before their election to the Chair, and they still continued to be members of their respective parties. Thus Sir Charles Manners Sutton, who was Speaker from 1817 till 1834, was twice pressed to take office in Tory Administrations, and in 1832 declined after some hesitation to undertake the formation of a Tory Government. It was deemed to be in consonance with the dignity of the Speaker's office to take part in debate in the House when in Committee. Sir Fletcher Norton, who was Speaker from 1770 till 1780, was a vehement opponent of the North Administration, and made most vigorous attacks upon it in speeches delivered in Committee of the whole House. Mr. Addington, when Speaker, suggested in Committee the idea of an Income Tax. Mr. Speaker Abbot was, in Committee, a successful and acrimonious opponent and critic of proposals for Roman Catholic Emancipation. Sir Charles Manners Sutton intervened in Committee against the Catholic Relief Bill of 1825 and the University Bill of 1834. As the episode of 1629, which at the moment was a setback to Parliamentary fights and liberties, was the first step to the establishment of the principle that the Speaker should be the servant of the House of Commons, so a noted episode in 1813, although an apparent defeat, was the first step to the establishment of the principle that a Speaker should be, from the assumption of the office, wholly free from party influences or predilections—a position admirably explained and expounded by Mr. Speaker Peel in 1884, who, in a speech in response to the toast of the House of Commons, said that he knew no politics and no party; he was no longer a partisan; and as long as he had the honour to preside over the consultations of the House of Commons his desire would be to act impartially between the two great parties which govern this country. The ideal of a Speaker independent of party, after the formation of Government by party, is merely the complement of the ideal of a Speaker independent of Court influence before the establishment of party or Parliamentary government.

That ideal was realised by Onslow in his tenure of the Chair from 1728 till 1760. When, for instance, Pelham suggested to Onslow another term as Speaker in the Chair, he was told that he must not expect that Onslow would act otherwise than he had hitherto done, "and which he knew," added Onslow, "was not always pleasing to Ministers." "I shall as little like, as anyone in my station," Pelham replied, "to have a Speaker in set opposition to me and to measures I may carry on, but I should as little like to have a Speaker over-complaisant either to me or to them." Onslow's ideal of a non-partisan Speaker was not aimed at and

still less realised by some of his successors. It was not, for instance, the standard of Mr. Speaker Addington, who, having been elected to the Chair by the influence of Pitt, forbore in May, 1798, from calling Pitt to order for imputing unpatriotic motives to Tierney—an incident which led to a hostile meeting between Pitt and Tierney. Still, the feeling that a Speaker should be free from partisanship was becoming strong. The influence of that feeling was manifested in the failure of Sir Fletcher Norton in 1780 to secure re-election to the Chair and in the recognition, as in the case of Addington, that a gentleman who had once occupied the Chair should not, on ceasing to be a Speaker, be a private member of the House of Commons. The prevalence of the feeling was proved by the fact that when Pitt as Prime Minister was desirous in 1789 of proposing Addington for the Chair, Mr. Hutsell, the learned Clerk of the House of Commons, on being consulted, said: "I think that the choice of the Speaker should not be on the motion of the Minister. Indeed, an invidious use might be made of it to represent you (Addington) as the friend of the Minister rather than the choice of the House."

An incident at the close of the Session of 1813 was the proximate cause of the establishment of the principle that the Speaker of the House of Commons must be absolutely independent of party, and must regulate his whole action and conduct in accordance with this principle. Mr. Speaker Abbot (Lord Colchester) on May 24th, 1813, when the Catholic Relief Bill was in Committee, made a speech which caused the rejection, by a majority of four votes, of a clause to enable Roman Catholics to sit and vote in Parliament, and led to the withdrawal of the Bill. In his address as Speaker to the Prince Regent on presenting the Money Bill at the Bar of the House of Lords at the close of the Session on July 22nd, 1813, Mr. Speaker Abbot used the opportunity of making a political speech in opposition to the Roman Catholic claims. This led to the proposal of a vote of censure on the Speaker on April 22nd, 1814, when the debate showed that Abbot's conduct was the subject of unanimous disapproval, although for tactical reasons the motion was rejected. Abbot in self-defence relied on precedents of the sixteenth century, and Canning said that his speech contained nothing which called for the interference of the House, having regard to its established practices and privileges. Sir Erskine May, however, characterises Mr. Speaker Abbot's speech as "an act of indiscretion if not of disorder, which placed him in the awkward position of defending himself in the Chair from a proposed vote of censure. From this embarrassment he was delivered by the kindness of his friends rather than by the completeness of his own defence."

Plunket denounced the Speaker's speech as "one of the most formidable attacks to the constitution of Parliament that has occurred since the Revolution," while Whitbread drew a piquant contrast between the conduct of Mr. Speaker Lenthall and of Mr. Speaker Abbot, who "had used his eyes to see and ears to hear as a private member, and had used his tongue as Speaker to give utterance to that which he had no right to state." Professor Redlich thinks that the effect produced by the address to the Throne of Mr. Speaker Abbot in 1813 demonstrates that the current of public opinion proved that the independence of the Chair from all political parties had come to be regarded as "an indispensable postulate of Parliamentary life." Sir Charles Manners Sutton, Mr. Speaker Abbot's immediate successor, still regarded himself as a party man when not actually officiating in the Speaker's chair. His interventions in debate in Committee were, however, few and far between, and then studiously apologetic in their tone. It was, however, thought that, although his conduct had been blameless in the Chair, the severance of a Speaker from all party connections should be absolute. On this principle he failed to secure re-election in 1835, when submitting himself for the eighth time for election to the Chair. "The political bias of the right hon. gentleman," said Lord John Russell in reference to Sir Charles Manners Sutton, "had not remained entirely inert, but had got the better of him and induced him to concur in acts which as Speaker he had much better have avoided."¹ To the Speakership of Mr. Shaw Lefevre (Viscount Eversley), whose term of office extended from 1839 to 1857, must be ascribed the permanent establishment of the principle of the Speaker's absolute impartiality and, as a consequence, of his position as representative in reality of the House of Commons. As a rule, at a general election no opposition is offered to the Speaker by the other party in his constituency. The practice has, moreover, been established that a Speaker who does not wish to resign office is regularly re-elected, and that re-election takes place notwithstanding that the party from which he comes may be in minority in a new Parliament. The power conferred on the Speaker for the enforcement of order and the discretion reposed in him in the putting of the question in motions of closure would not be compatible with freedom of discussion in the House of Commons if the Speaker were not merely absolutely independent of party considerations, but, moreover, believed to be independent of such considerations. His salary being a charge by statute on the

(1) Sir Charles Manners Sutton, a leading figure in the episode of 1835, was, like Sir John Finch, a leading figure in the episode of 1629, Member for Canterbury

Consolidated Fund does not come before the House on the Estimates, and his rulings are to all intents and purposes not subject in practice to appeal from the knowledge that he considers himself the servant of the House as a whole and does his best as a great House of Commons man to carry out its wishes with due regard to the rights of minorities. The recent Order in Council that the Speaker, who is by statute First Commoner, shall have precedence immediately after the Lord President of the Council, is an acknowledgment of the dignity and power of the House over which he presides. The confidence deservedly reposed by the House in the occupant of the Chair is practically boundless. One change in practice would perhaps strengthen in theory, although it could not increase in reality that confidence. At present, as in former times, the party in the majority always nominates one of its own members in case of a vacancy in the Chair. It would be a counsel of perfection, but quite capable of realisation, that the gentleman best fitted for the office on the ground of merit exclusively apart from political services or considerations should be called to the Chair.

J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL.

THE BURIAL OF GERMAN SOCIALISM: A LETTER FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, *October 10th.*

JUST two years after Germany's admission of defeat precipitated a revolution which, inasmuch as it was the immediate work of a handful of city discontented, must be considered primarily Socialistic, the Socialisation Commission, which has been sitting intermittently ever since, has rendered a report which indicates that German Socialism, long moribund, is dead, and awaits only, in the shape of frank admission by the would-be Socialisers, a decent burial. Being presented by politicians most of whom are vehement Socialists, this report is a striking example of what the retreating Russian General Kuropatkin called "Advancing to the North." The report deals with the socialisation of coal; and it is the second report which professes to say the last word on this relatively easy problem. Relatively easy, one may say; because while in the first days of the revolution many normally-responsible persons, well outside the impatient Spartacist-Bolshevik circle, published comprehensive plans for the immediate socialisation of everything, that confident stage was over by about the end of November, 1918. After that it was admitted, even by such enthusiastic theorists as Kautsky and by such enthusiastic practical politicians as the present Federal President Ebert, that at best only "ripe" industries could be taken in hand.

The evasive, dishonest, and anti-Socialist catchword "ripe" has run like a red thread through the two Socialisation Commission's proceedings, through the Socialisation Law of March 23rd, 1919, and through the speeches of distinguished Socialists as soon as these were raised by revolution into positions of greater responsibility and lesser freedom. The use of the expression is a ruse for concealing retreat, quite as transparent as Kuropatkin's "advance to the North," or any of the other verbal subterfuges of beaten commanders in war. The Erfurt programme, and the Marxian catastrophe theory upon which the programme's theoretical part is based, had no need of the qualification of ripeness. The programme demands, without qualification, the conversion into public property of "land, mines, raw materials, tools, machines, and communications," in fact, of everything essential in every form of production. It does not declare or imply that

by mere stage of development certain industries may be fit for immediate socialisation, and certain not fit. The ripeness of all equally is involved in the assumed failure of capitalistic methods. And, indeed, Germany's post-revolution socialisers do not act according to this untenable differentiation. They merely talk according to it. The actual procedure for two years past has been based on the assumption that certain industries *by their nature*, and entirely independently of their stage of organisatory or technical development, are fit for socialisation. Analysed, this means that Socialism will aim at solving only the simpler problems. But this fact, plain fact, is obscured by verbal devices. It sounds less helpless and is far more popular to say that "monopolies" should come first. In practice the question whether a branch of production is monopolistic or not has never been considered during the socialising attempts of the last two years. The aim of the socialisers has been to find branches producing a uniform product by practically uniform methods. Proof of this lies in the fact that coal and potash were the first branches subjected to the quasi-Socialism known as the "Plan-Industry," i.e., the enforced syndicalising of all producing concerns in a particular branch, under a representative Council as director of higher policy. Better proof still is found in the fact that when the same quasi-Socialist organisation was imposed on iron, only raw and heavy half-finished products were embraced. The only reason for this selection was that these products are uniform, and are produced everywhere in much the same way. The uniform branches presented lines of least resistance. In two years, during most of which Socialists have been in office, and during all of which they have been in power, the more complicated, ultimate problems of practical socialisation have never been faced.

With the exception of electricity, and that only tentatively and partially, no "full socialisation" has so far been carried through. Full socialisation (*Vollsozialisierung*) means the complete transfer of private property into public—which means either State, Municipal, or Public Corporation—hands. The expression is used to differentiate from the "Plan-Industry" and similar control schemes based on continued private ownership. The new coal report is striking, because it shows that a Commission composed mainly of programmatic socialisers hesitates at full socialisation even in an essentially uniform branch. The first report on socialisation of coal was presented on February 15th, 1919. Only three months had passed since the Socialist revolution; but already the iron was cold. Within a few days of the November, 1918, overturn, the leading pre-war Socialists took fright. Already in November the Prussian Finance Minister Simon raised the

question of "ripeness"; Herr Hué (the Labour leader who made such a stir at Spa) proclaimed that "the time has not come; it has not come anywhere in the world"; and the People's Commissary, Herr Ebert, now President, declared that "the call for immediate socialisation of our industrial concerns can be considered nothing more than the action of individual phantasts." Nevertheless, on the question of coal, the Socialisation Commission which sat immediately after the revolution, went very much further than the Commission which presented its report last month. It declared for immediate abolition of Coal Capitalism. Compensation to owners should be given on basis of pre-war average profits; all mines should go to a specially-founded "German Coal-Community," a juristic person, which should decide all commercial and technical questions as a joint stock company decides them; and State authority should be confined to sanctioning the price-schedules and the incurring of mortgage debts. The "Coal-Community" should be governed by a Coal Council mainly composed of mine-managers, miners, and representatives of the consumer. The Community's finances should be independent of the State's; but any profits should go to the State.

This plan was "full socialisation," in that private capitalism was to be eliminated. The plan was not carried out. The Socialisation Commission got into friction with the Ministry of Industry, and ceased its sessions. In the meantime developed the Wissell-Moellendorff scheme of "Plan-Industry," which embodies Dr. Walther Rathenau's view that "the industry of the future will be private, but will be subject to control." Coal was the first branch organised on these lines. As, after coal, the two other great uniform industries—potash and iron—were brought into the Plan-Industry; and as even the boldest men did not design to socialise the complicated finishing branches, one might have concluded a year ago that full socialisation was dead. Dead it was, as far as the Scheidemann and Bauer Cabinets and their Parliamentary backers were concerned. But Germany is in a state of revolution; and during revolution, not constitutional majorities, but the *de facto* power, governs politics. The Berlin mob was the power. First the Government gave way to the mob on the Soviet issue. In February, 1919, the Majority Socialists and their Government rejected emphatically all plans to anchor, as the phrase went, the Soviet or Council notion in the Constitution. These plans were considered sheer Bolshevism. "No member of the Government thinks, or has ever thought," said an official statement, "of embodying the Soviet system in any form whatsoever either in the Constitution or in the administrative

apparatus." Within a few weeks, as result of the Berlin general strike and disorders, the Soviet notion was "anchored" irremovably in Article 162 of the Constitution. And under just the same impulse socialisation came back to life. The Kapp *coup d'état* of March produced a general strike of protest. The organisers of this strike, led by Herr Leghion, having finished with Kapp; proceeded to finish with the Chancellor Bauer, and indeed with his successor, Herr Müller, by dictating their own conditions for resumption of work. Most of these conditions were pure minority dictatorship. The new Cabinet, for instance, had to be formed under the striking unions' control. The other important condition was that the Socialisation Commission should be revived.

The new Socialisation Commission, like the old, is composed mainly of Socialists. In it are Kautsky, Hué, Hilferding, Professor Lederer, the former Minister of Industry Wissell, launcher of the "Plan-Industry," who, unlike Dr. Rathenau, one of the originators, regards that system as being merely an intermediate stage towards full socialisation. Dr. Rathenau is also a member, and was, in fact, the draughtsman of the majority's report. The most prominent of the non-Socialist members is Dr. Carl von Siemens. The Commission first of all took up coal, not because that problem is specially pressing, but, according to precedent, because it is comparatively simple; because under the "Plan-Industry" all coal-mines are already united into local syndicates and into a central trust. With coal, the only considerable problem to be solved was expropriation and compensation. The expectation was that the Commission would proclaim for immediate expropriation by a large majority. And, in fact, the whole Commission of twenty-three members agreed upon the need for "wide-going" (not complete) abolition of the system of private profits from coal; and most members agreed that the removal of coal-mines from private hands is desirable (against fair compensation, all also agreed). But this time no clear majority could be found for immediate removal. The report of the large minority which does take this view agrees in the main with the majority report of February, 1919. All coal (including brown-coal) mines, all cokeries, and all producers of coal-tar raw materials for the chemical branch should be transferred to a "Coal-Community," as designed by the first Commission; and the Coal-Community should be governed by a mainly elective Coal Council. Immediate management should be in the hands of a Directory of five salaried persons, who should work on basis of a plan and budget annually sanctioned by the Council. Kautsky, Hué, Lederer, and Hilferding all stand for this plan.

The majority report is signed by, among others, Rathenau,

Siemens, Wissell, and the former Food Dictator von Batocki. It is strengthened by the conditional adhesion of five members of the minority, the condition being that their own plan of immediate full socialisation cannot be carried through. The majority declares against the immediate abolition of capitalistic ownership. The mines should be removed from private hands only after a term of years, which is provisionally fixed at thirty. The present coal organisation and the system of private varying profits should, however, be at once reformed. The existing central Coal Syndicate (*Reichskohlenverband*), which is the executive part of the "Plan-Industry" as regards coal, should be abolished, and all its functions should be transferred to the representative Coal Council (*Reichskohlenrat*), which at present merely directs general coal policy. This means that the technical and commercial management of the coal industry would in future be not in the hands of an organisation of employers, but in the hands of a representative body of delegates representing all the interests—coal producers, coal traders, and coal consumers, with an equal number of employer and employee delegates in each of the three groups. Until full socialisation could be carried through the mines would remain private property. But variable profits should immediately disappear. The Coal Council (henceforth also Syndicate) would sell all output on behalf of the companies, and out of the proceeds pay to the companies certain sums : (1) A sum sufficient to cover interest on, and provide for extinction of, fixed charges ; (2) interest on, and an allowance for amortisation of, all capital in future invested with the Council's sanction in extensions and improvements ; (3) interest on capital already invested ; and (4) a sum sufficient for amortisation of this capital within the term of years decided on. After this term all mines would become the property of the Council-Syndicate ; and with that full socialisation would be complete.

The practical difference between these schemes is considerable. The difference, if one regards Socialism not as a mere scheme of industrial organisation, but as a means of property equalisation and class emancipation, is very small. In both cases the owners and shareholders would continue under different forms to draw the employer's tribute, the *Mehrwert*, which it is the traditional aim of Socialism to do away with. In both cases owners and shareholders are guaranteed against loss at the expense of the public. For whereas losses under nationalisation would have to be paid by the public in taxes, losses under public-company ownership (and that is the real nature of the proposed Communities and Union) would be prevented by raising prices to the consumer. Further, both sections of the Commission attended to the other

aspect of the *Mehrwert*, the stimulus to efficiency that lies in extra profit-making. Paraphrasing August Bebel's famous "Where no profits are made, no chimneys smoke," the majority declares that : "The decisive motive force of capitalistic industry has been and is the factor of success. This is shown in sharp selection (of managers, engineers, etc.), in higher independent authority, in social and pecuniary advantages, and in public recognition—sometimes in the practical irremovability of a successful chief." Both reports therefore agree that if the "Coal-Community's" salaried employees or wage-earners of any rank are to do their work efficiently, they must be tempted by profits. They must be paid special bounties for increasing output, or for cutting down operating costs. Bounties would be paid to successful directors, successful engineers, and successful hewers and carters ; and there would be no limits to the profits of these except the limits of their energy and skill. Considered as Liberationist Socialism, this project is very pale. The problem of full socialisation of coal was ostensibly first submitted to the Commission because the present "Plan-Industry" in coal has led to all-round profiteering. The owners, ran the complaint, put up prices, and the workmen's representatives in the Coal Council support them on condition that wages are also put up. The Commission's recommendations would, if carried out, perpetuate this system in a new form. So that the two attempts made so far, one to quasi-socialise in form of "Plan-Industry," and one to fully socialise by abolishing immediately or ultimately private ownership, lead to the same conclusion, that profit-making at the public expense (to repeat Bebel, "*Wo kein Profit ist, raucht kein Schornstein*") is the condition precedent of abundant and economical production.

At present, the non-Socialist Cabinet of Herr Fehrenbach is preparing a Coal Socialisation Law. It announces that it is not bound by either of the Commission's reports, and that the Bill being drafted will be its own. Farther towards socialisation than the majority's report it will, however, not go. We see, therefore, that in two years not only has nothing been done towards the expropriatory, Liberationist Socialism of the Erfurt programme, but that even the plan of compensation with contemptuous dismissal of the capitalist class into the ranks of the pensioners has broken down. The question is obvious : Is there any alternative line along which full socialisation may proceed? In answering this may be ignored Municipal Socialism, because this by its nature is locally confined, and as a frame for general socialisation is particularly unsuited to Germany, where every big industrial interest is already syndicalised over most of the country.

There remains the system of nationalisation, State ownership proper. It is the paradox of German Socialism that, while along this line a great deal has been done, what has been done is universally condemned. Nationalisation was declared by the first Commission to have all the defects of capitalism without capitalism's merits; and to-day the system is being liquidated as rapidly as the very considerable obstacles to liquidation allow.

Yet if nationalisation is not in principle an impracticable and vicious system, no country had ever a better chance of developing and extending it than Germany had. The basis was already created by the war. Even if the railways, which last spring passed from State into Federal hands, are left out of account, Germany is, with Soviet Russia's exception, the greatest State-producer and State-employer in the world. She conducts on nationalisation lines for general industrial production all those of the vast former Army and Navy workshops and factories which are not needed for her present reduced defence system; she conducts numberless chemical and metal works started with State capital during the war; she works a large number of mines; and she was put by the Electricity Law of December 31st last in possession of power-stations and power-distribution plant. Yet hardly one German desires the extension or perpetuation of this State ownership, and literally not one member of either Socialisation Commission approved of it. If, therefore, the triumph of Socialism, after failure of alternative systems, depends upon direct Federal ownership and direct Federal management as a last resource, one may conclude that Socialism is indeed dead.

Two years ago, to the majority of German Socialists, nationalisation seemed the obvious, almost the inevitable, socialisation form. The supposed nucleus of socialisation was the *Zwangswirtschaft*, or system of State trading departments and semi-official war companies, with their absolute control over production, export, import, and distribution, which was an economic heritage from the war. In particular, Socialists in a hurry acclaimed this system as a basis for economic reconstruction. A week after the Armistice the Independent *Freiheit*, naturally no enthusiast for Hohenzollern achievements, proclaimed that "the war-industry system has supplied us with a series of organisatory institutions which need only very little alteration to provide practicable bases for socialisation." For a time the doctrine here expressed was almost a religion. The Saxon Socialist, Dr. Neurath, who later played a queer rôle in the Munich Soviet Republic, acclaimed "administrative industry" (*Verwaltungswirtschaft*) as the greatest achievement of civilisation :—

"Nothing," wrote Neurath, "at present does so much to facilitate Socialisa-

tion as the circumstance that the war was an organiser in the grandest style. Militarism, that means, had a great mission in Germany. Its mission was to show how an entire national system of economy may, with clear consciousness of aim, be regulated down to the minutest details from a single point of view. And what Militarism created, Socialism will complete. . . . Let us therefore not ignore the fact that all the great War Central Departments which Militarism brought into being are nothing other than the preparatory stages of Socialism."

According to this doctrine, the hardest part of Socialism—the organisatory part—had been already accomplished. A satisfactorily working system of direct bureaucratic management had been created for every important branch of national industry; and only a much easier task, the transfer of the capital interest to the State, awaited carrying through. This seemed, indeed, easy. Immediately after the revolution a by no means intemperate Socialist, Professor Wilmrandt, proclaimed that all land, factories, mines, ships, tramways, and even shops should be immediately declared the property of the State. The proprietors, explained this Socialist, could simply be appointed managers. Unluckily, long before the apparently easy problem of transforming owners into managers could be taken up, the all-promising mechanism of State management was in full decay. Even the fact that the war exigencies, which led to its creation, continued, sometimes in aggravated form, could not save the *Zwangswirtschaft*. Since early in 1919 War-Trade Departments and War Industrial Companies have been liquidated rapidly, and all the four Cabinets have had to promise to abolish the ever-diminishing remnant of the system as quickly as possible. Put briefly, the causes of the system's increasing unpopularity were: the State and the Municipalities lost money; production languished; home and foreign trade were hampered; and, owing to the prevalence of illicit transactions, the ostensible aim of ensuring equitable distribution and moderate prices was not attained. To-day, of the directly official War-Trade Departments only that for coal-rationing and cement remain; while of the war-trade companies proper only the petroleum, textiles, boots, and newspaper-paper companies have not been, or are not being, wound up. The textiles and boot companies direct only the emergency supply; in general, textiles and all leather goods are free. Of the important food products, meat was freed at the beginning of the month. The immediate result was a relatively abundant supply at reasonable prices. Breadstuffs and some dairy products still remain managed by the State, with the result that dairy products are hardly to be had; that bread consists largely of milled beans and other surrogates; that potatoes are grown instead of more valuable crops; that the important sugar-beet culture is

ruined; and that the beneficent State pays an 8-marks price-cheapening subsidy on every 1,900-gramme loaf of inferior bread.

But centralised nationalisation lost its slight chance even before these abuses of "administrative industry" were revealed. The first Socialisation Commission unanimously rejected it as a means of solving the coal organisation problem; and, further, passed a general judgment on State management which, coming from Socialists, is very instructive :—

"An obvious thought," says the Commission's report, "is naturally to nationalise (*verstaatlichen*) the whole coal-mining industry, and the trade in its products.

"The Commission is, however, unanimously of the conviction that the existing organisation of State mining does not meet industrial needs. . . .

"The Commission is . . . unanimously of the opinion that the whole official organisation—the conditions of appointment, advancement and remuneration, the budget and accountancy system, in short, the whole order of normal State management—would raise serious obstacles to the efficient working of the mines.

"Every extension of State management is uneconomical, and is therefore to be rejected as long as we have no complete separation of the economical activities of the State from its political and administrative activities, as long as we have no break with bureaucratic traditions in the business concerns of the State.

"The proceedings of the Commission have, apart from any advantages of State mining, brought out such striking examples of the defects of this slow State-organism, that there can be no doubt of the need for completely transforming the system of the mines that are already in State hands.

"Overburdening of expert officials with petty labours, undesirable transfers from post to post, salaries which are very low and which compared with those paid by private industry are absolutely ridiculous, hampering of free initiative, serious lack of any sense of responsibility in financial matters, complicated relations of subordination which even extend up to dependence on Parliament, year-long negotiations over questions which private industry would decide in a few hours; in short, control over control instead of confidence and encouragement to independent action—such are the characteristics of this (State) organisation."

The second Socialisation Commission came to the same conclusion. It follows that if the immediate transference of industries to public corporations created *ad hoc* cannot be carried through, there is no alternative socialisation in their transference to the State. The movement is the other way. The immediate task before Germany is de-nationalisation (which naturally means de-socialisation) of the too numerous enterprises at present in State hands. It is true that the German bureaucratic tradition in economic matters has not been broken, and that the methods adopted during the chair-Socialism craze started by Adolf Wagner and Schmoller in the 'seventies, and adopted by Bismarck and Wilhelm II., have not been formally abandoned. Industrial and trade over-regulation flourish. As fast as the war-trade depart-

ments and companies of the *Zwangswirtschaft* are liquidated, up under various pretexts start new control organisations; and by mere tenacity of tradition bureaucrats extend their grip even over those "self-governing" trade and industrial councils which were specially created as a foil to bureaucracy. Good instances are the new representative Foreign Trade Boards. When creating these the State reserved only the usual right of supervision; but the bureaucrats of the Ministry of Industry so meddle, check, query, countermand and cross that no self-government is left. This tendency increases the bureaucracy, and so increases the Federal deficit. On October 7th a representative of the Ministry of Finance reported to the Reichsrat that the Federal rolls for 1920 contain 24,852 new official posts, and added truly that Germany is suffering from over-organisation. But this trend is unconscious. No Minister, no Socialisation Commission member, and no responsible politician would dare to proclaim programmatically for further complexity of the State machine. Bureaucracy is unpopular. The "Plan-Industry" won its easy victory over full socialisation, not so much because it evaded the difficult expropriation issue—on that issue the rank and file of Socialists were against it—but because its advocates cleverly advertised their design of establishing self-government in industry, and keeping bureaucracy off. Financial exigencies will now compel the Government to handle the railways in the same way. The railway deficit this year is sixteen milliards, which is about the estimated capital value (of course, in gold marks) of the whole Prussian system in 1913. Last spring the Ministry of Railways announced a plan for putting business men, experts, and railway employees, chosen on representative lines, in charge; and last month the Cabinet resolved to convert the whole railway system into what is defined as "an independent economical undertaking." The plan is not yet published: but it seems certain that the creation of an independent public company which will own all railways is designed; and with that the State railway system, which before the war was an object of somewhat exaggerated admiration to foreigners, will come to an end.

With it will come to an end the only kind of full socialisation that Germany has had or is likely to have. The collapse of the revolution's socialistic hopes will then be complete. In this should be nothing surprising to anyone who studies the earlier developments of German Socialism. The framers of the Erfurt programme, which was irrefragable dogma in Germany for thirty years, took over from Marx a certain precisely defined theory of the inevitable development of capitalism; but they did not take over any clear doctrine of the future socialistic State, a matter

which Marx hardly dealt with at all, and somewhat airily assumed had been arranged by his predecessors. The Erfurt programme is edifyingly precise, even if mistaken, in its characterisation of capitalism; but when from this it proceeds to consider remedies, it deals not with the socialistic State, but with measures which, except for one vaguely phrased demand for cessation of private ownership, are not socialistic at all. Some of these demands are specific political and Labour, but not Socialist, demands which have already been realised in Germany and elsewhere. When the Marxian doctrine of capitalism, the catastrophe theory, was destroyed by facts and demolished by the assaults of Bernstein, Calwer, Quessel, and other Revisionists, very little was left. But the entire hollowness of the theoretical foundation of Socialism was never fully demonstrated until the present German Socialist leaders began to explain away their failure to socialise a single branch. The explanation is—the disastrous present condition of German industry and trade. Hardly a month after the revolution had passed when a campaign in this sense began. Professor Lederer, later a prominent member of the Socialisation Commission, informed the public that “the more difficult a country’s economic condition, the more difficult it is to establish Socialism”; the Socialist Hué warned that: “If we take up Socialism, we shall have to act as liquidators in bankruptcy”; and the first Commission proclaimed in its initial programme that “the first condition precedent of economic reorganisation is the restoration of production.” In short, when (through war, indeed, not through the internal collapse of capitalism) the catastrophe which the orthodox Marxians required as *tabula rasa* for the new Socialist order came, the faithful were blandly informed by their prophets that this catastrophe had ruined the prospects of Socialism; and that they, the faithful, must first restore prosperity, whereupon would be immediately demonstrated the practicability of the Socialist State. After this it is hardly surprising that the two former Ministers of Industry who had most to do with socialisation, Herr Schmidt and Herr Wissell, both demand the amendment of the Erfurt programme. But the best comment is Bebel’s warning at Magdeburg: “Democracy must learn to distrust its leaders.” The restoration of German industry, the leaders know well, will not accelerate Socialism. After the patient has been spared a risky but, according to Socialist theory, curative operation on the ground that he is too sick, who believes that he will invite the operation once he is well?

This, of course, does not mean that German socialisation attempts are at an end. It means merely that no more attempts

will be made by responsible Socialists. What the mob may do is incalculable; what will be done even by the sober Majority Socialists, now that they are out of power, and again have more freedom and less responsibility, is doubtful. At present the Majority Socialists are believed to be negotiating with the fanatical Independents with design to overthrow the Fehrenbach Cabinet on the strange ground that it, although non-Socialist, has not pushed the Socialism which when in office they themselves elaborately avoided pushing. That, however, is a party-mancœuvre. Nothing would drive a heavier nail into Socialism's coffin than the return of the Majority Socialists to power.

ROBERT CROZIER LONG.

THE MYSTERY OF "MACBETH": A SOLUTION.

FEW neater compliments were ever paid an English monarch than that with which James I. was agreeably surprised on his first visit to Oxford on August 25th, 1605. Immediately on his arrival he was arrested in front of St. John's College by three youthful scholars in the guise of nymphs, who, in Latin verse penned by Matthew Gwinne, explained that they were the sibyls of old who had prophesied the rule of Banquo's issue, and came now to promise him all happiness and the continuance of the Banquo dynasty upon the British throne. A trifle less than two months later, when the King's Players visited the University city, one at least of their number was hugely interested on hearing of the King's satisfaction with this well-conceived device. Among his rare capacities as actor-dramatist was that of exploiter to the full of the potentialities of a new and imperfectly expanded idea, and his name was William Shakespeare. In the rich soil of his brain the academic seed quickly germinated, and the result, as one takes it, was the tragedy of *Macbeth*, produced, in all probability, at the Globe somewhere about the Easter of 1606. As handed down to us in the First Folio, this sublime effort resembles nothing so much as a vast and venerable Gothic cathedral which has had the misfortune to be tastelessly tinkered by an unimaginative restorer. The twilight gloom and mystic atmosphere remain, but there are jarring discords in the "frozen music" which rudely mar the subtle harmonies of the *ordonnance*. An alien hand and a disturbing has long been detected in the witch scenes, indicating, after the manner of the day, a clumsy revisal of the play for reproduction after the bloom of novelty had worn off. Many as have been the attempts to solve the mystery of this sophistication—to determine when it was perpetrated and by whom—none has succeeded because none was able to gather together all the necessary components of the jig-saw puzzle. While the present writer cannot pretend that he has recovered all the missing pieces, it is his belief that the few which long and ardent research has placed him in possession of only require proper adjustment to enable the onlooker to arrive at an accurate perception of the main characteristics of the picture.

Suspected though it has been for long, it is only within recent years that the sustained influence of the Stuart court masque on the extrinsics of contemporary dramaturgy has been scientifically demonstrated. It was quite in the natural order of things

that the quaint antimasque dancing seen in these gorgeous holiday entertainments should have been transferred in due course to the boards of the Globe and the Blackfriars, where they served as adventitious aid to the attractions of new plays. Dekker has revealed to us allusively in a dedication that the antimasques, in close contrast with the grave terminal masque-dancing in which only those of blue blood and the blood royal participated, were invariably performed by professional players; and it has been satisfactorily deduced from other sources that the King's Players, by right of their style and title as well as their artistic pre-eminence, enjoyed for long a pleasurable monopoly of the work.¹ Among the plays produced by them in the period of 1611-13, it is known for certain that *A Winter's Tale*, *The Duchess of Malfi* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* were all embellished (or disfigured, if you will) with specific antimasque dances. Viewing this new departure as an offensive theatricality, Ben Jonson girded at it again and again, but wholly without avail. In 1612 he began by complaining in the preface to *The Alchemist* that "the concupiscence of Jigges and Daunces so raigneth so as to runne away from Nature, and be afraid of her in the only point of art that tickles the spectators." In *Bartholomew Fair*, two years later, he ridiculed the craze for these interpolations by bringing a puppet show into his play, and boldly announced his intention in the induction, taking occasion at the same time to give wider publicity to his old stricture:—

"He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries, to mix his head with other men's heels; let the concupiscence of jigs and dances reign as strong as it will amongst you; yet if the puppets please anybody, they shall be entreated to come in."

Be it noted there was no redundancy in rare old Ben's twice-used phrase, "jigs and dances." The point has pertinent application to our present inquiry. In his day the term "jig" was commonly taken to mean a song in dialogue, and his use of it here indicates that concerted pieces, like the interpolated "Come Away" of *Macbeth*, had already become popular.

It is a nice question and a relevant how far back extended this system of appropriating features from the court masques. Designed as a comic contrast to the staid dancing of the nobility, the antimasque was the invention of Ben Jonson, and is not to be traced earlier than 1608. Before that, nevertheless, appropriation had begun. One of the features of Campion's Masque in honour of Lord Hayes' marriage, as presented at Whitehall

(1) On this score, see my article on "The Date of *The Duchess of Malfi*" in the *Athenaeum* for November 21, 1919.

on Twelfth Night, 1607, was a courtiers' dance of helmeted knights, in which the illusion of bare flesh gleaming through armour-joints was given by clothes of carnation satin largely covered by broad silver lace. There is little room for doubt that here we have the source of the dance of knights in armour in *Pericles*, a circumstance, since transferences of the sort were seldom long delayed, which dates the play *ca.* May, 1607.

One takes leave to think that the first antimasque of any particular note would be eagerly fastened upon by its professional exponents for reproduction in the playhouse; and the earliest to which the description applies was the Antimasque of Witches in Jonson's *Masque of Queens* at Whitehall on February 2nd, 1609. Of the success of this, heightened as it was by a lurid scene of Hell designed by Inigo Jones, there can be no question. Elaborate charms and incantations were performed, and the twelve uncanny hags, marshalled by "the Dame," delighted the aristocratic assembly with two weird dances, the one at the close of the scene. "full of preposterous change and gesticulation," contrary in every way to human habitude, executed, as Jonson tells us, "back to back, and hip to hip, their hands joined, and making circles backward, to the left hand, with strange fantastic motions of their heads and bodies." The music composed for these dances, it is to be noted, is still extant, happily preserved in a unique collection of instrumental masque music in the British Museum.¹

Assuming in accord with the general mass of evidence that sundry members of the King's Company were the performers of this antimasque, one can conceive of no difficulty serious enough to bar the way to its public repetition once the idea had been entertained. It was not even beyond the power of the players to obtain the use of the fantastically elaborate dresses originally worn. All the court masquing attire was in the custody of the Yeoman of the Revels, whose office was then and had for long been held by Edward Kirkham, formerly a co-manager of the Blackfriars Theatre. Kirkham's position was one of no particular emolument, and he was not above lending out dresses for a consideration. It is, moreover, worthy of remark that in 1609 the Revels Office and Wardrobe were situated in Whitefriars, only a very short distance from the Blackfriars Theatre, which the King's Men had just taken over.

Circumstances militated for long against the public reproduction of the Witch Dances. Theatrical affairs were in a transitional state, and things generally were in a bad way. Plague had occasioned the closing of the playhouses in July, 1608, and, save for a few days at Christmas, acting was not permitted again

(1) Add. MSS. 10,444, ff. 21 and 21b.

till late in the November of the following year. One result of this, it would seem, was that Shakespeare, no longer a player and wearied out by his spell of corrosive inaction, retired for good to Stratford-on-Avon, thenceforth only taking occasional trips to town to bring his old associates a new play and to receive from them his dividends as "housekeeper."¹

In pursuit of their project of transferring the salient characteristics of Jonson's antimasque to the regular boards, the King's Players were confronted by only one difficulty. The dances were not of a nature that allowed of their introduction into any or every play, and it was deemed that nothing short of the provision of a new piece endowed with a suitable *milieu* would satisfactorily solve the problem. Few dramatists could have been more anxious for commissions at this grave juncture or more wishful to get breaking new ground than Thomas Middleton, who had found himself rudderless with the collapse of the two children-companies for which he had been writing. With things at a standstill, there was no opportunity of pick and choice, and, girding up his loins, Middleton thankfully accepted the commission. Faced with the task of painting in a harmonious background to Jonson's hags, he was compelled to shelve his realistic predilections, so long exercised to advantage in mirroring contemporary London life, and to set about writing his first romantic play. It by no means surprises that the result was not wholly satisfying. By dint of amalgamating a high-flown tale of Belleforest with a tale of wizardry found in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, Middleton succeeded in excogitating his tragicomedy of *The Witch*, a composition marked by much fluent versification and some flickering imaginativeness, but in which not all the ease of the writing can conceal the lack of homogeneity.

The truth is that Middleton was compelled by the exigencies to keep Jonson's antimasque steadily in mind, and at the same time to avoid rank imitation. Making a gallant effort to reconcile so many disparate elements, he changed the sex of Scot's wizards, gave them a common instead of a divided interest, and, after re-labelling Ben's Dame Hecate, placed them under her control. There is, indeed, little in the witch scenes that can be properly called his, save the two songs, "Come Away" and "Black Spirits and White," in which, as Mr. Arthur Symonds well says, "there is not only a ghastly fancy awake, but something nearer to a fine lyric cadence than he ever caught before or since."

(1) On October 16, 1608, he stood godfather at Stratford to William, son of Henry Walker, a local mercer and alderman. About that period he was at law with John Addenbroke, another Stratfordian, and on February 15, 1609, won a suit against him.

Jonson's masque was published immediately after its performance, and, both in dialogue and stage directions, Middleton's play betrays its influence. Ben's couplet:

Yet went I back to the house again,
Kill'd the black cat, and here's the brain,

has its echo in Middleton's "the whorson old hellcat would have given me the brain of a cat once in my handkercher" (I., 2). Again, the spirit that summons the witches at the opening of "Come Away" is the "little Martin" of Jonson's third charm, "he that calls them to their conventicles." As a matter of fact, the whole concerted piece was directly inspired by a speech of one of the masque-witches:

Sisters, stay, we want our Dame;
Call upon her by her name,
And the charm we used to say,
That she quickly anoint, and come away.

Moreover, the curious direction in Act I., sc. 2, of *The Witch*, "Enter Heccat, and other witches (with properties and habitts fitting)," warrants us in assuming that the hags in the play wore the identical dresses of the hags in the masque, since it recalls Jonson's intimation that the latter were "all differently attired; some with rats on their heads, some on their shoulders, others with ointment pots at their girdles; all with spindles, timbrels, rattles, or other venofical instruments, making a confused noise, with strange gestures." To make the inspiring cause of Middleton's play the more assured, it is only necessary to add that, like *The Masque of Queens*, it had two witch dances, but danced by six performers, not twelve, as in the prototype. Bear in mind these six witches: they will help us very materially to read the riddle of *Macbeth*.

With the renewal of acting in December, 1609, the King's Players took possession of the Blackfriars, and, in all probability, reopened that house with *The Witch*. That the play, whenever produced, proved a failure can be readily established. It remained unprinted until 1778, when Isaac Reed had a few copies struck off from an old transcript now in the Bodleian. Inscribed on the front of this is "A Tragi-Coomodie called the Witch, long since acted by his Maties seruants at the Blackfriars. Written by Tho. Middleton." Here "long since" is of vital import because it nullifies the commonly accepted hypothesis that the play, so far from belonging to its author's middle period, was one of his latest works. The transcription bears clear indications of having been made in Middleton's lifetime. It was undoubtedly written out at his instance by a copyist for presentation to his

friend, Thomas Holmes, to whom it bears a revealing dedication. Since the play remained unpublished for considerably over a century, it cannot be pretended that this dedication was otherwise than a private tribute. From it we learn that Middleton, on Holmes's urging, had recovered from the players what he styles in significant phrase, "this ignorantly ill-fated labour of mine."

Circumstances go to show that, despite the failure of *The Witch*, the King's Players were anxious to preserve its song and dance, then, on Jonson's testimony, features of growing popularity, and, at some subsequent period, certainly not remote, commissioned Middleton or another to alter *Macbeth* more or less with a view to their introduction. Much as we have reason to deprecate this tinkering with a masterpiece, the custom of the times may be pleaded in mitigation of the offence. For fully a decade it had been usual on reviving an old play at court or on the stage either to add some spectacular feature or furbish the text. There can be little doubt that to the exigencies of court performance we owe the masque in *The Tempest* and the disfiguring vision scene in *Cymbeline*. So long as he was on the spot, and, possibly, in a few cases later when there was time to communicate with him, Shakespeare made the demanded revision of his own plays; and the fact that the alteration of *Macbeth* fell to another hand indicates that he had already retired into the country, and that the revival of the play was suddenly and hurriedly arranged. All the circumstances point to the opening of 1610 as the period of sophistication.

Whether or not Middleton's was the desecrating hand to be detected in the tragedy, it is highly requisite to point out that the argument upon which that assumption is based, viz., the intercalation of his two songs, has absolutely no validity. Why should the idea prevail that the players had to gain Middleton's consent before making use of his material, and, as a set-off to the appropriation of his songs, gave him the commission to alter the tragedy? Whether success or failure, once a play had passed from the author's hands, it was no longer his, but became the absolute property of the players. Hard fact shows that they could do with it what they pleased. Songs were freely transferred from play to play. After doing duty in *Measure for Measure*, "Take, oh, take those lips away" entered upon renewed life years later in Fletcher's *The Bloody Brother*. Much more remarkable is it to find that when *Love's Pilgrimage* was revived in altered form by the King's Men in 1635, it had absorbed a considerable portion of the opening scene of *The New Inn*, Jonson's ghastly failure of 1629. Fleay egregiously avers that

this was done with Jonson's knowledge and consent, but rare old Ben was not built that way. He simply had no choice or voice in the matter.

While it is not my present purpose to make offer at a determination of the vexed question of the exact *quantum* of additions, alterations and abbreviations existing in *Macbeth*, it is necessary to emphasise that all the vital changes were made with the view of incorporating with the play all the vocal and choregraphic features of *The Witch*, the main reason why the great scenes remain unspoiled. Hence sophistication is most readily to be detected in Act III., sc. 5, and in IV., 1, where the style of the alien hand is not Middleton's, though the influence of his witch scenes pervades. One even finds it in that long-baffling stage direction (egregiously assumed to be a blunder), "Enter Heccat, and the other three witches." Here the additional three go to make up the necessary complement, otherwise the six of Middleton's play, whose original representatives, it is hardly to be doubted, were pressed into service for the purpose of the dancing. This increase in number so as to constitute an exact parallelism is not alone eloquent of the source, but indicates a certain measure of rapidity in the transference. In other words, the acceptance of this hypothesis involves the dating of *Macbeth*, in the form in which it has come down to us, not later than 1610. And, by a remarkable coincidence, Dr. Simon Forman records having seen the tragedy at the Globe in the April of that year.

Whatever may be the flaws in this solution, it surpasses all others in affording a master-key to many locked doors. Repudiate it and Shakespearean exegesis must continue to stand aghast before the oppositions and perversions brought into the tragedy by the attributes of "the crowned empress of the nether clefts of Hell": attributes due to the infiltrations of a second mind, incongruous with the primary conception of the three weird sisters, and serving no end beyond disturbance of the equipoise.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

OUR WASTEFUL USE OF COAL AND THE REMEDY.

At the present time, and for many years to come, economy in all directions should be the keynote of our national policy, and in none can greater savings be effected than in our use (one may almost say abuse) of coal with which this country is so richly endowed.

Our wasteful consumption of this commodity increases the cost of all manufactured articles, raises the householder's expenditure on heating, and reduces the supplies available for export. The last-named feature is particularly detrimental, as the ships that bring food and raw materials to this country largely depend upon coal for their return cargoes. If they have to sail out with empty holds, profits can be made only by charging double freights for the cargoes carried on the homeward voyages. This means higher prices all round, as imported materials directly or indirectly affect the production of every article used. Again, the export of coal improves the foreign exchanges and thus reduces the prices of our imported goods in their countries of origin.

Before the question is discussed of how our supplies of coal can be utilised to the best advantage, it is necessary to know the quantity raised from the pits, and the manner in which it has been employed hitherto.

During the first half of the year 1914—the last normal period before the war—the output from the collieries of the United Kingdom was about 140 million tons, or at the rate of 280 million tons per annum. Some difference of opinion exists among various authorities as to how this huge quantity was disposed of, but the following round figures will not be found very wide of the mark :—

80	million tons for power, including railways.
50	„ „ domestic heating and cooking.
50	„ „ gasworks and coke ovens.
30	„ „ steamships.
70	„ „ export.

In any case accurate figures, although desirable, are not needed for a general consideration of how economies can be effected, the principles being identical for any relative quantities within a reasonable percentage of the actual facts. We shall assume also

that, although the present output is much lower, the 1914 figures will eventually be reached again.

WHERE THE GREATEST ABUSES TAKE PLACE.

Our most wasteful use of coal does not occur in the domestic open fire as is generally supposed, but in factories which generate their power from it through the agency of steam. A big loss takes place when heat is converted into power by any means at present known, but this waste of energy is much greater if steam be employed as a medium than when a part of the coal in the form of gas is directly turned into work in a gas engine. At present steam is used in most of our factories, and, as many of the engines and boilers are of a very inefficient type, it is demonstrable that not more than 3 per cent. of the heat in the coal is usefully employed. Steam locomotives are equally wasteful, while coal used to produce electricity for railways is not used to much better advantage.

A large amount of coal is also used in steamships, and here again most of the heat is wasted, but the engines and boilers used for ship propulsion being much more efficient than those on shore, while they are kept in better order, some 10 per cent. of the heat in the coal are available for doing useful work.

According to a recent research by Margaret White Fishenden, D.Sc., carried out for the Manchester Corporation Air Pollution Advisory Board, the domestic open fire has quite a high efficiency, the only losses being due to unburnt products in the form of ash, soot or gas, and heat radiated from the back of the flue if on an outside wall. The heat carried away up the chimney is considered to do useful work by promoting ventilation. Still less loss of heat occurs in kitchen ranges.

An instructive fact brought out during this research was the much higher efficiency of rich coke, produced by the low-temperature carbonisation of coal, than coal burnt in its raw state. The advantages of this type of fuel are dealt with elsewhere.

In any case no considerable saving can be expected in coal used for domestic purposes, although the adoption of closed stoves and central heating would effect some economies, possibly amounting to 20 per cent.

Coal is also consumed for making gas and for producing the coke needed for blast furnaces and foundries, but in gasworks it is used almost to the best advantage and very little waste occurs, the value produced in gas and by-products, such as tar and ammonia, being nearly the maximum possible.

Coke for blast furnaces was for many years produced exclusively in what are known as "beehive ovens," from which, and

the blast furnaces themselves, gas capable of producing a large amount of power was blown away into the air and wasted. Improved coke ovens, in which the tar, ammonia and gas from the coal are recovered and utilised, have now been largely adopted, while the gas from the blast furnaces is employed to produce power. The waste from these sources is therefore being gradually eliminated, and will have disappeared almost entirely in a few years' time.

When considering the possibilities of greater economy in our use of coal, it is important to remember that certain products can be obtained therefrom which are far too valuable to be burnt for the sake of generating heat or power. But these products contain a high percentage of heat units, therefore if they are extracted more coal is required, unless economies in other directions can be introduced.

In order to obtain the greatest value in by-products the coal is carbonised at a lower temperature than in gasworks, where the object is to obtain the biggest yield of gas. According to figures given by Dr. F. Mollwo Perkin in a paper read before the Institution of Petroleum Technologists, a ton of ordinary coal, when treated in this way, yields 5,000 ft. of gas, 10 lb. of sulphate of ammonia, and 20 gallons of tar. A rich coke is also produced, which makes an ideal smokeless domestic fuel, being easily lighted, while giving out great heat and enough flame to be cheerful. When distilled the tar will produce benzole suitable for motor cars and aeroplanes, lamp oil, creosote oil which can be used in Diesel engines, pitch, and other substances. In fact, every type of oil now derived from imported petroleum can be produced from coal, and this was being done to a considerable extent in Germany even before the war—a development which was vastly extended when her overseas supplies of petroleum were cut off. Unfortunately, even if all the coal consumed in this country were treated in retorts and ovens, the production of oil would not be large enough to render us independent of imported petroleum. On the other hand, the home product would introduce a healthy competition with the overseas supply, thereby curtailing any unjustifiable raising of prices.

It is quite evident from the foregoing facts that coal should never be burnt directly for the purpose of producing heat if the greatest economy in its use is to be realised; hence in the remainder of this article only the aforesaid rich coke has been considered.

Several solutions of the coal problem have been put forward from time to time, one of the most revolutionary being suggested by Dr. Ferranti in 1910, in his presidential address to the Institu-

tion of Electrical Engineers. According to this scheme, all coal was to be treated in retorts and ovens, mainly at the collieries, the resulting gas and coke being used to generate electricity to be distributed all over the country. Electricity generated on this enormous scale could naturally be supplied at a very low price, the figure estimated being only one-eighth of a penny per electric unit against an average price of a little over three-halfpence just before the war. This scheme offers undeniable advantages, as electricity can be applied to every purpose requiring fuel excepting the propulsion of ships, touring motor cars and aeroplanes. (A great many cars are driven by electric motors in conjunction with storage batteries, and the system has proved very successful in urban areas where electricity at a low price is available.)

Railway trains are also being driven by electricity, and, if the price were brought down to the present equivalent figure to that estimated for the above scheme, every line would adopt this form of propulsion.

A limited amount of coke would be required for mixture with the iron ore in electric blast furnaces—not to provide heat for melting as at present, but to introduce carbon into the iron. Electric blast furnaces worked in this way are already in use where cheap electricity is produced by water power, as in Norway and Sweden.

Coke would also be used for heating and cooking in isolated houses to which the cost of transmitting electric current would be prohibitive.

Under this scheme ships would be propelled by creosote oil used in Diesel engines, while benzole would be employed for aeroplanes and for motor cars in rural districts.

The tar produced would provide us with toluol for high explosives, phenol for carbolic acid, and the basis for aniline dyes, while the large output of sulphate of ammonia would enable us to vastly increase the productiveness of the land.

Another very important feature of the scheme is that if at any future time a method of producing electricity direct from coal, without first turning the heat contained therein into power, is discovered, the distribution system would already be in existence and suitable for this new development.

Coupled with these advantages would be the entire absence of smoke and a huge reduction in railway goods traffic owing to the elimination of coal so far as concerns distribution to private consumers.

Against the benefits of such a scheme must be set an enormous

disturbance of existing industries and the inefficient use of the heat contained in the coal for heating purposes. The first of these drawbacks will be patent to everyone, but many people will not appreciate the second without some further explanation.

Let us follow through briefly the process of turning heat into electricity for distribution and back into heat again in the consumers' radiators and cooking appliances. The first operation is to convert the heat from the coal into power. It has already been shown that to burn coal for the purpose of producing power is wasteful owing to the loss of valuable by-products. The coal would be therefore carbonised in retorts, only the coke and gas being used for generating electricity, and it matters very little which of these products is employed so far as the proportion of heat converted into power is concerned.

One way of converting coke or gas into power is by turning them into steam for driving turbines, in which case one-quarter of the available heat may be converted into electricity under the most favourable conditions. The conversion of the coke into gas and the employment of gas engines for generating power, although more economical, must be ruled out because large enough engines are not available for the huge power stations contemplated.

Having produced electricity it has to be transmitted to the consumer through many miles of copper bar, and during transit a certain proportion will be lost by leakage and resistance.

It will be seen, therefore, that with the most economical plant only about a quarter of the heat can reach the consumers' heating and cooking appliances, while, in spite of the high efficiency of the latter, some loss of electricity takes place, which may be taken at 10 per cent., thus further reducing the proportion of heat actually utilised.

The result is not nearly so good as with the best form of domestic open fire, in which, say, 75 per cent. of the heat in the fuel is effective; in fact, the waste of heat for domestic purposes would be approximately three times as great as it is now if electricity was supplied in place of solid fuel.

Many electric supply undertakings deliver current at 1½d. a unit for heating and cooking, and few would deny that this figure could be substantially lowered by producing electricity at the coal pits. But, even assuming the price to be only ½d., the consumption of gas or coke direct gives far better results. An electric radiator, for instance, using electricity at ½d. per unit and wasting 10 per cent., will give out roughly 6,100 B.Th.U.⁽¹⁾ of heat for 1d.

(1) When dealing with this question, it is necessary to use some measure of heat for the purpose of comparing the various methods of utilising coal, and the writer has chosen the well-known British Thermal Unit (generally written B.Th.U.) which is the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of one pound of

Taking coke at an average price of 40s. a ton, an open fire, wasting 25 per cent. of the heat, will give out over 47,250 B.Th.U. of heat at the same cost.

It is abundantly clear from the above considerations that any attempt to supply heat for domestic purposes in the form of electricity would greatly increase the consumption of coal instead of reducing it. Neither would any economy be effected by the universal use of coal gas for heating, as, if we take the average price at 5s. a thousand feet and the efficiency of gas fires at 75 per cent., only 8,120 B.Th.U. are utilised for 1d. against 47,250 with coke.

In connection with the "rich" coke already referred to, mention may be made of "Coalite," which is practically coke produced by the special treatment indicated above. A subsidiary company of the British Coalite Company has erected a plant at a colliery in Yorkshire, where some 200 tons of coal a day are now being retorted, the coalite being sold for domestic and other purposes, while the by-products are recovered.

Although coke or coalite makes no smoke, dust is still produced, while for occasional fires and for cooking it is not nearly so convenient as gas, but it has been shown already that gas as at present supplied for public use is too costly to compete with coal; it is quite possible, however, to manufacture a much cheaper form of gas for heating purposes. This is already being done in the Midlands, where the South Staffordshire Power Gas Co. are supplying gas at 9d. a thousand feet. Admittedly, the amount of heat contained in one foot of this gas is only about one-quarter of that in ordinary town gas, but even allowing for this feature the price comes to only 3s. a thousand feet against 5s. for town gas. Based on this price the heat units for 1d. amount to 12,525 against 47,250 for coke.

It is probable, however, that gas for heating could be supplied at an even lower price than is charged by the above company, if produced on a larger scale. Moreover, when considering the rival merits of gas and coke, it must be remembered that the use of the latter involves considerable expense after delivery for conveying it to the fires, laying the latter, procuring firewood, cleaning the stoves, and storing the fuel. Furthermore, owing to the dust produced, the general cleaning of houses would cost more than with gas fires. Hence, although coke would cost less than gas, the expense to the householder might be greater, owing to the increased cost of labour, now so difficult to obtain for the small home, for domestic fires which are only required occasionally for an hour or two.

If both suitable coke and cheap heating gas were available, the former would be largely used in open fires or closed stoves, which are maintained all day, while gas would be preferred for cooking and for occasional heating.

A reduction of at least ten million tons of coal per annum could be effected by the elimination of the open fire. The use of closed stoves, for which the new type of coke would be very suitable, is universal in other countries, and the high prices of fuel likely to rule in future may bring about their adoption in the British Isles.

The supply of *power* in the form of electricity is a very different proposition. In fact, it is rapidly becoming a universal practice in factories to convert the coal into power and thence into electricity for distribution by copper wires and re-conversion into power where required. If electricity were generated at the coal pits and distributed all over the country, all factory owners would purchase a supply in preference to making it themselves.

The production of all power at the pit-head is too drastic a development to hope for, but the generation of electricity on a large scale in central stations for distribution to factories is already being done in certain areas. When this feature has extended all over the country we may expect to see a great reduction in the amount of coal used for industrial purposes. The comparatively small electric supply undertakings in many of our provincial towns are not referred to in this connection, but the big electric generating companies of which the mains extend over several counties. Gas from blast furnaces and coke ovens, and exhaust steam from large engines, is purchased and utilised by some of these undertakings, with the result that they are able to offer electric current for power at very low rates. So successful has this principle proved that practically all the factories, railways, tramways, and other concerns requiring power, in certain areas, now buy it in the form of electricity from the big companies.

Some readers may be inclined to ask why the distribution of electricity is so successful for *power* while being a failure for *heat*. The crux of this question is the big loss, already explained, which takes place when heat is converted into power. If *heat* is wanted by the consumer there is no need to incur this loss by producing electricity, as the gas or coke can be distributed direct without any wastage at all. On the other hand, when *power* is required, the loss in conversion *must* be incurred either by the consumer or in the central station. The loss is, however, very much less when the conversion of heat into power is carried out

on a large scale, while the capital charges and the cost of labour are greatly reduced.

It has already been shown that the wastage of coal in gas-works and coke ovens is gradually being eliminated, and in any case the possible saving in this direction is very small compared with the other uses of coal.

The only other source of consumption which offers any scope for saving is the 30 million tons of coal used in steamships. The employment of oil engines for propelling ships is, however, rapidly extending, and in a few years' time the steamship will have become extinct. It is unlikely that coke will be employed in conjunction with gas engines for this purpose, as, although much less costly than oil, it involves far more labour after delivery into the bunkers, besides taking up valuable space which might be utilised for carrying cargo. Ocean-going ships will buy their fuel-oil abroad, where the price is much lower than in this country, while coasting vessels will use oil derived from coal, assuming the price to be lower than for imported petroleum, which will be almost certainly the case.

It is not at all improbable that the saving in coal now used for steamships will eventually amount to twenty million tons.

There is yet another possible field for economy in connection with our export of 70 millions of tons. If this coal was retorted and the by-products recovered, as is advocated for all coal consumed in this country, the by-products would go towards increasing our home supplies of oils, dyes, sulphate of ammonia, and other useful substances, while the coke would be as acceptable to our foreign customers as the coal, supposing that they could get it at a proportionately lower price. Although more coal would have to be used in order to export an equivalent tonnage of coke, this feature should be far more than counter-balanced by the enhanced value obtained.

It is not suggested that the developments above can be brought about suddenly, but if the principles upon which they are based are recognised, they should gradually materialise.

Combined stations for the production of electricity for power, and gas and coke for heating, will be established in various centres, while existing supply undertakings are modified or superseded. All ships will be fitted with oil engines, and existing sources of waste in blast furnaces and coke ovens will be done away with.

The economies from these developments should begin at once, and when they are completed very large savings will be realised, while, without increasing our present output of coal from the pits, abundant supplies will be available for export. Moreover,

we shall require far less imported petroleum, and the sulphate of ammonia produced will take the place of imported nitrates for fertilising the land.

Stated in another way, we shall make far more money out of the coal we burn and export.

In the light of the above considerations it is interesting to note that the recommendations of the Coal Conservation Sub-Committee, which was appointed by the Reconstruction Committee, closely accord with the suggestions made in this article for the more economical use of our coal supplies. With regard to the production of power, the Sub-Committee suggest in their report that the 80 million tons used annually for this purpose would generate three times the present amount if used economically.

Put briefly, the Sub-Committee recommendations comprise the establishment of sixteen super-electric generating stations for supplying the whole country, and the gradual suppression of the existing 600 undertakings. At these stations the coal would be so treated as to extract the tar, sulphate of ammonia and gas, the latter together with the coke being utilised to produce the electricity. So far as practicable the super-stations would be established near the coal pits.

Whether the use of electricity for heating and cooking is contemplated is not clear, but in view of heavy losses already set forth as accruing from this practice, it is to be hoped that coke and gas will be employed for these purposes.

W. O. HORSNAILL.

HERZEN, THE FOUNDER OF RUSSIAN LIBERALISM.

A FEELING of peculiar resentment comes over every true Russian when he takes down from his shelf any book printed in the Russian presses of London or Geneva. This bitterness is not unnatural when we reflect that many of the authors of works printed in these places were men of distinction, whom Russia ought to have cherished instead of turning them out to write under foreign skies. Their writings bear witness both to the lofty ideals which inspired them and to their struggles for a better Russia; in fact, for a better humanity.

As we look for the results of their teaching and labours, we can only point to the travesty of Socialism in Russia, with its attendant material and moral destruction, while the rest of the world, unable to sever itself either materially or intellectually from that country, also shows signs of grave disquiet. Involuntarily we ask: Have all these lives been spent in vain and all these words uttered for nought?

However, in order to form a dispassionate judgment or give a satisfactory reply to the above question, we must turn to the works and lives of the *émigrés* themselves, and examine how far their grasp of realities was at fault, and their insight into historical events mistaken.

Among the intellectually distinguished circle of Russian exiles during the last century, the name of Herzen stands out prominently. Though he may have been personally less popular abroad than his friend Bakunin, and though his activities were primarily devoted to literature, his influence was great among his countrymen, and undoubtedly left a lasting impression on Russian thought.

A few months after his death, Ogarev affirmed that the works Herzen had left behind him would be held as imperishable heirlooms and that their sincerity would for all time strike a chord in the heart of every Russian reader. It may therefore be interesting in the crisis through which Russia is passing to turn to the pages of Herzen and test the power of his words to awaken hope.

Alexander Ivanovich Herzen, the illegitimate son of Ivan Alexeiovich Yakovlev, was born in Moscow in March, 1812. His father, a wealthy nobleman, was a typical representative of the older generation. Educated under the direct influence of the ideas of the eighteenth century *en mode* during the earlier part of the reign of Catherine II., he lived through the period of

reaction, which began soon after the outbreak of the French Revolution. A long residence abroad in surroundings antagonistic to the spirit of his life in Russia served to strengthen the lesson in liberalism taught him by his masters. Yakovlev was an example of that clash between two tendencies which Herzen describes as being disastrous to that whole generation of Russians, making them not only "foreigners at home and abroad," but also "passive onlookers, spoilt for Russia by their Western prejudices and for the West by their Russian habits," they were, in fact, a "kind of intellectual ballast thrown out on an artificial life where sensual pleasures and boundless egotism were predominant."

Herzen's mother was Louise Haag, a German girl who, after a romantic elopement, accompanied Herzen's father from Stuttgart to Russia. But the fascination which she inspired soon wore off, and, though she remained in the house, she was a stranger in it. As the boy's sympathy and understanding developed, the false position his mother occupied became more and more evident to him, and it is to this unhappiness at home that we can attribute many of the peculiarities of Herzen's character.

His father gave him the name of Herzen to mark his love-story; but, averse to any display of feeling, he seldom saw or spoke to the boy, who in consequence grew up without a father's love and attention. The atmosphere of the house was cold and unfriendly. The boy was relegated to his mother's rooms, with the servants and the servants' children as his only playmates. Young Herzen saw for himself how these people were treated and how the whole life of the house depended on the whims and moods of his father, who did not spare anybody, not even his mistress. Can we wonder that a strong feeling of protest was engendered in the child's heart, all the more when he knew his mother was submitting to reproaches for his sake?

The education of Herzen was wide but superficial, much time being given to elocution and dancing. A French master—an exile, however, who alternated his lessons with tales of his own experiences during the French Revolution—seems to have exercised some influence on the boy, while the library in the house with its editions of Voltaire, Beaumarchais, and others gave him ample opportunity for reading. As he grew up the vehemence of his protest against his immediate surroundings and also against the conditions prevailing in the country developed into almost open rebellion. At the age of fourteen he formed a close and lasting friendship with Nicolas Ogarev, who encouraged him in his study of politics. They were both at an age when

abstract ideas of themselves are unsatisfying ; moreover, Herzen's mind in particular was bent, though vaguely, on plans for the realisation of immediate good ; and his preaching was concentrated on the single object of alleviating want and poverty.

Herzen went straight from the schoolroom to the university, where he applied himself with success to physics and mathematics ; but the comradeship of his fellow-students was a far greater factor in the final formation of his character than any of the lectures he attended or the studies he pursued.

The University of Moscow was then almost the only place in the whole country where people gave vent to opinions other than those professed or approved by official circles. It was the very centre of intellectual life in Russia, where men and women were not afraid to face the risk of speaking freely. The danger from an open expression of ideas only acted as a stimulus to the young men assembled there. Literary circles were formed and meetings held in which politics were discussed. Herzen was among the foremost to join in these candid discussions, his views taking a more definite form day by day. Inspired by the teaching of Saint Simon and impelled by his romantic nature, he regarded the movement as a new revelation, and the young followers of the Herald of Socialism as dignified leaders of thought. "They proclaimed a new faith. Souls and hearts were laid bare in a new world. Saint Simonism was the foundation of our ideas and our true corner-stone."

Herzen had, however, soon to pay dearly for his first experience in political enthusiasm. The Polish insurrection of 1831 gave a new impulse to the reactionary tendencies of the Government. In 1834, soon after Herzen had finished his course at the University, a calamity overtook his circle of friends. During a dinner-party given by an informer, Government officials made a raid on the house, arresting the whole company as they were singing political songs. Although neither Herzen nor Ogarev happened to be present at the party, the same fate overtook them. After several months of imprisonment in a Moscow gaol, Herzen was sentenced to exile in Perm, but was almost immediately transferred to Viatka, where he was employed as a minor official in the Chancellery of the Governor. During his enforced stay in this town he had ample opportunity of observing the seamy and sordid side of the autocratic régime. The outward brilliancy and strength of the central administration might possibly have deceived an outsider, but at close quarters Herzen saw nothing but corrupt officials and the endless misery of the population. Measures of improvement were foredoomed to failure. Lawlessness prevailed everywhere. Brute force was the only weapon

in use to compel a semblance of order. These experiences not only intensified his contempt for the whole machinery of imperial government, but also served to increase his blind attachment to the masses. Among other friends in Viatka, a town devoid of intellectual life, he met an artist with strong leanings towards mysticism. The constant companionship of this man left traces on Herzen's temperament and work, and although he afterwards persistently denied that mysticism had any attraction for him, in reality it took a hold on him which prevented him either from steeping himself in the materialism of Feuerbach or assimilating completely the positivism of Comte. A visit of the Tsarevich, the future Alexander II., to Viatka put an abrupt end to Herzen's exile in that town. The Tsarevich was so pleased with Herzen's intelligence and conversation that on his return to the capital he pleaded the exile's case before the Emperor, with the result that Herzen was transferred to the town of Vladimir.

The following years were the happiest in Herzen's life. In Vladimir he married Natalia Zakharina, for whom he had formed an attachment two years before his arrest. The pages in Herzen's memoirs in which the story of his romance is told give us a happy picture of this interlude. In 1839, having served his term of exile, he proceeded to Moscow. Much had changed there since Herzen's departure five years previously. In his absence things had progressed.

Literary and political clubs and societies or "circles" took the place of the informal meetings of early days, and to these meetings everyone in touch with the intellectual life of the country came. The most notable "circle," founded by Stankevich, exercised a quite remarkable influence on the society of the day. But Stankevich's presidentship of the club did not last long; he died in Italy, whither he had gone to recruit his health. His successor was one of the most talented young men of the day—Granovsky, professor of history. These "circles" now began to declare their policies and to separate into two distinct groups—the "Westerners" and the "Slavophiles." The philosophical letters of Chaadaev (the only notable representative of the generation of the Decembrists to escape the avenging hand of Nicholas I.) which appeared soon after Herzen's departure for Viatka had summed up the results of the autocrat's rule. The demand to be shown a way out of the social impasse was peremptory. Owing to the severity of the censorship, Stankevich's "circle" had tried to keep out of politics, and had in part succeeded, but to those returning from political exile this course was in the nature of things well-nigh impossible. Before definitely taking sides, Herzen determined to study the works of Hegel, whose system

of philosophy had taken the world by storm. A second period of exile to Novgorod, due to a casual criticism on police methods, gave him a short but unwelcome leisure and an opportunity of maturing his thoughts. Ultimately he decided to favour "Westernism," as might have been expected, declining to cast aside the Imperial inheritance bequeathed by Peter, as many Slavophiles were then ready to do. Slavophilism was in the beginning vague and indefinite, but those who adhered to the doctrine at once took up the standpoint enunciated in this creed that the Russia created by Peter the Great contained nothing worth preserving; they looked back to, and drew their inspiration only from, Moscow and its history, thereby approving of autocracy, but in a patriarchal form very different from the autocracy of Peter. Herzen rejected both forms. However great the evil inherent in the Germanising of Russia since Peter I., he pictured to himself a country in close co-operation with, and taking its political ideals from, the West. If the West had not attained as near the ideal as he hoped, it was due, in his opinion, only to lack of courage and boldness. If the Russian people only pursued the lines laid down by the West they would gradually evolve to something better and approach the goal quicker than any other country. "The adaptability of their character," he wrote, "its femininity, its lack of energy, its capacity for assimilating, and its plasticity, make the Slavs a people dependent on others; there is no people more capable of absorbing and incorporating foreign ideas and at the same time retaining their own peculiar characteristics." Herzen was now a strong radical, and Feuerbach's *Nature of Christendom* was his gospel. His pen was very active; many articles and essays, as for example "Dilettantism in Science" and "Letters on the Study of Nature," the "Diary of a Young Man" appeared in *Our Country's Notes* and *The Contemporary*, and attracted attention. His novel *Who is to Blame?* also belongs to the period.

Herzen's radicalism, however, found little favour. The division between Westernism and Slavophilism became an actual split. The younger generation, it is true, delighted in his articles expounding the ideals of Western Europe, but many of his friends refused to listen to his expositions of Hegelianism, which seemed to savour of Socialism, Materialism, and Revolution. Under a severe censorship, and still worse, under police supervision, Herzen's energies in Russia were doomed to miscarry. His activities were limited to the publication of a few magazine articles—a poor return for his labour. But the new religion of humanity heralded by Feuerbach dispelled his feelings of dissatisfaction, and revived his faith in popular movements, while news of the

advent of a general upheaval in Western Europe made him wish to see things at close quarters.

The death of his father in May, 1846, severing the only close tie which kept him in Moscow, decided him to leave Russia. Full of expectation, he cast longing eyes on the West in the hope of obtaining a solution of the problems of Russia's future.

We have pointed out that Herzen, at this stage, had a leaning towards Socialism and revolution, but his conceptions, though radical, were somewhat different from the interpretation attached to these definitions nowadays. Socialism was not then the elaborate doctrine it appears to-day. In his controversy with Bruno Bauer (1843) Marx had, it is true, developed many of his theories and carried them to their ultimate conclusion, but he had not yet become an acknowledged leader. On the one side Marx put forward a theory of absorption of the individual by society, on the other Max Stirner, defending individuality, had propounded his startling anarchical doctrines. As Socialism only summoned men and women to improve the lot of the poor, Herzen had no difficulty in assimilating it into his teaching, but when the actual position of the individual was threatened, he could no longer remain silent. The conservative followers of Hegel threatened individualism with the ghost of an abstract State; socialists threatened to absorb individualism into society. Max Stirner, however, rejected both these solutions, declaring that individualism meant absolute freedom for every one to carry out his wishes and desires uncontrolled by society and reason. These controversies forced Herzen to choose a starting-point of his own. It seemed impossible to him to harmonise the desires of the individual with those of the State. A socialism where harmony between the individual and society and between the individual and the State prevailed was the answer to the grave problem he hoped to get from Europe, but discussions at home and in Germany raised doubts in his mind as to its feasibility, and damped his ardour. Politics only interested him in so far as they seemed to promise deliverance to suffering humanity, and Socialism was only essential in so far as it conduced to that end. Moreover, Herzen's attention and talent were more attracted by science and pure literature. The Herzen of the "Letters on the Study of Nature" showed him primarily a man devoted to science. The interest he took in politics, though secondary, enabled him to take a broader view of events, but that this interest was not paramount was evident as soon as he passed the frontier, and his judgment became untrammelled by influences foreign to his own character. When at last Herzen crossed the Prussian border in January, 1847, leaving behind him a Russia enslaved by the despotic rule of

Nicholas I., he entered Europe as if it were a promised land. In spite of the immediate shock his enthusiasm received in Germany, he was not deterred, being convinced that in Paris his dreams would find their fulfilment, though not unaware of the blemishes in Louis Philippe's government. He felt sure he would find there free and bold opposition leaders the direct descendants of those who, fifty years before, had written "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité" on their banners. When these principles were sincerely applied the social problem would, he had no doubt, be nearing solution. On reaching Paris his joy was unbounded, but it vanished almost as quickly when he stood in front of the Vendôme column reminiscent of deeds in which force triumphed. There was freedom in Paris! He met men of advanced views, he saw Bakunin, his fellow exile and perhaps more celebrated champion of reform, "walking undisturbed in the streets with his friends, preaching as usual at the top of his voice and brandishing a cigarette in his fingers," but it was not what he had expected. In the very first letters he sent home, published later under the title "Letters from France and Italy," he gave full vent to expressions of disenchantment. There was an air of unreality, of shortsightedness, and narrowness, apparent in theatres, newspapers, and even in private conversations. He discerned in all of them the traits of a hated, petty "bourgeoisie." The semblance of free institutions was imaginary, and he realised for the first time that autocracy could not entirely be blamed for the state of things, that the cause of the trouble lay deeper—in the people themselves. Herzen unwillingly came to the conclusion that the people had grown old and decadent. A new light flashed upon him. The French Revolution, "with all its stage effects, from the majestic *introduzione* to the heroic symphony, which ended in a moan at Waterloo, was nothing but the romantic finale in the history of the civilisation of Europe. Its results were nil: *Rien, rien, rien*, as proclaimed from the bar of the French Parliament."

Was this, he exclaimed, the whole picture of Western life, and did it really represent European life? Had the political doctrines of the eighteenth century only produced a petty bourgeoisie? Were there no ideals left in Western Europe? Disillusioned, Herzen looked downwards to the proletarian, in whose representatives he discerned spirit and force to create a new movement on securer grounds and with more definite and more realisable aims. Science was, he said, the only safe basis on which a new world could be founded. In the Communist Manifesto just issued Herzen found an accurate statement of the world's disease and a prescription for its cure. Society depended on solving the economic question on scientific lines, and the distinction between

bourgeois science and proletarian science made by Marx seemed to him a distinction of no value.

It is easy to realise the effect on Herzen of all these new impressions and theories. They crowded in so rapidly that they gave him no time for thought or analysis. On the one hand the "breath of decay was on literature, on the theatre, on politics, on the tribune and in Guizot, that 'living corpse,' and on the other there was merely the futile talk of a weak and outworn opposition: the result was tragic! And somewhere from far below deep moans were heard." Herzen craved to see a nation virile and free. In search of such a people he set out for Italy, but he did not, however, leave Paris without remorse. There were vague rumours of coming events, and even if the world were doomed to destruction "Paris was the only place in which a man might meet his end with his mind and body at ease."

In the Russian there are two words, *shiroko i udobno*, the former difficult to translate, but the sense will be more apparent from a similar saying of Peter the Great's old servant, who when asked by his master why he had conspired to kill him, answered "Um lyubit prostor a mnê ot tebya têsno," i.e., "The mind loves space, and you cramp me."

As soon as he reached Italy he was carried away by the excitement dominant throughout the whole country. Italy in 1847 and 1848 presented a curious spectacle of turmoil and commotion where ideals, social, political, and national, seemed to be on the verge of realisation. Here at last he came into contact with a nation full of genuine feeling, and as if to crown all, on his way back from Naples to Rome, news arrived of conflict and agitation in Paris. France, it seemed, was again to take the lead in a world-wide emancipation. "Paris was at last awakening, remembering that it was Paris." In his enthusiasms he admitted the falseness of his first impressions, and hurried back to the capital of the world in the conviction of witnessing its regeneration.

Alas! his sanguine expectations received a violent shock which almost broke him down. He found a Constituent Assembly powerless, a Provisional Government devoid of initiative with incapable pedants at the head of affairs, the whole government machine in the hands of individuals who hid themselves behind high-sounding phrases and evaded their responsibilities: an imposing edifice of stupidity upheld by an armed National Guard of shopkeepers and petty bourgeois. The eagerness of the new power to defend its position was destined to lead to a struggle. In fact, it took place in June (1848), when the streets of Paris again flowed with blood in the name of law and order. On the evening of the 26th June, when firing suddenly broke the silence, he

realised what was happening. "He went to the window, leant his forehead against the glass, and remained silent. Such moments are never forgotten; they are a lasting memory." During the time he remained in Paris after June, 1848, he went through a new phase. With a mind turned away from revolution, he set out for Geneva to rest and to meditate. The "revers de la médaille" of revolution revealed itself to him in all its bitter truth. "In Geneva I began to realise more clearly that not only was revolution defeated, but that it had to be defeated." It is to this period of despair that we owe Herzen's greatest and most remarkable work, *From the Other Shore*. In it he relates his own experience, warning people of the bitter disappointment which revolution brought in its train and the utter hopelessness of achieving any good by violence.

His works published abroad had attracted the attention of the Russian Government, who tried to compel him to return by seizing his property in Russia, but Herzen, who had returned to Paris, frustrated their design by selling bills to James Rothschild. As a result of this incident, humiliating to the Russian Government, Herzen was expelled from France, and went to Nice—then in Italy—where he stayed for two years. His residence there was full of unhappiness. His spirit was broken by the dissolution of all his ideals, while his home was made miserable by the temporary desertion of his wife. This blow was followed by the death of his mother and of his little boy, who perished in a shipwreck on their way to him, and very shortly after by the death of his wife, whose shattered health was not able to bear the loss of her son. In consequence of these sad experiences, Herzen himself fell into a very despondent state. For solitude and rest he came to London. He was passing through an intellectual and moral ordeal which resulted in a complete revision of all his views and sentiments. His disillusionment had been complete, and not unnaturally made him turn back to his own country for solace. Russia was to take a new place in his thoughts and a new idol was to be set up. "Russia and sacred liberty!" was henceforth to be his watchword. The lesson he had learned had been bitter, but it had made him anxious to impart his knowledge to his compatriots. In doing so he showed an almost prophetic foresight, and many of his counsels and forecasts are significant when read in the light of contemporary history.

For a better understanding of Herzen's conceptions of Russia, it is necessary to dwell in greater detail on the conclusions he arrived at after his adventures in the West. It is not easy to get at the skeleton of his doctrine. In an accurate analysis we are bound to lose some of the peculiar charm attached to his work.

The exceptional brilliancy of his style and the stirring pictures evoked by almost every sentence add to the difficulty. Democratic institutions appeared to Herzen as crude, unmeaning edifices cynically built up by men with false notions about the true ideals of humanity. "Democracy was devoid of creative power, and therefore the future did not lie in democracy." This, however, is not the cry of a conservative frightened at the sight of a world falling to pieces. The disillusionment caused by the political attempts he witnessed left on his mind a whole-hearted contempt for politics. The renovation of the world, he still affirmed, was to be won by Socialism, but the "Nazarean socialism preached by Paul in the Roman world." The economic question, though at the root of the problem, must be raised to a sphere where all the ideals of humanity would find an echo. Without this response it would be sure to sink down to the level of animal life. Herzen's millennium was, however, not cloudless. His experiences and historical insight forbade him to be optimistic. "Socialism will develop," he said, "in all its phases; a cry will rise from the titanic breast of a revolutionary minority, and a death-fight will begin in which Socialism will play the part of the conservatism of to-day and will be defeated by the future yet unknown revolution." The day when individualism "will find its fullest expression in the realisation of Socialism" will be followed by a period when "Socialism will be felt to be the heaviest chain on the development of personality, a chain which must be thrown off at all costs." But Herzen had no doubt that Socialism was the doctrine of the immediate future, and the question arose, How was it to be established? What he had seen on "both shores" of the social movement in Europe filled his soul with doubt and fear. Was the expected catastrophe to lead Europe to a cataclysm from which she would never recover? It is at this point that his mind turned to his country. Europe did not know the real Russia; behind the veil of splendour of official Russia little, if anything, was known of Russia as a nation. The pathetic letter which Herzen wrote to Michelet in 1851 was intended to bridge the gulf of ignorance between Russia and Europe.

With unflinching judgment and penetration Herzen lays bare the faults of bureaucratic Russia, corruption, degradation, and tyranny. But there was another picture—the Russia of the peasantry who, though little better than slaves, possessed a gentle, loving, and deeply religious nature, whose conceptions of morality and law were different from the West, but were none the less genuine. Was not the fact that communal ownership in Russia had withstood not only the assaults of Germanisation but also of autocracy without deteriorating, a clear sign that Socialism would

be welcomed there? and were not the men who gave up their lives in the struggle against autocracy sureties that the revolution, when it came, would not be in vain? The Russian people would remain slaves until despots were dethroned, but would then become free. "Russia," to quote Herzen, "will never take a middle course; she will never make a revolution in order to get rid of a Tsar just to replace him by other Imperial representatives, judges, and policemen." "Perhaps we are asking too much and will get nothing"; and on this note of doubt Herzen concludes with the narrative of a Russian folk-story, which in his opinion gives the gist of the history of Russia.

"A jealous Tsar suspecting the sentiments of his wife had her put into a barrel with her little son and thrown into the sea. The barrel floated on the sea for many years. Meanwhile the little Tsarevich grew and his head and feet had not room enough in the barrel. 'Mother,' asked the little boy, 'may I stretch myself?' 'No, my dear boy,' answered the Empress, 'you must not stretch yourself else the barrel will burst and you will be drowned in the salt water.' The Tsarevich remained silent for a time and then said 'I will stretch myself, mother dear; it is better to stretch oneself once and then die.'"

Unfortunately, Herzen did not live to see that Socialism in practice also means Imperial commissars and spies, and that a social revolution in which politics are non-existent is an impossibility. His views might have become modified still further, but the new creed he had made for himself saved him from despair and spurred him on to "work, active work on behalf of the Russian people who," he added, "have laboured so much for our sake."

The last period of Herzen's life is very intimately connected with Russia's intellectual and political development. Thirty years of Nicholas I.'s iron rule had brought the country to a political deadlock. Herzen's writings were almost the only outpourings of free speech in Russia, and thanks to his continual study of Russian affairs, had won a position of exceptional authority. In 1853, at the outbreak of the Crimean War, he recapitulated his views on the Russian problem. In his correspondence with William Linton published in the *New Republic*, under the title "The Old World and Russia," he used the same arguments he adopted in his letters to Michelet. Russia now appeared to him divided into three camps—Official Russia, the successors of Peter I., with none of their master's creative genius; the Russia of the peasantry; and New Russia, "the few boys who had just passed their childhood" and had thought out a scheme of their own for the good of their country. These young men had been

enthusiastic believers in European civilisation and been disappointed, but the experience they had gained would, they asserted, spare posterity from vain and useless attempts at political revolution. Under their leadership Russia could rely on triumphantly attaining to the socialistic ideal. "Socialism would render the revolutionary idea a national one, and then serfdom and slavery would have an end."

The death of Nicholas I., the unsuccessful termination of the Crimean War, and Alexander II.'s peace manifesto of 1856 inaugurated a new era in Russian history. The acute crisis created by the war had united the intellectual classes of Russia together in an effort to bring about some change. The Slavophiles themselves put forward Constantine Aksakov's formula, "the power of authority belongs to the Tsar, but the power of opinion to the people." At this juncture Herzen began the publication of the well-known *Bell*, which, though published in London, quickly became the most influential paper in Russia and an organ for ventilating every sore in her life. The outstanding reforms in Herzen's programme—a programme approved of by the thinking men of Petersburg and Moscow—were "the liberation of the peasants, the freedom of the Press, and the abolition of corporal punishment."

The *Bell* attacked the *Chinoruiks* and landlords, gave the fullest information on the peasant question, and was practically the mouthpiece of every progressive spirit. Russia was unanimous in paying homage to Herzen's talent and courage. Unfortunately the *Bell* did not retain its position long. The relaxing of Press censorship, the freeing of the serfs, and the Polish insurrection divided the "intelligentsia" into two camps, winning over to the conservative side a large number of moderate Liberals. Broken thus into two parties, the extremist section elected more violent spirits to direct their policy. This move towards radicalism was made by a group of writers and journalists, headed by Chernishovsky and Dobrolyubov, while the other group was led by Katkov and Chicherin. Under the influence of Bakunin, Herzen took up the cause of the insurrectionary Poles, thereby estranging himself from the awakening spirit of nationalism in Russia. He tried, in vain, to devise a plan for federalising Russia and Poland, but the tactless threat of foreign intervention by the French hopelessly wrecked any attempts at conciliation. His proposals to reunite the opposing elements not only failed to meet with approbation, but his appeal for the convocation of a *Zemsky Sobor* also met with scorn from the rising generation. The hope that the Old Believers would come forward in this assembly and relight the national spirit of Russia therefore fell to the ground. "Young

Russia," with its desire to introduce foreign notions into the empire, in conjunction with the attempt by Karakozov on Alexander II.'s life, only widened the cleavage existing between him and the Radicals.

He did not survive this crushing disappointment. In 1864, his influence all but gone, Herzen left England for Geneva, and then went on to Nice, paying, however, frequent visits to Paris. After a vain attempt to publish the *Bell* in French, he discontinued its publication altogether in 1869. The great moral force he had exercised was now irretrievably lost. He stood alone, unable, in spite of his talent, to obtain a hearing either in his country or abroad. In fact, he had become a "superfluous person," and his preaching fell on deaf ears in Russia. Inflammation of the lungs finally ruined his health, and he died in Paris on the 21st of January, 1870.

The half century which has elapsed since Herzen's death enables us to attempt an answer to the questions asked in the beginning of this essay. Was Herzen's life lived in vain, and have his expectations been belied by the subsequent events of Russian history? Herzen seems to have foreseen this question himself. His four "Letters to an Old Comrade" (Bakunin), written in 1869, his spiritual legacy, are usually given as a proof of his disillusionment. Be that as it may, they give us Herzen's constructive ideas, and are an acknowledgment by him that progress is gradual, and must proceed on historical lines, and cannot be hastened on by violent means. True to Socialism, he recognised that the social problem was "in fact the only real problem," and in this he was in agreement with Bakunin, but their ways of solving the difficulty differed greatly. Herzen's study of the conditions of his country and his close connection with the reform movement in Europe showed him the gulf which lay between the revolutionary minority and the population. It is the duty of the State to bridge that gulf and to find a way of adapting the views of the extreme sections to the backwardness of the people. Progress can only be peacefully achieved if this duty is rightly understood by the State; the process cannot be forced by methods subversive to society. The minority may succeed in the work of destruction, but "on the ruins of the old bourgeois world a new bourgeois world will arise, because the old world has not yet finished its life."

"The new movement stands in need of apostles: to preach to friend as well as to foe is an act of love." "Let all sincere men ask themselves if they are ready to adopt the new conditions, and if the world is ready for them. Can anyone dare to declare either that the past contains nothing beautiful or that there is not much worth preserving?"

The events through which he had lived had made a deep impression on Herzen. If, owing to his intimate knowledge of the trend of affairs, he had failed to see popular movements in their true perspective, his condemnation of ruthless destruction was in full agreement with the humanitarian ideals he had professed from his earliest youth. And now, when history has given us again the horrors of actual revolution, we can only acknowledge the truth of his words, that revolutionary movements, in their attempts to construct a new world, get hopelessly entangled in the traditions they fail to recognise. In the work done by the "socialistic corps of gendarmes" lies a striking confirmation of Herzen's dictum that the new world, if built up by force, can only be a new bourgeois world. Only a cordial and fraternal union with the people's hopes and desires can save the world from a cataclysm and from that *déchaînement des mauvaises passions* which in "destroying capital destroys also that other more precious capital which lies in humanity."

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

A PLEA FOR THE FURTHER STUDY OF NAVAL HISTORY.

THERE can be little doubt that hitherto the subject of naval history has not received the due amount of attention in our universities and schools. In view of the very obvious fact that the British Isles have collected the overflow of population from the west and north-west of Europe; that we are what we are largely because our remote forefathers successfully braved the terrors of the deep, and their descendants fended off and absorbed other invaders; considering, too, that, as these islands began to fill up, their surplus population flowed over into other desirable lands; also that the Navy assured both the choice of the new abodes and the connection of the settlers with the mother country, one might expect that this fundamental topic would be set forth clearly and picturesquely in our histories. It is set forth neither clearly nor picturesquely. The older historians almost ignored that side of our national annals. More recent writers have referred to it occasionally; but it does not figure as the underlying *motif* in our national symphony. In part, as will shortly appear, that neglect of the naval factor was unavoidable; but let us consider two instances of it.

Green's *History of the English People* is in many respects an admirable work; it is full of life, for the author rejoiced in the deeds that made England great. Nevertheless, at several points he omits to notice the achievements of the silent Service. Its achievements in leading up to the conquest of India and of Canada are almost entirely passed over. Readers of his brilliant pages would never imagine that control of the sea was the crucial factor in both enterprises. In the case of Canada he omits to mention the previous naval successes off Carthagen, Lagos and Rochefort, which crippled the French fleets about to succour the French garrisons at Louisburg and Quebec. Yet, apart from those preliminary successes, we could not with safety have sent overseas the great expeditions which won Canada. Wolfe's triumph at Quebec is also recorded in a lop-sided manner. A few graphic strokes describe Wolfe's failure to take Quebec from below the city, and his consequent despair. Then come the words: "At last his resolution was fixed, and in a long line of boats the Army dropped down the St. Lawrence to a point at the base of the Heights of Abraham." Then we have the story of Wolfe quoting Gray's *Elegy*, and all the other frills. But the historian has not

told us how Wolfe's despairing army got above Quebec so as to be able to drop down on it, or how the light craft of Admiral Saunders' squadron had run the gauntlet of the Quebec batteries and for days had been harassing the French by threatening their food supplies far up the river, thereby compelling Montcalm to spread out his forces widely; or, finally, how Saunders with his other ships kept pounding Montcalm's positions below Quebec, while Wolfe dropped down with the tide to Wolfe's Cove. All that work of Saunders and the fleet thinned out the French lines and enabled Wolfe to deal the fatal blow; but it is left unnoticed, and the Admiral is not even named.

Take another instance. No one will suspect the late Sir John Seeley of intentionally neglecting the exploits of the Navy. Yet his epoch-marking work, *The Expansion of England*, devoted curiously little space to the arm by which that expansion was achieved and maintained. The paragraphs in Chapter V., dealing with the growth of the Navy, are excellent; but they are only paragraphs, whereas the subject required chapters. However, it is only just to observe that, at the time when Green and Seeley wrote, information respecting the Navy was comparatively scanty. Seeley's lectures on the "Expansion of England" were delivered at Cambridge in 1883, and it was not until 1894 that the first volume of the Navy Records Society appeared under the auspices of that great pioneer of naval history, the late Sir John Laughton: while the publication in 1907 of Sir Julian Corbett's work, *England in the Seven Years' War*, for the first time duly emphasised the part played by Saunders and the fleet in the capture of Quebec. In truth, naval history is the Cinderella of the historical family: but now she provides what all students so much desire—an abundance of new subjects for research and a means of throwing fresh light on old subjects. There is still ample room for a long series of investigations into naval topics. Also there is equally a need that the *sea-motif* shall sound forth clearly and effectively in our general histories. Hitherto it has come in only fitfully—Alfred the Great and the Danes, the Norman Conquest, Sluys, the Armada, Blake, Rodney, Nelson—these topics supply a few ultramarine splashes in text-books. Much more than that is required. Justice demands that British history shall be tinged throughout with the green-grey tint of our northern seas.

But the extension of naval studies is a matter of more than academic concern; it is of national import. To insist on this statement might seem unnecessary, seeing that we have not long emerged from a terrible struggle, the issue of which was very largely determined by the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine.

Nevertheless, the moods of to-day are so volatile, and so strong in some quarters is the tendency to blot out the remembrance of the war, that we are in some danger of forgetting the lessons which it ought to teach. This tendency must be resisted; and, among other reasons, because some of the topics now prominent can be illuminated by reference to naval history. Especially is this the case respecting peace economies. Good service would be done by a review of the actions of different Administrations at the end of maritime conflicts. It might lead to some conclusions as to where economies were justifiable, also where they told against the efficiency of the Navy. It may not be amiss to glance at two cases not very unlike the present.

The first is that of the Earl of St. Vincent's reductions of the Navy after the Peace of Amiens (1802). It is a question which was at the time distorted by partisan prejudice and obscured by the misrepresentations of the parasites whom that vigorous First Lord rooted out. Champions of efficiency claimed that he went too far in some directions, such as the discharge of able-bodied seamen and of experienced artificers at the dockyards. These criticisms were in large measure endorsed by one who had been the greatest administrator of that age, Sir Charles Middleton (afterwards Lord Barham), formerly for twelve years Controller of the Navy. Middleton pointed out that those sharp reductions should not have been carried out until peace was quite secure. Of course, the Peace of Amiens was not secure. He also described, rather sententiously, his own plan of gradual reductions carried out in the years following the American War of Independence—a plan which brought about certain much-needed economies and yet soon admitted of great additions to the fighting strength.¹ Middleton (well supported by the younger Pitt) certainly contrived after the Peace of 1783 to combine economy with efficiency, so much so that the superior strength of the British Navy imposed on France in 1787 at the time of the Dutch dispute, and thus prevented a rupture of the peace. Similarly, it made the Spaniards give way during the crisis of 1790. On the other hand, the unpreparedness of the British dockyards in 1803 (especially the depleted condition of their stores) was part cause of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. Napoleon could not believe that Great Britain would seriously withstand him at any point; and war was the natural result of his confidence and arrogance. In that case, then, undue economy on our part proved to be deplorable extravagance. The essential condition of true economy is to regulate the reductions according to the political outlook, and to limit them to those which will

(1) *The Letters of Lord Barham*, Vol. III, pp. 20, 32, 42, 69.

not seriously detract from the efficiency of the Navy. The principles laid down by Middleton in his Memoranda on this subject afford even now useful guidance.¹

Another instance of ill-considered economy occurred at the end of the Crimean War. After that ill-conducted contest there was a loud demand for drastic reductions in the Navy and Army. Among other things, the Government ordered the discharge of 1,000 Marines, though that fine corps had only recently been raised to the exiguous total of 3,000 men. Thus, in 1856 it was to be cut down by one-third. Eighteen months later occurred the Indian Mutiny, which produced a veritable panic. Accordingly, the Government which had turned efficient marines into the street, hurriedly offered a bounty of £15 per man to tempt them back again.² The same thing happened with seamen and soldiers. Now that piece of folly could scarcely have been perpetrated if our public men had had any knowledge of naval and military administration at one of its most difficult times, the return to peace conditions.

The two cases just considered are also significant in this respect. They show that naval, like military history, is not merely a record of battles. Indeed, it is in the dockyards, training ships, and class-rooms of staff colleges that the war of the future is won or lost. Therefore the student of naval affairs will devote much care to the details of administration and to all that pertains to the training of officers and men. On these topics more information is needed; for though much has been done by those careful investigators, Mr. Oppenheim and Dr. Tanner, for the earlier periods, yet there is still room for research into the intimate life of the Service during the great age of the Navy—the age of Anson and Hawke, of Rodney, Howe and Hood, of Nelson and Collingwood. The life on board ship, both aft and in the fore-castle, should also be investigated, for the vital energy of the crews is a matter of prime importance.

On this subject may I quote a piece of evidence? While examining the Admiralty *In Letters* for 1805 I found a report, which, I believe, has not been published, on the health of Nelson's fleet after its wearisome blockade of Toulon and the chase after Villeneuve to the West Indies and back. The document is signed by Dr. Gillespie, Physician to the Fleet, on board the *Victory* as she neared Spithead in August, 1805. It gives the numbers of deaths and of cases of sickness during the period August 23rd, 1803, to August 4th, 1805, for the whole fleet of eleven sail-of-the-line and two or three smaller craft, *i.e.*, of a total, probably,

(1) *The Letters of Lord Barham*, Vol. II, p. 199.

(2) Sir J. H. Briggs, *Naval Administrations* (1827-1892), p. 120.

of from 7,000 to 7,500 men. During nearly two years of arduous work (not marked by fighting except against the elements) only 110 men died and only 141 besides went to hospital. At the end of the chase to the West Indies and back only 221 men were on the sick list; and of these 46 cases were due to accidents and only 28 to scurvy. Gillespie ascribes this remarkably good bill of health to care, good diet, and the use of Peruvian bark. He also contrasts it with the sick list of Rodney's fleet in the West Indies, consisting of twenty sail-of-the-line and about 13,000 men, during twelve months of 1780-1. Then there died 1,577 officers and men, of whom only 59 died from wounds and 1,518 from disease: 359 men also were invalided. Thus in Rodney's fleet one man in nine died from disease in a single year, besides one man in thirty-five who fell sick. In Nelson's fleet during two years only one man in sixty-four died. Of course, the West Indies was the worst station for health; but, even so, the contrast is very marked; and I think we may add that it corresponds to the contrast between the cold and egotistical Rodney and the thoughtful, warm-hearted Nelson. Some half-dozen times during his observation of Toulon Nelson mentions in his letters the subject of onions to be obtained for the crews; and it was by attention to matters of that kind that he kept his men fit. Trafalgar could not have been won if the British seamen had not been in first-class condition; the reverse was the case with the French and Spanish crews.

Again, take the subject of the *moral* of the Fleet. An example of the utter collapse of *moral* and discipline is supplied by the mutinies of 1797, a subject which has received careful investigation by Mr. Conrad Gill. Anyone who peruses his narrative must ask: "How did that old-world Navy ever hold together, let alone fight?" Captain Brenton, R.N., who had seen much service in those years, states in his *Naval History* (1823) that the mutinies in the fleets were the most dangerous events in the reign of George III. They were, indeed, the most dangerous events in our annals—more dangerous than Napoleon's threats of invasion eight years later; for at the later date the British Navy, like the nation, was sound at heart, and scorned the menaces of the French Emperor. But when, as in 1797, our first line of defence failed us and proceeded to blockade the Thames, everything was at stake. Consols dropped to 48—the lowest point ever reached.

While we are discussing the question of the *moral* of the crews it is not out of place to notice the remarkable statements of Admiral Jellicoe in his book, *The Grand Fleet* (p. 87), that, despite all the weary work of searching and waiting for two and

a half years for an enemy who would not come out, he never saw any signs of unrest and discontent among the crews of the Grand Fleet at that not very attractive base, Scapa Flow; also that no commander could desire to see a finer spirit in the Fleet under his orders. By way of contrast, note the condition of the German High Sea Fleet in the year 1918. We now know that, all through that year and in part of 1917, the German Fleet was unable to meet the British Battle Fleet; and this inability was probably due, not so much to the defects in the *matériel* as to a fatal decline in the *moral* of the German crews. The German Fleet therefore remained in port, and the seamen there underwent the steady deterioration which always besets those who skulk in harbour. Finally, when the German authorities sought to force them out, there occurred the mutiny at Kiel (the last of a series of such events) which brought about the collapse of the German Navy and of the German nation.

The cases now cited have illustrated the need of studying the *moral* of a fleet. It is important to know everything possible about naval strategy and tactics, about ships and guns; but it is equally important to know about the man behind the gun. Further, in all the national economies let us beware of undermining *his* efficiency. I venture to think that naval history points to the need of economising, after a peace, primarily in *matériel*; only secondly, and then very cautiously, in *personnel*.

There are many other topics which attract the thoughtful student. The progress of naval architecture is a fine subject for study. Charnock laid the foundations of it in his ponderous tomes devoted to the development of the British Navy; but there are wider aspects of it, *e.g.*, a comparative study of naval architecture, dealing with the development of the sailing ship-of-the-line when she replaced the galley. Such a study would show how the Dutch, the English, the French and the Spaniards solved the many new problems of the sea-going battleship. Also, a comparison is needed of our ships with the best French and Spanish models of the eighteenth century. There can be no doubt that by that time those nations surpassed us in the building of great ships; for Rodney, Nelson and Collingwood testified to the superiority of French ships like the *Ville de Paris*, *Tonnant* or *Guillaume Tell*. Nelson asserted that there was not a ship of the British Navy equal in speed and fighting power to the *San Joseph* which he captured at Cape St. Vincent. Now, how came the French and Spanish designers and builders to be able to turn out those splendid ships, whose designs we had to be content to copy? Why did they succeed, and why did Portsmouth and Plymouth often turn out slow old tubs like the *Britannia* of

Nelson's day, which always clogged her fleet? That is a theme worth working out.

Another technical subject is the development of tactics, first during the Dutch Wars, then during the wearisome yard-arm-to-yard-arm century (roughly speaking, 1680 to 1780), and finally during the time of innovation inaugurated by Rodney and Howe, and perfected by Nelson. Of course, this topic leads on to the further question whether that ingenious Scot, Clerk of Eldin, had any practical influence on the new developments. The subject of scouting provides attractive vistas, especially those opened out by those splendid frigate captains, Pellew, Keats, Blackwood, Baker and Broke.

Convoy work also offers great possibilities for research. Considering how very much we as a nation depend on the convoy of food ships and transports to and from these shores, it is rather singular that no writer has treated this subject systematically so as to arrive at certain general conclusions as to the methods of convoying. Obviously, the introduction of steam and of the submarine have greatly modified the problem of convoying; and only a pedant would dream of modelling the rules of 1920 on those of Nelson's day. Still, I believe that studies of the methods of that day would not be fruitless. No less useful a topic is the history of our naval bases. Indeed, an investigation of the circumstances which led to the occupation of this or that naval base overseas would go far to explain British naval policy and the growth of the Empire.

Finally, in running over what may be called technical topics in naval history, we come to what is perhaps the most vital of all, viz., that of conjoint operations of the Navy and Army. Much has been done already at this important subject by Sir Julian Corbett and Sir George Aston, but I believe that they would be the first to assert that much more remained to be done. Several of the "amphibious operations" (if I may use Sir George Aston's happy phrase) have not yet been studied at all fully. On others the evidence is so incomplete that no conclusions can safely be drawn; but there are enough cases to point to some general conclusions. I venture to name one, viz., the extreme importance of efficient small craft which can work inshore. Heavy ships cannot do that work. As a rule, they act only as a covering force, and they are helpless unless they have lighter craft which can go in close ashore and help to land our troops or beat off those of the enemy. Now, it is a very singular fact that, at the beginning of nearly all our wars, we have suffered from a deficiency of such light craft—corvettes, gun-vessels or bomb-vessels (in our time they would be called monitors or gun-

boats). Vernon had not enough light craft at Carthage in 1741, nor had Hawke at the Basque Roads in 1758. Hood stood in need of them in 1793, though he was sent to the Mediterranean to help our Sardinian Allies' advance along the Corniche Road from Oneglia to Nice, a road which can largely be dominated by ships' guns. Thus, when that splendid windfall, Toulon, fell to him in August, 1793, he was too weak in bomb- and gun-vessels to be able to keep down the batteries whereby Bonaparte soon began to threaten his fleet in the Inner Road. The utility of small craft was also shown conclusively in July, 1795, when Sir John Borlase Warren was covering the operations of the French Royalists whom he had landed in Quiberon Bay. After their defeat by Hoche they thronged back in disorder into Quiberon Peninsula until they came to Port Allighen near its tip. There they received effective succour from two British sloops, *Lark* and *Pelter*, whose fire held up the Jacobin pursuers. Warren's large ships were helpless, being kept at a distance by shallows and a heavy north-west gale: but the two sloops would probably have saved the situation if the Royalists had not been seized by a panic and accepted the terms of capitulation offered by their implacable foes. The Jacobins opened the parley chiefly in order to stop the fire of the two sloops.¹

Duckworth was very weak in corvettes and gun-vessels when he forced the Dardanelles early in 1807. After he had made his way up past the Narrows and entered the Sea of Marmora, he could leave behind only one frigate, one prize corvette, a gun-boat and some ships' boats so as to dominate the Turkish batteries which he had either partly or totally silenced. He was therefore nervous about his communications; and his nervousness was one of the factors that numbed his activities when he arrived off Prinkipo, not far from Constantinople. Detained there by a head wind and strong current, he soon found out that his fleet did not dominate Constantinople, but that the Turks, working at the forts both there and at the Dardanelles, dominated his fleet. He retired when he had a favourable wind, and he was lucky to get down the Dardanelles at all, for the Turks had meanwhile been virtually free to strengthen their batteries at the Narrows, and Duckworth's fleet would have fared ill if a foul wind had sprung up. The naval historian, James, laughs at Duckworth and blames him for weakness; but the fact is that Duckworth was weak in the craft that he most needed, viz., corvettes and gun-vessels that could hold the Dardanelles and prevent the reconstruction and arming of the Turkish forts. Nay, more, Duckworth summed up his experiences in words

(1) *Puisaye, Mémoires, VI., 546.*

which ought to have been well known to all those who planned the same venture in 1915. Without a considerable body of soldiers operating on shore at the Dardanelles (so wrote Duckworth) "it would be a wanton sacrifice of the squadrons of both nations [Great Britain and Russia] to attempt to force the passage." Those words are in the Admiralty Archives. Yet apparently they were not known early in 1915. Certainly they were not acted upon by those who planned our Dardanelles expedition.

As to the necessity of possessing a large number of light cruisers there can be little doubt. Recent experience has abundantly justified the claims put forth in 1905 by "Barfleur" in his book, *Naval Policy*, for the retention of light cruisers, even if they had not all the latest frills. He also condemned the mania for scrapping everything which was not quite up to date—a matter on which naval history furnishes useful lessons. Certainly the light cruiser and the monitor have proved themselves to be essential. The French writer, Contre-Amiral Daveluy, has recently shown the mistake of French naval policy before the war, which left France without a modern fast light cruiser. He had protested, but in vain, against the suppression of that useful class; and he points out how dire would have been the naval situation for France in 1914 if she had not enjoyed the protection of our light cruisers. Her neglect of the light cruiser was due to a false theory; and this false theory was attributable largely to a neglect of the study of recent naval history.¹

Naval history merges into diplomatic history; for a fleet (*e.g.*, Duckworth's in 1807) is often used to enforce the demands of a Government. But it also has close relations with economic history. One of the most important duties of the fleet is to protect commerce at sea: also in time of war it must prevent the fraudulent dealings of neutrals or sham neutrals. How far may the captain of a British cruiser go in dealing with neutrals or sham neutrals? That is a topic connected with Maritime and International Law. I also venture to think that very much remains to be done in elucidating the connection between the Navy and the Mercantile Marine. Perhaps it will be found to be the most fruitful of the fields of research here rapidly surveyed. We can only glance at another wide subject, the debt of our colonies to the Navy. They prospered because they had the protection of a powerful fleet. After the accession of William III. English colonies enjoyed a sense of security wanting to those of the Spanish, French and Dutch peoples. Let us notice a definite

(1) Daveluy, "*Les Enseignements maritimes de la Guerre anti-germanique*." Pp. 30, 34.

instance. The safety of our original North American Colonies was known to depend on the Royal Navy. A Parliamentary Report of the Board of Trade (1702) began with the statement : "The safety of Her Majesty's dominions in America depending chiefly on the naval force to be sent thither at proper seasons. . . ." This was the fact ; for even in times of peace French warships or privateers were apt to snap up the merchantmen of New York or Boston unless ships flying the white ensign were ready to afford protection to the red ensign. Hence grew up the British North American squadron. Our American cousins should remember that all that naval protection was given without costing a cent to the American taxpayer.

Somewhat similar was the origin of our Mediterranean Squadron. As our trade prospered with Leghorn, Naples, Constantinople and Smyrna, it became necessary to protect our merchantmen from the Barbary or Tripoli rovers. The first British squadron which entered that sea in 1618 did so for the ostensible purpose of policing the Straits of Gibraltar against the Barbary pirates. After the accession of William III. it became usual to maintain a squadron in that sea, and partly in order to be able to threaten France from the South. But that squadron needed a base. Gibraltar became that base in 1704, and Minorca a few years later. After the loss of Minorca, Elba, Corsica or finally Malta became the chief base. How much of our naval history and of general history turned on the possession of a secure naval base within the Mediterranean is known to all students of history. But that development of naval and national policy originated out of the imperious need of safeguarding British commerce in that sea. It was not until the year 1798 that Bonaparte's Egyptian Expedition brought to being another powerful motive, viz., that of safeguarding the overland route to India ; and, with the incoming of that Oriental *motif* there opened a new chapter both in our commercial, naval and diplomatic history—a chapter which William II. of Germany has in vain attempted to re-write by means of his Bagdad Railway enterprise.

The mention of William II. reminds us that, on the whole, we have been singularly fortunate in our world rivals. Our naval policy and national policy have often been short-sighted and vacillating. But that policy has not been such as to drive the rest of the world ultimately into the enemy's arms ; and to do so is the worst of political blunders. A time may come when we shall encounter an enemy who is well prepared and not overweening, who may therefore not drive powerful neutrals to our side, but may win them over to his side. Four times over have

we been saved by the vaulting ambitions of our enemies—Philip II. of Spain, Louis XIV., Napoleon, and William II. of Germany. The careers of all four rulers may well inspire us with legitimate pride; but they may also cause us a certain measure of apprehension, for those rulers were led astray by the phantom of vain glory, and erred by "vain ridiculous excess." Let that thought steady us in the hour of victory; and let us seek to base our Empire more than ever on the principles of justice and good-will; for they are more lasting even than Sea Power. The supremacy of the seas can never be lasting unless it be wielded for the general welfare of mankind; and I believe that, with a few sinister exceptions in the comparatively distant past, Britain's maritime supremacy has been wielded, increasingly wielded, with that aim in view. That consideration will serve to remind us that naval policy and national policy are the fundamentals of Naval History. On the surface of our naval annals we see ships and men; and the records of their achievements are alike thrilling and important. But behind the ships and men there lies this topic: "What are those ships and men used for?" This question lies at the root of naval policy; and I claim that naval policy is the most important part of Naval History. On that subject there cannot be too much research; for it illuminates the past and even throws some rays on our perplexing future.

Naval History has a claim to our allegiance in one other respect. It is a training in character. I believe that the study of the lives of our great seamen will have a steadying influence, particularly at the present time. These are years marked by restlessness and insubordination, often of an unreasoning kind. The life of the Navy is a standing rebuke to those defects. Insubordination never yet worked a ship, except to her ruin. An anarchist fleet is a contradiction in terms. The true sailor early learns the need of discipline—that strict yet reasonable discipline which has increasingly marked the Royal Navy since the days of Nelson. Anarchy may for a time threateningly rear its head ashore; it can never long subsist afloat. Every sailor trusts to experience and to the rules founded upon it. He may listen with a smile to the yarns of a "sea-lawyer" in the foc'sle; but he carries out the behests of the quarter-deck, because only so will the ship make port.

J. HOLLAND ROSE.

A GERMAN EXPERT NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND.

AFTER the bombardment of Lowestoft, Fregattenkapitan (Commander) Georg von Hase, chief gunnery officer of the German battle-cruiser *Derfflinger*, was, so he tells us, particularly impressed by the mistakes and inaccuracies in the accounts of the action arising from the lack of written records of the orders given for the firing of the big guns or of the ranges and bearings taken. He instructed, therefore, a tried and experienced petty officer stationed in the ship's central artillery-control station to write down for the future every order given relating to the vessel's main armament. He was instructed to note the salvoes fired, the sights used—which, of course, meant the ranges—and the bearings of the guns whilst firing. In connection with the battle sketches taken by the navigating officer, and based upon the most exact compass bearings and the log, it would afterwards be possible to work out course, bearing of guns and ranges for the *Derfflinger* and her opponents, at various stages of an action, with mathematical exactitude. Officers in other important battle-stations were also asked to make a written record of all orders and communications which passed them. This system Commander von Hase worked out in great detail, and he frequently practised his subordinates in it. To it we are indebted for the remarkably clear and detailed account of the Battle of Jutland written from a gunnery officer's standpoint, and published recently in the *Zwei Weissen Volker* (The Two White Nations), which is by far the best German account which has appeared of the battle. This work is illustrated by valuable and detailed diagrams, which, unhappily, we are unable to reproduce here. Fortunately the interest of the narrative is not mainly dependent upon them.

Commander Hase begins his story with an account of the visit paid by the British squadron under Sir George Warrender to Kiel in 1914, during which the author of the book was attached for personal service to the British admiral. He berthed on board the *King George*, and entered into friendly relations with many of the British officers, and was thus able to gain a close knowledge of the spirit of our Fleet and of the technical equipment of our ships. Reading between the lines of what he writes, he would seem to have regarded our gunnery methods as on the whole superior to those of the German Fleet. He notes the curt, business-like fashion of carrying on duty, but was disagreeably

impressed by the lack of initiative on the part of post-captains. Most of these seemed to him to have a strained and fatigued air. He remarks the superior comfort of the cabins and ward-rooms on the British ships, and traces this to the fact that the English were accustomed to long periods at sea, whereas the Germans only made short cruises. The crews of the British ships he claims to have been inferior in physique to the Germans, and he notes the large number of faces that seemed to be of *Jewish* origin.

Passing to the Battle of Jutland, Commander Hase describes how on the morning of May 31st, 1916, the German Fleet put to sea. Nothing more was intended than a raid upon enemy and neutral commerce. "That the whole British Fleet was already at sea, and, above all things, steering a course converging with our own, no one in the German Fleet dreamed, not even the Fleet Commander himself." There were present in the battle-cruiser squadron, *Derfflinger*, *Seydlitz*, *Moltke*, *von der Tann*, *Lutau*, the latter bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Hipper. Attached were numerous light cruisers and torpedo craft, which he does not specify more particularly. Behind the battle-cruisers steamed the High Seas Fleet, which he mentions as comprising twenty-two battleships—*Königs*, *Helgolands*, and *Nassaus*. There were present six older ships of the *Deutschland* class. This gives the Germans sixteen Dreadnought battleships and five battle-cruisers during the battle.

The first report as to enemy ships reached *Derfflinger* at 4.28 p.m., alarm-bells being sounded and drums beating to action. *Frankfort* at this time reported small enemy cruisers to the west of the German column. The battle-cruisers formed line-ahead and proceeded at full steam to the point reported. At this time the High Seas Fleet was out of sight astern, and the torpedo craft attached to the squadron could scarcely follow. They lost too much speed in the swell. Apart from that, the sea was fairly smooth, there was a light north-west wind; wind-strength 8. *Derfflinger*, which had been steaming north until 4.28, changed course to west. The first shot in the action was fired at 5 p.m., *Elbing* coming under fire, which she returned. Commander Hase's first entry runs as follows:—

"5.5. Our light cruisers report four enemy light cruisers. Not yet to be seen from *Derfflinger*."

There follows the order:—

"5.30. Our light cruisers have opened fire. Direction on second light cruiser from the right. Load with explosive shell and aim. Target right side water-line. 180 hundred (hectometres). Fire direction from right. Target left 20.170 hundred."

Here it may not be out of place to note that there are very

important differences in the times as noted by Commander Hase and those given by Lord Jellicoe in *The Grand Fleet* and by Commander Bellairs in *The Battle of Jutland*. We shall deal with this more in detail later.

At about this time (5.30) *Derfflinger* sighted the British battle-cruisers. "A change had come over the scene, the small cruisers and torpedo craft had turned and sought cover behind us battle-cruisers. We were now foremost in the row, the horizon in front was freer from smoke, and we could make out some English light cruisers, which had turned in similar manner. And suddenly I saw through my periscope great ships, dark colossi, six high, broad-beamed giant ships steaming in two columns. They were still far off, but were silhouetted clearly against the horizon, and even at this great distance they loomed massive and imposing."

Lutzau, leading the German line, turned south 5.33, *Derfflinger* followed her, second ship in the line. *Derfflinger's* gunnery orders run :—

"5.35. Ship turns to starboard! Normal connections for fight to starboard! 170 hundred! 165 hundred! Heavy artillery, armour-piercing shell! Direction on second armoured cruiser from left, 102 deg. Ship's speed 26 knots. Course E.S.E.! 170 hundred! Our opponent has two masts and two funnels, besides a narrow funnel close to the foremast! Target left 10! Variation of distance minus 1! 164 hundred!"

The two columns of battle-cruisers were now steaming at full speed south, Hipper seeking connection with his main body, Beatty following him. At a range of 15 kilometres, about 17,000 yards, *Lutzau* fired her first salvo and simultaneously signalled "Open Fire!" *Derfflinger* engaged *Princess Royal*, her opposite number, and she was four minutes in action ere she got "on" to her target, a result which Commander Hase does not regard as satisfactory, and which he explains by the fact that the officers charged with taking the ranges were too much concerned in identifying the enemy ships, and the sudden order to open fire caught them napping. At 5 h. 52 min. 20 sec., however, the order was registered "Good, fast. Effective." This meant salvoes for heavy guns every twenty seconds, and that medium guns should join in with two salvoes, following each one from the main armament. *Derfflinger* was at first "oversprung" as *Princess Royal* fired at *Lutzau*, whilst the third ship in the British line engaged the third German. This, however, did not last long. "I looked again at the gun-turrets of our opponent and saw that the guns were directed very exactly on us. . . . Suddenly I made a discovery which set me in amazement. I distinctly saw by every salvo which the enemy shot four or five shots coming through

the air. They looked like long black points. They grew somewhat larger, and suddenly Hey! Presto! they were there, and exploded on striking the water or the ship with a terrific crash. I finally could tell with fair accuracy where the shots were going to strike, whether forward or aft, or if they meant to honour us personally."

The range closed to 115 hm., about 13,000 yards, at 5.55, but afterwards it opened out to 180 hm., nearly 20,000 yards; at this range the Germans were powerless, their guns could not reach the enemy. After the battle improvements greatly increased the range of the *Derfflinger's* guns, but at the time 20,000 yards was her limit. The ranges closed, however, shortly afterwards, and the *Indefatigable* blew up at 6 o'clock—English accounts make the time 4.4.

The N.W. wind made the tactical position unfavourable for the British. The smoke-fumes from the guns were blown down upon them, and visibility was less good. At 6.17 *Derfflinger* took a ship under fire which she believed to be *Princess Royal*, but which, as a matter of fact, was *Queen Mary*. The mistake arose from an alteration of the position of *Lion*, which had left the line for a very short period. The duel between *Derfflinger* and *Queen Mary* lasted till 6 h. 26 min. 10 sec. *Derfflinger* was hindered in her fire by the fact that the glasses of the periscope of the central artillery-control station were continuously made dirty by powder-smoke and fumes from the funnels. Water columns from shells also made the glasses wet and useless. At first they were cleaned by means of a cleaning rod, but at last this itself became dirty. Eventually a man was stationed outside to clean the glasses after every shot, until a fragment of shell incapacitated him.

At 6.15 (4.16 by English accounts) a torpedo attack was launched by the British and countered by a similar attack by the Germans. As is generally known the two attacks neutralised one another. Meantime the action continued between *Derfflinger* and *Queen Mary*. The *Queen Mary* fired more slowly, but with full salvos. "I saw the shots coming, and I must say that the enemy shot excellently. All eight shots, as a rule, were bunched together, but generally they were either too long or too short. The *Derfflinger* only twice encountered that hellish hail. . . . I made certain that the artillery officer on the *Queen Mary* was firing himself with central firing, with the famous Percy Scott firing-director, for all guns were fired simultaneously, and the shells also struck simultaneously. . . . But things went badly with the poor *Queen Mary*. Besides the *Derfflinger*, the *Seydlitz* was firing at her also."

Commander Hase gives the following table of *Derfflinger's* firing orders during the encounter :—

Time.	Side-position.	Distance in hm.	Target.	Orders for sight telegraph, etc.
6.22	52°	140	left 10	E-U—8 (variation of distance)
6.22.40	51°	139	„ 16	2 ahead
6.23.45	52°	137	„ 14	1 ahead
6.24.20	52°	135	„ 14	Good! Fast! (salvoes every 20 seconds)

This continues with little alteration till the destruction of the *Queen Mary* at 6.26.10. The last salvo fell “as an immense explosion had already begun in the interior of *Queen Mary*. At first appeared a brilliant red flame in the fore-part of the ship, there followed an explosion, and then a much more terrible one amidships, black parts of the ship flew in the air, and immediately afterwards the entire ship was enveloped in an explosion. There developed an immense cloud of smoke, the masts collapsed in the middle, the smoke covered everything, and mounted ever higher. At last only a thick cloud of smoke was visible. . . . I estimated the height of this smoke-cloud at from 300 to 400 metres.”

After the destruction of *Queen Mary*, *Derfflinger* once more engaged *Princess Royal*, her first salvo falling on this latter ship within one minute five seconds after the last directed at *Queen Mary*. From 6.26 to 6.48, however, the ship was mainly occupied in beating off English torpedo craft, which, he remarks, at times came hellishly near. Meanwhile the four *Queen Elizabeths* had come into action at immense range, and the German vessels steered a zig-zag course. At 6.48 the High Seas Fleet became visible, and the battle-cruisers steered N.N.W., taking position about seven miles ahead of von Scheer's van. The ships had received numerous hits from the 4-in. guns carried by the English destroyers, a fact which tempts one to the comment that if these had used their torpedoes as well as they seem to have used their guns, they would have been more dangerous to the enemy.

As is generally known, Beatty on sighting the German main body altered course to north to draw the enemy on to the battle-fleet. “The four English battle-cruisers ran at full speed. . . . We could not make more than 25 knots, and the English ran easily at 28. . . . We did not at the time understand the reason of their manœuvre. . . . We supposed that it was only a matter of uniting quickly with the enemy main body. . . . As a matter of fact, Admiral Beatty had carried out an excellent manœuvre. . . . He had carried out the ‘crossing of the T’ in the most complete fashion, he forced us to turn, and eventually brought

about our complete envelopment by the British battle-fleet and battle-cruisers."

Admiral Scheer's van and the German battle-cruisers continued to engage the four *Elisabeths* after the disappearance of the English battle-cruisers. But the action was at long range and unsatisfactory. "This action with an enemy numerically inferior, but superior in his means of combat, who was able to keep us under fire at a range at which we could not reach him, worked in a certain degree in a fashion extremely depressing, full of torture and exciting to the nerves. . . . Our only means of defence was sometimes to leave the line when the enemy shot particularly well."

At 8.15 it became clear to the Germans that they were in the presence of the British Grand Fleet. "All around us it blazed out. . . . As far as I could see round the horizon there were enemy ships. As I could see neither beginning nor end of the enemy line, I could not take the 'second ship from the right' under fire, but chose a ship which I could see particularly well."

At 8.22 the Germans changed course to S.E. *Defence*, coming under fire from *Derfflinger* and *Lutzau*, was sunk. Visibility was poor, but the English fire was effective. *Lutzau* was burning and *Derfflinger* was badly hit. Mist obscured the view. 8.24: *Derfflinger* fired on what Commander Hase states to be big battle-ships, but which were in reality the *Invincibles*. The range was short—6,000 to 7,000 yards; but, in spite of that, the target disappeared often in the mist, and it was impossible to follow the fall of the projectiles. The German ships were suffering severely. "The Commandant many times made manœuvres to elude the hail of shot. It was no light shooting." At 8.29, however, the mist lifted, like the curtain of a theatre, as Hase graphically describes it, and *Invincible* was revealed full in view steaming parallel to *Derfflinger* at 90 hundred hm., about 10,000 yards; she was at once taken under fire, and blew up two minutes later. By the Germans she was taken to be one of the *Elisabeths*, and Commander Hase explains that it was the similarity of silhouettes which misled him, a reasonable enough explanation.

At 8.38 there was a pause in the fight, so far as concerned the German battle-cruisers. At 8.35 they had turned sharply to the west, probably under influence of the enveloping movement of Hood's squadron, and there was for the moment no enemy to be seen. *Derfflinger* was on fire in numerous parts of the ship; *Lutzau* had a heavy list and was down by the head. Immense clouds of smoke issued from forward. Admiral Hipper changed his flag to *Seydlitz*, and in passing semaphored to *Derfflinger* to lead the squadron until his re-shipment.

Hase describes the state of *Derfflinger* as follows: The entire tackle-work was badly damaged, the W.T. apparatus could only be used for *receiving* messages, two armour plates in the bows had been torn away, leaving a gigantic leak 20 ft. by 16 ft. just at the water-line; water streamed into the ship with every movement. The torpedo-net had worked loose, and the ship was obliged to stop her engines for several minutes for fear of fouling her screws. Well for the Germans that no enemy was in sight!

The pause in the fight lasted till 9.5, when the flashes of guns were seen, and the call once more thrilled through the ship: "Clear for Action!"

There now comes the most thrilling and valuable part of Commander Hase's account, the section which he significantly subtitles: "The Death Voyage of the Battle-cruisers," and from it we can discern how great was the opportunity which sheer good fortune, coupled with Beatty's skilful and daring manœuvres, had placed in the hands of Lord Jellicoe, and how desperate was the situation of the German Fleet. A mistake in the enemy's position as given by the *Lion*, and the wide turning movement made by the British battle-cruisers, had as its result that the German Fleet, cut off from its base, was almost entirely encircled by the British battleships. In Hase's graphic phrase, the Germans were in a *Wurstkessel*—a sausage-boiler! All around them were the flashes of the enemy guns, an enemy whose sheer physical power in guns and armour and ships outweighed them by more than two to one, and whose ships were a good three knots faster to boot. "To free ourselves from this unfavourable tactical situation there was only one way. . . . Withdrawal of the whole fleet. . . . But this manœuvre must be carried out unnoticed and undisturbed. The battle-cruisers and torpedo-boats must cover the movements of the fleet."

9.12. The order was given for the entire fleet to reverse its course, and almost simultaneously the battle-cruisers and torpedo-vessels were given the order "Ran an den Feind!"¹ This in the German signal-book indicated that the ships ordered were to sacrifice themselves ruthlessly, and, if possible, to ram the enemy.

Derfflinger steamed at full speed S.E., followed by *Scydkitz*, *Moltke*, and *von der Tann*. At 9.15 course was altered south direct at enemy van. Ranges closed to 13,000 and 10,000 yards successively, but visibility was poor. A tempest of shell burst upon the German battle-cruisers. *Derfflinger* suffered severely. Turrets were disabled in quick succession, and she was only saved from an explosion such as destroyed the *Indefatigable* by the fact that the Germans used brass cartridge-cases. The central

(1) Literally, "Run at the Enemy!"

artillery-control station was gassed and had to be abandoned. The conning-tower was heavily struck and the door blown open and jammed so that it could not be shut again. A second shell striking near, however, blew it to once more! Eventually only two of *Derfflinger's* guns remained in action. In the haze the flashes of the British guns were alone visible, like fiery licking tongues. Hase compares the scene to a picture, "The Feeling of Dependence," representing a black monster with shadowy outlines, sleepily directing its flaming eyes on a man chained in readiness for a deadly embrace. *Derfflinger*, crippled and helpless, seemed equally to be at the mercy of her foes.

9.18. Orders came, "Manœuvre at enemy van." Course was changed from W. to S. Torpedo craft joined in the action, and a wild *mêlée* ensued between the light craft on both sides, in which it was difficult to discern friend from foe. At 9.30 no enemy ship was visible. All guns' crews had to be called on deck to fight fire. "The gun-fight had ended, but in the ship a desperate battle had to be fought against water and fire." By 10 p.m. the worst fires had been suppressed, but turrets *Cæsar* and *Dora* were smoking and emitted clouds of poisonous gas. *Lutzu* was no longer to be seen. *Seydlitz*, *Moltke*, and *von der Tann* were visible, but had suffered terribly. From the first-named came flames as high as a house, and her bow was deep in the water. *Derfflinger* at the close of battle could fire only two of her 12-in. guns, and only two of her port 6-in. There were 3,400 tons of water in the ship; all means of signalling were destroyed.

In Commander Hase's description of the night-fighting there is nothing which calls for special comment. We turn rather to his frank confession that, when on the morning of June 1st the sun rose, a weight fell from his heart, as far and near nothing could be seen of an enemy. "For with our shattered ship, especially with our decimated artillery, we could not have engaged in any victorious action with a fresh enemy battleship." The other German battle-cruisers, as indicated, were in no better case. Again, he tells us, and we have the evidence of no less a person than Admiral Beatty to confirm him: "It would have been easy for the English to have forced us to an action early that morning." Why Lord Jellicoe, with a battered and beaten enemy squadron within a few hours of easy steaming of his fast battleships, most of which had not fired a shot in action, failed to use the opportunity to score a decisive victory, is a question which will always remain a puzzle to the student of naval war! Excuses have been made for the failure to crush the Germans whilst in the "sausage-boiler" the preceding evening on the ground of poor visibility.

But the same argument surely cannot be used for the failure to intercept the beaten enemy on the following day! Again, Lord Jellicoe, in *The Grand Fleet*, tells us that he did not feel justified in taking risks with his fleet, as he had few reserves behind it—or at least implies this. A superiority of more than two to one, however, strikes the average reader as providing in itself quite a handsome margin in the way of reserves. And, anyhow, would it have been such an extravagantly daring enterprise to have steamed in search of *Derfflinger*, with 3,400 tons of water on board, only two of her 12-in. guns capable of firing, and her armour rent and battered? At least *three* other first-class German units, which were afterwards repaired and ranged in action against us, were in equally bad case. It hardly adds to the reputation of Lord Jellicoe that these ships were suffered to limp quietly back to their dockyards, with a fresh and intact British fleet within easy steaming distance.

V. W. GERMAINS

INDIA AND EMPIRE DEFENCE.

By all means it is to be procured that the trunk of Nebuchadnezzar's tree of Monarchy be great enough to bear the branches and the boughs—that is, that the natural subjects of the Crown or State bear a sufficient proportion to the stranger subjects that they govern.”—BACON, *On Kingdoms and Estates*.

EXCLUDING India, the population of the British Empire was increased by no less than 81·7 per cent. between the years 1881 and 1891. Of this enormous increase, about 11·6 per cent. was attributable to an “actual” increase of numbers due to birth-rate, immigration, and such-like factors; 70·1 per cent. was attributable to additional territory, mainly in Nigeria, East Africa, Uganda, Central Africa, and Rhodesia. The influence upon military defence of this policy soon became apparent, and in course of time necessitated a radical change in the scope of the course of training at the Staff College at Camberley, on which more anon. The great plunge was made between the years mentioned. It was followed very soon by further extensions of responsibility, especially in the Soudan and in South Africa; now, as an aftermath of our strategy in the Great War, we seem light-heartedly to have accepted further responsibilities, of which the limits are not yet discernible, in Palestine, Mesopotamia, Persia, and in both European and Asiatic Turkey in the vicinity of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus. Has not the time come to take stock of our military obligations? Do we still believe, as we were told by an eminent statesman at the time of the annexation of the Soudan, that it is a mistake to imagine that extension of territory involves an extension of military obligations? Or has the time come for taking account of Bacon's warning that the blessing of Judah and Issachar will never meet; that the same people or nation should be both the lion's whelp and the ass between the burthens; neither will it be that a people overlaid with taxes should ever become valiant and martial?

Reverting to the census report of the year 1901, I find that in those days, out of 398 million persons residing within the British Empire, about 54 millions were “white” (13·6 per cent. of the total population) and about 344 millions “coloured.” Of these “coloured,” about 295 millions were either natives of India or descendants of Indian emigrants, 8½ millions were natives of Ceylon, 2½ millions of other East Indian “possessions,” 29 millions of the West African Colonies, 5½ millions in South Africa, over

7 millions elsewhere in Africa, 1½ millions in the West Indies. Let me add that the "whites" were not all of British birth. Over half a million were natives of foreign countries, including about 150,000 Germans. What will be the proportions of "white" to "coloured," and of British to other Europeans, amongst the "whites" in the 1921 census if the mandate territories are included in the figures? What proportion will the natural subjects of the Crown bear to the stranger subjects that they govern?

In the year 1904 General Lord Rawlinson, as Commandant of the Staff College at Camberley, introduced, as a new subject, the study of "Empire Defence." Shortly afterwards the need of a General Staff for the Army became conspicuously apparent, and a General Staff, to think out problems of Empire Defence, was initiated by the late Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster. It was developed into the present "Imperial" General Staff by Lord Haldane. The result of the activities of that Staff was the skeleton of a great Empire Army, organised, trained, and equipped on the same lines. The great moral impetus which spread over the whole Empire in 1914 led to the provision, *for the time*, of flesh to form the skeleton into a corporate body.

These preliminary notes are necessary for the clear understanding of some of the tremendous issues involved in the report of the Committee appointed by Mr. Montagu to inquire into the Army in India. The chairman was Lord Esher. The Committee was empowered to "consider and report upon any other matters which they may decide are relevant to the inquiry," and they have done so with a vengeance. They have raised the vital question whether the Indian Army is for the defence of India, or for use outside India to enable us to carry out the military obligations which fall upon our overburdened shoulders in connection with the responsibilities which we have accepted in Turkish and late Turkish territory; whether with, or without, the support of the advice of the Imperial General Staff has never been made clear to the public. These military obligations, to which we may add our commitments in Persia, may to some extent be increased by the propaganda of the Russian Bolsheviks, recently dealt with in these columns,¹ and of the Pan-Turanian Turk, who is inclined to perform his traditional rôle. ("The Turk hath at hand for cause of war the propagation of his law or sect, quarrel that he may always command"—Bacon again, in the same essay.) In view of the progress of India towards complete self-government, a policy which we have proclaimed to the whole world, and especially of the aspect of India as a member of the League of Nations and signatory to the Versailles Treaty embodying the

(1) See the **FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW** for August, 1920.

Covenant, is it too much to ask whether the mandates, that for Mesopotamia, for instance, are accepted in the name of the whole Empire, of the United Kingdom, or of India? Self-governing Dominions, the Union of South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, have accepted, as I understand, the responsibility for certain mandates, together with the military commitments that may go therewith. Has India? If not, should we not bear in mind another warning which occurs in Bacon's above-quoted essay?—

Let princes, . . . that have subjects of martial disposition, know their own strength, unless they be otherwise wanting unto themselves. As for mercenary forces, which is the help in this case, all examples show that, whatsoever estate or prince doth rest upon them, "He may spread his feathers for a time, but he will mew them soon after."

I think that it will be well for us here to revert to the inception of the General Staff, and to the principles of Empire Defence evolved by that body within a few months of its establishment. These principles were three in number. In the opinion of the Governments of the different nations associated together in the British Empire, and certainly of the peoples whom they govern, the same principles still hold the field. They were worded as follows in a paper produced by the General Staff for the Governments concerned in 1907 :—

I. The maintenance of the Empire rests primarily on supremacy at sea.

II. Each portion of the Empire should, as far as possible, maintain sufficient troops for self-defence.

III. Mutual support in time of emergency.

There is nothing, it will be observed, about "enforcing" mandates, a term so unfortunately creeping into the utterances of leading statesmen, in direct conflict with Article XXII. of the League of Nations Covenant, where we read that "the wishes of these communities" (late of the Turkish Empire) "must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory."

The General Staff was at first looked upon with suspicion by the statesmen of some of the great Dominions, and the expression "optional neutrality" in the event of an Empire war crept into more than one public utterance—in other words, "cutting the painter," because no enemy would respect such neutrality unless enforced by refusing H.M. ships the free use of ports, and by interneging any of the troops of the United Kingdom in the territory of the Dominion concerned. The suspicions of the Dominion statesmen were allayed when they realised that there was no desire to interfere with the supremacy of Governments, of civil Governments, in military or in any other policy, and the General Staff was then permitted to get to work in establishing a uniform system of staff duties, and of organisation and training. The work

in the Union of South Africa fell upon the author of this article. It was of absorbing interest, involving as it did the co-operation of officers who had been fighting hard against each other in the Boer War, and control by a Defence Minister who had been one of the most prominent leaders on the other side in that war. The work would have broken down in that, and, to the best of my belief, in other Dominions, if there had been any talk of using Dominion troops outside their own territory unless freely dispatched by the responsible Ministers concerned, acting on their own initiative. We have noted that troops were so dispatched (in time of war) in 1914. Will they be sent as freely again? That depends upon the cause, and perhaps upon whether an increased sense of responsibility and participation in foreign affairs can be engendered by next year's Constitutional Conference. To "enforce mandates" may require the provision of man-power, and perhaps of economic and financial resources, in time of peace, a very different matter from co-operation in a defensive war. Are the Dominions at present prepared for this on a large scale, and, to get back to our point, is India?

In view of future policy, it is necessary that the reform of the Indian Army shall be on lines which can be fitted into whatever form of responsible government may ultimately be evolved. It is in this light that the Escher Committee Report will doubtless be studied, and as early as the fifth paragraph of the First Part we are suddenly confronted with the statement that—

The Commander-in-Chief (in India) will look to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff for *supreme direction* in all questions of Imperial military policy in which India is concerned; and, on the other hand, the Governor-General will look to the Commander-in-Chief for *military advice* upon questions in which India only is concerned. . . . (My italics.)

That part of the Report is dated November 3rd, 1919. We can only assume that the urgent need of a central authority to control all the armies of the Empire in time of war, and the appalling results of the want of such control in the early days (more especially in Mesopotamia), were so fresh in the memories of the members of the Committee as to blind them to the construction which would undoubtedly be placed upon that sentence. They follow it up soon afterwards by a reference to the Imperial General Staff as responsible for the "broad lines of military policy." Needless to add that it was impossible to reconcile local responsible government with the existence of a soldier, as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, supremely directing the military policy of the Empire in time of peace. The true meaning is clear in the mind of the writer, especially if read in conjunction with other paragraphs impressing the importance of keeping armies in

subjection to the civil power, but the phrasing is unfortunate. The impression intended to be conveyed was doubtless that the Chief of the Imperial General Staff should be in charge of the same policy as at present, the policy of securing that all the armies in the Empire shall be organised, trained, and equipped on the same lines, and do their staff duties in the same way, so as to be able to work together better when assembled for "mutual support" in a great emergency. Perhaps the "supreme direction of Army policy" would have attracted less criticism, and less fear of interference with responsible government, than "supreme direction of military policy." Experience has already proved that it was a mistake to issue the Report, as worded, without further explanation. The Committee, in the covering letter dated May 19th, 1920, to the Second Part of their Report, claimed that the proposals in the First Part had been in the main approved by Mr. Montagu. That he should approve any such idea as the "supreme direction" by soldiers of military policy is inconceivable. The point was picked up immediately in the Press, and the Government lost no time in announcing that the "extent of the approval which H.M. Government accorded to the Report" was only a "general favourable disposition towards it," and "the sentence quoted from the covering letter to Part II. of the Report conveys, therefore, an idea of more complete approval than was intended." So that matter will no doubt be set right by explanations in Parliament.

There remains the very important question of India's share in the military burden associated with mandates and with Anglo-Persian policy. Such subjects are touched with a light hand by the Esher Committee, but it is not difficult to read between the lines. An anonymous writer in the *Army Quarterly*, who seems to write with some authority, has dotted the i's and crossed the t's in an article concluding thus :—

The regeneration of Mesopotamia, the awakening of Persia, the desire for recognition by Afghanistan, is none of these events the concern of India? India as a partner in the League of Nations cannot dissociate herself entirely from the obligations and liabilities undertaken by that fraternity. The mandate which has been assumed for Mesopotamia, the agreement concluded with Persia, have imposed fresh burdens upon the British Empire, a share of which India, as a partner, should be prepared to bear. In any case, however much she may repudiate such share, the future of these countries is so inextricably bound up with Indian interests that it is to her own advantage to assist the Empire to fulfil its liabilities rather than to persist in the old policy of splendid isolation, thereby risking the ingression of some foreign element at her very doors.

But why stop at the regions indicated? Why not apply the same argument to Anatolia, to Palestine, and possibly to Egypt, through which country passes that artery for Indian trade, the

Suez Canal, called by the Germans the spinal cord of the British Empire? And why not add Aden and its hinterland, the Soudan, and East Africa? Why not Thibet, China—the Kowloon territory of Hong Kong? It is difficult to know where to stop when following up the argument. It all seems to amount to this. Is the Army in India to be available for service wherever required outside India, and, if so, is it to be so employed on the initiative of the Government of India, whatever form that Government may take, or on the initiative of the Government of the United Kingdom, pending the possible establishment of any other form of Central Executive for the Empire to function in time of peace as the "Imperial War Cabinet" did in the Great War? It is too big a subject to tackle in a single article, and it is doubtful whether this is the right moment to probe into it, at a time when the reforms designed by the Esher Committee to promote the efficiency and contentment (they accentuate this word by repetition) of the Army in India should be dealt with without delay.

Another phrase occurring very constantly in the Report is the "security of the people of India against external aggression and for the maintenance of internal tranquillity" as the ultimate sanction for maintaining an army in India, "as in all civilised States." The fact that mountain barriers, and the absence of railway communications in Afghanistan, contribute so much to the security of the people of India against external aggression has hitherto been an axiom of Empire Defence. When Imperialist Russia was supposed to menace that security, Mr. Arthur Balfour explained clearly the nature of the menace, the number of British divisions that might have to be drafted into India to meet it, and, above all, the time when they would be required. As far as I can remember, that time was the eighteen months or so required for the completion by any prospective enemy of a railway across Afghanistan, and the assumption was then made that there would be at least six months available for training the Territorial Force (now Army) to ensure complete security, assuming sea command, for the people of the United Kingdom. It was also realised that armies operating beyond the mountain barrier, either passing from Afghanistan to India or the other way, would depend for their success upon the attitude of the hill tribes on their lines of communication. The mastery of the problem of human flight may have modified the Indian defence problem to some extent, but apparently, in the main, it remains very much as it was when last explained by a statesman to the public. From the point of view of defence against an invading army there would seem to be no need for an extension of our resources for defence, or of the estimate for reinforcement by British troops, or for

modification of the time estimate. The "maintenance of internal tranquillity" is another business, as possibly affected by the well-known attempts by the Bolshevik Russian and Pan-Turanian Turk to stir up trouble by insidious "propaganda." For Imperial Russia as a prospective enemy we now have the imperialistic Bolshevik and the Pan-Turanian Turk—strange bedfellows!

Here we turn to the very important annexures to the Report, written by the two Indian members of the Committee, Sir Krishna G. Gupta and Sir Umar Hayat Khan. The divergence between their views is conspicuous and irreconcilable. Both are most outspoken. Sir Krishna Gupta traces the circumstances up to 1857 which led to the tendency, on the military side, "to make the grip closer and tighter, so as not only to keep Indians out of all superior positions, but also practically to exclude them from the artillery and various other services which form essential branches of the army organisation." And he mentions the restriction, established after the Mutiny, of "a ratio of two Indians to one European" in the rank and file. He pleads for the abolition of such restrictions, because:—

The adoption of measures which shall make the civil Government responsible to the people does not, in itself, make a country autonomous and self-governing, nor can it ever become so, as long as the administration of the army remains in other hands.

His paper amounts to an appeal for immediate and complete confidence in the civil Government of India for which Indians bear much responsibility already, and will bear infinitely more during evolution towards a complete "Dominion status" of self-government. He appeals specially for complete trust to be advertised by abolishing the "one European to two Indians, and no guns manned by Indians" rule which was established as a result of the Mutiny, under conditions still enduring in the memory of men still living. Before quoting the views of his colleague, it is important to recall to our memories that the first Boer Government placed in power by popular vote in the Union of South Africa made no claim for the withdrawal of British troops from the country during the transition stage until more settled conditions might obtain. I think that we can go further, and add that the South African Government would have strongly opposed any proposals by the British Government to withdraw its troops until the South African Defence Act had had time to operate, and to place at the disposal of the Government a reliable and efficient defence force of South Africans. The wisdom of their policy has since been abundantly proved, and the *bona fides* of the British Government in leaving the Union of South Africa perfectly free, not only in internal but in external policy, has never been challenged even by anti-British extremists.

Sir Umar Hayat Khan strongly urges that any change in the composition or organisation of the Army in India connected with the proposed reforms, or any other alteration in the angle of vision, should only be introduced when all the experiments have first proved successful and have stood the test in every other department of the Government. He points to the failure of so large a proportion of Indian cadets at Sandhurst, adding that some of them were not of the right class. He points to the failure of an experimental regiment, drawn from the wrong class of Indian, raised in India during the war, and he thinks that it would be a great mistake to recruit from classes which lack the martial spirit, as they would never stand the strain of war. One of his paragraphs is so important, and so directly in conflict with the views of his colleague, that I must quote it *in extenso* :—

Just as it is necessary, in the interests of efficiency, to have old and experienced soldiers amongst the ranks of the Indian Army, it is equally essential to stiffen it by the British element, *i.e.*, by British units, however expensive it may be. The necessity for this I have seen myself in various campaigns, especially in the last war. There have been occasions when it was only the presence of British units which kept the Indian troops staunch. I hope that reformers with Utopian ideas will not persuade the Government to depart from this sound and established policy. If the revolutionaries succeed in bringing about serious trouble, coupled with a mutiny and foreign aggression, before India is fit for self-government, it will cause a set-back to India which will be detrimental to all classes, particularly to those who have any stake in the land.

There is a wealth of material of almost equal interest in the Esher Committee Report. I have selected the points of deepest significance in their bearing upon the wide question of the place of India in Empire Defence, in accordance with the title at the head of this article. The Committee put forward as their "principal aim" the promotion of the contentment and efficiency of the Army in India, and to secure that the Government of India will have at its disposal a well-trained and loyal army, fit to take its share in the defence of the Empire. It is impossible to ignore the strong arguments for retaining the present measures for maintaining internal tranquillity (the Committee's phrase) until the measures of self-government now being adopted have passed the experimental stage. For the rest, it is inconceivable that we should sanction a policy in Mesopotamia, Persia, or elsewhere, involving military commitments to fall mainly upon Indians, without the Indian Government having its say in such policy. The statistics of Empire population quoted in this article afford a sufficiently striking warning that, if we do not study Empire Defence problems in the light of history, then it may be that we "shall spread our feathers for a time," but without doubt we shall "mew them soon after."

GEORGE ASTON.

PALESTINE.

PALESTINE, or Syria, of which she is an essential part, after her long history of war, stands at the parting of the ways. Behind her lies the carnage and the destruction of centuries. Before her lies the goal of unity, the opening of a broader field of action and of influence. With her she carries eternally the two great faiths of which she is the Holy Land. Such a little land, lying between the sea which never tempted forth her mariners and the great Arabian desert, yet linked with the history of every Empire, she has seen the rise and fall of the mightiest civilisations. By her position as the bridge between Asia and Africa, she became the battlefield of Egypt and Assyria.

Could one but stand on the Judean hills with the plains below and the map of the past unrolled, one would look back nearly 5,000 years, yet one would probably see the same black Bedouin tents that break the green vista to-day. The sun-burned shepherds, in striped brown abbas, looked upon the armies of the Fourth Dynasty with as little interest as they display in the English troops to-day. Yet always from the heights rulers of the hill country must have watched, and prayed to their various gods, while the tides of war rolled past. When the Hyksos conquered Egypt they came from Syria, bringing with them the Great god Baal (1670 B.C.); Amosis of Thebes drove them back (1580 B.C.); and Thutmosis I. penetrated to the Euphrates, the first alien prince, perhaps, to see that vision of a great empire beyond the Euphrates which proved the destruction of Zenobia, Anthony, Zenophon, Napoleon; yet is not England in danger of dreaming the same dream to-day? The Philistines, originally from Crete, left Egypt just before the Hebrews, to make their home in the land of the Arabs. Israel followed and fought them on that long strip of plain, and she warred against the nomad tribes who had swept in from their deserts in recurring waves—Amarites, Hittites, Perizzites, etc. The black tents disappeared from the plain and sheltered on the other side of Jordan in the land of Moab. Babylonian was the diplomatic tongue in those days; so messengers must have passed between Memphis and the city of the great river. The oldest caravan route in the world took the wealth of India from Baghdad to Damascus and south along the plains of Samaria and the Shephelah to Egypt. Commerce and culture and political intercourse flowed below the Judean hills, but, above all—war. The hosts of Sennacherib and

Nebuchadnezzar may have used the same wells described as a "strategic point" in Lord Allenby's campaign in 1917. Alexander the Great conquered Palestine (322 B.C.), and the Maccabees (165 B.C.) used the Maritime Plain as their battle-ground against the Hellenic culture and religion that followed in his wake. Pompey brought the eagles of Rome in 63 B.C., and Cleopatra made Palestine her homeward route when she left Antony on the Euphrates with his tragic Persian campaign in front of him. Parthians and Medes swept down to her borders till Byzantium took her at the fall of the Roman Empire. Chosroes of Persia captured her, and Heraclius, late roused from the luxuries of Greece, recaptured her. Then the Bedouin tents came back when Omar, greatest of the earlier Caliphs, one of the finest products of the simple warrior Islam, brought his dead leader's religion triumphantly from Mecca to Jerusalem. Seven Crusades attempted, with varying success, to plant a European rule in Syria. For a little while, from the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, the cross went forth to fight the crescent by the Mediterranean shore, yet the watchers on the hills saw the fall of Acre, and once again the nomad shepherds sold their goats' milk to conquerors of their own race. Mongols and Turks in their turn brought their armies along the Syrian bridge, and Mohamed Ali used it when his goal was Egypt. By this age-old route the eagle came again with Napoleon, and was with him driven back. Lastly, capturing, town by town, the vital points that every army had fought for before, came Lord Allenby—"Allah Nabi," the prophet of God. With him came the new Arabs of the same blood as the Bedouins, whose camels'-hair tents are pitched to-day in the same place where thousands of years ago their forefathers pitched their first camps from Arabia. Resistless as the sea, driven back again and again, they have withstood the onslaught of almost every known empire, till to-day they may form one of their own. Come down from the hills, oh watcher, and travel with me through the Palestine of to-day, but do not roll up the map of the past.

When the canal and the sands—a white desert tufted with sage brush—lie behind one, one comes into the barley-fields of Philistia. The Judean table-land rises infinitely blue to the right, and one begins to see why Israel on the hills could stand alone, aloof from the progress of armies, untouched by the idolatry of the Canaanites, to which the Philistines fell a prey. Judea is cut off from the plains by her own ramparts of stony hills, and between her and Moab lies the great trench of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea. Philistia, with the Shephelah, lay in the path of Thothmes, Rameses, Sennacherib, Rome, Alexander,

Saladin, Napoleon, Turkey, and England. Her first town, Gaza, has repeated her history so many times. In the Greek days she was famous for her harbour. Caravan routes went from her to Palmyra and Damascus. She sent supplies to meet the pilgrims on the great Haj road. She trafficked in slaves and stood for the luxuries the prophets of the sterner mountain country despised. Any invading army from the south had to take her, or their supplies were cut off. Thus Egypt held her as an outpost, and, while Jonathan only threatened her walls, Alexander Janneus effected her capture; but the Jews lost her to Pompey, who freed her, till Cæsar gave her to Herod. Greek in soul, she reclaimed her liberty at his death, and waxed prosperous in culture and commerce. She worshipped Marna, or Baal, and the gods of Greece. Athens learned wisdom from her, and Christian and Pagan shared her streets, till in A.D. 637 Islam absorbed her and fought with the Crusaders for her. Napoleon made her glorious in the annals of France by defeating Ahmed el Jezzar (the butcher) at her gates. Lastly, the British advance of 1916 crept up to her, skirmishing along the coast from Kantara and Katia, where the yeomanry suffered a reverse. Not at once did the veteran of so many wars fall. The first battle of Gaza was a failure, as the reserves were kept out till too late, and for months the Turks held the line from Gaza to Beersheba—the beginning of trench warfare in Palestine. Gaza fell November 7th, 1917, and after the Turkish counter-attack had failed in the direction of Beersheba, their armies retired north—the 8th beyond Lud and the 7th towards Jerusalem.

Now the table-land of Judah can only be penetrated up its few natural alleys, and the biggest of these is the Vale of Ajalon, at whose gate stands Lud among a myriad orange groves, whose scent is almost intolerably sweet as one approaches. An old red tower, relic of the Crusades, rises above her gardens of blossom and fruit. The sun shines on camp and canteens, wooden huts, and pickets of cavalry. The incoming train pours forth its wealth of khaki—khaki distinctly disturbed and hustled, for it knows that its luggage is probably lost, there being but one van, which is given over to mails. It also realises that it is either going to jolt to Jaffa in a low open truck, sitting on the floors and sides, or it is going lunchless in a converted horse train long hours to Jerusalem. Neither prospect is pleasing. The shepherd with the far-away blue eye bequeathed by some Frankish ancestor, brown beard matching his wind-blown abba, looks on with mild scorn, and the turbaned rider, muffled in sky-blue cloak, scarcely moves his steed, with scarlet-tasselled saddle-bags, out of the way of the groaning luggage carts.

Lud was the home of St. George, who tore down Diocletian's order for the massacre of the Christians, and his dragon seems to have arisen from the myth that Perseus rescued Andromeda from the sea monster near Jaffa. St. George has acquired the merits of that famous personage, and, as he is supposed to have helped their armies at Antioch, the Crusaders built a church to him at Lud. Saladin destroyed it, but a mosque was finally erected over it and the Christians were allowed to say Mass there once a year. Behind one lie the rolling plains of the Shephelah, with their corn and olives and the strange caves in the hills which must have hidden so many fugitives from the persecutions which raged along the coast, a sunny land with patches of rough brushwood and scrub, from amongst which came Samson, the emblem of the sun (Shems—Arabic for sun). To the right a rough road winds ever upwards towards Jerusalem, and along that road in Easter week came detachments from Lud to reinforce the Yorkshires, for Jew and Arab were fighting in the Holy City just as they fought before our era. The Valley of Ajalon winds up through grey stony hills, with that clear blue-white atmosphere that only exists in Palestine. To some eyes grey olives, grey scattered boulders, and grey villages set in wide sweeps of barren hillside present the acme of desolation, but under the olives there are pale cyclamen, and scarlet anemones flood the roadside.

A strolling shepherd whistles some plaintive tune in an invisible gully, and always there are peasants in blue and red, and donkeys dropping huge Jaffa oranges from their gay saddlebags. Memory peoples the stage with ghosts. One can imagine the fanatical followers of Joshua sweeping down between those wind-swept hills, while the sun stood still to watch the rout of Canaan, or the hordes of Philistia fighting their way up mile by mile to the very gates of the great city on the heights. One can picture the troops of Jewish workmen toiling down to sharpen their tools in the valley of the Smiths, but imagination is bewildered by the swift sequence of armies that followed. Egypt held Gezer and Ajalon till Pharaoh gave the former to Solomon as his daughter's marriage portion, so the soldiers of Cestus Gallius, who unsuccessfully attempted to burn Jerusalem in A.D. 66, trod in the footsteps of warriors from the Nile. Modein, in the Vale, was the home of the Maccabees and the centre of their revolt against the paganism of Hellenised Syria (166 B.C.). Perhaps the most glorious vision which Ajalon's Valley conjures up is the triumphant two-days' march of the first Crusade, who came unopposed from Ramleh right up to Jerusalem, a feat almost followed by Allenby in 1917. After the fall of Gaza the British force divided, one portion following the 8th Army up

the coast and the other sweeping straight up the old road to the Holy City, along which, scarcely ahead of them, galloped the fleeing Turkish transport columns.

How many times must the Governor of Jerusalem have come out from the Jaffa gate to tender the surrender of his town or to treat for peace with hostile forces! This time no Governor was available, for Izzet Bey had left at sunrise on December 8th, in a "borrowed" cart, having first smashed the telegraph instruments and ordered the evacuation of most of the Armenian and Greek population. While the Turkish retreat flowed wearily down to Jericho and the townsfolk were happily looting everything they could lay their hands on, it was left to a tremulous Mayor, under the shadow of wavering white flags, to carry the letter of surrender out towards the advancing British. At dawn on December 9th, a few privates of the London Regiment first heard in faulty English from some frightened refugees the news of the historic surrender, but not till December 11th did the Commander-in-Chief make his formal entry.

So many prophecies centre round the fall of Turkish power in Jerusalem. One says that the city will not be held by an alien nation until the conqueror enters through the Golden Gate. Another foretells the triumph of "Allah Nebi," the prophet from the West, when the waters of the Nile flow through Palestine. This latter was realised by the simple expedient of the pipe-line; but the Jaffa Gate, which had been closed from time immemorial, was opened for Lord Allenby, so that he avoided an entrance through the breach in the great Turkish walls made for the German Emperor when he came to consecrate a German church in 1898.

The watching crowds must have noted the contrast between the pompous pageant of the Kaiser, whose white dust cloak wrapped him like the Crusaders' mantles of old, and the simple entry of the British Commander-in-Chief on foot, only followed by a few of his staff.

Judea is so tiny a land. She is smaller than an English county, perhaps fifty miles by twenty-five, yet she is sacred to the world's two greatest faiths. Long, long before Jew or Christian were known Jerusalem was a flourishing city of Canaan, and a "King of Urusalem" is mentioned in the Tel el Amarna tablets at the end of the fifteenth century B.C. Warrior Islam reveres her as the land of Abraham, from whom were descended the Koreish, the rulers of Mecca, from whom in turn sprang Mahomed and the Sherifian line of to-day, and who, with Ishmael, placed the sacred black stone in the original Ka'aba at Mecca. At Hebron, where Abraham is buried, a mosque covers his tomb,

to which, in unbroken sequence, the faithful have made pilgrimages since the days of Omar. Once a year the Christians are allowed to celebrate Mass there. Another link is Nebi Musa, where the Bedouin prays to-day before the tomb of Moses, whom he reveres as greatly as the Jews, just as he prayed through the reigns of Omeiyad and Abassid, Haroun er-Rashid, Nuhredin, or Saladin. Jerusalem ranks in his eyes with Mecca and Medina, his triumvirate of sacred cities. The blue-walled Mosque of Omar covers the great rock from which, in his vision, before the flight to Medina brought him power of armies and of wealth, Mahomed, soul-distraught and doubting whether he were the chosen prophet of God, ascended to heaven and received the divine command to preach a gospel as pure and simple as the Sermon on the Mount. Christians honour every street and lane as having known the footsteps of Christ. Betrayed among the olives in a wind-swept garden. He is vindicated, not by the great churches where sects and rituals quarrel over a few inches' space, so that, if the Armenian carpet impinge on the Greek tiles, blows follow; so that a Turkish sentinel for years kept guard in the cave of the Chapel of the Nativity, but in the love which brings thousands of pilgrims yearly from East and West.

While Christian and Moslem alike honour this great past, Jews apparently look to the future, and, having destroyed with Jesus the triumph of Jerusalem, they still claim her as the promised land, in defiance of history and of progress!

From Egypt they came, a wandering tribe, and conquered a foothold on the stony hills of Canaan, just as the Arabs under Musa Ibn Nasir broke the power of Spain and established a literature, philosophy, and architecture before which we marvel to this day. The descendants of Boabdil no longer claim the Alhambra's marble courts, still stained with his blood, but Israel clings to the land which she lost to Rome and Greece. Of the population of Palestine, barely 9 per cent. are Jews, and of those only one-half are Zionists. The glory of the Jewish kingdom was the Christ they deny. Other empires left more lasting marks upon her than their troublous tribes. Phœnicia, her sailors lured forth by distant chain of isles, taught her the mastery of the sea and left the memory of her wonderful glass, found to-day in exquisite iridescent fragments amidst the sands of Acre. Her architects made the vaunted temples of David and Solomon, and her marble sarcophagi can still be seen in the rock tombs of Sidon. The Babylonians taught Phœnician and Jew alike the art of seal-cutting, and Egypt was responsible for the pyramids which surmount some of the tombs. Rome made the roads in use to-day. She irrigated the land and built aqueducts.

She has left her work in temple and in palace from Palmyra to Petra. The gods and the culture of Greece were the mainspring of the ten cities of the Decapolis, where column and arch and capital testify to the glories of her empire. The Crusaders have left their mark on the coast towns in the fortresses of Templars and Hospitallers, and even the Turks left a few castles to guard the hill-tops or khans to shelter their merchants.

It is, of course, the Arabs who have left most mark on the country. Though their architecture was borrowed from Greece and Rome, the early tombs of the Nabateans, whom we hear of Herod fighting beyond the Dead Sea, show traces of Aramean inscriptions, and they were responsible for centuries for the culture of Europe. Haroun er Rashid sent the first watch to Charlemagne, who was frightened at the noise within the case. The courts of the Alhambra resemble the black and white marble columns and great vaults, the stately carved arches and gates of the khans now hidden in the suks of Damascus.

Philosophy, astronomy, and mathematics flourished in the ninth century. El Khansa wrote lyrics in A.D. 646 that would compare with any we read to-day. The famous story of Antares's love for Abia is worthy to rank with the romances of Abélard and Héloïse, Romeo and Juliet. The great library at Baghdad was visited by students from all over the world. In the tenth century the famous Aleppo philosopher, the blind Abdul Allah el Moari, wrote exquisite descriptions of Nature and achieved immortality among cynics by causing to be inscribed upon his tomb: "Here is the crime that my father committed against me and that I have committed against nobody."

The Abassid dynasty produced Al Muten Abi, who loved Greece and the gods of Parnassus. Ibn Zina, one of the world's greatest doctors, was an Arab, and his statues may be seen in Europe to-day. Arab doctors were called to the death-bed of Frederic the Great. To-day, after centuries of Turkish misrule, the ancient Arab civilisation has passed away, while the dawn of the new Syrian is breaking, but the people remain the same. Blue eyes and fair hair have been handed down from the captive Franks. Rome has bequeathed her features from the shadowy past. The profile of Greece, and even the flat cheek bones of the Mongol, may be found among the Syrians of to-day. But, fair or dark, blue-eyed from the West or black-eyed from the deserts, Christian or Moslem, Druse or Bedouin, shepherd in striped camels' hair, who sleeps under a stone on the mountain side, winding his white kufiya over his face and eats a handful of dates beside a mountain stream, or the polyglot student from the great universities of Europe—all are Arabs, speaking the same tongue and moved

by the same enthusiasm. All the dominions he has suffered under have not changed the Arab's characteristics. Simplicity and endurance were brought him by the winds of the deserts, by the hunger he has endured on his long caravan routes. He has learned patience from the slow gait of his camel, and the love of poetry came to him in the great spaces, where the earth throbbed. her songs to the stars. Courage in war was the creed of his prophet, and implicit obedience he drank in with the Koran. Love of the land and of husbandry is his heritage from the ages where it was the greatest of all crimes to destroy the crops or the palms of a village, even when the inhabitants might be murdered with impunity. The cry of the West has always been that the Arab tribes can never unite. Often it has proved correct. France prospered by it in Morocco. It saved Italy in Tripolitania. England thus found her path smoothed in the Soudan. Nevertheless, *once* in Arab history a great force arose and indomitably swept across the world, breaking down every empire before it. That was the force of Islam and religion. It showed that the tribes *could* combine. That same force very nearly arose under the Mahdi—perhaps, had he lived, it would have proved its might again. To-day a different power is moving among the Arab people. It is national, not religious. The spirit that broke Persia and Greece, Egypt and Spain, is crying to-day for independence and for unity. Europe is barring the way, yet the shibboleth of our age is the famous "right of all nations to choose their own government." Ninety per cent. of Palestine's population demand the central Arab kingdom. The future of Palestine lies in agriculture, while the Jew's strong point is his commercial instinct. All along North Africa, from Casablanca to Benghazi, the Jew waxes rich in his trade; but I have seen only one agricultural colony in which, without external pressure or charitable foundation, the Jew lives by his cultivation of the soil—Tegrena on the Gebel, south of Tripoli.

These are the thoughts that crowded into one's mind during the turbulent Easter week. Generally, when one leaves the Jaffa Gate behind with the modern street, and steps down into the narrow alleys of the walled city, its charm clings to one at once. Most Eastern cities are white-washed or clay-walled, but Jerusalem's houses are of stone, once grey, perhaps, as her desolate hills, but now mellowed by time and weather to lovely illusive shades of pale gold and mauve and mist blue amidst the grey. Old, tapering arches cross the streets and support latticed balconies and carved windows. From odd corners jut out quaint buttresses, and the upper stories overhang, their curved fronts dripping mint and sage from the crevices between old stones.

By crumbling wall and twisting cobbled paths that linger by remnants of old cisterns and forgotten pools, one descends in the darkness to covered suks, and beyond grey stones again and lichen amidst the cobbles, one comes to the Wailing Wall and the one flawless gem of Jerusalem—the Mosque of Omar. Blue is it, or green, or exquisitely iridescent with gleams of gold and grey? Far, far away from the turmoil of religious strife that marks the holy places of Christendom, infinitely remote from the railed-in labelled spots, from the tinsel and the tawdriness, from guide and text and smell of wax candles, the blue-grey dome rises alone above the wide marble courts. It is so very quiet. The crimson anemones in the long grass can hear the whispers of the olive trees above them. Tall cypress vie with the towers, flung skywards from the mellow walls that separate this garden of enchantment from the town. Across great spaces of cool marble and uncut grass the great battlemented walls and the long-closed Golden Gate shut out the tortured valley of Jehoshaphat. Clear and peaceful in the sunshine, the lovely Mount of Olives, still grey with the trees that comforted Christ's sorrows, crowned with slender spires above white convents, rises heavenwards.

The tumult of the streets generally attracts enthralled attention, for every race and every class jostle each other in the narrow bazaars. The old Jew with parchment face, lined as with centuries of thought, beneath his close-wound turban, his ancient brown garment one with the dark background, sits motionless on the doorstep of his house, while his brother from Poland, with greasy ringlets under a fur-trimmed beret, flaunts flowing coat of purple or amber velvet over the tight, striped "tobh." Armenian, Greek, Russian, and Latin jostle the black Ethiopian, white-robed and scarlet-sashed, and the bearded peasant whose white kufiya falls down from the close-bound agall over coarse abba and long, curved knife. Bedouin women in black robes with trailing sleeves, wearing heavy necklaces of gold coins, and thick black turbans above tattooed cheeks and brown curls, chaffer for huge oranges in company with the veiled Moslem, shapeless in her sombre swathings, or the peasant from Bethlehem in dark blue, short jacket, richly embroidered in red, and spotless veil flowing back over a high peak. Red fezzes above European clothes contrast with the Kurd in tight, pale blue trousers and embroidered waistcoat, with gay silk handkerchief wound round his head. The stately sheikh, in gorgeous abba woven with gold, his scarlet leather boots laced up with royal blue, follows the sombre robes and high round hat of the long-haired Greek priest.

A kawas, in crimson and fantasy of gold-strapped bolero over

baggy white trousers, his silver, curly sword swinging wide, makes way with silver-headed mace, and khaki drifts scornfully past the many coloured smokers of the long-tubed glass narghilehs.

Pekin draws Mongol and Tartar, Jap and golden-robed Lama from Tibet, to mix with Manchu and the shaven heads of the South. In Canton's mysterious streets one peers bewildered at a score of races. Bangkok links East to West with silk-robed Annamite, frail Tonkinois, the flat cheek bones of China, and the powdered, flower-crowned Burmese, to Dutch from Java, French and Siamese, but I think, of all cities in the world, Jerusalem crowds are the most heterogeneous, for no Western nation is unrepresented, and Islam, from the Euphrates to Abyssinia, seems to send there specimens of her tribes. Yet Easter of 1920 found those streets deserted, shops shut, and sukhs dimly forlorn, the only sign of life a party of Sikhs rigid in the shadows of an ancient arch or a group of insouciant British soldiers guarding a maxim at one of the very stations of the Cross. The only sound of life was the clang of rifle-butts dropped on stone when some inspecting officer passed, or the measured tramp of a patrol re-echoing in hollow alleys. The walled city left behind, there was plenty of movement—ambulances alert with the red-crossed attendants, temporary telephones being swiftly constructed, business-like searching in baggy coat and still more voluminous abba for hidden arms as citizens came back to their homes, clatter of cavalry and purr of staff motors, and everywhere the grave-faced Sikhs—in hotel passages, on office roofs, wearily taking short sleep on rolled blankets in the long passages between the shops, clinging determinedly to unexpected telephones in strange places. All this was because one reckless Jew laughed and mocked at Islam's pilgrimage to the tomb of one of his own prophets. The pilgrims came from Hebron and were to join the Good Friday band that had most fortunately already gone on ahead from Jerusalem. The wayfarers reached the Jaffa Gate just as Easter hymns were being sung in Christian churches, to which, a few minutes later, a breathless messenger brought the news that Islam and Hebrew had renewed their age-old fight. The pilgrims were armed only with staves and stones. With these they turned on the original culprit who had called out insults on their Prophet. Passing Jews, armed with more deadly weapons, sought to protect their countryman. Three Moslems were killed. Then the battle began in earnest, and British soldiers dropped prayer-books for bayonets and marched out of church to the rescue. A tragic story:—Twelve lifeless figures, broken and bleeding, passed out of the Jaffa Gate. Seven more

died before Sunday night spread darkness over a hushed and brooding city. Nearly two hundred were wounded. There were moments of high heroism, as when a soldier of the Flying Corps, trying to stop a desperate fight between Jew and Moslem, was stoned to death. There were moments of sheer brutality, as when a veiled Arab woman looking down from her balcony was deliberately shot by a Jew in the street below. He paid the penalty, for he and three of his family perished and his house was set on fire. There were even incidents of bitter humour, for while an English officer was leading off two sullen captives, a hand on the shoulder of each, a woman flung herself upon him and bit his fingers to the bone.

Next day there was the usual looting, and incidents of humour multiplied, for one might see a stalwart figure flying down a street with a sewing machine on his shoulder, or conveniently voluminous abba bulging hopelessly over some article of household furniture, but the muzzles of the Lewis guns threatened from every low archway into the labyrinth of sukhs, and the sturdy troops of England relieved the impassive Sikhs. The returning pilgrimage of 4,000 magically melted away before they reached the walled city, so that only a few hundred entered the blue mosque for the final ceremonies. There the Mufti preached a loyal sermon of peace, while the Pasha strenuously supported the English outside.

It was no religious question that troubled Jerusalem. The spirit is purely national. "The Jews want to take our country from us," cried an Arab woman. This is the widespread feeling. The Moslems are not anti-Jew. In Cairo, when an important Hebrew dies, princes and pashas go to his funeral, but, Christian and Moslem alike, they are strongly and determinedly anti-Zion. They have not changed a hair's breadth since they convinced the American Mission that the consensus of feeling was anti-Zion and pro- the Central Arab Kingdom. The long delay in the decision of the Peace Conference is straining everyone's patience, and the feeling that England has deserted them adds to the bitterness: "We fought side by side with the British for our independence," they say, "and now we are split up under different rulers, and no one knows what is to happen."

The real danger, of course, lies in the fact that, feeling themselves betrayed by Europe and fearing that their country is to be given to an alien Hebrew race, they may take the law into their own hands. "We have no hope of winning if we fight, but we can all die," said a village chieftain simply.

J. ROSITA FORBES.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

THE night creatures and the day creatures form two distinct worlds, the one being roused to activity when the other sinks to rest, and we who belong to the day world know little of the birds and beasts of the dark hours, of that wild life of the night which has vanished before mankind is about in the morning. The only way to learn more about it is to go out in an evening and listen to the calls and challenges that ring out over meadow and woodland. To hear the voices of the night one should choose a calm, quiet, fine evening, when no breath of air stirs, when even the rustling of a leaf is a disturbance that arrests your instant attention, when everything is so still that every little sound seems magnified a thousandfold, and the tiny squeaks of the bats become shrilly penetrating. The murmur of the restless rooks cawing themselves to sleep in their distant rookery sounds like the moan of the sea breaking on a shingly shore, the barking of a cur half a mile away seems near at hand, and the heavy drone of a passing dor-beetle might pass for the engine of an aeroplane.

People talk of the "silent watches of the night," but such an evening as described above is full of sound; it is true all the familiar noises of the day are gone, and missing them one feels that night is still and quiet, but it is a quietness pregnant with life, and one hears wild creatures moving on all sides. There is a rustle here, a squeak there, the scuttering of a rabbit through the bracken, the rustle of a bat's wing as it swoops overhead, and the swish of something passing through the bushes. There are numberless mysterious sounds, strange calls, and unexplainable noises. No wonder the country folk talk of ghosts and spirits and dread to pass through the midnight woods. At such a moment the hoot of an owl seems to make the very darkness vibrate, while the cry of a vixen to her mate is calculated to upset the very stoutest nerves. A vixen's call is indeed a mournful sound, a truly terrifying one; you would think it was a lost soul in torment screaming for the help that will never reach it! It has no likeness whatever to the sedate bark of the dog-fox, who just utters two or three short yaps, never more, which he repeats in several minutes' time. He always barks in this limited way, which distinguishes him at once from the yelping curs that bark so energetically in the different farmyards. It is very seldom you hear a vixen call, for she is practically mute unless moved

by strong emotion, such as the excitement of the mating season, or trouble with her cubs. If she has the misfortune to lose her litter, she may lament aloud, crying for the cubs that have gone, but otherwise you will only hear her about Christmas time, when she uses her voice as a siren's song to lure a mate to her.

- I remember one December night hearing such a courtship. It was a beautiful winter night, mild for the time of year, not a breath of wind stirred, the stars twinkled dully out of a slightly overcast sky, and the country was wrapped in blackness, for the moon would not rise for an hour or two yet. It was so still one felt that you would hear a pin drop a mile away. For a moment the silence brooded, only to be broken by the hoot of a brown owl. Loud and clear it rang across the country, hills and valleys echoed and re-echoed with it, and it had hardly died down before another replied. Then a third took up the challenge, then a fourth, and a fifth, when the first owl responded, and the woodlands rang as they cried defiance at one another. If there was one owl hooting, there were a score, and the volume of sound seemed the greater by comparison with the quietness that had reigned before. Now the disturbance died down to soft cooing gurgles and sharp "ker-wick! ker-wicks!" Then again flared up into a perfect babel of hoots. A dark form floated noiselessly over my head and alighted on the projecting bough of a fir tree, where outlined against the sky I could discern the fluffy shape of one of the participants in the concert. As I looked the owl stretched out his head, his throat swelled up, and "Hoo-oo-oo-ooo!" he cried. Then drawing himself erect, he finished with a "Ker-wick! wick! wick!" Again the challenge was taken up, again the night rang with hooting, but suddenly and clearly for all the din came another sound, a faint and distant bark. It was just three short yaps a long way off in the big woods down the valley, but it was what I had come out to listen for, the bark of a fox. After a few moments it was repeated, and this time seemed a little clearer, so the fox was moving and evidently coming nearer. At the same time there was a call in another direction, the same two or three short gruff yaps, and it became evident there were two foxes on the move. Their calls annoyed a cur-dog, at a cottage in the middle distance, and it broke into a fury of barking, so that other sounds were drowned by its noise. Its continued stream of yaps were in sharp contrast with the few short barks of the foxes, which spoke once or twice and then were silent. The call of a fox can always be told from the barking of a dog by the fact that it is not continuous; a fox never goes on barking, it just gives two or three yaps and then stops, to repeat them in a few minutes, but in this intermittent way it may go on for

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

THE night creatures and the day creatures form two distinct worlds, the one being roused to activity when the other sinks to rest, and we who belong to the day world know little of the birds and beasts of the dark hours, of that wild life of the night which has vanished before mankind is about in the morning. The only way to learn more about it is to go out in an evening and listen to the calls and challenges that ring out over meadow and woodland. To hear the voices of the night one should choose a calm, quiet, fine evening, when no breath of air stirs, when even the rustling of a leaf is a disturbance that arrests your instant attention, when everything is so still that every little sound seems magnified a thousandfold, and the tiny squeaks of the bats become shrilly penetrating. The murmur of the restless rooks cawing themselves to sleep in their distant rookery sounds like the moan of the sea breaking on a shingly shore, the barking of a cur half a mile away seems near at hand, and the heavy drone of a passing dor-beetle might pass for the engine of an aeroplane.

People talk of the "silent watches of the night," but such an evening as described above is full of sound; it is true all the familiar noises of the day are gone, and missing them one feels that night is still and quiet, but it is a quietness pregnant with life, and one hears wild creatures moving on all sides. There is a rustle here, a squeak there, the scuttering of a rabbit through the bracken, the rustle of a bat's wing as it swoops overhead, and the swish of something passing through the bushes. There are numberless mysterious sounds, strange calls, and unexplainable noises. No wonder the country folk talk of ghosts and spirits and dread to pass through the midnight woods. At such a moment the hoot of an owl seems to make the very darkness vibrate, while the cry of a vixen to her mate is calculated to upset the very stoutest nerves. A vixen's call is indeed a mournful sound, a truly terrifying one; you would think it was a lost soul in torment screaming for the help that will never reach it! It has no likeness whatever to the sedate bark of the dog-fox, who just utters two or three short yaps, never more, which he repeats in several minutes' time. He always barks in this limited way, which distinguishes him at once from the yelping curs that bark so energetically in the different farmyards. It is very seldom you hear a vixen call, for she is practically mute unless moved

by strong emotion, such as the excitement of the mating season, or trouble with her cubs. If she has the misfortune to lose her litter, she may lament aloud, crying for the cubs that have gone, but otherwise you will only hear her about Christmas time, when she uses her voice as a siren's song to lure a mate to her.

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some time. Another difference between a dog barking in the night and the call of a fox is that the former remains at the same spot, but the latter keeps moving on. You hear it first in the distance, then a little nearer, next at one place, then in another, and it is evident that the animal pauses to give a yap or two, trots forward, stops again, and so on during its night's wanderings.

But to go back to the evening of which I was writing; first a fox barked in one direction, then in another, and it became apparent that it was a night of great activity in the wild world. There are some nights when not even an owl will hoot, when all the creatures of the woods and valleys go about their business in perfect quietness, and you would think there was no life in the countryside. For weeks at a time you may listen and never hear a fox bark; I mean not only during the late spring and summer when they are naturally silent, but during those winter and early spring months when the spring madness stirs within them and they call to their mates. Wind and rain will always keep birds and beasts at home, the two combined will damp even the brown owl's spirits; but sometimes the night will seem perfect, being fine, calm, and beautifully still, yet, though it seems so peaceful, and the animals are undoubtedly out and about, they utter not a sound or a call. Then will come a night, as quiet and peaceful as the last, and to our dull human senses differing not a whit from its predecessor, yet it does differ somehow or other, and the wild creatures rejoice accordingly; it is as perfect an evening for them as it is for us, and such a night was the one of which I write. Another, and yet another, fox joined in, until it seemed as if there were at least a score barking. Allowing for the fact that each fox was on the move and that not one of them stopped for long in the same spot, one could safely say that there were nine or ten calling. Some of the cries came from the woods on the distant slopes, but the clearness and distinctness of others showed that the animals were near at hand. One bark rang out quite loudly, the fox was not a field's length away, and I knew he must be following the road that foxes invariably travel when they pass near the house—through a certain muddy gateway, round the bend of the pond, and up the bank to the gorse bushes where there is a big population of rabbits. I peered into the darkness, but could see nought save the black shapes of some cattle that were lying out. "Woh! wouh! woh!" the fox barked again, and this time not a hundred yards off. His cry seemed to echo across the country, as fox after fox replied to the challenge, for challenge or love song it evidently was. It was more weighty business than rabbits and hunting which was

so sorely disturbing the foxes this beautiful night and that had set every fox in a wide district barking like a lot of crazy dogs. The answer concerning the reason of their excitement, the reply to their calls, came suddenly and startlingly, for out of the vague darkness quite near at hand arose such an agonising scream as made one's hair stand on end. An indescribable sound, in which there was a whine, and a spit, and which died away in a howl. It seemed to shiver through you from head to foot, and rasp your nerves until you felt like screaming too. Silence followed for a few minutes, even the owls were surprised into quietness, and then it again rang through the startled night. It was the reply of a vixen to her wooers, the call with which she answered their serenading. Carried away by the excitement she had forgotten for the moment her habit of muteness, and so gave voice to her emotions. Dog foxes called to her on all sides; twice, and then thrice, the vixen screamed her answer, after which silence sank upon the countryside, save for a fox that yapped once in the far distance. I peered into the darkness wondering what had happened—did that fox which barked so near at hand find favour with the lady, did she accept him as her mate, or did she decline them one and all, going off with a whisk of her brush to meet some stranger from over the hills? It was impossible to do more than surmise, for the night was now perfectly peaceful, the excitement was quite over, and no hint as to the fortunes of the different suitors came to me out of the darkness. All I know is that there were no foxes barking in the surrounding woods for many succeeding nights; only the owls hooted, and hooted, and hooted yet again.

Of all the cries of the night there is not one which appeals to me more than the hooting of an owl. It always seems to me to be the embodiment of the spirit of the wild life of the night; yet many persons hate the sound, dubbing it "weird," "melancholy," and refer to nights "made hideous" by owls. Well, it is all a matter of taste, but I love to hear the brown owls holding their concerts round the house in the dark, and what concerts they do have at times! Though the brown owl is never silent at any period, it is certainly most noisy in November and December, when it makes the nights ring with its well-known hooting, with its "Ker-wick" call, and the softer bubbling sound which reminds one of the cooing of a dove. I believe that the commotion that goes on at this time of year is due to the parent owls driving the young birds away from the home territory. Owls are birds that nest very early in the year, their eggs being laid early in March, the nest-hole having been selected and prepared in February or even January, so that their mating and

love-making go on about Christmas time. The young birds of the previous season have then a very lively time, what with their own love-making, their parents' determination not to let them establish themselves in the old home territory, and their efforts to find unclaimed nesting-holes. When February comes and all the mated couples have somehow or other found house-room, the evenings become much quieter, the hoot that now and again rings through the night being a different sound, a more peaceable one, from the frenzied call of the winter months.

The barn owl is never such an obtrusive bird as the brown, though when it does call its utterance is a sufficiently startling one, being a weird scream, which, heard in an old building in the dark, is at any time sufficient to ensure the place of a reputation for being haunted. It will also, when frightened, utter a long-drawn hiss, which is calculated to shake the stoutest nerves. In fact, given an old ruined building, with a pair of barn owls in occupation, and a nervous person visiting it in the dusk, one is assured of a ghost, if not two or three!

When you consider the strange cries that birds and beasts will utter in the night, the voices that will come from sky and covert, the mournful calls of migrant waders passing overhead, and the tragic shriek of the vixen, one can only wonder that the countryside is not more thickly peopled with spooks and spirits! The most blood-curdling noise I have ever heard was one night in September. I went out about 8.50 (summer time). It was a still, beautiful evening, already nearly dark, and owls were hooting in all directions, their cries ringing very loud in the stillness. I stayed listening to them for some minutes, when there was suddenly a most piercing, agonising cry, which was repeated again and again at intervals of a few moments. It was something like the call of a vixen, only worse, and for the moment I thought it must be one. I ran into the house and brought my brother out to listen—the sound was repeated, and evidently came from the woods that are only a field's length from the house. The nerve-shaking racket went on. Could that noise really be produced by a creature of flesh and blood? Of one thing I am convinced—it would have put an Irish banshee to shame! The animal, for an animal we concluded it must be, continued to scream, but was evidently moving along the edge of the woods. We peered into the darkness, but could only see the dark line of the trees and the forms of some cattle. Nearer and nearer the creature came, now the cry came from half-way up the meadow, now it was within a hundred yards or so, and the nearer it got the more fearsome it was! "*It must be a vixen,*" whispered my brother, but as he spoke enlightenment

came to me, for I had heard a cry something like it before, and that was a badger cub's wail. "I believe it is a badger," I whispered back, gazing into the gloom in the hope of seeing it, but the next call was further off, and then sounded again from the wood, after which it ceased, and there came instead the, to us, well-known gasping grunt of a badger. For half an hour or more we stayed and listened to the badgers grunting up and down the woods, but heard no more screaming; however, we were by then quite convinced that it was a badger or badgers that had made the uproar, though the explanation of it was another matter. It was much too late in the summer for it to have been cubs calling to their mother, but it may have been a mating call, indeed almost certainly was, for badgers do mate in the autumn, their cubs being born very early in the spring.

There are many badgers in the woods round my home, and it is by no means unusual during the spring and early summer to hear a family party out foraging. The cubs whimper and cry, while the old one replies with the usual grunts. The grunting of a badger is a curious sound, being more of a gasping snort than a real grunt such as a pig utters. It is a peculiar and distinctive sound, and there is no other call like it; it is, too, peculiarly a voice of the night, for the badger is a most strictly nocturnal animal, and never, if it can help itself, roams abroad during the day; indeed, I have never seen a wild one out in the daytime, yet tame badgers seem rather to like the sunshine and are quite as active by day as by night. One evening, being anxious to see more of these mysterious and elusive animals, I waited and watched by a badgers' earth. The signs of their recent activity were on all sides; there were the places where they had been scraping together bedding, then spots where they had dropped part of the fern and leaves, and the entrance-hole was worn with much use. It was evident they were in and out every night. I took up my position before dusk, and waited while the twilight fell, which it did rapidly, the trees fading around me until they were indistinguishable shapes in the gloaming. A pigeon cooed sleepily, and then an owl came out and hooted. I waited and waited, and the last of the homeward-bound rooks passed cawing overhead on its belated way to the rookery, then a mouse squeaked, and after that all was quiet. All one could now distinguish was a tree trunk here and there rising ghostly out of the sombre shadows, but I still waited in the hope of hearing something. At last it came, a rustle, a subdued grunt, and all was quiet again. I waited with strained nerves for more, but that was all, not another sound broke the stillness, and by and bye I went away.

The cries of a summer evening are very different from those of a winter night. First and foremost there are the voices of the bats, of which the small creatures make full use as they dash to and fro after the insects. So shrill and high-pitched are their squeaks that many people cannot hear them; indeed, the majority of those past middle age are deaf to the calls of the "flitter-mice." Of the small, low-flying bats, the pipistrelle is the most noisy; it squeaks again and again as it flies in and out of the bushes and round about the farm buildings. The larger noctule flies so high that it is almost out of hearing, but it too uses its voice as it swoops and turns and twists after its prey. A call I sometimes hear when watching bats in the dusk of a summer evening is a dull croaking somewhat like that of a frog, but instead of coming from the ground it comes from overhead; when looking up one sees a medium-sized bird flying over. It is a woodcock off to forage on some marshy ground. The woodcock breed with us regularly every season, and when it gets dark the old birds leave the woods and fly across to this bog, croaking softly as they go, and sounding in the dusk like winged frogs. There are snipe in this marsh, and in the spring they are often "drumming" late into the evening, when the curious bleating sound has a weird effect as it comes from the darkening sky. A call one hears throughout the summer night is the melancholy "pewit" of the restless plover that, not contented with the activities of the day, takes to the wing in the dark and cries mournfully, at least to human ears it sounds a mournful note, but probably that wailing "pe-wit! pee-wit!" is more a song of joy than sorrow.

Truly belonging to the warm summer night is the peculiar purring call of the night-jar or fern owl. When moths flutter through the twilight, when the dor-beetle blunders heavily on its way, then the jarring of the night-jar is an accompanying sound, a sound that belongs especially to those rough, waste, bracken-clad, bush-covered grounds that adjoin our woodlands. How this curious bird, which is an ally of the swifts, produces the noise is an interesting question, for it is unlike any other call, but it is due to some peculiarity of the throat. Apropos of this, what could be more extraordinary than the volume of sound produced by a comparatively small bird like the corncrake, which it will keep up for hours at a time? For sheer persistence no bird can beat it, night and day are alike, but in the dark hours its steady "craking" is undiminished by the competing noises of the day, and grinds through the night, to the exasperation of those unfortunate persons who sleep lightly and are easily disturbed.

No mention of the voices of the summer night can be con-

sidered complete without reference to that glorious one of which the poets rave; but what can a mere naturalist say when artists of the pen have spilled gallons of ink in vain attempts to paint the beauties of the nightingale's notes bubbling through the gloaming? It will be better to avoid a subject where one can but fail, and leave it to the glowing pens of others. Perhaps one may venture to remark that there is a second songster, whom the poets despise, that is no mean rival to the more illustrious bird, which often sings on into the twilight, and which may be met with in districts where the nightingale seldom penetrates. This is the blackcap, whose psœan of joy and love, rising from the tangled depths of a dingle in the dusk, seems the embodiment of life and wild, untrammelled nature.

Of the many curious calls that one may hear both in summer and winter, there is not one more strange than that harsh creaking sound which might come from the wheels of a farm cart in need of greasing. It is the call of that night fisherman, the heron, off to his favourite stream, and looking up you will see a large bird flapping over, and by calling he shows he has a friend somewhere near, for he does not utter that harsh sound when quite alone. He fishes by night, as does that other river poacher, the otter, of whose doings we should know little were it not for the five-toed webbed tracks it leaves on the sands, the half-eaten trout on the stone in mid-stream, and the musical whistle it utters in the darkness. I shall always remember the first time I heard an otter call, though I was but a small child at the time. How I came to be out late at night and what I was doing down by the brook in the dark is forgotten now, but there clearly remains the recollection of the gloomy trees, the rippling water shining in the moonlight, and the clear melodious whistle that rose above the splashing of the stream. It was uttered two or three times, then there was a splash, as of something jumping into the brook, when my companion hurried me on, but an ineffaceable impression remained.

In conclusion, I must say that it is in the voices of the night creatures that we hear something of the truly wild life that exists, in spite of man's feud against it; we hear the comings and goings of the heron, the otter, the badger, and the hundred and one smaller birds and beasts that make up the wild world that goes about its business during the night when man and his domestic animals are all asleep.

FRANCES PITT.

THE RUSSIAN NOVELISTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Not long ago a distinguished Russian savant attacked calmly and lucidly the pretensions of German culture as the final comment of European civilisation. Speaking for the Latins, Renan mockingly challenged the same arrogance of assumption. Both the Russian and the Frenchman read in the Slav's soul and in the Latin intelligence something more universal than that hurriedly acquired *Kultur* which even before its final catastrophe was beginning to show its spiritual nullity.

Frankly, these Teutonic pretensions, when opposed to the long Latin tradition, that veritable continuation of antiquity, have always been laughed aside as preposterous in their laborious insolence. But when opposed to Slavonic claims they seemed to preserve a certain significance. For what, after all, has the Slav to set against that Olympian dominance of the mind of which Goethe is the admitted symbol? What have the irregular, careless Russians to counterbalance the orderly arrangements of German mentality? Who has spoken for Russia as German thinkers have spoken for the Fatherland? If the Latins claim the past, it is urged, the present belongs to those acquisitive toilers in every known department of human thought. As for that vague Russian future, is it not like the to-morrow that never comes? Is not the Russian voice still undeveloped, as the Russian land, inarticulate under Bolshevism, as it was when Madame de Stael drove through the steppes more than a century ago?

At that time, indeed, Russia seemed to be the land of silence through which no voice could ever ring. But even then the Frenchwoman mused on the day to come when Russians would be inspired by "what is most intimate and real in their own souls." In that supreme hour when the Grande Armée swept to its flame-lit doom at Moscow the coming of such men was already in the womb of Destiny. For in 1812 Nicolai Vasilievitch Gogol was a child of three, while his great heirs, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy, were born within the next two decades. These fulfilled the Frenchwoman's prophecy. These spoke for the Russians in the language of the Russian soul, translated the dark background of Russian spiritual life, revealed even in their apparent pessimism the hopes of the Slav, his strong free dreams even in his slavery, his power of absorption beyond the limitations of material force. Each possessed the secret of utterance.

Each was to accomplish immaterially for the Russian people what Kutusoff accomplished materially for Russia.

But it was Gogol, one must never forget, whose voice actually pierced the icy vacuum, gathering to itself all the withheld irony of endurance, all the frozen pity and loss and pain, all the stifled outrage of centuries of silence. It is no wonder that Turgenev, steeped as he was in the alien culture of the West, wrote to Madame Viardot on hearing of Gogol's death: "To us he was more than a mere writer—he had explained us to ourselves. To us he was, in more senses than one, the spiritual successor of Peter the Great. These words may seem to you exaggerated and prompted by grief. But you did not know him. You knew the least of his works, and if you knew them all it would still be difficult for you to understand what he meant to us. One must be a Russian to feel it. The most acute minds among foreigners—a Mérimée, for example—have seen nothing in Gogol but a humorist after the English pattern. His historic significance has altogether escaped them. I repeat, one must be a Russian to know all that we have lost."

If Gogol meant all this to the cosmopolitan of *Smoke*, what must he have meant to the Russians of the steppes! For them the vacuum had become warm with life, and from afar men wondered, for this was no formula of official Russia, but the laughing, convulsive sob of the Russian people. There had been nothing like this realism of reality before, and in order to comprehend either the artist Turgenev, or the psychologist Dostoievsky, or the moralist Tolstoy, one must first analyse the gaddy sting of this sombre humorist, who lashed his compatriots without for a moment ceasing to believe in that mysterious Russia—so distinct from the bureaucracy that sought to strangle it—the Russia which "can exist without any one of us, but without which no one of us can exist." And even in what seems to be satire upon the human race there rises, like a Greek lyric, cold and stainless amid the obscenities of Attic comedy, this cry to the idealised Russia who was yet to follow her eagles across the world: "Is it not thus, like the bold troika which cannot be overtaken, that thou art dashing along, oh Russia, my country? The roads smoke beneath thee, the bridges thunder; all is left, all will be left behind thee. . . . Yes, on the troika flies inspired by God! Oh Russia whither art thou dashing? Reply! But she replies not; the horses' bells break into a wondrous sound; the shattered air becomes a tempest and the thunder growls; Russia flies past everything else on earth, and other peoples, kingdoms, and empires gaze askance as they stand aside to make way for her."

Born in the haunts of the Cossacks whose blood rioted in his veins, Gogol was an incongruous figure in many rôles. He was a failure as an actor and as a tutor. He was equally unsuccessful as Professor of History at the University of the Russian capital where Turgenev, then an undergraduate, studied his odd figure with the short legs and the forehead hidden by a mass of hair, the long nose and the shy, evasive mouth: "A roguish look still in those small brown and tired-looking eyes. The face of a fox. In all points the appearance of a village schoolmaster." But as a clerk, at the age of twenty, in the Crown Lands and Revenue Department, Gogol had already acquired an invaluable first-hand knowledge of bureaucratic conditions in Russia. This knowledge he put into his famous comedy, *The Inspector General*, whose famous *mot*, "You steal too much for your place," rang like his own convulsed laughter through the length and breadth of Imperial Russia. Of this comedy Gogol has written: "I have tried to concentrate in one piece all that is bad in Russia—as far as I know her—all the vices which exist in those very positions where, above all others, the utmost rectitude should be deemed imperative. I wished to expose them all at one and the same time. The effect, as is well known, is frightful."

In much the same spirit he wrote the following year his great satire on the Russian people. The original idea of *Dead Souls*, as also of *The Inspector General*, came, on Gogol's own authority, from Pushkin, but the soul of each work is from the soul of Gogol. There have been other books on the discovery of one's own country, from Don Quixote's to Mr. Pickwick's, but in all literature there is probably no parallel to the discovery of Russia by Chichikoff, who journeys through the highways and byways of his country in order to purchase dead serfs on which he may raise money when he presents his bond at a Petersburg or Moscow bank. The owners are willing enough to get their dead serfs off their rent-rolls so as to avoid being taxed for them by the Government. Chichikoff is usually welcomed in his pursuit of title-deeds for corpses. Why, after all, should they for whom the living had meant so little be squeamish over this barter of the dead?

For his part, Gogol is as little outwardly censorious as Homer while he presents to us his long gallery of slave-owners. There is no intentional gospel of accusation, even indirect, as it was afterwards with Turgenev's book of serfs. *Dead Souls* is just a picture of the Russians in Russian colours and Gogol is a Russian of the Russians when all is said. Of whitewashing, posing, posturing, or of gentle respectfulness, Gogol knew less than nothing. The Russians were like that; he himself was like that,

and that was all there was about it. Of the Procurator in *Dead Souls* Sobakievitch observes that "he is the only decent-mannered man in the town, and even he is a pig." After reading the book Pushkin exclaimed: "Heavens! What a dreary place our Russia is!"

But even on this grey odyssey there are pauses and hesitations, as though, after all, it were not quite human to jest over this traffic in the dead. One such pause occurs when Chichikoff reads over a list of names that has just passed into his equivocal ownership. The dealer in dead serfs realises with a start that these had once been men with hearts and brains, aims, hopes, fears, that they had even been different, that they had been actually men and never for a moment things.

In the same spirit, years afterwards, Turgenev, in that book of pity and accusation, was to present the serfs of his mother before the world as human beings. Nicolas Jakovlef, Ivan Petrof, and Egor Kondratief suddenly, by the magic of this wandering sportsman, pass into the gallery of those who are remembered. These insignificant lives become luminous so that millions may be judged by little glimpses of one Russian home. Everywhere in these *Annals of a Sportsman* are the intimate memories of Russian country life, now faint and drowsy, now poignant beyond the dreams of humdrum pathos. And everywhere the long languor of summer steals through the printed page upon one's senses as though this exile on the Parisian boulevards were exhaling from his very soul the far-off freshness of the steppes.

What the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* accomplished for the American slave, Turgenev in this book accomplished for the Russian moujik, and he had every right to exclaim as his last wish: "My one desire for my tomb is that they shall engrave upon it what my book has accomplished for the emancipation of the serfs." Although written abroad, the book was born of the memories of Spasskœ, where his mother ruled her serfs exactly as so many landowners in the *Annals* ruled theirs. Madame Turgenev played petulantly with the lives of these human beings exactly as the women in the *Annals of a Sportsman* played with the lives of those who were, after all, the great Russian people. The very childishness of the tyranny gives it a new sting of bitterness, as though the destinies of millions were in the hands of capricious maniacs. There was a major-domo named Soboleff upon whom Madame Turgenev was accustomed to vent her spleen and her *ennui*. One of his innumerable duties was to bring her a glass of water, and it amused her to find it always of the wrong temperature. Once she threw the water in his face, after which incident he brought more in another glass. Then, standing in

front of an icon, Soboleff the serf found his voice: "I swear before this sacred image that I have not changed the water . . . that which Madame has just drunk is the same as the other." It was madness for the silent to speak. Soboleff was ordered out of the room, and Madame Turgenev's adopted daughter records that when he was next seen he appeared a changed being: "Instead of elegant evening coat he was wearing a wretched grey cloth caftan and held a broom in his hand. An order from his mistress had made him forfeit his position of major-domo for that of sweeper of the yard. He remained for four years in this new employment, until he was replaced by the mute, the master of Moumou."

The story of Moumou, which so fascinated Carlyle, is also a page of memory. But in real life André, the giant deaf-mute, did not desert the *châtelaine* because she had grudged him the one thing dear to him in life, his little dog, Moumou. On the contrary, André was faithful to the end and pleased Madame Turgenev by refusing to accept a present on one occasion from someone who had incurred her ill-will. To reward him she ordered a dozen serf-girls to make the giant presentable so that he might come into her presence while she was still in bed. Bewildered by so many attentions, the deaf-mute approached the owner of his life, who held a piece of blue ribbon in one hand and the sum of ten roubles in the other. André, at the sight of such unexpected things, began to mutter hoarsely, and as he left her presence the dumb giant forgot all sense of injury and struck his breast heavily to express eternal fidelity to this woman, who was not only a human being like himself, but the incarnation of that old Russia of which he was the puppet and the slave.

In *Taras Bulba* Gogol wrote a veritable Iliad of the steppes; in *Evenings at the Farm near Dikanka* he gave the savour of rural life of his own day. In *The Inspector General* he sent the stab of his derisive comedy from one end of Russia to the other, but for posterity he will live always as the author of *Dead Souls*, that is to say as the man who first of all presented the dark frozen background of the Russian people. In the same way Turgenev, the analyst of human passion whose pulses stirred only at the *frou-frou* of a mondaine's skirts, he of whom it was said that "to dine with Turgenev was to dine with Europe," is preserved in Russian hearts, not for the sombre acumen of *Smoke*, not for the mournful sense of fatality of *On the Eve*, not for the prophetic disillusion of *Virgin Soil*, not for the comprehending irony of *Fathers and Sons*, but rather as the creator of two essentially Russian figures, each sombre, one through an inner coldness, and the other through the relentless pressure of external

life. These figures are Rudin and Lisa, and it is not by accident that it is the woman who expresses that wordless confidence in goodness by which Turgenev himself, in spite of all his knowledge of life, was haunted to the end. He remembered that in love there is always something mysterious and newborn, and he, who had analysed so mercilessly the tormented rhetoric on Rudin's lips, bowed humbly before the candour of Lisa's eyes. But should even *Lisa* and *Rudin* become faded, memory will cling to that book in which he revealed the shy secrets of those nameless ones whom Gogol had first presented with all the large carelessness of a Slav Homer. Turgenev was to give to the world delicate interpretation of passion mingled with regret, was to invoke exquisite women whose low laughter rings faint and ghostlike down the years, was to give to the sense of loss at once a new sweetness and a new pain, but it is in his revelation of the Russian people that he, the supreme artist, the Sophocles of these heirs of Gogol, will live permanently in the hearts of posterity.

Dostoevsky possessed neither the grand indifference of Homer which had passed into Gogol's manner, nor yet the Sophoclean charm of the artist of *Smoke* who became his personal enemy. He was essentially the psychologist of pity in the sense of Euripides, whose pity was of the brain as well as of the heart. Dostoevsky wrote no parallel to Gogol's *Dead Souls*, and though in *Demons* he replied to his enemy's *Fathers and Sons*, he made no answer to *The Annals of a Sportsman*. The revealer of cities rather than of rural life, he interpreted, as no one else in the world, the outcasts of humanity. His great unfinished work, *The Brothers Karamazov*, is a veritable national register, which Walizewski has well called "a most invaluable treasury of information concerning the contemporary life of Russia, moral and intellectual and social."

The whole life experience of this suffering man of genius permeates this extraordinary study of sensuality and redemption. As a boy of twenty-three he had touched the hearts of Russians with *Poor Folk*. With the *House of the Dead* he had given singularly restrained expression to all the outrage of his imprisonment in Siberia. In *Injury and Insult* he had revealed much of the gloomy romance of his first marriage. In *Crime and Punishment* he had astonished Europe by his penetration into the depths of criminal mentality. In *Demons* he had defined his attitude towards those restless beings who would destroy Russia without benefiting the Russians. In *The Idiot* he had drawn the ideal type of Russian who was yet to fulfil the regenerating hopes of Holy Russia. Every one of these books was torn from

life, but it is in *The Brothers Karamazov* that one finds in all its fullness the long odyssey of Dostoevsky's suffering.

Born in a hospital, Dostoevsky preserved always something of its atmosphere—as of naked walls barring the sunlight. His strange genius was to evolve a vast hospital in the world of art, a hospital which was to become a fantastic world of suffering and sin. He, more clearly even than Ibsen, even than Strindberg, was to comprehend under its new mask the ancient necessity. The curse of Oedipus assuredly renews itself in the curse of Karamazov, and in the annals of this one sunken family, redeemed by a single pure-hearted youth, one reads, as it were, the blind inchoate struggle upwards of the Russian people. It is Russia herself, half-slumbering in her old Byzantine dreams, and yet capable of peering forward beyond other races into the inscrutable readings of destiny, it is Russia herself who is symbolised in this savage sunken family. It is Russia with all her swift blazes of revolt, all her black stagnation, her rage, and her grief, her barbarism, and her deep, uncalculated pity—it is Russia herself, and as the symbol of her future Dostoevsky has chosen, not Smerdiakov the parricide, but Aliosha, the follower of the Russian God, in whom, more than any other character of these stupendous works, there is foreshadowed the beginning, at least, of a comprehension of that vast synthesis—the synthesis of the God-man with the Man-god. In no other book, not even in *The Idiot*, did the spiritual thirst of the Russians, that spiritual thirst which survives in the midst of sinfulness, find such clear expression.

The work was never finished, but was brought to an abrupt conclusion shortly before the author's death, at a time when he may be said to have been universally accepted in Russia as the confessor of the Russian soul. Dostoevsky, the elected of the disinherited, was to lie in state in that Petersburg from which long ago he had torn the sad secrets of *Poor Folk*. No official funeral in official Russia could have vied with the spontaneous outburst of grief which saluted this dead man of letters whose heart had been veritably that of the Russian people. They, the sad ones of the earth, the disinherited, the discarded, knew well what they had lost, and they crowded around his corpse in all their unseemliness to pay him the last adieu. Even in death Dostoevsky continued the atmosphere of his novels; but he, who had run the whole gamut of suffering and experience from Marmaladoff to Svidrigailoff, from Sonia to Myshkine, from Ivan Karamazov to Aliosha, he would have understood and appreciated this barbarous homage. The manner of it matters little. Dostoevsky had grasped the great fact that Russia who rejected

none would at the last be rejected of none. And so it had come to pass with the man himself. What Tolstoy had sought to accomplish laboriously, and under a sense of moral compulsion, had been the natural and inevitable rôle of Dostoievsky. Tolstoy himself knew this best of all. "I never saw the man," he wrote on hearing of his death, "and never had any direct relations with him, yet, suddenly, when he died, I understood that he was the nearest and dearest and most necessary of men to me. Everything that he did was of the kind that, the more he did of it, the better I felt it was for men. All at once I read that he is dead, and a prop has fallen from me."

From first to last the great Russian writers of the nineteenth century were curiously interrelated. At twenty-three, Dostoievsky was hailed as "a new Gogol," while Turgenev, years afterwards, was imprisoned for calling the Father of Russian Realism "a great man." Tolstoy and Turgenev were more than once on the verge of exchanging pistol shots, but, when very near the end, the author of *Smoke* addressed to the author of *Anna Karénina* these noble words: "My good and dear Friend,—It is a long time since I have written to you, because I have been, and I am, to speak frankly, on my death-bed. I cannot get well, there is no use in thinking it. I write to you before everything else to tell you how happy I have been to be your contemporary, and to express to you my last and immediate prayer. My friend, return to literature! Reflect that this gift has come to you from the Source of all things." On the other hand, between Dostoievsky and Turgenev there was no forgiveness, and while Dostoievsky caricatured his rival in *Demons*, the comment "C'est du Dostoievsky" became Turgenev's last gibe of derision. None the less, when *Fathers and Sons* met with a torrent of foolish abuse, Turgenev admitted that Dostoievsky was one of the two people in the world who really understood this analysis of the new generation and the old.

Tolstoy was, perhaps, temperamentally antipathetic to the gentle and at the same time heroic stoicism of Turgenev, but, after his own fashion, he, too, clung always, in spite of his verbal renunciation, to art. There was at no time any real divorce between the artist of *Anna Karénina* and the moralist of those innumerable tracts to the Russian people. Years after the publication of *My Confession*, Tolstoy published *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch*, which was followed in 1889 by *The Kreutzer Sonata*. In both of these works the old power and amplitude are displayed, but in the so-called second period of Count Tolstoy only one book suggests the scale of such vast canvases as *War and Peace* and *Anna Karénina*. Written at the dawn of the new century,

Resurrection is not only the apotheosis of Tolstoy's spiritual struggle, but gives, as it were, the resultant of all those cross-currents of perplexity which had so tormented Irteniev, Olenine, Nezhdinov, Pierre, Levin, and so many other projections of the author's brooding personality. The atonement of Nekhlúdorff is Tolstoy's final solution of the nemesis of consciousness which follows the hubris of desire. And into this solution Tolstoy poured an Æschylean intensity which was strange to Turgenev's questioning philosophy, just as it was wholly different from that rapture of self-abasement which Dostoievsky knew so well. Like Tolstoy himself, Nekhlúdorff had run the whole gamut of the world's passions and pleasures and pains, only to arrive at that great denial which is also the supreme conviction. He was a new man while remaining the same character. In precisely this sense the world-famed Count Tolstoy became a new man when he returned openly to the old faith, but remained the same artist upon whose retina was stamped the colour and the glory, the immutable beauty, and the Protean charm of this life as we actually know it. Long ago as a child these things had wooed him from prayer, and if he returned to prayer, it was not in his power to kill the artist within him. But always he struggled, not to acquire, but, on the contrary, to tear off; not to develop his rich gifts, but to approach the level of the humblest. His spiritual life shaped itself like a cone of moral progression. The cone narrowed gradually up to its lonely and remote summit, but the structure was essentially always the same, and the Tolstoy of *Resurrection* remains, with curious fidelity, the Tolstoy of *Childhood*, *Boyhood*, and *Youth*.

Gogol may be said to have indicated the masses of the dark background from which he himself was emerging as the first to speak. Turgenev drew them with the loving touch of the artist who comprehends the stifed and the inarticulate. Dostoievsky recognised the moujik as one at least of the types of the regenerating Russian of the future, and all his life warned his compatriots never to lose touch with the great mass of the Russian people. But Tolstoy went much further in the same direction. He, and he alone, approached the Russian peasant humbly as being the great teacher before whom all should bow. In book after book this thesis reappears, gropingly and hesitatingly in his early work, with conviction and with insistence in all his later books.

This democratic attitude is common to all the great Russian writers and not peculiar to Count Tolstoy. It is the crowd of anonymous Russia that is the real hero of *Dead Souls*, just as it is of the *Annals*. It is the pity for the humble and the broken

that rings from the novels of Dostoevsky rather than the pride of life and the challenges of heroes in the old sense. Strongly individualised as are his characters, torn as they are from his suffering, his chimeras, his despair, they are none the less subordinate to the slow spiritual movement of the Russian people. On the eve of his exile to Siberia Dostoevsky observed: "The convicts are not wild beasts, but men probably better, and perhaps much worthier, than myself. During these last months I have gone through a great deal, but I shall be able to write about what I shall see and experience in the future."

The hero of *The House of the Dead* learned from convicts, and it is they who dominate his record of personal degradation and suffering. Raskolnikoff learned from Sonia, the redeeming prostitute. Myshkine, "the idiot," lives as the impersonation of what his creator meant by faith in Russia, the Russian people, and the Russian God. And because Stavroguine, with all his power, cannot grasp this faith, cannot become one with the Russian people, he, the arch-demon, who can only half deny, is compelled to admit: "When one is no longer attached to one's country, one has no more gods, that is to say, no more aims in existence." That is precisely the lesson of Tolstoy's own heroes, but there is this difference in Tolstoy's preoccupation with the Russian people. He is not content to approach them after Gogol's Homeric manner, or with Turgenev's Western artistry. And though he does not tear from any human being, as Dostoevsky tears from him, the secret behind the secret, the confession that eludes the confessional, he remains, not so much the moral instructor as the moral disciple of the Russian people, more consciously, more systematically, than the author of *The Brothers Karamazov*.

This fact is of extreme significance, because the Russian novel of the nineteenth century differs from that of any other country. Into the novel the Russians have long insinuated ideas that were denied expression through any other channel. Realism with them was not a particular mode of art, but the simplest means of interpreting life, and, as Turgenev observed to Madame Viardot of Gogol, they explained the Russian people to themselves. But because they were great artists, as well as deep lovers of their country, Russia became no longer a vague hinterland, but assumed a living personality beyond the confines of the steppes. One cannot compare such interpreters of the soul of a people even with the greatest of the philosophers of the *Comédie Humaine* beside the Seine or with the most elaborate commentator on the smaller world of English manners. The great Russians wrote always with that sense of destiny which belonged to the Ancients.

For them, also, 'Ανάγκη brooded mockingly over the effrontery of human will. Religious in this wide sense they stand united, from Turgenev the pessimist, for whom Nature remained always *La grande Indifférente*, to Dostoievsky who bowed to the earth before the Russian God; from Gogol who died in mysticism to Tolstoy who lived to rationalise faith.

As time passes this Russian literature of the nineteenth century will stand out in as clear perspective as the periods of Pericles, Elizabeth and Louis XIV., but with this overwhelming inner difference. Each of those great periods was essentially aristocratic and exclusive, whereas the Russian artists have sought always to include the Russian people. "I never could understand," wrote Dostoievsky, "the reason why one-tenth part of our people should be cultured and the other nine-tenths must serve as the material support of the minority and themselves remain in ignorance. I do not want to think or to live with any other belief than that our ninety millions (and those who shall be born after us) will all be some day cultured, humanised, and happy. I know and I firmly believe that universal enlightenment will harm none of us. I also believe that the kingdom of thought and light may be realised in our Russia even sooner than elsewhere, because with us, even now, no one defends the idea of one part of the population being enlisted against the other, as is found everywhere in the civilised countries of Europe."

And because of this all-embracing humanity, a literature that as a whole may be said literally to exalt the humble takes its rank with the supreme masterpieces of the world. From the birth of Gogol to the death of Tolstoy there elapsed almost exactly a century, and it was by no accident that, whereas the first indicated the mass of serfs as, at all events, belonging to the human race, the last openly saluted the serfs' descendants as the only teachers from whom anything at all was to be learned. Certainly these Russian novelists turned to the people for wisdom, but they on their side infused into the people their own culture of kindness and pity. From Gogol to Tolstoy they will never be forgotten, and so long as they are remembered the Russian soul will live, not as in these days of passing madness, but at its fullest and at its best.

J. A. T. LLOYD.

THE CASE FOR STATE PURCHASE AND CONTROL OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Two writers—Mr. George B. Wilson, Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, and Rear-Admiral Reginald Hall, one of the Directors of Barclay, Perkins and Co.—have done me the honour of replying to my paper on "The Case for State Purchase and Control of the Liquor Traffic" published in the June number of this REVIEW.

If that paper has done nothing else, it has certainly provoked the impression of a somewhat startling unity of thought between a champion of the Prohibition movement in this country and a director of a powerful company connected with the Trade in their opposition to State Purchase.

Both gentlemen accuse me of inaccuracies and mis-statements, but in accepting the Editor's courteous permission to reply, I do not, in dealing with a matter which I believe to be of profound public interest, intend to give a detailed answer to their charges of ignorance and lack of exactitude. I will only say in passing that Mr. Wilson has displayed on this occasion his well-known aptitude for subtle misquotations.

I have at least, in common with Admiral Hall, the desire to see established in this country what he describes as "the family tavern." He is indeed generous enough to say that I have at least "an inkling of the right lines along which to approach the reform of public drinking" (p. 625). The expressions, however, of "drink reform," "reform of the liquor trade" are obnoxious to Admiral Hall (p. 621), though in the last page of his article he refers enthusiastically to the Bill which has been drafted by the Licensed Trade of England and Wales, which will, in his opinion, "effect a radical transformation of our public-houses" (p. 626). I regret that I cannot follow the writer in his evident dissociation of the public-house from the methods of conducting the liquor trade. The public-house is what the Trade has made it.

I prefer, however, and I believe I am not alone in this preference, that the scheme for public-house reform should be drafted by those whose private fortunes are not made by the sale of alcoholic liquor. I confess to a profound suspicion of any proposal for public-house reform emanating from the Trade. I have a provisional draft of the Licensing Bill referred to before me, and I believe any unprejudiced reader would recognise in its main provisions a deliberate intention of strengthening the position of

the Trade, and of weakening the possibility of any effective public control.

The substitution of Licensing Judges, as suggested in this Bill, over a large district containing several counties for the present system of Licensing Justices would remove the control of licences from those in sympathy with local conditions and public opinion to a remote Court out of touch with the desires of the people. The substitution also of twenty-one years as the maximum period for which a licence can be granted in place of the existing period increases quite obviously the security of the drink monopoly. The provisions with regard to new licences, removals, and redistribution of licences have a like tendency: but in my opinion there is in this no cause for surprise. I absolutely refuse to believe that those whose business it is to make and sell alcoholic liquor, and who spend vast fortunes annually in advertising their goods, are going at the same time to make any effective effort to check and control the sale of them. The suggestion is absurd, and only by checking the sale of liquor can we reform the public-house.

As I look back upon the history of the war I would give much to be able to agree with Admiral Hall that "the national psychology during those periods when the issues of the conflict were in doubt" (p. 824) tended to national sobriety. Unfortunately, it was very much the reverse. I quote from Lord Stamfordham's letter to Mr. Lloyd George dated March 30th, 1915:—

"We have before us true statements not merely of employers, but of the Admiralty and War Office officials responsible for the supply of munitions of war, for the transport of troops, their food and ammunition. From this evidence it is without a doubt largely due to drink that we are unable to secure the output of war material indispensable to meet the requirements of our Army in the field, and that there has been such serious delay in the conveyance of the necessary reinforcements and supplies to aid our gallant troops at the front."

So extensive was the drinking in some of the shipbuilding areas that Prohibition seemed the only solution, and on March 29th, 1915, a deputation from the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer to urge the "total prohibition during the period of the war of the sale of excisable liquors." In replying to the deputation Mr. Lloyd George said: "We are fighting Germany, Austria, and Drink, and, as far as I can see, the greatest of these is Drink."¹ And surely no one has forgotten Mr. Lloyd George's famous speech at Bangor on February 28th, 1915, when he told his audience that drink was doing more damage than all the German submarines put

(1) *The Times*, March 30, 1915.

together. Were the "issues of the conflict" not in doubt during the first half of 1915?

Admiral Hall is evidently so engrossed in reflecting on the idyllic ale-house of a bygone day, "as it is depicted in the quiet pages of Izaak Walton," or possibly of the "Holy Tavern," as it will be under the beneficent control of the Trade, that he has forgotten, or perhaps never realised, the level of sodden degeneracy to which the public-houses have sunk since Izaak Walton penned his picturesque lines.

When in April, 1915, Mr. Lloyd George, in an effort to check the excessive drinking which was on the verge of bringing the country to ruin, proposed heavy taxes on spirits, wine and beer, Mr. Bonar Law said, and said truly, that the Trade would organise "an agitation precisely of the same kind as we had in regard to the Licensing Bill of 1908."¹ The Trade did so organise, and on May 7th the withdrawal of the proposed taxes was announced. As long as the sale of alcoholic liquor in this country was under the control of the Trade the Government was paralysed in its efforts to bring about reform, and only with the institution of the Liquor Control Board in June, 1915, were any drastic steps of control taken. Truly, the Trade has no cause to be proud of its war record.

Both writers question my presentment of what I have called the Carlisle miracle. Mr. Wilson points out quite correctly that the reduction in the convictions for drunkenness in Carlisle began in June, 1916, whereas Carlisle did not come under the State Purchase and Control scheme until July, 1916, and he asks me whether I really believe "that during the months of July, August, and September, 1916, the Board had secured any really efficient control over the Trade in Carlisle by reason of purchase" (p. 340). Certainly I believe it. The State took over the licensed premises in the neighbouring districts of Longtown and Rockcliffe in January, 1916, and gradually extended the area until in July Carlisle was included. From the time that the Board held in June a series of conferences in Carlisle with the civic authorities, the Licensing Justices, the brewers, and the Licensed Victuallers' Association, it was known that the State Purchase scheme was about to be extended to Carlisle. It became at once the interest of every licence-holder to check, as far as possible, excessive drinking in his licensed premises. It was well known that the Government was taking over the Trade for the express purpose of reducing drunkenness, and every licence-holder knew that his position under the new *régime* would necessitate his working in sympathy with this effort. Actual control over the Trade in

(1) Parliamentary Debates. (House of Commons) Official Report, May 4, 1915

Carlisle by reason of purchase was inaugurated on July 12th, 1916, and became effective a few weeks later. The result of impending control was, however, apparent in June. Mr. Wilson attributed the comparative sobriety of Carlisle during the latter half of 1916 to the absence of the navvies, and quotes from the *Cumberland News* of August 29th, 1916, in support of his statement. It is quite possible that the *Cumberland News* would resort to inaccuracies in its opposition to the scheme of State Purchase. Even the extract, however, is a little uncertain in tone and does not assume that dogmatic position so dear to the heart of Mr. Wilson. I prefer to quote Sir Edward Pearson (Ministry of Munitions), who stated that "the number of workmen employed on construction work was practically the same at the end of 1916 as at the end of June."¹

Mr. Wilson also quotes the Chief Constable of Carlisle in his report relating to 1916. There is no doubt that in 1916 "the city was in a shocking condition" (p. 341), though towards the latter half of the year it was steadily improving. Mr. Wilson knows, however, as well as I do that the Chief Constable of the City in his report for 1918 said that: "The beneficial effects of this increased sobriety are far-reaching and fundamental," and in his report for 1919 said:—

"The number of convictions for drunkenness for the past year, in spite of the augmentation of the Police Force, the extended hours of sale, the increased supplies of intoxicants, and the return of large numbers of men from the Army . . . has again touched a low record at 78, being two below the number for 1918. . . . The orderly condition of the streets shows that these figures are a fair index of the sobriety of the city.

"The continuance of sobriety I attribute almost entirely to the system under which intoxicants are sold in Carlisle, where none of the managers have any interest in the amount of liquor sold, and all are given strict instructions not to serve customers who appear to have had enough. I am unable to account for it in any other way, for while Carlisle is unique in its licensing system, it is subject to all the causes just mentioned, which in the country generally have contributed to a very decided increase in drunkenness. There can be no question in the minds of careful and impartial observers that the direct management of the licensed trade by the Control Board has been of great benefit to the City."

Mr. Wilson confesses that the spiritless week-end contributed to the startling sobriety that followed State Purchase, and adds that it was a simple prohibition which should have been applied throughout the whole country. Of course it should, and why was this not done? Because of the opposition of the Trade. Only under a management whose first consideration is not a financial one is it possible to inaugurate so drastic a reform entailing considerable monetary loss.

(1) *The Truth about Direct Control on Carlisle*, by the Rev. W. Bramwell Evans.

In the table comparing the convictions for drunkenness in Carlisle with those throughout the whole of England and Wales together during the years 1913 and 1919, I am compelled to point out, though I feel I owe an apology to the intelligence of my readers for so doing, that to lump the whole of England and Wales together, including the quiet rural districts and provincial and residential towns, and then to compare the rate of convictions for drunkenness per thousand with any one particular crowded town, may show correct statistics, but it does not show moral honesty.

Both writers refer with enthusiasm to Mr. Joseph Malins' table, which demonstrates that, out of 237 boroughs in England and Wales, 160 show a lower rate of convictions for drunkenness per thousand during 1919 than does Carlisle.

Admiral Hall is evidently unaware that Mr. Philip Snowden's remarks at the Labour Conference in Scarborough regarding the convictions for drunkenness in Carlisle were admittedly based on this chart. Mr. Joseph Malins, lately a prominent member of the Good Templar movement, has simply taken Carlisle as a start, so to speak, and then raced through a list of the boroughs in England and Wales to discover those that show a lesser rate of convictions than Carlisle. He cannot base his figures of population on Blue Book statistics, the latest of which gives the census of 1911. Mr. Joseph Malins then proceeds to give *estimated* figures. I very much question whether these figures have been estimated on a uniform basis. But really, when one comes to basing statistics on estimated figures, it would appear to matter very little whether uniformity has been observed or not. Mr. Malins is obviously anxious to show certain results, and a superficial glance at his chart leads the casual reader to suppose that he has done so.

To compare the convictions of drunkenness in a particular town through a period of a certain number of years has very real value. But to compare town with town, irrespective whether it be a seaside resort, a cathedral city, an agricultural village, or a large industrial centre, then also to ignore the varying local conditions, the activity or otherwise of the Watch Committee or of the police, is simply playing with figures, and trading on the carelessness or ignorance of the reading public.

A long line, stretching right across the page, representing the convictions for drunkenness in Carlisle during 1919 and a minute line for the little city of Salisbury representing the convictions for drunkenness there during the same period—a line so small that the whole word Salisbury cannot be underlined is pretty, not to say dramatic, drawing, but I question whether it be accurate figuring.

The financial practicability of State Purchase of the Liquor Trade is constantly challenged, and the fear of increased taxation used as a veritable bogey-man. Such financial experts as the late Lord Cunliffe, Governor of the Bank of England; Sir John Bradbury, of the Treasury; Sir Wm. Plender; Sir John Harwood-Banner, M.P.; Sir Edward Coates, M.P.; and the late Sir T. P. Whittaker, M.P., issued in 1915 a report embodying a workable scheme for taking over the whole of the Trade by the State at pre-war market values, payment to be made in Government stock. I will not go into the question of figures, but I see no reason for accepting Mr. Wilson's estimate of £500,000,000 to £800,000,000 in preference to the Advisory Committee's figures of £250,000,000 to £300,000,000. In the summer of 1917 three other expert committees inquired into, and reported upon, the terms by which the State should acquire the liquor trade. These committees also presented a definite scheme embodying the practicability of State Purchase. I am content to leave the matter in the hands of experts.

Admiral Hall says that events have been unkind to me since I penned my article in June in which I claimed the support of the Labour Party. But events have meted out to him a still swifter severity. The following resolution was adopted at the Trades Union Congress held at Portsmouth, Wednesday, September 8th, 1920, moved by Mr. J. Walker (Iron and Steel Federation), seconded by Alderman Ben Turner, supported by Mr. C. T. Cramp, and carried by an overwhelming majority:—

"That this Congress, recognising the existence of the social evil and the national waste caused by the excessive consumption of alcoholic liquors, and also the economic exploitation and political corruption associated with the private ownership of the drink industry, affirms its belief in the policy of eliminating private capitalism from the industry, establishing national ownership, and instituting full local control whereby localities shall be entitled to prohibit the sale of liquor within their own boundaries, to reduce the number of licences, and to determine, within the fundamental conditions prescribed by statute, the manner in which the public places of refreshment and social intercourse in their areas shall be organised and controlled."

In the face of such a rising tide of public opinion the Trade is forced to concern itself with the Gilbertian task of reforming the Trade. The public will have none of it. The people of this country must have freedom in the matter. Until what has so far proved the insurmountable barrier of private interest has been removed freedom will not be theirs. Then, and not until then, shall we see the "Holy Tavern," of which Admiral Hall writes so touchingly, an institution in this country.

BEATRICE PICTON-TURBERVILL.

THE DEATH OF PAN.

THE river dawdled silver-clean,
A lane of mirrored sky,
Through marsh and lawn of jewelled green
And restless fields of rye ;
Through haze and heat, and round the feet
Of meadow-sweet July.

I saw her splash in revelry
Along a pebbly shallow ;
And leap in mimic devilry
To meet a bowing willow ;
I saw her flow benign and slow
Beneath the gaping swallow.

I knew the choral litany
Of wind-adoring trees ;
Of bramble, rose, and betony,
And forest symphonies ;
The scent of thyme and dewy lime,
The drone of burglar bees.

Leaf-muffled song and chatter shook
A bush beside me cheerily ;
High over trees a high lark took
The higher blue unwearily ;
Below, square-headed owls awoke
And ogled downward eerily—

Because, in every blade and bush,
A shuddering began ;
And from behind a flowering rush
There rose a bearded man
In silence—save a whispered “Hush !”
The hush of hornéd Pan ;
Among the reeds and water-weeds
The hush of hornéd Pan.

A lightless mole looked up aware,
A blind-worm saw and heard,

And everywhere in thrilling air
No feathered soul or furred
Was heard to rustle anywhere,
No petal even, stirred;
Nor bud beneath her silken sheath,
Nor flower-breath was heard.

I saw the spiral horns appear
And eyes of Pan a-peep—
Above the rushes rising clear;
I saw a squirrel creep
About his neck, and 'neath his ear
A baby owl asleep.

I saw his swarthy form and face
Rise through the ruffled leaves,
All dappled by the living lace
The wind of shadow weaves.
But in the sun his figure shone
Gold-brown as burnished sheaves.

Half-god he was (his cloven heels
And shaggy limbs of speed,
Outflew the wind and left behind
An arrow flying freed).
And half a man. And now he kneels
To pluck a hollow reed.

And blow the call of calls. He blew,
And all the spear-like rushes stirred;
He blew the call Narcissus knew
And Echo overheard.

The call of quiet, and the call,
The drowsy call of dreams,
The flowing fall and purling call
Of pebble-broken streams.

Of honey-cells and faint hare-bells
And flowery trumpeteers;
The sigh of aspen sentinels,
The wrath of churning weirs.

The call of Pan to primal Man,
The call of pioneers,

The call minute of blade and shoot,
The call a poet hears.

He blew the call and over all
Arose a whirl and swirl of wings;
A babble-squabble-bickering,
A squeak and shriek and twittering,
A hustling, bustling, flittering—
From forest roof and forest floor
Came bird and beast with more and more
Strange gifts from every greenwood store.
Of forest cloth the forest weaves,
Fruit, berries, nuts, and dying leaves
Sky-splashed in baths of dusk and dawn:
Green grasses, mould, and flowery lawn.
From forest roof and forest floor,
There came all creeping, leaping things.
Even the lime and sycamore
Shook off seed-laden wings.

Sunbars through the forest slanting
Paint a flashing fisher-king,
Now a swaying bough enchanting—
Now a gleam of blue a-wing—
Larder-laden squirrels panting
To the brown bark cling.

Here are Brimstone, Brown, and Grayling
Butterflies, and erring bees
Circle, murmuring and sailing,
Down the Panward blowing breeze.
Here, a burring beetle whirring
Armoured over trees.

From the wild of wold and heather
Rill and hill of rolling blue,
Low and high land, marsh and dry land,
River, field and forest too;
Fur and feather flock together;
Ouzel, meadow-mouse and shrew.

Listen! have you heard a cry,
Have you heard a sound?
In the growing murmur mingled,

Have you heard a shout that tingled,
Have you heard a sound,
From the high and leafy sky,
Or the ground?

O, I heard a noise of laughter,
Loud the laughter grew :
Grew a noise of joy and laughter
Blown away—now blowing after,
And a boy of joy and laughter
Nearer, nearer, drew :
Near the glade, and every blade
Eye and ear and heart betrayed
A leap of fear, a cheep of fear,
"Who is here? we are afraid."
Then the flowers faintly cried—
"Furred and feathered, lithe of limb,
Fly or burrow, leap or swim,
We are tethered, we are tied,
Furred and feathered, flee and hide!"

Nearer, breathlessly he ran
Through the burning corn,
Hair of amber, hue of Pan,
Happy naked child of man;
(Bowing barley o'er him kissing
Shivering barley, quivering, hissing)
Swimming through the brimming corn,
Breathlessly he ran.

Loudly Pan to beast and bird
Blew the crying call,
(Has the field and forest heard,
Heard the dying call?)
Only lonely breezes blurred
Pool and shadow; never a word
Came from forest, house or hole,
Squirrel, meadow-mouse or mole,
Never, never a word.

Through the barley ripened early,
Flaming apple-cheeks of June,
Hair of honey blowing curly,
Burnished amber of the moon,

THE DEATH OF PAN.

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Romped the boy; his figure burly
Rolling surely to a tune:
Lithely dancing, leaping, prancing,
That entrancing afternoon.

Breathlessly, until aweary
In the gloom-enchanted glade
Dumb and eerie, dumb and dreary,
Breathlessly he sank afraid.
Who had made the forest eerie?
Only lonely breezes played
Ruffled terror o'er the mirror
Of the river round the glade?

How should he know, he a child,
Yet the foe of Pan,
Conscious beings of the wild
Dread the name of Man,
Dread and dread, alive or dead,
Sight and sound of man?

As a guest who comes unbidden
Feels the lack of cheer,
As a child in anger chidden
Feels a lonely fear,
So the boy—for all lay hidden
Dumb and numb and drear—
Wandered, wandered, nearly crying.
Wandered till he found
Pan low-lying, slowly dying.
On the ferny ground.
Till, appalled, he called and called,
Wildly called around.

High above the forest roof
Rustled no reply:
Furred and feathered hung aloof,
Left their lord to die;
Not a sound from underground
Rustled a reply.

Though he called, his arms outreaching,
Called by name to beast and bird,
Though he called, his voice beseeching,

"Hurry, hurry!" No one heard,
Echoes only, loud and lonely,
Not a gesture, not a word.

Silence. So the boy beside him
Lay and nursed the god alone,
Lovingly he tried to hide him
From the cruel wind alone;
Lovingly the boy beside him
Warmed his body with his own.

And the god looks up and wonders
At the human kiss,
Dimly wonders, dully ponders,
"Who, O, who is this?"
'Ere he lies in death, and flies
From the chrysalis.

Light and shrivelled, limply drooping,
Lies the wizened shell outworn;
And the boy in sorrow stooping,
Sees the staring eyes forlorn
Filmy dim; and lifting him,
Palely stumbles past the corn.

Nothing hearing, nothing heeding
Past the shivering corn and sighing,
Swollen urns of poppies seeding
'Mid the flames of poppies flying,
Blind with tears, his brown knees bleeding,
Up the hill he stumbled crying.

High the leafless sky and grey
Never a bloom a-nod,
Where away from shameful day
Low he laid the god;
Earth to earth and clay to clay
Sod to loving sod.

New buds never blossom there
Ever chill and still,
Snowy flakes of Februeer,
Celandine, nor squill,
Mignonette, nor violet.
Daisy, nor daffodil.

* * * *

Long I sought the boy and wandered
Vainly, vainly, high and low;
Long in vain I sought and pondered,
Long I wondered, even so;
Even so the forest wondered,
Even, even so.

Till at starlight rang enthralling,
From the river rang a cry,
From the river ever calling
Sprang a ghost and galloped by.
From the starlit river calling
Sprang a ghost and galloped by.

Sprang an eerie silhouette,
Black beneath the moon;
Shaggy, bearded, silver-wet—
Hark! beneath the moon—
Pipes enthralling: Pan is calling,
Hark! the calling tune!

Not a sound, around, above him,
Bat, nor silent-flying owl;
Nightingale nor moth above him,
Nor the burning fox a-prowl
Ever turning, paused to love him,
Pan, the forest soul.

Far the call of wonder ranges,
Far and strange—is Pan divine?
Now the call of wonder changes—
Pan is calling me and mine.
Forest Pan is calling Man,
Calling me and mine.

Clearer, clearer, O, and dearer,
For he smiled and beckoned me;
Luring, led me nearer, nearer—
"Tell me, Wild-god, who was he?
He the child who loved the wild,
Who, O, who was he?"

From the moon-held marshy rill-side
Where the anchored lilies ride
Shut and sleeping; Pan was leaping,

And I ran the shade beside ;
From the rill-side up the hill-side,
Up the rolling side.

Up the hill, until I stumbled,
Sprawling, falling—now the sky
Seemed beneath me as I tumbled
Catching, snatching—with a cry—
Falling, falling, falling, falling,
Falling—where was I?

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Dusky laden kings were going
Down a moonlit street ;
And a growing wind seemed blowing
Spices strange and sweet,
Round the domes of Eastern homes,
Pale in the purple heat.

Came a proud-lipped camel stalking
With three shadowy men and wise,
Came three shepherds, softly talking,
With a wonder in their eyes.
But I hurried, hurried, walking
Swifter : for a strange surmise

Swifter led me, and I hid me
In a stable—(Who were they.
They the shadowy kine who bid me
Bid me enter, who were they?)
Hark ! who knocks? a shadowy ox
Mooing welcome turns away,
Softly, slowly, from a holy
Little lowly bed of hay.

GEOFFREY DEARMER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPAIN'S POSITION IN MOROCCO.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—There appeared in the July number of your REVIEW an article representing the Spanish point of view with regard to the Moroccan question and more especially that relating to Tangier. The points given as proof of the predominance of Spain in that town need to be viewed by the light of certain other facts in order to correctly appraise their value.

For instance, commerce is stated to be Spanish; the main retail shops are, however, French. And if some traders have adopted the Spanish currency, at least as many use the French or the native hassani. If trade, too, is so pre-eminently Spanish then one wonders why that country has been unable to arrange for the revictualling of her own people, more especially during the war. Last winter, when owing to the scarcity of flour caused partly by world shortage and partly by a bad harvest the situation threatened to become desperate, famine was only averted by France coming to the rescue and organising an admirable service of supply and distribution. Yet France has only recently emerged from a terrific war that has laid waste so much of her land and industry. If, too, for this same reason her exports to Tangier have not increased during the last six years, it is only the same with her exports elsewhere, and is a temporary circumstance that can hardly be laid to her charge. Indeed, one might have expected the imports from Spain to be considerably higher.

Mention is made of a Spanish hospital, but medical effort is if anything more noticeable in the fine Pasteur Institute under its able French doctor, and which has been in existence for some years. The natives, even from a distance, gladly seek its aid for inoculations against typhoid, typhus, rabies, etc., and have learnt to appreciate its value. The French have as well a thoroughly equipped dispensary where the kind doctor is the admiration of the poor. The branch of Spanish Red Cross is, on the other hand, used chiefly by the poor-class Spaniards, of whom a large portion of that population appears to consist. France has also her schools, one for boys and one for girls; recently 4,000,000 francs were set aside for the further development of this branch. The French colony has organised various charities really deserving of the name for the relief of necessitous natives. Those of Spain are usually hard to find! Again, as Spanish is spoken in all the towns of north Morocco (which possibly dates from the time when the Moors held sway in the Peninsula) it cannot be said to be a determining factor in the question of Tangier.

Your correspondent gives a glowing account of the development of Spanish Morocco, but as regards the "600 miles of roads" one's chief impression is that they are very bad and mostly out of repair, and you generally find there is no road to the place you expect to be able to get to, or it is only planned and not yet constructed!

Spanish Morocco is but a fraction of the area of that, under France; yet notwithstanding this, and in spite of Spain's long intercourse with Morocco, her Protectorate is not nearly so advanced as that of her neighbour. Of this, the case of the native is perhaps not the least important sign, for whereas in the French Protectorate the peasant now enjoys a more assured and a better degree of prosperity than at any time before, in the Spanish zone he is deadly poor and is, generally speaking, worse off than in the days of the old Sultanate.

In view of the foregoing it is perhaps comprehensible that France should see but little in the Spanish claim to Tangier, and that she, should, on the contrary, urge the restoration of the Sultan under her protection.—Yours faithfully,

E. M. VINCENT.

**.*The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps, or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written.*

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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NOVISSIMUM VERBUM.—(XII.)

Of all the problems produced by the World War and the chaos it left, none is more urgent than the reorganisation of the United Kingdom and the Dominions of the Crown. Our antique, unique, abnormal Constitution is obviously unfit for its new task. The great overseas Commonwealths are loudly calling for admission to the government of the Empire. What a change it is since a hundred years ago they were the "Colonies"! India, once the possession of a trading company, is receiving a Liberal Constitution, and grumbles fiercely that it is "not good enough." Ireland declares itself to be an independent Republic, and in parts it is so in fact. "Home Rule all round" is the universal cry, the inevitable demand of the vast populations who in war have proved their force and their ambitions—people who are to Britain what the Roman world was to Rome when Julius Cæsar admitted them to power as the equals of Old Rome.

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The Empires are passing away! And, not only are they becoming Republics, but they are disintegrating into ethnic, internecine Republics. Germany, Austria, Russia, Turkey, China, have thrown off Emperors, and with the Balkan and the Baltic races are setting up a network of national governments. The Covenant and the solvent cry of Self-determination have whirled round the world and have started ferments more potent than any of Rousseau, Luther, or Peter the Hermit. Nowhere have they found a soil so well prepared as in the so-called British Empire, which is made up of thirty or forty separate nations, distinct in language, religion, laws, and habits. It is high time that the relations of these forty nations to Parliament and our anomalous Constitution were revised with a view to real facts. France, the United States, Switzerland, Portugal, were Republics with no Emperors, no subject nationalities of any importance. The enormous extent and infinite diversity of those we govern makes the task almost insoluble, and it is monstrous to leave them in

the hands of that effete institution—the Parliament at Westminster.

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I honour and respect our statesmen whose honesty, public spirit, self-control, and good sense are unequalled in any age; but they are at the mercy of adventurers and nonentities. The practice and tone of Parliament were formed when it consisted of a single class—a governing class, of wealth, high breeding, a common education, and loyalty to the Crown and Constitution. Ministers continue these antiquated civilities in face of a noisy opposition which is often like a park meeting of rebels and traitors. Pitt, Canning, Peel, Gladstone, Disraeli, thought they had done enough when they had convinced “honourable gentlemen” of their policy and intentions. Ministers still keep up the old etiquette, though “the people” neither know nor care for what they say, and despise the Parliamentary babble as a mere blind, except that some treasonable “question,” or some mendacious insult is “reported” far and wide by the gutter Press. Ministers are satisfied if they can assure “their honourable friend” that “the rumours are incorrect.” What they should do is to speak to the People in language that the People understand.

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It is recognised now that Parliament in its present form is an effete institution, because it obstinately clings to forms and functions which were devised when all the conditions were different. A century or two ago it was the Legislature of a moderate kingdom ruled by a patriotic “governing class.” Now it is the Executive public meeting pretending to rule over an unwieldy agglomeration of nationalities permeated with unrest, sedition, and revolution. The House of Commons is three times too numerous: it is choked with its antique rules, forms, and conventions; it has one hundred times too much to do, with impossible tasks over which it mumbles and blunders in idle talk. A rational executive body should not contain more than a dozen members; a rational legislative body should not contain more than 300 members. If either such body sat for more than three or four hours, it would degenerate into a club, open to gossip, amusements, and casual attendance. The Sessions are still arranged as they were when fox-hunting squires cheered Mr. Walpole and “good society” trusted Mr. Pitt. The paraphernalia of first and second readings, Committee stage, and report stage were invented when the House consisted, not only of honourable gentlemen, but of good citizens who knew “that the King’s Government must be carried on,” and before obstruction had been perfected into a fine art. So, too, Questions, once an honest

inquiry about two or three points of importance, have swollen into the hundreds of bogus insinuations, in which Ministers display their power of equivocation and rebels can trumpet their treasonable calumnies—the only things the People's journals report in conspicuous headlines.

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All these evils have grown worse under every Government, and never were so mischievous as in this time of chaos and our urgent tasks of reconstruction. Some years ago, in essays in the *Nineteenth Century*,¹ I tried to describe them and their remedies. It was proposed to reduce the number of members, to have short sittings, regular Sessions at reasonable intervals, limitation of Questions, of "Readings," time-limit of speeches as worked so well in the London County Council—above all, reference of Bills, not to Committees of the whole House, but, on the admirable French plan, to special Committees of about eleven, chosen by proportional systems from the House, each charged with departmental subjects—Foreign Affairs, Finance, Army, Navy, Law, Home, India, Dominions, and so on, with power to summon Ministers, regularly examine them and their documents, if need be in private, and report to the whole House. These essays were submitted to Mr. Gladstone, not by me, and, I need not say, were utterly condemned by him as if I had put a rash hand on the Ark of the Covenant. In all matters of Parliamentary practice Mr. Gladstone was a rank Conservative—I trust he was the last. A time-limit to speeches, he thought, would be as horrible as to return to judicial torture.

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All this no doubt involves an entire reconstruction of our Parliamentary system, and even a revision of the Constitution. It is to that I am coming. Already by law, if not yet in practice, one of the three kingdoms has a Parliament of its own—indeed, two Parliaments. This has broken up the Parliamentary system, and makes it inevitable that Scotland, Wales, and England should have national assemblies of their own. Some people think that England may be divided into North and South, or East and West—if not the vast metropolitan area as a further unit. Then comes the problem of unifying these national bodies, as well as the claim of the Dominions and of India to enter the Imperial Council. It is a complex and tremendous problem, but it is inevitable and urgent. The new Irish Bill, and the claims of the Overseas Commonwealths, force it upon us. This is not the place to discuss it, and I do not presume even to offer any scheme of the kind;

(1) *House of Commons*, i. and ii. *Nineteenth Century*, vols. x. and xi., Sept., 1881, Jan., 1882.

but it must be faced—and at once. Furthermore, it involves the reorganisation of our whole system of Imperial Government, and, indeed, of our venerable British Constitution itself. Nearly every State in Europe has revised its Constitution in recent years.

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There is nothing sacred, eternal, monumental, about our Constitution—which has the unique quality of being neither written nor rigid, nor inflexible, nor protected against change and development as is the case in France and the United States. The singular thing, as de Tocqueville said, is that there is “no British Constitution.” It is composed of ancient Acts of Parliament, amending Acts, explanatory Acts, various traditions, customs, immemorial practices, judicial decisions, and Parliamentary resolutions. This composite mass of laws, rules, judgments, customs, and traditions has never been published with any official authority; but, what is still more remarkable, it can be completely altered and replaced by a single Act of Parliament. There is nothing treasonable or even irregular in proposing a drastic revision of the Constitution. A drastic revision has even begun. As the Irish Bill has broken into our Parliamentary system, which the cry of Home Rule all round radically breaks up, so the imminence of a sort of Irish Republic challenges the very tenure of the Crown. If this were to be continued in any form, our coins, proclamations, protocols and banknotes would have to be varied. “The United Kingdom,” *Britt. Omn. Rex*, would become as obsolete as *Franc. Rex*.

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I am far from regretting that we have no written and rigid Law of the Constitution. The fact that it can at any time be amended by Act of Parliament has great advantages, at least for a nation that once was “Left Centre,” and it suits our practical, compromising, and illogical turn of mind. But now, the Constitution is actually being changed in the regular way, and far greater changes are urgent and inevitable. It might be well, then, to consolidate the mass of Constitutional rules which suit us to-day in a single new Act which would be what on the Continent they call “an organic law.” To protect it as being final or unalterable would be idle. Such a consolidating Act would have to express the constitution and powers of the Central Imperial Council (and I can imagine these to be quite limited and few), the constitution and powers of the national assemblies, and, I trust, a Senate of some kind, elective as in France and the United States, the relative powers of National, County, and Municipal bodies, the law of National and Local taxation, and, finally, the rights, obligations, and hereditary succession of the Crown.

All this is a big task; but the Future is rolling up with imperious challenges to deal at least with some of them at present. And real statesmen should consider a systematic plan on which they can all be solved in a form at once practical, masterly, and in the spirit of British traditions.

These various branches of a complete Constitution hang together, and they cannot be treated independently. They react on each other and must be regarded as related parts of a systematic whole. It is a big task, but not more arduous than that of the great men who framed the Constitution of the United States. I trust we can find men of foresight equal to Franklin, Washington, Patrick Henry, and their colleagues. Even in recent memory we have seen successful new Constitutions evolved out of revolution and war by France, by Italy, by Brazil, by Germany, Portugal, Japan, and China. Most of our own problems have been more or less treated and at least prepared by various Commissions, Councils, and volumes—*e.g.*, the Imperial Conference of 1911, the Speaker's Conference on Devolution, Lord Bryce's Committee on a Second Chamber, the King's remarkable foundation of the House of Windsor to supersede that of Hanover or Este; lastly, by such books as those of Sir W. Anson, Mr. Bagehot, Mr. A. V. Dicey, Lord Bryce, and other lawyers of great official experience. Every point has been fully discussed, but no action has resulted. All have been snowed under by the avalanche of unbusiness-like business which chokes both Government and Parliament.

The famous Act—12-13 Will: and Mary, 1700-1701 A.D.—is commonly called the Act of Settlement, but its settlement has been frequently amended and revised; and in its central point it has become flagrantly odious to our feelings to-day. Of that presently. But there are incidental anomalies. The bitter struggle which overthrew the Stuarts of Roman faith has long passed. Parliament and office are now open to all sects of Protestants, to Catholics, to Jews, to all forms of belief—biblical or ethical, agnostic or materialist. There are millions of our Catholic fellow-subjects in England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, Australia, and everywhere, and it is monstrous to exclude Catholics from such offices as that of Lord Chancellor, Lord Keeper, and Viceroy in Ireland. I would go further, and would delete from the Act the words "being a Protestant." What is a Protestant? Am I a Protestant? Certainly, I protest against citizens being excluded from public duty in consequence of any religious faith they hold—or do not hold. Not merely must the Sovereign "be a Pro-

testant," but he "must join in communion with the Church of England." What about the Church of Scotland? This limitation in the Oath of the Coronation Ceremony to a religious body which is but an infinitesimal part of the King's subjects is contrary to all modern ideas of religious equality, and, what is worse, the Oath requires the Sovereign "to preserve to the Bishops and clergy of the Churches committed to their charge their rights and privileges." We know what trouble this Oath caused in the time of the Catholic Emancipation and to Victoria in the Disestablishment of the Church of England in Ireland. In the imminent Disestablishment of the Church of England in England, what is going to be done? In truth, much in the Coronation Ceremony and the barbaric rites copied from Byzantine Emperors in the tenth century, and certainly the Sectarian Oath will have to be revised.

* * * * *

I come now to the vital point—the Succession to the Crown. On the childlessness of the Stuart Protestants in 1700 the Crown was limited to the "heirs of the body of Sophia, wife of the Elector of Hanover." There are now dozens of such descendants in the Hohenzollerns, Tsars, ex-Empress of Austria, besides countless princelets in Germany, Austria, Italy, and Spain. It would amuse a genealogist to make a list of the men and women who are "heirs of the body of the Electress Sophia," most of them undesirable, many of them enemies, and some of them infamous. It is urgent to find a new root for the title to our Throne.

* * * * *

An obvious name is that of Queen Victoria. But to that there are three objections. It does not free us at all from the foreign families, from Hohenzollerns and some of our worst enemies in German dukeries. It has much of that incongruous, genealogic jumble that attaches to the Electress Sophia. Lastly, it belongs to the Victorian world that has passed away. The name of King Edward VII. also brings in foreign royalties and it is pre-war.

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Now I make bold to affirm that a new settlement of hereditary right to the Throne should be based on our honoured Lord, King George V. He represents to the whole Empire the world-war, the new world, our hopes of a purer social order. The war was the most tremendous struggle, the direst peril in our history; and through it all George was the personal embodiment of our courage, our energy, and our faith in our cause. Daily in ten thousand gatherings rang out: God save the King! He is the only one of our Sovereigns for nearly two centuries who ever led our armies in the field. He was with his men in France; he was with his

seamen in the Fleet. From the first days of August, 1914, to the last days of November, 1918, King George and his family fought, worked, spoke, and lived as no English King ever yet did.

I say that it would be a just tribute by the nation in memory of all it owes to him and to his if King George were officially enacted as the source of a new dynasty. With admirable judgment he has himself cast off all outlandish family names, has called his own the House of Windsor, and his collaterals by familiar English place-names. Let Parliament, then, cast off outlandish princes as having any claim to the blood-royal of England. Not only has the war given to King George a part that has never been filled by any king since the Conquest, but his personal record as a devoted public servant and truly good man stands above them all. I am no courtier and I know no more of Courts than the man in the street; but as an historian I can recall no other English king since Alfred who was stainless in every phase of public duty and domestic life, who was in every aspect of kingship all that should be the real Head of the State and the first gentleman in England.

And we have the same hopes in his family for the future. No Prince, neither Richard the Crusader, nor Harry of Monmouth, nor Harry Tudor, ever brought royalty home to the Britons at home and overseas as does our popular Prince of Wales. His personality and his ubiquity have illuminated the institution of principedom and have knit up the Empire as nothing before has done. Burke said John Howard had "made a circumnavigation of charity." The Prince makes circumnavigations of English manhood. Like his father—soldier, seaman, sportsman, student, speaker, hard worker, "good fellow"—he goes round the world showing it what the best type of young Englishman is, as no Prince before ever did or could do.

There are some functions of kingship which should be amended in any new Act of Settlement. We trust that the odious appendage of Emperor will be deleted from the King's title. It was one of Disraeli's Arabian Nights, as we now know disliked by Victoria and Edward. The war has seen the disappearance of four mighty Empires. It was their Imperial character which was their ruin. Let us cast out that word of evil omen. The oligarchy under the Hanoverian kings sought to make them their tools, deprived the Throne of power, and were afraid of royal favourites. There is one function that should be restored in practice to the King. He is "the fountain of honour," and all

honours, titles, honorific offices in Court should be placed absolutely in his own gift, to the exclusion of any Minister. So we might get rid of the scandalous sale of titles, the exclusion of rivals, the personal intrigues, and all the dirty secrets of a Prime Minister's office box. If "honours" there have to be, I would rather trust a King than a Minister. At the same time, a pompous apparatus of forms and etiquette could be got rid of—medieval and even Victorian rules about standing, kneeling, kissing hands, chamberlain's gymnastics, and dragging harassed, sick, exhausted Ministers to Balmoral, in a crisis. And with this, the Prime Minister's daily letter to the Sovereign, as seen in the *Lives* of Gladstone and Beaconsfield. The King, as of old, should be authorised to sit in a Cabinet Council, not as Chairman, nor as a member, but to understand questions of special moment. I would even allow him to listen in silence to debates in either House. He should be recognised as the true "Patriot King"—and this George V. is and will be.

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But there is something farther, and I cannot withhold my conviction that the monarchic principle is itself deeply shaken. Four mighty Empires crashed for ever during five years of war; the Brazilian and the Chinese some years earlier. But over the civilised world republics have been taking the place of monarchies. When I was at school the only republic in Europe was the Swiss. There are now about a dozen, covering two-thirds of the whole continent. Except our own, the only Thrones of the larger States are those of Italy and Spain; and neither promises much support to the monarchic principle. For half a century republics have been supplanting monarchies. The war, chaos, and the New Order have created a landslide in favour of democratic republics. No one can count on there being any kings left at the end of the century. When you once have accepted unlimited democracy, the inevitable step is the Republic.

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Now there are in the United Kingdom two main aspects to the monarchic problem. The first is the noble stimulus to patriotism, self-devotion, and national union which is given by loyalty and honour for our King as embodying the peoples of our race. It is said that with some of our overseas compatriots faith in King and Prince is the one remaining bond of union; and in Canada, New Zealand, India, it is a governing link of incalculable power. Against this must be put the fact that the republican idea is deep-set in Ireland, in parts of Scotland, in the north and centre of England, in Australia, in South Africa, and even in London blazes out with revolutionary violence such as Cabinets and Par-

liaments prefer to ignore rather than to crush. It is in vain to treat this as merely the explosion of "extremists." Behind them there is in the democracy a deep, widespread, indomitable faith in the republic as the normal form of the State in all three Kingdoms and Overseas.

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I believe that both sides of this problem of Monarchy could be met, if in any re-settlement of the Constitution our country were frankly to be styled the Commonwealth, or Union of Commonwealths, which it is, and George V. and his successors were to be styled their Hereditary Chief. The historic halo and romantic traditions which gather round our Royal House are priceless and irreplaceable. No country has such a record in the thousand years since Alfred; and it would be brutal to cast it away when its flame never burned so bright and so pure. For two centuries the Republic of Holland owed allegiance to the dynasty of their glorious Founder, William the Silent, as their hereditary Head. Our dynasty has a longer and a more splendid story to record. If democracy, as seems inevitable, will not stand kings, the invaluable traditions of loyalty might yet be preserved in a Royal House. The style of our Head in any new Act of Settlement would be:

Hereditary Chief of the United Commonwealths.

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A word as to each part of this title. President is a temporary and *bourgeois* office; and, except in U.S.A., with no traditions or glamour about it at all. Hereditary Chief is a title well known in Scotland, in Africa, in India. Commonwealth is a fine old English word, and is free from associations with Latin and French republics. The plural Commonwealths would remind men of the many nations in these islands and of overseas nations who join under the same flag. We might avoid the name British, which, even more than English, may meet racial antipathies in Ireland, as English or Saxon would do in Scotland and in Wales; and British may have an irritating sound in Australia, in South Africa, in India. "United Commonwealths" raises no question of race, and suggests no race predominance or national precedence. The twentieth century will see the end of feudal institutions, let us hope by a peaceful evolution into far broader social institutions. The Crown is a typical institution of feudalism, as much in its chivalrous side as in its oppressive side. And whenever the passion for the republican ideal, which now moves civilised man from China to Peru, shall force Englishmen to join with all others of English speech, it may be possible to preserve and even to increase the prestige of a Royal House—and all its incalculable influence for good.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

FRANCE'S DILEMMA: THE WAY OUT.

THE breach between England and France is growing wider every day and for thoughtful Frenchmen it is a fact of deplorable significance. It is the true cause of a pseudo-militarism which no Frenchman at the bottom of his soul approves, yet has to tolerate, because he sees England and America abandoning his country to its own resources in the midst of a hostile Europe. France knows she can no longer count on their co-operation in the European policy which circumstances have forced upon her. She knows Germany will some day recover her strength, that her population will increase while that of France remains stationary, that while commercial requirements of industrial countries will make her revival desirable to them, France will have to keep her own military supremacy intact to prevent her recovering a strength which cannot fail to be used against her. Hence we have the paradox that France is claiming payment of an indemnity which she knows can only be paid by her debtor in proportion to a prosperity which is big with dangers to herself.

All the symptoms of public feeling reported from England and Italy tend to create a sense of isolation among Frenchmen, who have begun to think France was betrayed in the Treaty of Versailles by her allies, as much as the Germans think they were. Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson, in fact, are more or less regarded as "shufflers" in both countries. They deceived the Germans into surrender with the peace preliminaries of Mr. Lansing's letter and then deceived the French with promises of support against an enemy with whom they are now coquetting with outrageous openness!

Meanwhile the destroyed cities await the indemnity which was promised in the peace preliminaries and which is due to France by her allies as much as by her late enemy.

Poor M. Clemenceau, no doubt, ought to have foreseen that Germany could only be as bankrupt as any other of the belligerents, if not more so, and have insisted on England and the United States advancing the portion of the indemnity necessary to cover the destruction due to them. Whether he proposed it and it was refused, or he did not think of it, I am unable to say. Yet it was so natural that this should have been arranged that one can only wonder what concessions can have been made to France to compensate a right so obvious.

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France is like a poodle that has got a bulldog by the ear. It dare not *lâcher prise*, because it knows the bulldog's powerful jaws will crunch one of its legs if it does. She has an immense army of occupation with military ramifications spread all over Germany, the financial cost of which, exceeding that of the whole German Army before the war, it is true, is borne by Germany, but the industrial cost of which can only be ruinous to a country which has to reconstruct its ruined industries. She dare not withdraw it. And following this train of reasoning, the more prosperous Germany becomes and the better able she is to pay the indemnity, the greater will be the danger to France of letting go her hold.

Thus her policy becomes from a necessity of self-preservation one of "guarantees." This is what the inspired Paris newspapers mean when they use an expression which seems to the unenlightened like a mere apology for threatened brigandage. To break up Germany so that no single part of her would be strong enough to attack France becomes in the eyes of Frenchmen a policy of self-preservation. To find an excuse for occupying the valley of the Ruhr is an object of her diplomacy. To turn the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine into a permanent "protectorate" and give effect to the time-honoured theory of Imperialist France that the Rhine, as the natural frontier of Gaul, is the natural frontier of France is the cherished ideal of many political theorists who are not *les derniers venus*. Military strategists say defensive wars can only be made effective by taking the offensive. These political strategists would say: France can only preserve herself against a German war of revenge by an aggressive policy which will never allow her to get on her feet again.

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That England went to war to carry out her undertaking to defend Belgian neutralisation is to her honour. Belgium has now thrown off the neutralisation which was imposed as much as conferred upon her by the Treaties of 1831 and 1839, and the questions which led to her neutralisation have now resumed their old significance.

Every State has a necessary and permanent foreign policy alongside and eventually absorbing the accidental currents created by the daily happenings of international intercourse. England as an island State has to preserve her supremacy at sea as vital to her self-preservation, and every new fact in the conditions of Continental Europe is closely scrutinised for any bearings it may have on this vital question. That this British policy is no mere tradition handed down from the Napoleonic era was shown in

the Great War when the German blockade of England brought national peril within calculable reach.

The geographical proximity of France, Belgium, and Holland make them the chief consideration in this policy of self-preservation.

Spain and the Netherlands and France were necessarily reduced to a maritime position which secured Great Britain against the danger of blockade.

British ships could bombard every port in immediate proximity to England from the sea but Antwerp,¹ which, to quote Napoleon, is the trigger of a pistol, the barrel of which is the Scheldt, pointed at the heart of England. It is beyond the reach of her guns. In the broad and deep waters of the Scheldt a French armada could be prepared in safety, and a French Van Tromp close the Thames and the Channel as of yore.

British statesmen thought that Holland and Belgium united would form a State sufficiently powerful to discourage any revival of expansionist ambitions northwards. As events proved, the diplomatists had overlooked, as they usually have done throughout the history of their craft, the feelings and character of the people and peoples they were dealing with. Their object, as set out in the preamble to the Treaty of May 31st, 1815, between the King of the Netherlands, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Great Britain, specifically stated that the object of the imperfect Treaty concluded the year before at Paris (May 30th, 1814) had been *d'établir un juste équilibre en Europe et de constituer les Provinces Unies dans les proportions qui les mettent à même de soutenir leur indépendance par leurs propres moyens*.

The revolt of Belgium in 1830 was a shock to British policy. A small principality like Belgium with the Scheldt and Antwerp in its keeping might be a temptation to her restless neighbour (in those days France), and the problem was again how to discourage any ambitions the proximity of a weak State in possession of such a powerful weapon for offence against England might excite. British diplomacy devised as an alternative to the maintenance of a strong Netherland State the neutralisation of Belgium and the division of power over the Scheldt. Both banks of the mouth of the Scheldt should belong to Holland, so that the dreaded ambitious neighbour who violated Belgian neutrality and seized Antwerp would have to violate the territory of Holland also to pass the bar of the river.

Geographical facts remain. Circumstances changed. Germany became the danger. That danger is passed, but the vicissitudes of history are constantly revolving round the geographical facts,

(1) Rotterdam is a more recent proposition.

and it is well for statesmen not to lose sight of them even when they may seem to have dwindled into insignificance for the time being. French statesmen are too well read in the history of the last hundred years not to be alive to the necessity for England to secure herself against contingencies which may arise without any personal effort of theirs, may arise even in the teeth of their opposition.

The independence of Belgium and the detachment from her of the mouth of the Scheldt belong to the vital elements of England's permanent and necessary foreign policy.

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If England's island position dictates her permanent foreign policy, France's population question dictates hers. Both are policies of self-preservation. The population of France is stationary, and no inducements seem to have the effect of reviving her reproductive activity. She has the richest territory for its size in the world, as rich in minerals as it is in arable land. Her land-owning peasantry, who form the bulk of the population, have the qualities of all peasantries : all their affections are linked up with their land. The family and the land are one, and only what will keep them together matters. This means that the population deliberately stays, and is encouraged by the French law of succession (but that is another story) to remain as it is. French statesmen have constantly to bear in mind that the neighbours of France have populations which are increasing. The population of Italy now exceeds that of France. That of Germany bids fair to become twice as great as that of France in a very few years. They are forced to cast about for methods of increasing the national man-power. As all internal inducements fail, expansion remedies have to be resorted to. The population of Alsace-Lorraine is more prolific than that of France. The theory that the natural boundary of France is the left bank of the Rhine, above referred to, is connected with the same idea. It is not to be supposed that any well-informed or thoughtful French statesman would think a navigable river can be a *natural* boundary !

The only question involved in the population problem is man-power, man-power for national self-preservation against invasion. Otherwise Frenchmen would be perfectly content to remain as they are—the happiest, richest, and most contented people in Europe.

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The French at the present moment are worried by the idea that Germany is disguising her real intentions, that she is not disarming, that she is merely biding her time to spring again

at France's throat, that the English and American statesmen who pledged their respective countries to come to her assistance in case of a German aggression cannot count on the support of their respective countries unless an interest affecting them is jeopardised and not at all if an act of aggression were done by France with a defensive purpose constituting it in such a case, according to the Franco-Italian theory, non-aggressive. Such a case would be a unilateral advance by France into the Ruhrthal to enforce her claims, or any other unilateral act on her part which in normal circumstances would entail warfare. She is thus on the horns of a dilemma. What France felt after the dismemberment of 1871 she apprehends the Germans feel after the Treaty of Versailles. She dare not *lâcher prise* till she knows Germany is "pacified," reduced to such a state of helplessness that France has nothing more to fear from her and can return to her peaceful occupations without danger. On the other hand, she sees that the only methods available for such a purpose would not only be contrary to British industrial interests, but might bring her into conflict with that policy of self-preservation which successive generations of British statesmen have regarded and cannot but still regard as vital.

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And meanwhile the ruined cities of Northern France remain ruins, and France is struggling against accumulating debt which the restored cities would help her to meet. France has lost her most flourishing provinces just as effectively as Germany has lost Alsace-Lorraine, but they represent a larger area and proportionately a greater and more productive industrial district for which Alsace-Lorraine is not a compensation. She has the ruined population of this large area to provide for, to re-establish in homes of which scarcely a vestige remains. She has to meet all the cost of the disaster wrought by her Allies as well as by herself and by the enemy.

It seems hardly necessary to recall—and yet how little it is remembered by those who criticise France!—that she has been the greatest material loser by the war. City after city was utterly destroyed, destroyed so utterly that not a house in them remains intact. Large towns have been turned into heaps of brick and stone, and whole villages completely wiped out of existence. The destruction was done by France herself and her Allies where the enemy was in occupation of French territory, and *vice versa*.

The war having been won, the British and American Armies cleared out of the country, and France has been left to do her best to repair the damage, an overwhelming task, in face of

which she can only cross her arms in despair at the financial burden facing her.

When she complains that the Allies have left her amid her ruins, and returned to the comfort of their untouched homes, they turn on her, and tell her her Government ought to have imposed an income tax equal to that imposed in England. French finances would then have been in a sounder condition. It is forgotten that the richest part of France, that which could have best stood a heavy income tax, was in enemy occupation. It is forgotten that there had been no national experience of an income tax in France, that the machinery was new, that comparison with England, where it had existed for three-quarters of a century, is out of the question, and that an income tax has an inquisitorial character which makes it highly unpopular till the taxpayer becomes accustomed to it and its enforcement a matter of course.

Whatever France ought to have done, however, does not really affect the question. Nor are the Allies exonerated from their responsibility by the fact that Germany has undertaken the burden of reparation. The question of German responsibility only affects the matter as one of recourse,¹ and does not acquit

(1) It will be remembered that Mr. Lansing, in his note of October 23, 1918, laying down the conditions on which the Allied Governments declared their readiness to make peace with Germany, wrote: "Further, in the conditions of peace laid down in his Address to Congress of January 8, 1918, the President declared that invaded territories must be *restored*, as well as evacuated and freed. The Allied Governments feel that no doubt ought to be allowed to exist as to what this provision implies. By it they understand that compensations will be made by Germany for *all damages done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air.*"

Only damage to the civilian population was in question. Mr. Keynes, in his book on the "Economic Consequences of the Peace," has summed up what the French would have been entitled to claim under this provision in the following items:—

1. Damage done to the property and persons of civilians in the war area and by aerial warfare behind the enemy lines ;

2. Compensation for loss of food, raw materials, live-stock, machinery, household effects, timber, and the like, by the enemy Governments or their nationals in territory occupied by them ;

3. Repayment of fines and requisitions levied by the enemy Governments or their officers on French municipalities or nationals ;

4. Compensation to French nationals deported or compelled to do forced labour ;

And he adds, with a mark of interrogation, perhaps

5. The expenses of the Relief Commission in providing necessary food and clothing to maintain the civilian French population in the enemy-occupied districts.

Mr. Keynes has estimated that the French claim under these different items would amount to about £800,000,000. Whatever the total figure, Mr. Keynes's list seems to exhaust the items.

the Allies of liability primarily to assist France in the repairing *pro tanto* of the damage to which they have contributed.

Frenchmen see that what was presented as and seemed a triumph is really a defeat, and that their representatives have landed their country in arrangements under which her solvent and immediate debtors have slipped out of their liability, and left France to get the dividend she can from a bankrupt estate.

While her Anglo-Saxon Allies are working out their financial salvation with only their own expenses of the war to deal with, France has not only her expenses of the war to consider, but also the repairing of the havoc of the war wrought by herself, her Allies, and the enemy.

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The wrong done to France by her Allies is one that Frenchmen feel they cannot put forward without a sacrifice of dignity, practically an avowal of the incompetency of their representatives in the peace negotiations with France's Allies. But it lies deeply implanted in the feelings of Frenchmen towards England and the United States, and it accounts for much in what is at present embittering the relations of the ex-Allies.

On the other hand, the French Government, in its relations with England, has not shown the habitual tact of Frenchmen. It is a trite remark to make that even such self-denying friends as thieves are apt to fall out over partition of booty. The victorious Governments have not been able to bear the strain. Perhaps other men than those who had acquired the feelings and methods begotten of war ought to have made the peace. Perhaps others ought to be steering the ship of State at this moment among the reefs and rocks of the dangerous waters in which the difficulties of recovery have set all of us adrift. Certain it is that infinite tact will be required to emerge from the international crisis with which Europe seems threatened.

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Nations expect more from their Governments than merely "passing the buck." They want a number of things besides the League of Nations.

Meanwhile the peace of Northern Europe depends on the Powers which have strength to preserve it, on England, France, Germany, and Russia.

England has disbanded the bulk of her armies, but she has the command of the sea, and can pour artillery, arms, and ammunition into any State she wishes to support. France has the most powerful force on land in Europe, and can lay Central Europe waste whenever she chooses. Germany has still an over-

whelming man-power which, armed, could resume the war. Russia is in the same position.

These different potentialities are no mere nightmares. They are stern realities. National irritation is being whetted in both France and Germany, and *rapprochements* are being encouraged which might change the face of Europe again.

Why not do something, before the clouds break, to canalise the possible flood?

The French motto is "No Revision," but—*entendons-nous!*—the French mean no revision detrimental to France. They would not object to a revision which enabled them to emerge from their ruin or which would secure that peace of Europe on which the security of France depends.

He who pays calls the tune!

England and the United States hold the strings of the money-bags. They can assist France. They can help Germany. They can bring about conditions which would be practically the reconciliation of a Europe which is on the eve of problems which will require all the combined abilities and energies of her statesmen, for, after all, Europe is a small place in the world, and its late conflict was very like a civil war. In any case, its suicidal consequences are those of a civil war, as we have been perceiving from year to year since the Armistice suspended military operations.

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One of the great new facts which the war has left bare is that Europe is a political entity in itself. She has discovered, only after a frightful calamity, that she has a policy common to her isolated, contracted rock- and sea-bound continent.

Whether I am the first openly to attribute a foreign policy to Europe or not (probably not), the idea is not a new one, and before the war there were many who spoke of the coming struggle for life of Western nations and races against the danger of diminishing vitality and the encroachments of non-European nations and races which threatened to displace them. Before the war and after there have been international assemblages of workers based on the assumption of a common interest, assemblages representing practically the effective working population of Europe, and where there is a common interest there is a policy to preserve it, and that policy I venture to call a foreign policy of Europe. It may not be the same for classes having different interests, but Western Europe to-day is ruled by majorities, and in general terms it may be said that the effective majority of any country is that of the workers united for common action. There is a qualification, no doubt, to this where peasant-

proprietors prevail, inasmuch as they generally vote in a different sense from working townsfolk (as in France and Bavaria), and are opposed to any aggressive progress, but their power is a negative one, and *Jacqueries* in Western Europe belong to the past.

The way out? The common interest of Europe points to reconciliation, and I have endeavoured to suggest what I regard, after investigating the conditions—political, social, and economic—of Europe from the Atlantic to Poland, to be the lines upon which such conciliation seems feasible.

THOMAS BARCLAY.

M. MILLERAND—THE MAN AND HIS MEANING.

•THE new President of the French Republic is one of those robust men who impress you at first sight with their physical powers. M. Millerand looks strong enough to fell an ox—if such feats formed part of his Presidential functions they would doubtless be well done. It is extraordinary how physical vigour always appeals to our French neighbours. "A man who can eat a beefsteak—that is the sort of President we want," said one of the newspapers in arguing against a more sickly candidate. I smiled at the time, but on reflection I am not sure that the newspaper is, after all, absurd. France has been very unfortunate in her Presidents, and several times these unhappy experiences have been due to the fact that she chose men who had poor health. Scandal and misfortunes—she has had enough of them and to spare; and, after all, it is her great hearty countrymen who have served her best. With a man like M. Fallières, for example, there could not be much trouble: he would go through his septennate without breaking down. With M. Millerand, the sad Deschanel experience will hardly be repeated; and France has a real dread of these Presidential crises. She likes square-shouldered, deep-chested men, even when they are slow. Sometimes it would seem that the type of statesman who appeals most to our neighbours is not the Frenchman as we are apt to picture him—smart, witty, supple, agile; but, on the contrary, solid, stubborn, even ponderous. In the diplomatic dramas that have been enacted so frequently during the past year there has been a strange clash of temperaments: M. Millerand difficult to move, calm, dogged, British; Mr. Lloyd George volatile, lively, imaginative, French. It has been curious to witness the traditional rôles reversed, to find the French bludgeon crossed with the British rapier. The English Premier has never been so badly beaten as by this stolid antagonist, whom he often outwitted only to discover that his outwitted antagonist had quietly gone back to his original position when he realised what had happened. Notably was this so with regard to the Russian affair. Mr. Lloyd George stood for the surrender of the Poles, and he managed in an interview with M. Millerand to get some kind of agreement. But when M. Millerand thought it over, then he simply repudiated the snatched agreement. So it was with the proposal for the Geneva Conference. Just when Mr. Lloyd George was congratulating himself on having manœuvred the French Premier—as he then was

—into the right position, the French Premier bluntly broke away. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George won on the question of credits for Germany in return for less coal, and it was impossible then for M. Millerand to go back on the bargain; but this was the last time, and M. Millerand will never be "caught" again.

It would appear that I represent the relations of these two men as a duel. That is correct: they have been engaged in a tug-of-war. Mr. Lloyd George has always been nimbler, but on the whole M. Millerand has stood firmer. He has several times given way—such as at San Remo when he first consented to meet the Germans in council after some stormy scenes—but he takes care to *se rattreper* as quickly as possible. If he saw the Germans, it was not to talk about reparations: he had come to suspect a trap. Moreover, he developed a dislike for any further adventures of the same kind. It is a great pity that there has been this opposition of policies and personalities; it has altered the Franco-British friendship of the war. But the fates would have it that at this moment the French had a Premier like Millerand and the British a Premier like Lloyd George.

His physical build gives the clue to his character. M. Millerand looks what he is: sturdy, cautious, tenacious. He is the sort of man who will stick grimly to his point, worrying through, however long it takes him; and if he makes a mistake will patiently begin over again. He looks, and is, a hard worker, with an infinite capacity for taking pains, methodical, plodding, disdaining brilliance, suspicious of cleverness that flaunts itself. And yet you realise when you converse with this rather silent, four-square man, with his large face framed in a grey shock of hair like a lion's mane, his myopic eyes gleaming behind his glasses, that if he will usually take his time to decide, if he will cling almost doggedly to an idea, he is nevertheless capable of brusque movements, sudden bursts of impatience. With all his apparent prudence he may sometimes come to quick conclusions rather angrily. You do not need to be much of a physiognomist to guess this contradiction—this mixture of sagacity and swift action. And, in fact, although he usually proceeds gravely, step by step, all the outstanding episodes of his recent political history have been produced by his being stung into irritation. Beware of the wrath of a patient man: it cannot be reckoned with in advance, and may overthrow all your plans when you least expect it. Such was M. Millerand's recognition of Wrangel. It is sometimes regarded as a bad, sometimes as a good, piece of policy. In reality it was not a piece of policy at all. M. Millerand was just forced to assert himself. It was a wild gamble, a risky plunge that nobody could possibly have made deliberately in cold blood.

M. Millerand, in spite of his appearance of sang-froid, took this step by way of reaction against the attempt to make him go too far in the opposite direction. It was bad psychology on the part of his opponent, Mr. Lloyd George, who thought he had secured the adherence of M. Millerand to his programme of peace with Russia, that made him forget that the French Premier would in a case like this, put as he was in a false position, do something desperate. He revolted desperately and must have had great qualms at his own temerity. I repeat that nobody would reasonably have recognised Wrangel, pinned his whole fortune on the success of the Poles when Warsaw was, according to all expectations, about to fall, declared war against Bolshevism precisely at the moment when Bolshevism had victory, diplomatic and military, in its grasp, offended and surprised the Premier of an Ally and broken entirely with that Ally whose friendship is essential: nobody would have staked all, when the loss of all seemed inevitable, calmly. It so happens that there was a miracle. Warsaw was saved, the Poles recovered, the Bolsheviks were checked, and Wrangel had a temporary success. M. Millerand became a national hero. He was belauded as the only far-seeing statesman in Europe. This is, of course, nonsense. M. Millerand has great qualities, but he has not any special gifts of foreseeing the future. The future turned out to be against the whole weight of reason. Friends of the Poles and of M. Millerand, though applauding this spirited reply, had shaken their heads sadly. He himself must have thought that he had gone too far, but having committed himself he hung on. That his action turned out to be better than the most optimistic person could have anticipated must not blind us to the mainspring of that action. It often happens that the best hits are blind hits, and when the ball soars over the boundary we wonder how we did it. Any serious analysis of the character of M. Millerand must take notice of his occasional impulsiveness. It is surprising how frequently impulse produces happy results, and M. Millerand's impulses have nearly always produced the triumph of his policy. For be it noted that, however much M. Millerand would have hesitated and shrunk from this reckless plunge, he had long really wished to make it. In a similar way there was a steady pursuance of a line of thought which would logically have caused him to break with England rather than permit England to act as a check upon the employment of military menaces towards Germany; but the actual march on Frankfurt was assuredly not the result of deliberation, but rather was instinctive and spontaneous. Such risks would be too mad to be incurred except in hot blood. We have, then, to reckon on M. Millerand doing unexpected things. I am not

discussing whether it is good or bad that he should have acted as he did on these occasions: I only affirm that if we wish to understand the temperament of M. Millerand we will not be content with regarding his placid exterior and his generally safe methods; we will take note that the placid, deep-rooted mountain may become fiercely volcanic.

The new President is nevertheless in essence an admirable representative of the French *bourgeoisie*. He is the middle-class man who has solid virtues and who has made France what she is—the solid virtues of industriousness, of conscientiousness, of thriftiness, of simplicity. He is the family man, the good father and good husband, loving his home life, fond of tranquillity, striving assiduously to secure his position and to leave a goodly heritage. No mistake about France is so common as the belief that the French are disposed to be flighty, are careless Bohemians. There are plenty of loud, boastful, garrulous, and idle Frenchmen; but the qualities of M. Millerand are—in a more or less developed form—the qualities of the majority of Frenchmen. They are generally hard workers for the sake of ultimate comfort. They will not extend their business when their business is doing well. They will retire early when they have gained what they set their heart upon. Now M. Millerand, though doubtless ambitious, had the limited ambitions of all Frenchmen who like their ease. He may have really aimed much more at the Presidency when it was obviously his for the taking than he admitted, but it is true that he had hesitations and misgivings. It would be grotesque to pretend that he did not value the prize; but it would be an untrue picture which left out all mention of the reluctant sacrifice of his comfort, of his privacy, a sacrifice that to him was real. M. Millerand likes politics; he is a glutton for work; but he is not a public man in the sense that he wants to stand in the limelight. When he quits his desk he desires to dine *en famille*; like every other *bourgeois* he likes a game of dominoes. It is probable that the Elysée will prove irksome, a prison-house for this happy *bourgeoisie* family, which is marked by its simplicity.

Having had some opportunities of knowing how M. Millerand works, perhaps I may add that he is extremely methodical, insisting on the same punctual performance of duty in his subordinates, who stand somewhat in awe of him. He expects everything to be done exactly as he instructed: he is extremely rigorous in this respect. *Il a la tête solide*, and loses no time, going on at a regular pace and getting through an enormous amount of labour. He keeps notes of all that he does, and could, if need be, refer back to his notebooks for years and relate pre-

cisely what he did and what he said, and when and where he said and did these things. Nobody receives more visitors or makes the interviews briefer than does the President. He will listen to all that ought to be related about the object of the visit, but he will not tolerate discursiveness even on the part of important personages. He is impatient that the point should be reached, and interrupts monosyllabically to recall you to the need for brevity. His replies are clear and concise and leave no doubt about his intentions. . . . Such is a faithful portrait of the man who is chosen to be the chief magistrate of France for seven years; not an elegant, charming, cultivated, eloquent person like M. Deschanel; without the subtlety and activity of M. Poincaré; but a striking, able, hard-working, simple, conscientious, solid though impulsive man, who will have certain definite ideas to which he will cling, certain *directives* which he will follow and which he will ask others to follow, a President who will assuredly leave his mark on French history.

Nothing is so gratuitously and blandly erroneous as the attempt to qualify a man as "strong" or "weak," and yet it is done continually. Of course, M. Millerand has been called strong by all who approve of his triple policy: military sanctions for Germany, repudiation of British hegemony on the Continent, and war on Bolshevism. The fact is that he does often show a good deal of strength of character; he does discover what he wants, though sometimes after some search; and he does not try to attain his objective by devious routes, but by a plain straight path. His policy, then, has often a sturdy appearance. He has, however, a single-track mind, as was claimed for President Wilson, and does not always, in pursuing a particular aim, recognise sufficiently the disadvantages of his policy. These inconveniences, when they become obvious, seem to worry him and puzzle him. Moreover, he is amenable to the pressure of Parliament and of French political opinion. He does not hold out when he finds his own countrymen against him. He is a true Frenchman who properly places France first when it is a question of international relations; and after he had really found his feet in Allied Conferences he was bold enough to stand up to the best of them, no matter how commanding had become their prestige as a result of long experience in these Conferences. Mr. Lloyd George had by a process of elimination come to be the only survivor of the original group of statesmen who used to meet in Paris; and as he had always been the master, he might naturally expect to continue to be the master of these assemblies. Greatly to his chagrin, he discovered that M. Millerand had different ideas. With all respect for the British Premier, France demanded that

his word should not be taken as law ; and M. Millerand, with the complete backing of his countrymen, began to challenge this British supremacy. Mr. Lloyd George might be eternal, but he was not omnipotent. I am inclined to think that a good deal of the misunderstanding that developed between our two countries was due to this defiance of Lloyd Georgian authority. We must always remember the human element in foreign affairs as in every other domain. The British Premier was surprised and annoyed when he could not impose his will upon this newcomer to the international game, and in the end, finding that there was nothing to be done with a man like Millerand, threw up the notion of personal encounters—which is a pity, for if there is real friendliness, much more good can come out of a two-hours' meeting of the chiefs than out of months of formal and frigid diplomatic correspondence. M. Millerand on his side found himself growing more aggressive than he had intended. That France applauded him is true : France wanted somebody to stand up to Mr. Lloyd George. But the effect is bad for both sides ; and the sooner we try to renew the friendship which was the friendship of companions in arms the better it will be for us all and for the world at large. Yes, M. Millerand did show an unexpected strength in these relationships, even though that strength was not always judiciously employed : but he has not always been so strong in his own country. When he had France behind him, then he was daring enough ; but when he felt that French opinion was not with him, then there were vacillations that were not always wise. Notably was this the case with the proposed Geneva Conference. You may or may not regard the policy, which may conveniently be called the Geneva policy (however the meeting in Geneva may result), as good ; but at least the facts are that at Spa it was decided to continue the proceedings at Geneva almost at once. But M. Millerand is like Antæus, a mighty giant who is invincible so long as he remains in contact with—Parliament. Mr. Lloyd George, one may write in this new version of the Hercules legend, discovered the source of his strength and lifted him from the earth. But whatever was arranged at Spa and at Boulogne was criticised at Paris, and M. Millerand managed always to get back into contact with Paris. There have been some extraordinary changes, some amazing wobbles over Geneva. What has become, too, of the tentative arrangement which was made at Boulogne respecting the amount of the German indemnity and the method of its payment ? The truth is that M. Millerand, like most of the experts, desires a real settlement. He would prefer to take a smaller but certain sum from Germany which should be fixed immediately rather than a larger but vague

sum which would permit of the greatest expectations, but towards whose realisation no steps are taken. He was persuaded of the necessity for France to be able to discount some of the German indemnity as quickly as possible. Time is certainly important; time is in this matter literally money. His own method would be to strike a bargain. He struck a bargain about coal. He took nominally less, but in reality more; because he was able to threaten Germany with an extended occupation if she did not fulfil her new contract. There is much that might be said about this bargain: but at least it is a definite method which has proved successful. Some such plan was present to M. Millerand's mind in respect of the larger subject of indemnities—a clear statement of amount, a determination of modality, and the menace of a new march on the Ruhr if the engagement was not fulfilled. I do not pronounce for or against the Millerand system, but it would have sufficiently fitted in with British official views to have prevailed in the end had it not encountered opposition in France. M. Millerand was warned by the Senate and by proconsular persons—and M. Millerand yielded.

In passing, it may be advisable to say a word about the forces in France which prevented an early agreement on this question of reparations. They are largely political. The battle really rages around the powers of the Commission of Reparations which was set up by the Peace Conference as the sole authority to ascertain the amount and the method of payment of the indemnity. Now it could hardly have been intended that the Governments thereby abdicated their supreme authority in this matter. The Commission is the emanation of the Governments and the delegates are not superior to their own Prime Ministers. Nevertheless, there has been more jealousy and suspicion created by the existence of this Commission than ever the Frankenstein of the Peace Conference could have imagined when it gave life to this monster. The Commission stands on its rights as laid down by the Treaty; and it is held that nobody—Premier or Foreign Minister—can modify the procedure which the Commission chooses to employ. The attempt to supersede it provoked the greatest indignation: and M. Poincaré, who was formerly President of the Commission, makes himself its champion. Now the Commission, like any other body of this kind, must necessarily become bureaucratic. It must work slowly, multiplying *paperasse*. It must regard its particular duties quite narrowly without relation to the general condition of the world: its problems have nothing to do with other problems. This is not a criticism of the Commission in particular: it is a general criticism

of Commissions. At any rate, the Commission meant to go on collecting evidence and shifting claims carefully until May next—and even then it would be compelled to fix a purely arbitrary sum, since there will be claims still unheard. All attempts to hasten this process or to intervene in this—shall I say private commissarial affair of reparations?—has been opposed strenuously in France.

The career of M. Millerand is distinguished, but, like most French politicians, he has "evolved." He was Socialist, and a particularly audacious Socialist for the epoch. Elected Deputy in 1885, he ardently fought against Boulanger, suspected of a Cæsarian policy. (How time brings its revenges: to-day M. Millerand is accused of Cæsarianism, and there may be rude combats about his pretence to personal power!) Journalist, as are practically all French politicians, as well as lawyer, he was associated with M. Clemenceau on *La Justice*, and was later editor of *La Petite République*, and then of *La Lanterne*. It was in 1896 that he pronounced his famous discourse at Saint-Mandé in which he upheld the right to strike. (Irony of things, that he should have had to smash the great strike of 1920 and try to break up the Confédération Générale du Travail!) In Waldeck-Rousseau's Cabinet, which he entered as Minister of Commerce in 1899, he was remarked as the first Socialist Minister, and he proved remarkably industrious and fruitful, instituting the ten-hours' day for women and children, pensions, a weekly rest-day for workers, and initiating many other social reforms. Silence has been curiously preserved by the Paris journals on the part he played in anti-Clerical legislation: he liquidated the congregations. (Whirligig of years! Under his Government there are negotiations for re-establishing relations with Rome!) For the most part, in the Briand Government, as in all his political life until just before the war, he was preoccupied with internal affairs. Rarely did he meddle with foreign politics. In the Poincaré Cabinet in 1912 he was War Minister, appointing Joffre Commander-in-Chief; and in the 1914 elections he preached with patriotic fervour the need for a strong military organisation. Certainly he helped the passage of the Three Years' Service Law. In the Viviani Cabinet he was again appointed War Minister, just after the beginning of hostilities. Those were tragic days, and undoubtedly it is largely owing to M. Millerand's *puissance de travail*, his calm organisation while the enemy thundered at the gates, that France was enabled to resist in those early days. When M. Viviani fell in 1915 no use was found for the services of this able organiser. It was left to M. Clemenceau to induce him to become Commissioner-General of Alsace-Lorraine last year.

In this post he once more showed himself to be a great organiser. The mantle of Clemenceau was thrown upon him in January last. His Ministry was regarded as a stop-gap: nobody predicted a long life for it. Indeed, it was menaced many times, in spite of the huge majority of the Bloc National. Several times M. Millerand has been in danger, and what eventually saved him was the success of his Polish policy. This synchronised with the resignation of M. Deschanel from the Presidency; and he was carried, figuratively speaking, shoulder-high to the Elysée.

"I am inclined to think that the ado which has been made about the new powers claimed for M. Millerand may prove to be much ado about nothing. It is true that he put forward as a condition of his election his right to control the policy of France and thus preserve continuity. But, although this condition has been implicitly agreed upon, I am unable to believe that M. Millerand will succeed where former Presidents have failed. He will count for much while he retains his popularity. His prestige will stand him in good stead for some time. But that he can hope permanently to choose Prime Ministers who will consent to be his instruments is a fantastic fancy. Sooner or later he will have to content himself with the position of a constitutional king whose Ministers are alone responsible and whose Ministers cannot be controlled by any kingly prerogatives in these democratic days. He will have to resign himself to the situation of his predecessors—or run the risk of being broken, as President MacMahon was broken, and as all Presidents who have Bonapartist tendencies are broken in France. His exceptional authority can only be momentary. For the present he has chosen M. Leygues as Premier, and, in spite of M. Leygues' real ability, it is understood that he is subservient to the President. He has certainly accepted a ready-made Cabinet from the hands of M. Millerand, so that in effect it is the President and not the Premier who has selected the Ministers. It is understood that it is in foreign affairs that M. Millerand aspires to effective power.

The capital fact about French Presidents is that they are irresponsible. Now responsibility must accompany power. In theory at least the President cannot be removed from office. How, then, can he be controlled by Parliament? Logically he would, if the doctrine of Presidential supremacy were accepted, be a Dictator. It may be taken for granted that France will not be disposed to admit this theory of Presidential powers. A conflict between the President and Parliament could only end in one way. Ministries would be overthrown; Ministers would refuse to serve. There would be an impossible deadlock. No; such crises, not of Governments, but of *régime*, are unthinkable; and whenever

M. Millerand finds himself confronted with a Prime Minister who has other conceptions it may be assumed that it will be the President who will give way. It is certainly not to the interest of anybody, least of all the President, to provoke such conflicts. The Constitution gives the President certain rights which in practice he cannot exercise, for the simple reason that there are few men who will find it consistent with their dignity to act as the mere *porte-parole* of the President, receive all the kicks from Parliament, be held responsible for a policy that is not their own, while the real author of the policy shelters himself behind his irresponsibility. Such a Prime Minister could have little character, and the chances are that he would not enjoy sufficient respect to fulfil this rôle for long. I think it will be clearly seen that there can be, in spite of the warm advocacy of M. Poincaré, who himself suffered under the sense of his helplessness when M. Clemenceau was Premier, no radical alteration in the functions of the French President. He may, however, collaborate in the most friendly way with his Ministers. M. Poincaré did so during the greater part of his Presidency. M. Poincaré was in effect his own Foreign Minister. But he was so with discretion. He was personally held in great esteem, and therefore, as he was present at Cabinet Councils, was necessarily heard with deference. Still, he could not impose his will on anyone and never tried. The question of Presidential power is purely a personal one—that is to say, that power is in proportion to personality. That is really all there is to say about it. If the personality of M. Millerand dominates Ministers and Parliament he will enjoy effective power, but if Ministers and Parliament take the opposite view to that of M. Millerand, then he will not enjoy effective power.

But there is talk of a change in the Constitution. There has been talk for many years. Many books have been written on this subject. What is overlooked is that no changes in the Constitution will change the realities of the situation. The President has, as I have already said, even now powers which he cannot exercise, because he is not responsible to any elected body, and his dictation would therefore be resented and would quickly lead to a crisis of the gravest kind. It does not much matter if a Premier is overthrown, but the overthrowing of a President is a serious matter. The scheme which was put forward in the name of M. Millerand is not new, but it is nevertheless interesting. If there is to be a reform of the Constitution, he would have the President elected in future, not by Parliament, but by a much wider body, which would comprise delegates from the General Councils of each Department, and members of the great corpora-

tions, commercial men, workers, agriculturists, and the various faculties which would speak for the intellect of France. Elected on this broad basis, the President would have more authority. To help him to govern, even in the face of an unruly Chamber, he should have the assistance of a stronger Senate. The Senate would not be chosen by a limited college of national and local administrators and legislators, but the college would include Chambers of Commerce and representatives of the great syndicates of industry, of the academies, of the universities. Thus the Senate would have immense authority. The President and Senate would, if need be, defy the Chamber. Need I say that these ideas are found to be reactionary rather than progressive, and that the scheme is likely to be shelved?

In truth, however, M. Millerand should be an excellent President from the French viewpoint. M. Clemenceau, once asked how he would vote at the Versailles Assembly, replied: "*Je vote pour le plus bête.*" There have been Presidents whose chief merit was that they were stupid and not calculated to do any harm. But, whatever happens to the Constitution, or whatever happens to M. Millerand's conception of Presidential powers, it is certain that this strong-willed man, this capable organiser, this great worker, will not be a nullity at the Elysée, but, on the contrary, will be a formidable part of the French political and executive machine.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

THE EGYPTIAN SITUATION

THE precise position of affairs in Egypt and the political prospects in the near future are more than usually complicated and obscure at present, and the debate this week, in the House of Lords (November 4th), was clearly in the nature of a preliminary skirmish, and has done little to allay public anxiety. It will be remembered that on August 23rd last—nearly a year after the Milner Mission had proceeded to Egypt, as a result of the events of March, 1919—the London newspapers published a summary of the terms of agreement which, it was said, had been arrived at between the members of that Mission and the leader of the Egyptian Nationalists, Saad Zaghlul Pasha, and his colleagues. The full text of the Memorandum of Agreement on which this summary was based has now been published (see *Times*, November 6th). The terms of this agreement are of an exceedingly drastic and far-reaching description. There is to be a Treaty of Alliance between Great Britain and Egypt, under which the independence of Egypt is to be recognised by Great Britain, and the latter is to support the former, in the event of war, in the defence of the integrity of Egyptian territory, Egypt affording Great Britain all necessary facilities, in the way of access to territory, etc., for this purpose; Egypt will resume control of her foreign relations, subject to an obligation to make no treaties and adopt no policy incompatible with British interests; the present military occupation of the country will be reduced to the dimensions of a force sufficient for the protection of Imperial communications, quartered where the Treaty shall provide; agreements will be made with the foreign Powers for the abolition of the Capitulations, and for the transfer to his Majesty's Government of the rights of veto, hitherto possessed by such Powers, on legislation affecting foreigners, and Egypt will "confer upon Great Britain such rights as are necessary to safeguard her special interests and enable her to furnish the guarantees which must be given to foreign Powers to induce them to relinquish their capitulatory rights"; the Consular Courts will be closed and the jurisdiction of the Mixed Tribunals correspondingly enlarged and reorganised; Egypt will appoint a British Financial Adviser to replace the Commission of the Public Debt and give other financial advice, when desired, and also a judicial official who will be "kept informed as to legislation affecting foreigners and will be similarly at the disposal of the Egyptian Government for any advice it may desire from him concerning the administration of justice generally; finally, certain safeguards will be established by the Treaty to protect the pension and compensation rights of

the (presumably numerous) British officials whose services are dispensed with by the Egyptian Government within two years of the coming into force of the proposed Treaty.

When an outline of these terms was first published, last August, as above mentioned, it was unaccompanied by any indication of its source or any official authentication whatever; and there were consequently no means for the public of knowing whether it accurately expressed the agreement arrived at, even so far as the Milner Mission was concerned, and still less whether it had received the approval of his Majesty's Government, and was likely to obtain the assent of Parliament. Needless to say, it created a great sensation, both here and in Egypt, and was received, in many circles, with feelings of considerable dismay. It was, in reality, a surprise to both sides, for nothing which had transpired in Egypt during the visit of the Mission to that country had in any way prepared public opinion for this announcement. It had, indeed, been generally understood at the outset, and even officially declared with some solemnity, that the Mission had no power to draw up a Constitution for Egypt, but was merely required to investigate conditions on the spot and report to the British Government. There appear, therefore, to be some grounds for the rumour, current at the time, that the publication of the proposed terms was due to an indiscretion—calculated or otherwise—or to a breach of confidence.

However this may be, the Egyptian delegates themselves, having received this memorandum from the Mission, naturally considered themselves empowered to negotiate with their constituents on this basis, and regarded ratification by Great Britain as assured, if the scheme were accepted as a settlement by Egypt. They accordingly returned to Egypt for the purpose of securing popular assent to the proposed terms. And we then had a characteristic and amusing spectacle, typical of the "Land of Paradox"! Whereas almost everybody here, connected with Egypt or having any acquaintance with the character and mentality of its inhabitants and the stage of political and administrative development attained by its ruling classes, was considerably perturbed by the proposed arrangements, and felt the gravest apprehensions as to whether these did not go far beyond what was wise or necessary in the circumstances,¹ the Egyptian delegates themselves loudly proclaimed their doubts as

(1.) That a fairly large measure of independence and self-government would be granted was generally expected, in view of the concessions to India, and of the general trend of policy and sentiment in favour of "self determination for small nations." But it is widely and strongly felt that certain limits must be set to autonomy in Egypt, and the question is whether the Milner scheme does not transcend them.

to whether they would be able to secure the assent of the Egyptian nation to the maintenance of such remnants of British control and authority as were still to be permitted to survive. And, as a matter of fact, sundry efforts of a more or less serious kind were made in Egypt to wreck the proposed settlement. A manifesto was issued by certain leading Princes of the Sultanic family denouncing the suggested terms, while various prominent Egyptian politicians, who had taken no part in recent affairs, endeavoured to represent the scheme as a base betrayal of Egyptian interests, "entire independence" not having been achieved. In the main, however, the plan seems to have met with general approval, as well it might. It concedes, as is now generally admitted in Egypt, about twice as much as the most optimistic Egyptian agitator expected, and is likely to prove so subversive in its results that it is already inspiring profound misgivings in the minds of the fellaheen and of the native unofficial classes generally, whose future welfare and prosperity are, as they well know, at stake.

Meanwhile nothing further happened on this side till it became known that the Egyptian delegates had returned to London and that the "conversations" with the Mission had been resumed. No official announcement was even then made as to what was taking place, and irritation at this persistent silence increased among the public and in Parliament. This was still further accentuated by rumours that hitches had occurred, and that the negotiations were on the point of being broken off. It was said that the delegates were now dissatisfied with the terms they had obtained, considering that as they had got so much, they might evidently have demanded more; that a more open and complete abrogation of the Protectorate should have been insisted on; that the powers of the remaining British officials—notably the Financial and Judicial Officers above referred to—should be more clearly defined and more definitely restricted within narrow limits, and so forth. At length Lord Salisbury gave notice that he proposed to call attention to Egyptian affairs in the House of Lords and move for papers, and a debate took place on the subject on November 4th. The mover of the resolution charged the Government with pursuing, in Egypt, a "policy of concealment, delay, drift, and uncertainty," as contrasted with that of "sympathetic and progressive development and good government" which had prevailed before the war. He contended that Great Britain must retain "real power" in Egypt, must always continue to control Egypt's foreign relations, and must on no account relinquish the government of the Soudan. In reply, Lord Curzon disclaimed any kind of Ministerial responsi-

bility for the scheme which had been published, declaring that it "had never been contended that the proposals were those of the Government, nor had they ever been officially submitted to the Egyptian Government." Any scheme, ultimately approved of as a basis of discussion, would require to be thrashed out between duly accredited representatives of the Sultan of Egypt and the British Government here. This was supplemented by some explanations from Lord Milner himself. He expounded his own views on Nationalist aims and sentiments in conflict with British interests and Imperial responsibilities, and declared his own conviction that there was no irreconcilable incompatibility between them. The report of his Commission would, however, shortly be in the hands of the Government and soon afterwards, he presumed, in those of the House and of the country. He would, of course, defend the recommendations of the report to the best of his ability, but "did not know what would happen to them" thereafter.

In view of these authoritative statements as to the real position of affairs—some earlier announcement of which would have dissipated much misunderstanding—it would plainly be premature to attempt any general analysis or criticism of the terms proposed. But there is one important part of the scheme on which it may be of utility to offer some observations at the present stage, because such part seems to constitute a preliminary obstacle, of a somewhat formidable character, which will have to be successfully surmounted if the scheme is to go through on the present lines. The Memorandum provides—or at any rate postulates—that the Capitulations are to be abolished. Such abolition, indeed, constitutes the essential basis of the project, because the rights of the Capitulatory Powers are to be transferred to the British Government, which thus acquires a special privileged situation in Egypt, under the new *régime*, without which it could not furnish to the foreign Powers the guarantees necessary to induce them to relinquish their own rights and powers. But has, in fact, the assent to the abolition of the Capitulations been obtained, or promised, by the chief Capitulatory Powers in Europe, notably by France, Italy, and Belgium, which all have enormous financial interests in Egypt?¹ And, if not, can it be regarded as certain that they will give it when they begin to study this Memorandum closely and realise all that it involves? They will see that it implies not only the withdrawal of the greater part of the Army of Occupation from the country and

(1) It seems tolerably clear that at present it has not, since, in a recent reply to a question on the subject, in the House of Commons, all that the Government spokesman (Mr. Cecil Harmsworth) could say was that "negotiations had been opened with the Capitulatory Powers."—(See *Times* Nov. 11.)

its reduction to the dimensions of a small force, probably located in the Canal zone, charged only with the task of protecting Imperial communications, but also the cessation of all direct British control and responsibility for the continued stability of the internal finances (as distinguished from the Public Debt) and of the commerce and agriculture of the country, for the maintenance of public security, for a sound and pure administration of justice, an efficient and honest irrigation service, and the countless other reforms which we have laboriously established in the course of the last thirty years and brought so largely to fruition. No doubt the success of such political deals is, unfortunately, too often a question of political expediency and diplomatic bargaining rather than of administrative advantage for the individuals principally concerned and their moral and material welfare. But if the question is put solely on its merits, the answer can scarcely be doubtful. And if past experience on this particular point is any guide, the prospect is not encouraging for the authors of the scheme. Having myself been closely connected throughout a long period of years with various schemes and negotiations, under successive British Ministers in Egypt, for the abolition of Capitulations and the substitution for them of a new judicial *régime*, I have some acquaintance with the strength of the opposition—both active and passive—which all such proposals have hitherto encountered. I should therefore be considerably surprised to learn that such opposition had been diminished, to the point of total disappearance, by the prospect of the complete removal of British control over the internal finances and administration of the country. Hitherto, on the contrary, the maintenance of such control has been the corner-stone of all such projects. This is so true that when the late Lord Cromer was elaborating his monumental organisation for this purpose in 1905-7 he found it essential to tranquillise foreign (and British) apprehensions by a solemn and official statement which he was authorised by the Foreign Office to make in the following terms:—

"His Majesty's Government recognise that the maintenance and development of such reforms as have hitherto been effected in Egypt depend upon the British Occupation. This consideration will apply with equal strength to any changes effected in the *régime* of the Capitulations. His Majesty's Government therefore wish it to be understood that there is no reason for allowing the prospect of any modification in that *régime* to be prejudiced by the existence of any doubt as to the continuance of the British Occupation of the country." (*Cf. "Egypt," No. 1, 1907, p. 12.*)

What will these foreign Governments think of such proposals now that there is to be no doubt, not as to the continuance, but as to the non-continuance, of the British Occupation, in the sense of general administrative control which that expression has hitherto connoted?

Further, what will be the attitude on this question of the British community in Egypt itself—I refer, of course, to the non-official portion of that community, for the sentiments of the official classes, though necessarily unexpressed, are not in doubt? These merchants, bankers, barristers, and others have always viewed with considerable dislike and distrust the proposed abolition of the Capitulations, the closure of their Consular Court, and the disappearance of the special and peculiar institutions of British law and practice to which they are attached. So long, however, as British internal control was to be in no way lessened (and might even possibly be increased), and consequently effective British supervision of the law courts, and of the selection and promotion of the judges who compose them, was assured, they were comparatively resigned. Now that such control is to be almost totally withdrawn, the matter obviously assumes a very different aspect. Will they be content, in criminal affairs, to be tried—possibly for their lives—by a court composed of three judges—two foreigners and one native, neither of the foreigners being necessarily British—sitting with six foreign assessors, only three of whom would be British, and administering Egyptian codes of penal law and procedure, which differ widely in principle and practice from the institutions of British law?¹ At present there appear to be considerable indications that they will not,² and in view of all the circumstances, and notably of the very recent memories of the events of March, 1919, the fact can scarcely be considered surprising.

But if, for all these reasons, the abolition of the Capitulations under the new conditions should prove impracticable, will this vitiate the whole transaction between the Milner Mission and the Egyptian delegates, and shall we then be free to declare that the scheme, as formulated, can no longer be proceeded with, our "exceptional position," as the repository and representative of European capitulatory rights—surely an essential feature of the plan, from our point of view—having thus become illusory? Shall we not, in that event, lay ourselves open to the charge of having gravely misled the Egyptian people, and of having raised hopes the fulfilment of which, it will doubtless be suggested, we had no reasonable ground for anticipating, with the deplorable result that Egyptian sentiment, which has lately been improving, will become more embittered than ever towards us?

MALCOLM MCILWRAITH.

(1) See Draft Judicature Law (No. 1) 1920, articles 8, 35 and 49 and Draft Judicature Law (No. 2) 1920, articles 1 and 10.

(2) "Draft laws for reconstituting the mixed courts. Memorandum submitted on behalf of the Non-official British Community in Cairo." Cairo, 1920.

NAVAL SUPREMACY: GREAT BRITAIN OR THE UNITED STATES.

WHILE the nations of Europe are tending the grievous wounds they received during the Great War, the creation of naval armaments in the United States and Japan is being continued with greater activity than ever before and at a far higher cost; a post-war battleship involves an expenditure of from £7,000,000 to £8,000,000 as compared with about £1,000,000 less than twenty years ago.¹ The shipyards, engine shops, and armament factories in America and Japan have never been so busy as they are at present, while similar establishments in this country and on the European continent have in hand not a single capital ship.

Now that peace has been signed there remain only three navies of importance—the British, the American, and the Japanese. The relative strength of these three forces in 1924 can now be estimated with some confidence. Disregarding vessels projected, but assuming that those now under construction will be completed in the next four years, the standing of these Powers in capital ships will be as follows² :—

	<i>Great Britain.</i>		<i>United States.</i>		<i>Japan.</i>	
	No.	Dis- placement. <i>Tons.</i>	No.	Dis- placement. <i>Tons.</i>	No.	Dis- placement. <i>Tons.</i>
Battleships and Battle-cruisers :—						
First class : 14 in.						
Guns and over ...	18	487,450 ³	27	963,000	14	438,000
Second class : smaller						
Guns	18	395,840	8	167,650	3	59,950
Totals	36	883,290	35	1,150,650	17	497,950

In the light of the activity in America and Japan, on the one hand, and inactivity in Europe, on the other, two arresting facts emerge from an examination of the naval outlook.

(1) By 1923, or at latest by 1924, the British Fleet will have ceased to occupy pride of place on the seas, which it has held for over three hundred years. The Trident will have passed into

(1) The *Hood*, laid down in 1916, cost £6,025,000, but in the past few years the price of labour and material has risen considerably.

(2) The comparative strength of the principal navies is discussed in full detail in *Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual*, 1920-1 (William Clowes and Sons).

(3) The four British battleships of the *Iron Duke* class, as well as the battle-cruiser *Tiger*, carry a heavy type of 13·5 in. gun and have been accepted as falling in the first category; among the British battle-cruisers placed in the first class are the *Renown* and *Repulse*, mounting 15-in. guns, which have only 6-in. belts. Consequently this classification may be regarded as somewhat exaggerating the British strength.

the hands of the American people, unless some unforeseen event occurs on this or the other side of the Atlantic, thus fulfilling, by a process he did not foresee, the prophecy of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, who, in the Memorandum which accompanied the German Navy Act of 1900, remarked that even if "a great naval Power" should succeed in meeting the German Fleet with considerable superiority of strength, "the defeat of a strong German Fleet would so substantially weaken the enemy that, in spite of the victory he might have obtained, his own position in the world would no longer be secured by an adequate fleet."

(2) If we ignore the new programme of eight capital ships which Japan is about to put in hand and take into account only such capital ships as are now on the slips and advancing towards completion, it is apparent that in 1924 Japan will be the "runner up" as the second greatest naval Power in the world, being weaker than Great Britain and far stronger than France or Italy, neither of these two countries having laid down a capital ship during the past six years. Indeed, as first-class naval Powers, France and Italy have already disappeared below the horizon.

The hope that acceptance of the principles embodied in the constitution of the League of Nations would lead to a general limitation of naval armaments must be abandoned. Neither the United States nor Japan is prepared to acquiesce in any such policy, whatever may be the inclination of other Powers. Both these countries are pressing forward programmes of naval construction which will change radically the balance of power by sea, as has been shown. Six years have elapsed since it was asserted, on the outbreak of the Great War, that it would prove the last of all wars and would lead to the adoption of a policy of, at least, partial disarmament, affecting navies as well as armies. Since this confident prophecy was made, the United States and Japan have embarked upon notable projects for strengthening their naval as well as their military forces. Both these States were far removed from the main seats of the late conflict; the United States, in particular, remained free until the spring of 1917 to pursue her own national policy with little or no distraction, while, from first to last, the part which Japan took in the struggle was comparatively small. In these circumstances the Great War swept on towards its close, drawing into its vortex the manhood and wealth of the principal nations of the Old World, while leaving the United States and Japan practically unscathed, except in so far as they suffered from the reaction of events in Europe.

At the very moment when the Central Powers were falling back in a state of hopeless collapse President Wilson's voice, sounding across the Atlantic, enunciated the famous Fourteen

Points. Later on, he himself, contrary to all precedents governing the Presidential office, crossed the Atlantic, and insisted on sitting at the Peace Conference with the Prime Ministers and other Ministers of Allied States. Not content with this startling innovation—for he was in a sense a constitutional monarch enjoying a reign of limited duration—President Wilson elaborated the scheme of a League of Nations, thrust it upon the Conference with all the persuasive powers which he could command, and then returned to the United States. Forty-one nations have since expressed their acceptance of the principles upon which the League was based, but hitherto it has remained in doubt whether the United States itself would join the great family of nations which represents the dream of its own President.

On the other hand, there appears on the Statute Book of the American Congress a significant clause which was inserted at the instance of President Wilson in the Navy Appropriation Act of 1916; this measure authorised the construction of what amounts to a new American Fleet at an expenditure which will probably fall not far short of £250,000,000.¹ This clause foreshadowed conditions in which the President would be authorised to arrest naval construction in the United States. After reference to a nebulous proposal to hold a world conference, "not later than the close of the war in Europe," to formulate "a plan for a court of arbitration or other tribunal, to which disputed questions shall be referred for adjudication and peaceful settlement and to consider the question of disarmament," it was added:—

"If at any time before the construction authorised by this Act shall have been contracted for there shall have been established, with the co-operation of the United States of America, an international tribunal or tribunals competent to secure peaceful determination of all international disputes, then and in that case such naval expenditures as may be inconsistent with the engagements made in the establishment of such tribunal or tribunals may be suspended when so ordered by the President of the United States."

What has happened since that notable clause was incorporated in the Navy Appropriation Act of 1916, which was passed when Europe had already been plunged into the crucible of war and men of vision were entertaining the hope that the struggle would signalise the end of all wars? The world, it was suggested, would emerge from the horrors witnessed by sea and by land determined at whatever risk to abate the feverish competition in naval and military armaments, and would hold out its hands eagerly towards any reasonable prospect of finding a peaceful solution of international problems. It was in those circumstances that the United States committed itself to a larger naval pro-

(1) It is calculated that the United States has already spent on the expansion of its merchant fleet a sum of nearly \$3,500,000,000 (say £1,000,000,000).

programme than had ever been entertained by any of the Powers of the Old World, not excluding Great Britain and Germany. For during the period of naval competition which Germany forced upon successive British Governments, neither country adopted a programme which, in the number of units or in the cost involved, was comparable to that which was presented to Congress by Mr. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy Department, and supported by President Wilson with all the authority over American public opinion which he then exercised.

In the following spring the United States intervened in the war, but not before considerable progress had been made with the naval programme. Under the compelling influence of events, the work upon the battleships, battle-cruisers, and scout-cruisers of the new programme was delayed in order that attention might be concentrated on the small craft which were necessary if the submarine campaign of Germany was to be defeated. But, once the crisis of the war by sea had been passed and the Armistice had been signed, Mr. Daniels turned with renewed energy to the work of building the 157 men-of-war which Congress had authorised. The fact that President Wilson had prevailed upon the delegates at the Peace Conference to accept his conception of a League of Nations had no effect on the Secretary of the Navy; regardless of what was occurring in Europe, he pressed forward his plans. Presumably he had his eye on the coming Presidential Election, and thought to please the newly awakened national sentiment of the American people by presenting them with a picture of the United States supreme by sea in virtue of its navy of men-of-war and its navy of merchant ships, for Rear-Admiral William Benson, who had been Mr. Daniels' Chief of Operations at the Navy Department during the war, was forthwith appointed Chairman of the United States Shipping Board and practically dictator of its mercantile policy.

Before leaving this aspect of the matter, it is interesting to recall a passage in the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy for the fiscal year 1919. At the end of that document Mr. Josephus Daniels wrote :—

"It is ordinarily supposed not to be the function of navies, or within the province of a naval committee, to draft the chart by which a peace-loving nation hopes to navigate all ships of state into honorable and abiding peace. It is the glory of the Congress of 1916 that it forgot tradition and made a new precedent which guided the President and the American Peace Commission in proposing reduction of armament in the Peace Treaty.

"It is popularly supposed that the Navy is a fighting institution. It is that, and unless it is an effective instrument of war it fails in the purpose for which it was established. But fighting men, ready to surrender their lives for their country, and joyously, are the first to welcome sound measures to safely reduce armament and settle international differences in the forum of

reason rather than in the conflict of battle. They agree with Joubert that there are two forces that rule the world—Force and Right—and they recognise with the great Frenchman that Force must rule until Right is ready. It was to open the way for the sway of Right that the 1916 Bill authorised a conference like that which met at Paris and held out the hope to a war-troubled and war-cursed world that international agreements were possible and safe with the assurance that, when organised and functioning, reduction of armaments and reduced cost of war preparations would follow."

It is significant that when those rhetorical words were written Mr. Josephus Daniels had by his own act closed the issue. Every vessel authorised under the Navy Appropriation Act of 1916 either had been completed or was progressing towards completion. The Secretary of the Navy, himself an American and an American politician to boot, could judge at the end of 1919 whether, in any circumstances Congress would pass an Act repealing its former measure and scrapping the 157 men-of-war of various types, the building of which it had authorised.

We now have the sequel to all these events in the election by an overwhelming majority of the Republican candidate, Senator Harding, as President of the United States in succession to Mr. Wilson. A few days after the result of the election was known, Senator Harding addressed a celebration meeting at Marion of the electors at Ohio. A dummy corpse labelled "League of Nations" was paraded through the streets by a party of Republicans. Senator Harding, appreciating the moral of the demonstration, declared that the League of Nations was "now deceased." He declared:—

"I don't see as much sorrow on your faces as I had apprehended. It is not that you or I question the desire of America to play its part; it is not that we question the high ideals of those who were responsible for the Versailles Covenant—you just didn't want a surrender of the United States, you wanted to go on under American ideals, and that is why you did not care for the League, which is now deceased.

"America is playing a great part now. America is healing the heart of the Old World to-night as no other nation is, but there is more to do; there is a new world relationship, and when the next Administration comes into power we are going to play our part; we are going to ask for nations to be associated together in justice, but it shall be an association which surrenders nothing of American freedom."

The League of Nations, so far as the United States is concerned, is indeed dead. Senator Borah holds that the result of the Presidential Election is "a clear indication of the people's decision against any League." and he has affirmed that "America must not be dragged in by the back-door." There is less difference of opinion between the President-elect and this Senator than might appear on the surface, for the former is also opposed to "a surrender of the United States," and there is no indication that his administration will lift a finger to arrest the

expansion of the American Navy in accordance with the plans adopted by Congress in 1916. The work of building all the vessels will undoubtedly go forward, and the hopes which were once entertained by the advocates of a policy of partial naval disarmament must be abandoned, at any rate so far as the United States is affected. Expectations have been raised throughout the United States of a triumph of American sentiment in a war fleet supreme above all other fleets, operating in association with a great mercantile fleet, and, whatever purpose President Wilson had in view when he inserted the limiting proviso in the Navy Appropriation Act of 1916, it is now, after an interval of four years, a matter of the dead past.

If we turn from the United States to Japan, on the other side of the Pacific, the outlook is also not one to encourage those who are looking forward to raising the burden of armaments from the bowed shoulders of the taxpayers of the world. Japan is one of the members of the League of Nations, but has taken no steps to reduce its armaments by sea or by land. So far as the sea is concerned, Japan is now building five battleships and two armoured cruisers, and has adopted a programme of shipbuilding which includes eight more capital ships. The whole question of the future of the Japanese Navy has recently been discussed in the *Nichi Nichi*,¹ the leading daily newspaper in Japan, which is not unfamiliar with the policy of the Government. That journal has affirmed that all the Powers are agreed in principle that naval armaments should be limited; but the United States, which was the Power which proposed the curtailment of naval expansion, has not as yet joined the League, and she is fast increasing her naval strength. "Even if other Powers should strictly and faithfully adhere to the principle of reduction," it is added, "the peace of the world will just the same be menaced by the naval power of America." It is stated categorically that naval problems in their world aspect will be considered in the Far East "from the peculiarly Japanese point of view." An investigation has already been conducted with a view to settling the future strength of the Japanese Navy, and the policy decided upon involves a great expansion of the Navy. "The eight battleships and eight cruisers plan, which had been a long-cherished idea and which was approved by the recent session [of the Diet], is insufficient as the minimum strength to perfect the defence of the Empire." In other words, Japan is not prepared to abandon her ambition to increase her Navy beyond her present plans. She intends to provide a far more powerful fleet than was contemplated before

(1) Article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of November 2, 1920, from a correspondent writing from Tokyo on October 17.

the Great War broke over Europe and before also the American Congress passed the Navy Appropriation Bill of 1916. "As was explained at the forty-first Session of the Diet by the Navy Minister, the Empire must have as the minimum naval strength necessary for defence two units of eight battleships and four cruisers of the latest type and of serviceable age—that is about eight years or less—or three units of eight ships, totalling twenty-four principal vessels." So much for the attitude of Japan.

What is the outlook? The United States is in process of becoming the first naval Power in the world. The subject will inevitably be discussed, but it should be discussed calmly and with due regard to the needs, sentiments, and traditions of the two branches of the English-speaking family. It is apparent, however, that all hope of keeping the discussion on a high plane must be abandoned if protagonists engage in such methods of controversy as have been adopted by Captain Thomas G. Frothingham, U.S.R., in *Current History*, the magazine issued by the *New York Times* Company. An article from his pen appears in the September issue, the cover of which bears in bold type the legend: "Naval Supremacy: Great Britain or United States." It is probable that these words represent the point of view of the editor rather than the contributor. This article was written in response to an article which appeared in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for June.¹ It may be recalled that it was then stated that "if naval power is to be judged by the number of most efficient capital ships possessed by any country, then within three, or at most four, years the American Fleet will have outdistanced the British Fleet." In a preliminary paragraph of the article in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, it was suggested that: "It would be the height of folly to shut our eyes to the attempt of certain sections of the population in the United States, in particular, those of German and Irish sympathies, to utilise the maritime rivalry of the two countries, in itself not unhealthy if marked by good will, for fanning into flame the instinctive national jealousies of the two nations." It was added that: "They are more or less avowedly scheming to make mischief by exciting the American Eagle, on the one hand, and twisting the British Lion's tail, on the other. Their ambition is by word and act to bring the two nations into an attitude of undisguised opposition the one to the other." The article continued:—

"We may hope that those who have at heart only the welfare of humanity, whether studied through British or American spectacles, will determine to defeat this campaign, realising that its success must arrest the co-operation of the British and American peoples, which offers the brightest promise

(1) "Shall We Suffer Eclipse by Sea? American Progress," by Archibald Hurd.

that the Great War will prove not to have been fought in vain. But, if we are to avoid this trap, it is essential that we should keep ourselves informed of the movement of events, lest we be taken by surprise some day and in our haste rush to conclusions which would bode ill for peace and concord in the world. Any idiot can make trouble, but, once made, it is the difficult work of the wisest statesmen to compose it."

- The steps which were being taken to increase the American Fleet and the claim which was being put forward, apparently with official inspiration and in view of the forthcoming Presidential Election, that in a few years' time the American Fleet would be superior to the British Fleet were discussed, and attention was then turned to the growth of the United States mercantile marine and the relative standing of the British and American merchant fleets. In that connection, quotation was made of a statement by Sir Kenneth Anderson as to the international dangers associated with the demand that *British merchant shipping should be nationalised*. It was added that "we are face to face in the demand for nationalisation with a menace to the peace of the world, and especially the peace of the English-speaking peoples."

In commenting upon this article, the writer in *Current History* has observed that: "The position of the United States in delaying ratification of the Peace Treaty is interpreted as meaning that America has withdrawn from association with Europe and that this is to be followed by a national policy of aggrandisement, 'a demand for nationalisation,' as Mr. Hurd expresses it." Captain Frothingham even goes to the extent of stating in another paragraph that it was suggested in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW that the forward stride of the United States was described as representing "a menace to the peace of the world, and especially the peace of the English-speaking peoples." Throughout the article in this American publication words are torn from their context and statements are misrepresented as antagonistic to the United States, suggesting either that the writer did not read carefully the article on which he was commenting, or intended deliberately to construe it as unfriendly towards the United States, and even bellicose in its phrasing. Those who care to re-read the contribution to the June FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW will see how foreign any such intention was to the writer. The matter is mentioned merely because it furnishes a danger-signal at a time when the naval and shipping policies of Great Britain and the United States must inevitably be the subject of frequent discussion. It would be a disaster of the first magnitude if politicians or publicists on either side of the Atlantic forgot the common ideals which these two great peoples hold in common, and ignored the respon-

CAPITAL SHIPS OF THE BRITISH FLEET.*

BATTLESHIPS.				
Authorised.	Name.	Displacement.	Main Armament.	Speed. Knots.
1906	Temeraire	18,600	Ten 12-inch 45 cal.	22·00
1907	St. Vincent.....	19,250	Ten 12-inch 50 cal.	21·90
1907	Collingwood			21·50
1908	Neptune	19,900		21·80
1909	Colossus	20,000		21·50
1909	Hercules			21·50
1909	Orion	22,400	Ten 13·5-inch 45 cal.	22·00
1909	Conqueror			23·10
1909	Monarch			21·80
1909	Thunderer			20·80
1910	King George V.	23,000		21·00
1910	Centurion			21·00
1910	Ajax			21·00
1911	Erin			21·00
<hr/>				
1911	Iron Duke	25,000	Ten 13·5-inch (heavy)	22·00
1911	Marlborough			22·00
1911	Emperor of India ...			22·00
1911	Benbow			22·00
1912	Queen Elizabeth.....	27,500	Eight 15-inch 42 cal.	25·00
1912	Warspite			25·00
1912	Barham			25·00
1912	Valiant.....			25·00
1912	Malaya.....			25·00
1913	Royal Sovereign.....			22·00
1913	Royal Oak	25,750	Eight 15-inch 42 cal.	22·00
1913	Resolution			22·00
1913	Revenge			22·00
1913	Ramillies			22·00
<hr/>				
BATTLE CRUISERS.†				
1908	New Zealand	18,800	Eight 12-inch 45 cal.	26·40
1908	Australia			25·00
1909	Lion	26,350	Eight 13·5-inch 45 cal.	28·00
1909	Princess Royal			28·00
<hr/>				
1914	Renown	25,750	Six 15-inch 42 cal.	31·50
1914	Repulse			31·50
1916	Hood†... ..	41,200	Eight 15-inch 45 cal.	31·50
1911	Tiger	28,500	Eight 13·5-inch (heavy)	30·00

* Four ships, hitherto included in the British Fleet, have now been struck off the effective list, the Dreadnought, Superb, Bellerophon, and Agincourt. It is probable that all battleships before the Orion class will be discarded, since they mount only 12-in. guns. All the Dreadnoughts antedating the Orion class have the additional disadvantage of echelon and cross arrangement of turrets.

† The Inflexible and Indomitable have been discarded. The Australia and New Zealand are included, but they are really obsolescent.

‡ Three other ships of the Hood class were laid down (Anson, Howe, Rodney), but abandoned and scrapped after the Armistice.

CAPITAL SHIPS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

BATTLESHIPS.

Authorised.	Name.	Displacement.	Main Armament.	Speed. Knots.
1906	Michigan	16,000	Eight 12-inch 45 cal.	{ 18·70
1906	South Carolina			{ 18·86
1907	Delaware	20,000	Ten 12-inch 45 cal.	{ 21·56
1907	North Dakota			{ 21·01
1908	Florida	21,825	Ten 12-inch 45 cal.	{ 22·08
1908	Utah			{ 21·04
1909	Arkansas	26,000	Twelve 12-inch 50 cal.	{ 21·05
1909	Wyoming			{ 21·22
1910	Texas	27,000	Ten 14-inch 45 cal.	{ 21·05
1910	New York			{ 21·47
1911	Nevada	27,500	Ten 14-inch 45 cal.	{ 20·53
1911	Oklahoma			{ 20·58
1912	Pennsylvania	31,400	Twelve 14-inch 45 cal.	{ 21·05
1913	Arizona			{ 21·00
1914	Mississippi	32,000	Twelve 14-inch 50 cal.	{ 21·00
1914	New Mexico			{ 21·08
1914	Idaho	32,300	Twelve 14-inch 50 cal.	{ 21·00
1915	California			{ 21·00
1915	Tennessee			{ 21·00

BATTLESHIPS OF THE BUILDING PROGRAMME OF 1916

1916	Colorado	32,600	Eight 16-inch 45 cal.	{ 21·00
1916	Maryland			{ 21·00
1916	Washington			{ 21·00
1916	West Virginia			{ 21·00
1916	South Dakota	43,200	Twelve 16-inch 50 cal.	{ 23·00
1916	Indiana			{ 23·00
1916	Montana			{ 23·00
1916	North Carolina			{ 23·00
1916	Iowa			{ 23·00
1916	Massachusetts			{ 23·00

BATTLE CRUISERS OF THE BUILDING PROGRAMME OF 1916.†

1916	Lexington	35,300	Eight 16-inch 50 cal.	{ 33·25
1916	Constellation			{ 33·25
1916	Saratoga			{ 33·25
1916	Ranger			{ 33·25
1916	Constitution			{ 33·25
1916	United States			{ 33·25

† All these battle cruisers were re-designed in 1919-1920, so as to embody in them the lessons enforced by the experiences of the British battle cruisers in the Battle of Jutland.

sibility towards the rest of the world which lies upon them at this critical juncture in the world's history.

On the other hand, it is impossible that forty-seven million islanders, who are mainly responsible for the security of nine times as many people overseas, should ignore the changes which are now taking place in the balance of naval power. On pages 924-5 lists are given of the capital ships of the British Fleet and of the United States Fleet, including ships built as well as ships building. There is no battleship or battle-cruiser under construction in this country. Three of the four vessels—sisters of the *Hood*—which were under construction at the time of the Armistice were promptly scrapped by the Admiralty. These four vessels were designed before the Battle of Jutland was fought, and that titanic struggle, of much artificial controversy, rendered obsolescent every capital ship under the British flag, as well as under the flags of other European nations. The Board of Admiralty determined to pause to see what action would be taken by other naval Powers in the direction of the limitation of armaments, and in the meantime it abandoned not only these three capital ships and 608 other vessels then under construction, but either scrapped, sold, or placed on the ineffective list a large number of ships which had been rendered obsolete or obsolescent. There are consequently no new men-of-war on hand in this country. The result is that year by year the strength of the British Fleet in relation to the fleet in the United States must steadily decline, *since no heavily gunned and adequately protected capital ship has been laid down on this side of the Atlantic during the past six years.* On the other hand, not only did the Navy Department at Washington continue to lay the keels of battleships during the years 1914 and 1915, when we were fighting for our life, but in the succeeding year it adopted a great ship-building programme which included ten battleships, four of them displacing 32,600 tons each, as compared with 25,700 tons of our *Royal Sovereign* class, and six with a displacement of 43,200 tons, as well as six battle-cruisers larger and more powerful than any vessel hitherto built in this country, except the solitary *Hood*; they displace 35,300 tons each. As a consequence of the activity in American shipyards during the last six years, when we have been fighting or attempting to alleviate the wounds of war of ourselves and our nations, the United States will possess in 1924, at latest, twenty-one battleships of the first class, in contrast with fourteen under the British flag, and six battle-cruisers to our four vessels. It is admitted that, as a general principle, the displacement of contemporary ships constitutes a fair indication of their fighting value, and in capital ships, first and second

class, the United States will, judged on this basis, have obtained in 1924 a lead of 31 per cent. over the British Fleet.

While it would be an error to judge the fighting value of the ships by their gun-power alone, the adoption by the United States, first, of a 14-in. gun as compared with our 13.5-in. gun, and then of a 16-in. gun in contrast with our 15-in. gun, raises considerations which deserve examination. In the following statement approximately contemporary guns of the British and American Fleets are bracketed together :

Gun.	Length in Muzzle.		Velocity. ft. per sec.	Projectile. lb.
	Cal.			
British ...	13.5" (Light)	45	2500	1250
British ...	13.5" (Heavy)	45	2450	1400
U.S.A. ...	14"	45	2600	1400
U.S.A. ...	14"	50	2900	1400
British ...	15"	42	2400	1920
U.S.A. ...	16"	45	?	2100
U.S.A. ...	16"	50	2800	2100

This statement calls for some explanation. As a general rule, the American weapon has been the reply to a British design, and it follows, therefore, that it is usually more powerful than its contemporary British gun. Comparisons on paper are sometimes deceptive and are apt to concede a superiority to American guns which in reality they do not possess, since such comparisons seize on obvious advantages, as shown on paper, and ignore certain objections which are less easily indicated, but are nevertheless the direct result of the gains which it has been hoped to secure ; those objections have been considered by the British naval authorities sufficiently great to justify a compromise. Thus the American weapons are always of greater length than the British, and are designed to give a much higher muzzle velocity, which results in greater penetration and increased range. The latter advantage is still further enhanced by using a projectile with a finely tapering point. On the other hand, the British Admiralty have so far contented themselves with a compromise as regards length and muzzle velocity in order to secure the degree of accuracy that is regarded as essential. Judged by the high British standard, the American guns are inaccurate, and with the high muzzle velocity they use, this can only be counteracted by a considerable proportionate increase in the weight of the gun. The long projectiles mean, moreover, larger turrets and increased stowage space or a corresponding reduction in the number of shells carried. The slight increase in range of American guns is in practice more or less negligible, since the elevation of all modern heavy-gun mountings gives a range in excess of visibility.

Generally, though the penetration obtained by American guns is greater than that of contemporary British guns, due to the greater muzzle velocity, and though in this respect the Americans have the advantage, the more important factor, the weight of the shell and bursting charge it carries, places them on something approaching an equality so far as contemporary weapons are concerned. The American shell undoubtedly has a greater penetrative power than contemporary British shells, due again to higher muzzle velocity, and this is, of course, a distinct advantage in defeating armour. With guns of 15 in. and upwards, however, where the smashing effect derived from the weight of the shell is so great, the size of the bursting charge, which governs the destructive effect of the shell and which is proportionate to the weight, is perhaps of greater moment. In this respect, the comparison is less favourable to the British type.

In these circumstances it is evident that the British 13·5-in. gun of the later and heavier type mounted in the *Iron Duke* and the three sister ships, as well as in the battle-cruiser *Tiger*, compares fairly favourably with the American 14-in. gun of 45 calibre; the American 14-in. gun of 50 calibre is superior to the British 13·5-in. gun of the heavy type, but considerably inferior to the British 15-in. The American contention, which Captain Frothingham has adopted, that their 14-in. gun is superior owing to its greater muzzle energy is fallacious. This initial advantage decreases rapidly as the range increases, and becomes reversed in favour of the 15-in. British gun, owing to the latter's much greater weight of projectile, which sustains its energy longer than the lighter shell. On the other hand, the American 16-in. gun is superior to the British 15-in. gun in every way (except probably as regards accuracy), as it should be, as it is a much later design. In 1924 the United States Navy will include sixteen capital ships mounting 152 16-in. guns, while the British Fleet will possess only thirteen capital ships carrying 100 15-in. guns. In this connection, it should be observed that the *Repulse* and the *Renown*, with their 15-in. guns, which are classed as battle-cruisers, suffer under the great disadvantage that they possess only 6-in. belts, and are, therefore, incapable of resisting attack by heavy guns, whether mounted in battleships or battle-cruisers.

The naval conditions which are now rapidly coming into view are calculated to deal a blow at the prestige of the British people, for the United States will soon have the strongest battle fleet under any flag and Japan will, if she pursues her considered plans, possess a battle fleet at least comparable with, and, all things considered, probably superior to, the British Fleet. Moreover, although the British Fleet still includes a larger number of light

cruisers than any other navy, it is already weaker in destroyers and submarines than the American Navy, and the disproportion will steadily increase as the American programme of construction is brought to completion. It is fallacious, let it be admitted, to judge the standing of fleets merely by "a counting of noses"; but whether comparisons in future be based upon the number of units of contemporary construction in the various classes, gun-power, torpedo strength, armour protection, or other basis, it is apparent that in material the British Fleet is about to suffer an eclipse. It may be argued that, after all, ships constitute only one element of sea-power, and that not the most important. It is true that it is the men who convert the steel boxes into mobile engines of violence. We pride ourselves on possessing the sea instinct, and place high confidence in the efficiency of the officers and men of the British Navy. The Great War has shown that that confidence is well justified. But the Americans have no reason to blush for the officers and men who composed the crews of their battleships, destroyers, and auxiliary craft which took part in naval operations in European waters.

In the new conditions which are now emerging, not only the people of the British Isles, but the peoples of the Dominions will be compelled to ask themselves two straight questions. In the first place, Is it true that the Battle of Jutland has shed such fresh light upon the problems of naval construction that no battleship or battle-cruiser built before that battle can be regarded as fully efficient? On that matter there is no difference of opinion among the naval authorities of the world. This leads up to the second question: Are the people of the British Commonwealth content that the men who hazard their lives in protecting British interests should serve in ships inferior in power and endurance to the vessels under other flags? To those two questions answers must be given at no distant date, in the knowledge that the people of the British Empire, estimated to number 440,000,000, are dependent upon the sea for their liberty as well as for their prosperity, and that once the sea communications are endangered the confidence which supports credit and facilitates commerce will disappear, even if the Empire itself does not undergo a process of disintegration. For next to the Crown, the British Fleet, existing in high prestige and strength, is the visible link of this Commonwealth of free peoples. On its sufficiency and efficiency depend the security against invasion of all sections of the Empire and the safety of the ocean tracts over which British merchant ships pass, maintaining that system of exchange and barter which is the life blood of the British peoples. Shall the key of the oceans be surrendered to any other Power, however

friendly? That is a matter which can be decided neither by the Board of Admiralty, by the Cabinet, nor even by Parliament. One or the other, or all three in unison, may give a lead to public opinion, but in the last resort the answer must be supplied by the peoples of the Empire themselves, and, in the main, by the voters of the United Kingdom.

In introducing the Navy Estimates for the present year, the First Lord of the Admiralty stated that, "looking round the world to find what is the Navy which at this moment is the next strongest to our own, we find that the only one is the Navy of the United States of America." Commenting on this relationship, Mr. Long remarked that "the naval policies of all past Governments, whichever party they represented, have at least included this common principle, that our Navy should not be inferior in strength to the Navy of other Powers, and to this principle the present Government firmly adheres." He expressed the hope that, if there were to be any emulation between the United States and the British Empire, "it is likely to be in the direction of reducing that ample margin of naval strength which we alike possess over all other nations." Whether the expectation that the United States will co-operate with us in limiting naval armaments will be fulfilled must, in the light of later events, be a matter of some doubt. But, at any rate, the British Government remains pledged to the maintenance of a fleet not inferior in strength to that of any other country. The First Sea Lord in his recent Rectorial Address in Edinburgh reminded us of the wide-sweeping influence exercised by sea-power on the peoples who constitute the British Empire. He recalled that on our strength by sea depends in large measure the security also of weaker nations of the world. He reminded his fellow-countrymen that "*history shows no instance of sea supremacy once yielded being regained.*" Earl Beatty remarked : "We have established a great world-wide Empire based upon the sea—an Empire which is linked up by the sea. It is a trust, a heritage, which has been handed down to us for safe keeping from the days of the great Elizabethan adventurers—Gilbert, Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Davis, Grenville, and Cavendish. We have to prove ourselves worthy by maintaining it inviolate."

ARCHIBALD HURD.

THE ECONOMIC PREDOMINANCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Americans have much justification in calling their great land "God's own country." Providence has been exceedingly kind to them. It has concentrated the most varied and the most wonderful resources within the boundaries of the Great Republic, and its citizens have turned the great gifts of Nature into wealth with energy and with wisdom. The United States possess half the world's coal and half the world's iron ore, the two minerals which form the twin basis of modern industry. Their water powers are so gigantic that a tithe would suffice to electrify all their machinery and all their railways. In its huge rivers and in its extraordinary chain of lakes the Republic possesses the most wonderful system of inland waterways in the world. To complete their lines of communication, the Americans have opened up their country by means of a vast railway system, the mileage of which is almost twice as great as that of the British Empire.

The American Republic extends through a variety of climes. Its plains and valleys yield enormous crops, and its mountains vast quantities of timber. Among the nations of the world the United States are by far the largest producers of coal, iron ore, copper, silver, petroleum, cotton, maize, wheat, oats, tobacco, etc. The American climate is extremely stimulating. American energy is largely due to the tonic properties of the air. Owing to the great wealth of their natural resources, and the boundless energy of the inhabitants, the United States, which only a few years ago were chiefly an agricultural country, have become by far the greatest industrial community in the world, and they wish to become the greatest commercial and seafaring nation as well. They produce more coal, more iron, more steel, more machinery, and infinitely more motor cars than all the other States of the world combined, and they are by far the largest producers in the world of leather, boots, silks, furniture, and of other manufactured goods too numerous to mention. The United States have vast advantages over all the other countries of the world. Within a compact area they have boundless resources, the exploitation of which has only begun, and the American race possesses at the same time the enthusiasm and the energy of youth and that sober ripeness of judgment which is usually found only in

older nations. Men of such a character and possessed of such resources are apt to go far.

Although American production and American wealth have increased by leaps and bounds, their expansion has to some extent been impeded by the fact that the Republic had to pay a heavy yearly tribute to Europe. The American railways were built largely with European money. European capital financed a considerable portion of America's commerce and industries. European capitalists possessed large quantities of American property and of American securities, and the United States paid interest to their European creditors in the form of exports which, as a rule, considerably exceeded imports.

The war has completely changed America's economic position. The European nations have been forced by the stress of the time to sell the bulk of their American investments, and these have been acquired by American citizens. While the United States have thus become financially independent of Europe, the belligerent Powers have been compelled to raise huge loans in the United States. The Republic is no longer a debtor to Europe, but Europe has become a debtor to the United States for gigantic amounts. The rôles of the two continents have been reversed. In future America will no longer have to pay an onerous tribute to Europe, but Europe will have to work for America and will have to send a very heavy yearly tribute to the Republic. According to a recent issue of the *Review of Economic Statistics*, issued by Harvard University, the State, Municipal, and Corporation Loans placed in the United States, and outstanding on March 1st, 1920, were as follows :

United Kingdom	\$5,049,633,000
France	3,392,974,777
Italy	1,621,388,986
Canada and Newfoundland	464,499,492
Belgium	368,445,000
Russia	285,229,750
Various	621,503,811
Total					<u>\$11,808,624,816</u>

The public loans made by the United States in the course of the war come in round figures to \$12,000,000,000. To that gigantic sum must be added the private indebtedness in the form of loans, credits, etc., incurred by foreign business men to American individuals and institutions. These may very well amount to \$3,000,000,000. It would therefore appear that the Powers owe to the United States a sum of approximately

\$15,000,000,000, or of £3,000,000,000 at the normal rate of exchange, while the United States owe only a trifling sum to Europe.

Apart from the enormous wealth derived by the United States from the exploitation of their gigantic resources, they have obtained, in consequence of the war, an additional source of income owing to the vast advances made to the fighting Powers. As, owing to the vast destruction of wealth effected in the course of the war, the rate of interest will probably remain high for decades, we may reckon that the interest on the loans and advances made by America to the belligerents will come to something like £200,000,000 per year, exclusive of provisions made for the redemption of the capital. That huge yearly tribute can, of course, be paid only either in the form of exports to America or in the form of transferring European property to American citizens.

The Americans have been exceedingly judicious in their financial policy. While Great Britain has advanced gigantic sums to Russia and to other impecunious Powers, America's loans have been made chiefly to Great Britain, France, and Canada. Russia and other Powers of doubtful solvency have received merely a trifle of American money. In consequence of the war, the Americans have become the greatest capitalist nation in the world. From a debtor country it has become the greatest creditor country. They have become the world's money-lenders, and have acquired a gigantic mortgage upon the property and industry of the other Powers. It may almost be said that they hold the world in pawn. How vastly the war has enriched the United States may be gauged by the fact that the American bank deposits have risen from \$17,475,764,134 in 1913 to \$27,931,843,777 in 1918. In five short years the American bank deposits have risen by \$10,500,000,000, or by more than £2,100,000,000 at the pre-war rate of exchange.

During the war and during the years following the Armistice the character of America's foreign trade has altered completely. In the past the United States had a moderate excess of exports over imports, and with that excess they paid interest on their European indebtedness. Besides, they paid with it for the services rendered by foreign nations, such as shipping, for the bulk of America's foreign trade was carried in foreign bottoms. Lastly, the American excess of exports over imports paid for the expenditure of American tourists travelling in foreign countries.

How greatly the character of America's foreign trade has changed during and owing to the war will be seen from the following table :—

<i>Year.</i>	<i>Exports.</i>	<i>Imports.</i>	<i>Excess of Exports over Imports.</i>
	\$	\$	\$
1910	1,744,984,720	1,556,947,480	188,037,290
1911	2,049,820,190	1,527,226,105	522,094,094
1912	2,204,822,409	1,658,264,084	551,057,475
1913	2,465,884,149	1,818,008,234	652,875,915
1914	2,864,579,148	1,893,925,657	470,653,491
1915	2,768,589,340	1,674,169,740	1,094,419,600
1916	4,333,482,885	2,197,883,510	2,135,599,375
1917	6,290,048,394	2,659,855,185	3,630,693,209
1918	5,919,711,371	2,945,655,403	2,974,055,968
1919	7,225,084,257	3,095,876,582	4,129,207,675
1920	8,111,176,131	5,238,746,580	2,872,429,551

During the war and during the years following its conclusion the United States have vastly strengthened, not only their financial position as against the world, but their commercial and their industrial position as well. While Europe was fighting they have extended their commerce in every direction and have built up a huge mercantile marine. Moreover, during the years 1914-1920 the excess of American exports over imports came in round figures to \$17,000,000,000, or to £3,400,000,000 at the normal rate of exchange, and that gigantic excess has no equivalent set-off in the shape of money due to Europe in respect of money lent or of services rendered. In reality, however, the excess of exports over imports during 1914-1920 was probably considerably larger than shown in the official figures, because a large quantity of goods was exported by the Government in 1917 and in 1918 while the United States were at war. The amounts thus shipped do not appear in the Customs returns.

Some economists and publicists have added the loans made by America to Europe and the excess of American exports over imports, and have stated that Europe owes to the United States in round figures \$30,000,000,000. That calculation is, of course, mistaken. They have calculated the same thing twice over. The belligerent Powers raised large loans in the United States for the purpose of paying by means of borrowed American money for those American goods which they required and for which they could not pay in the ordinary way. As the bulk of the American exports to Europe has thus been paid for, that part of the indebtedness of Europe to America has been wiped out.

Previous to the war economists and publicists frequently drew attention to the great excess of American exports over imports and to the consequent danger to the industries and finances of Europe. The excess of American exports during the years 1910-1913, as given in the previous table, is fairly representative of the excess of American exports during the last two or three

decades. That excess was substantial, but was, after all, not very large. As a matter of fact, the services rendered by European shipping and European finance probably represented a greater sum than the excess of American exports over imports. In the past the balance for or against a nation in its international business was largely settled by payments in gold. Hence the movements of gold from or into a country gave some idea as to its position in international trade. The fact that previous to the war the United States worked, as a rule, with an unfavourable trade balance, their substantial excess of exports over imports notwithstanding, is testified by America's trade in the precious metal. During the decade 1909-1918 the foreign trade of the United States in gold showed the following interesting results :—

		<i>Excess of exports of gold over imports.</i>		<i>Excess of imports of gold over exports.</i>
		\$		\$
1909	...	47,527,820	...	—
1910	...	75,223,310	...	—
1911	...	—	...	51,097,360
1912	...	8,391,848	...	—
1913	...	8,568,597	...	—
1914	...	45,499,870	...	—
1915	...	—	...	25,344,607
1916	...	—	...	403,759,753
1917	...	—	...	685,254,801
1918	...	66,438,741.	...	—

The gold movements during the years 1909-1914 were representative of the normal conditions of the American bullion trade in pre-war times. The United States had a very important gold-mining industry. A large portion of the yearly gold production was habitually exported by them in order to settle their unfavourable trade balance. The war has brought the outflow of gold from America to a stop. The trade balance was reversed. Europe, being unable to pay the United States with goods, sent them all the gold that could be spared. During the years 1915-1917 the Americans thus imported on balance gold to the value of \$1,100,000,000, or of £220,000,000 at the old rate of exchange. The country became saturated with the precious metal, and the result was that in 1918 the unusable surplus began once more to leave the country.

Previous to the war America's favourable trade balance against the rest of the world was more imaginary than real. That was attested by the gold movements which, as a rule, were against the United States. On balance, America was a debtor to Europe in respect of very large amounts. The United States have ridded themselves almost completely of their dependence upon Europe

with regard to finance and shipping. Hence the excess of American exports over imports can no longer be met in the former manner. Europe must pay for the excess of American exports over imports either in goods or in property. The settlement of that yearly excess is an exceedingly difficult problem. Out of her poverty Europe must pay a very heavy yearly tribute to the wealthiest Power in the world.

Up to the outbreak of the war America's foreign trade showed sometimes a favourable and sometimes an unfavourable balance. That balance was relatively small, and it was easily settled by comparatively unimportant gold exports or imports, as has been shown. During the course of the war America's foreign trade entered upon a new era. Since 1914 American exports have trebled, and the excess of American exports over imports, which amounted, as a rule, to only a few hundred million dollars, has grown to several thousand million dollars per year. This extraordinary change was mainly due to Europe's pressing need of food and of munitions of war, as the following figures show :—

	<i>American Exports in Millions of Dollars.</i>				
	1910.	1914.	1916.	1918.	1919.
Grain and flour, meat, milk, sugar	194,791	261,451	684,477	1,100,864	1,952,942
Explosives	5,352	6,272	467,081	373,890	122,731
Copper and copper manufactures	88,004	146,223	173,946	268,982	144,350
Iron and steel and manufactures	179,133	251,480	624,092	1,124,999	1,064,974
Brass and manufactures	4,355	7,472	164,876	61,443	21,149
Leather and manufactures	52,647	57,566	146,704	100,880	182,009
Chemicals, drugs, etc.	18,106	21,924	119,938	170,227	150,225
Totals	542,388	752,388	2,381,114	3,211,785	3,698,670

This summary of certain exports, which is taken from the *American Economic Review* of June, 1920, is exceedingly interesting. It shows that the exports of essential foods and of munitions of war have increased prodigiously since 1914. However, the end of the war did not lead to a great shrinkage of American exports, as many observers had imagined. Although there was in 1919 a falling off of some of the exports specified in the above table, there was an increase of others, and the result has been that the total of these war-time exports was actually larger in 1919 than it had been either in 1916 or 1918. In 1919 America's exports of essential foodstuffs were almost twice as great as in the previous year. Starving Europe had to be fed, and the increase in prices affected naturally the export statistics. While in 1919 American exports of explosives, of copper and

copper wares, and of brass and brass wares declined very greatly, if compared with 1918, America's exports of iron and steel and of iron and steel goods were almost as large in 1919 as in the last war year. That fact shows that the American iron and steel industry obtained in the course of the war an extremely strong footing in the markets of the world and that it succeeded in retaining its position. In 1919 America's exports of chemicals, drugs, etc., were only slightly smaller than in 1918, while America's exports of leather and of leather goods were almost twice as great in the first year of peace as in the last year of war. The chemical industry and the leather industry of the United States also have apparently greatly strengthened their hold upon foreign markets.

During the course of the war the Americans vastly increased their exports, not only to the belligerent Powers, but also to the neutrals. That may be seen from the American export statistics, but it would lead too far to prove this point in full detail in these pages.

Apparently the gigantic growth of the American export trade is not merely transitory. It is not merely a mushroom growth due to the war, as has frequently been asserted, but seems likely to be permanent. The assumption that America is likely to become a more and more powerful competitor in the world trade in manufactured goods is greatly strengthened if we look at the export figures of certain American non-war goods, in the production and sale of which the United States experience the keenest and the most effective competition of other nations. In selling their cotton goods abroad, the Americans have to meet the keen competition of England and Japan, and in exporting silk manufactures the Americans have to compete with the powerful silk industries of France, Italy, and Japan. In the cotton and silk industries the record of America's exports stands as follows :—

				<i>Exports of Cotton Manufactures.</i>			<i>Exports of Silk Manufactures.</i>
				\$			\$
1909	31,878,566	847,894
1910	33,397,097	1,097,593
1911	40,851,918	1,538,543
1912	50,780,511	1,992,765
1913	53,743,977	2,390,858
1914	51,467,283	2,307,605
1915	71,973,497	2,745,396
1916	112,053,235	5,204,813
1917	136,209,842	7,202,639
1918	160,378,223	12,140,750

The foregoing figures are most remarkable. During the decade

1909-1918 America's export of cotton manufactures have increased considerably more than fivefold in value, while her exports of silk manufactures have grown more than fourteenfold. The cotton and silk industries of the United States did not receive a direct stimulus owing to the war, as did the metal working and chemical industries. The progress of the American textile industries has occurred independently of the war, and other American industries which are independent of the war have benefited similarly.

Analytical examination of the American trade statistics shows that the United States are becoming a more and more dangerous competitor to Great Britain in the markets of the world. The United States are exporting, both absolutely and relatively, a steadily increasing quantity of manufactured goods. That country is becoming more and more an exporter of highly finished industrial productions, while its exports of food and of raw materials are relatively declining. In the eighties and nineties of last century less than 15 per cent. of America's exports consisted of fully manufactured goods. That proportion grew steadily and continually, and during the years preceding the war it amounted on an average to 30 per cent. During the war years fully manufactured goods formed almost 50 per cent. of the American exports. That progress is highly significant. The eminence of the United States as a manufacturer, not only for home consumption, but also for export, has been vastly strengthened during the war, and to all appearances the United States will not only be able to retain a very large portion of the markets which they have conquered of late, but they will continue their triumphant progress as exporters of manufactured goods. Their chances of strengthening their hold have, of course, been greatly increased through the economic breakdown of Europe. Supremacy in the productive industries leads, as a rule, to supremacy in trade as well. That is the experience of all time. The Americans may become, not only the world's manufacturers, but the world's merchants, shippers, and bankers as well. The position is disquieting for countries, like England, which depend for their existence upon a large and ready sale of manufactured goods in foreign markets.

England's life depends on a flourishing export trade, and her prosperity may be threatened in her foreign markets. If we study the American export trade in detail, we find that during the last decade it has been particularly successful in Canada, in South America, and in Asia, in countries which were considered to be a British preserve and a British monopoly. Between 1910 and 1919 America's exports to Canada have considerably more than trebled, her exports to South America have considerably more than quadrupled; her exports to Asia have increased exactly ten-

fold. It is highly significant that the United States have achieved their greatest successes in foreign trade chiefly at England's cost. The pressure of American competition promises to become greater and greater from year to year. Everything points in that direction.

• The Americans possess the most gigantic natural resources, as has been shown in the beginning of this paper. Their wealth in coal, iron, water power, etc., is prodigious, and they are developing all their industries and their foreign trade with the utmost energy. Spurning territorial conquests, they have embarked upon the economic conquest of the world, and not unnaturally they are attracted by the opportunities offered by those markets which England hitherto considered her own. The Americans have rapidly and completely outdistanced many British manufacturing industries which formerly were supreme, and they mean to wrest from this country its pre-eminence in shipbuilding, shipping, banking, and finance as well. That is the ambition of all patriotic Americans, and we must seriously reckon with that movement which threatens to make Great Britain an economic Power of the second rank.

The economic predominance of the United States is becoming greater and greater. The distracted States of Europe are unable to support themselves by their unaided exertions and are applying to America for help. They are likely to sink more and more deeply into debt to the United States. The financial fetters which America has fastened upon the Old World are becoming heavier and heavier. The Americans have hitherto followed a rigid policy of protection, and there is as yet no sign that they are willing to abandon that policy. They strive to exclude from their country those European exports with which alone the war-weary nations can repay the United States. Economists and business men frequently state that a foreign debt can be repaid only by exports of goods to the creditor country. That assertion is not quite correct. A foreign debt may be paid not only by the transfer of goods, but also by the transfer of valuable property. The debt which Europe owes to the United States can be wiped out by transferring to American citizens European undertakings equal in value to the amount of that debt. The Americans have already begun buying up European property and undertakings on a very large scale. It is not inconceivable that through the purchase of European undertakings by Americans Europe may become a dependency, if not a colony, of the United States. American financiers are buying up European land, factories, hotels, theatres, etc., are undertaking huge engineering enterprises, and seem inclined to acquire the management and handling of great public

services which have hitherto been the monopoly of various Governments. The more impecunious States of Europe may thus fall more or less completely under American control.

England is in a far more favourable position than the Continental States. This country has vast resources in the homeland and in the far-flung Empire. However, the independence of this country also is threatened by the United States, because the natural resources of Great Britain and of the Empire are insufficiently exploited. The wealth of men and of nations depends upon production. The United States have twice as many white citizens as the United Kingdom. If production per worker was equally great in the two countries, the economic superiority of the United States would be serious enough. However, owing to the use of more powerful and more perfect machinery in the United States, and to the absence of restriction of output on the part of the American workers, production per worker in the United States is approximately three times as great as it is in this country. With twice as many white inhabitants as the United Kingdom, the United States produce approximately six times as large a quantity of goods.

The United Kingdom, though geographically belonging to Europe, may be said to lie economically outside Europe. Great Britain is, after all, part of the Empire. At present the United Kingdom is the foremost province of the Empire in white population, in power and in wealth, but the time may come when the political and economic centre of the Empire lies outside of Europe and when England is merely an European outpost of it. Exactly as the capital of the Phœnician Empire was moved from Asia Minor to Carthage, even so the capital of the British Empire may be moved from London to Montreal or elsewhere. Compared with the United States, Great Britain may become another Belgium. Competition between this country, with its narrow area and limited resources, and the United States is hopeless. However, the British Empire is more than four times as large as the United States. Its natural resources are probably at least as great as those of the Republic. By following a wise policy of development the unlimited latent riches of Great Britain and of the Empire may be turned into wealth and power. Statesmen of vision may establish the world-wide paramountcy of the British Empire. A policy of drift will make Great Britain and the Empire dependencies of the United States. Political muddling and the wrong-headedness of the Labour leaders may establish the world-wide supremacy of the American Republic and reduce Great Britain to the condition of an American protectorate.

POLITICUS.

THE BENEFITS OF BIG BUSINESS.

ONE rather disquieting feature of this exceedingly new world, in which every man, and especially the man without any previous instruction, thinks himself qualified to have an opinion on things economic, is to observe the popular apprehensions of mere size. "Big Business" is becoming almost as suspect in Great Britain as it long has been in America. I do not believe that the fear of it is ever likely to lead among us to such legislative crudities as a British rendering of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890 or of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act of 1914. None the less, the fear is present and operative. "Rapacious monopolies" and the "robber barons of industry" and "conscienceless profiteering" are the staple of every Labour platform, and "the Trusts" and "the interests," as terms of industrial abuse, are creeping into our political vocabulary. Nor can one say that the Government has been at any pains to correct popular ignorance. On the contrary, its policy has rather been to stimulate popular prejudices and timidities. Take, for instance, the cant of "profiteering." Among all the causes of high prices I do not suppose there is a single trained economist who would not give the last and the least place to the artificial withholding or manipulation of supplies by industrial combines. The destruction wrought by the war, the diversion of millions of men from productive employment, the world-wide shortage of goods, foodstuffs and raw material, the simultaneous increase of the spending power of the multitude in all countries, and the chaos of the exchanges—these are the true and fundamental causes of high prices. But, as Mr. Clynes very truly observed in the House of Commons, the average man does not understand the operation of these vast and mostly technical forces. "The one factor in connection with high prices which the ordinary man sees and understands is that factor for which the profiteer is responsible." I do not blame the ordinary man, but I do blame the Government for fixing and encouraging him in his perverted conclusions. It brought in an Anti-Profiteering Bill which for sheer empiricism and imposture could hardly be matched in any of the wild legislatures of the Wildest West. By thus pandering to popular clamour and feeding the delusions of ignorance, it seemed to stamp with official authority the stupidly fantastic conviction that the bigger the profits earned by a business firm the more should it be regarded as a public enemy. At a time like this, when the economic

myopia of the mass of the people is an even greater danger than the moral cowardice of their better-informed leaders, I know of no greater disservice that could have been rendered to the cause of social peace and industrial stability.

But there is an additional reason why the present is of all junctures the most inopportune for playing down to the unreasoning animus against Big Business. If there is one thing more than another that we should have learned from the war, and from the general canvassing of our industrial position and prospects which the war induced, it is that British businesses are not big enough. And when one has to say of a modern industrial enterprise that it is not big enough, that is equivalent to saying that it is not efficient enough. Bigness by itself does not connote efficiency. But efficiency almost invariably runs to bigness. In the pre-war competition between the leading trading nations Great Britain was represented by a multitude of small, rather old-fashioned manufacturing units, each maintaining its own agencies of sale and distribution, not at all alive to science, stubbornly individualistic both in their products and in their attitude towards other British firms in the same industry (with whom, indeed, they were competing far more fiercely than with the Germans or the Americans), conscious that the smallness of their installations made for inefficiency and waste, but deterred from scrapping and rebuilding them on modern lines by the almost prohibitive cost, and in the meantime, though with increasing difficulty, retaining a considerable share of the business in markets that British enterprise had been the first to exploit. Germany, Japan, and the United States, on the other hand, the first- and the last-named in particular, tended more and more to be represented by huge plants, producing a limited variety of commodities in enormous quantities, employing a large body of highly-trained technologists, relying very greatly on specialisation and repetition work, arranging the amount and character of their output by agreement with other firms, disposing of their products through collective selling and distributing agencies, and, by thus pooling their resources and organising each industry as a whole, enabled to command ample credit and to marshal most formidable forces against whatever point they selected for attack.

This question of size and scale is so all-important that, in the opinion of practically all the Departmental Committees which have examined the present state and requirements of British industry, it cannot be over-emphasised. One of them, dealing with the iron and steel trades, has this to say: "The American and German iron and steel industries are of relatively recent growth, and have throughout been organised for large-scale pro-

duction. Small installations held and worked by individual owners are comparatively unknown. The individualism of the British character has often led the iron and steel manufacturer to prefer to retain personal control over a small and relatively inefficient works rather than pool his brains and capital to the greater ultimate advantage of the industry. . . . The iron and steel manufacturers of Germany and Austria have developed their industries on an immense scale, aiming at the production of large quantities of uniform articles rather than at variety of output. Large units specially designed for cheap production have been laid down. On the other hand, expansion in the United Kingdom has generally meant the remodelling and extension of existing works. Further, the efficiency of the iron and steel plants of the United Kingdom is stated to be, as the result of several distinct factors, very far behind that of their American and German competitors—the production of small units being naturally less, the expenditure of labour greater, and the appliances frequently inadequate.” Not only is the production of pig-iron per blast furnace in Great Britain considerably less than half what it is in America, but powerful combinations in Germany and the United States control output and allocate orders so that production as far as possible may be concentrated and specialised, while allied combinations attend to the marketing abroad.

Similarly in the engineering trades. The Committee that inquired into them reported that they had been “much impressed by the very large number of relatively small firms that exist in the British industry, each with a separate organisation, separate establishment charges, separate buying and selling arrangements, and each producing a multiplicity of articles. A system of exclusiveness and aloofness marked the engineering trade before the war; many firms were employed in the production of a large variety of articles in common use, and no two manufacturers aimed at producing precisely the same article, each claiming some special merit for his own. In Germany and the United States manufacturers work in as large units as possible; the number of patterns produced in each works is strictly limited; there is much specialisation and repetition work. Whilst the United Kingdom can point to many works of the highest class with the most modern equipment for work at the highest efficiency, there is no doubt that many of our older works are manufacturing at costs which could be greatly reduced if the works as a whole were on a larger scale, better planned and equipped, and consequently capable of being worked in the most efficient and economical manner. Germany, on the other hand, coming late into the field, started on a large scale with all modern

improvements; and in the United States an energetic policy has been adopted throughout of scrapping old works in favour of a total reconstruction on the most modern lines." Again, the German successes in the cotton hosiery trade were due partly to a special process of dyeing, and partly "to the organisation of production in such a manner as to allocate whole factories to the manufacture of a single article, with the result that the prices became such that British manufacturers, producing on a small scale, found competition impossible." The cotton glove industry, once more, "had fallen almost entirely into German hands" before the war, partly because of lower labour costs, mainly because in Germany, as a rule, "all the processes of the industry are combined in one business, whilst in this country the weaving, dyeing, and finishing are carried on by separate firms."

But there is another way, and a way that is only just beginning to be appreciated, in which the comparative smallness of most British firms holds back all British industry. Their size is an almost insuperable obstacle to the organisation of research. There are three among the thousand and one demonstrations, ideas, and mental readjustments of which the war has been prolific that really give promise of fertility. The first is the clinching proof it has furnished of the backwardness and inadequacy throughout Great Britain of our mechanism for promoting industrial and scientific research. The second is the perception that the small isolated manufacturing plant, which is still the type of British industrialism, must be superseded here as it long has been in Germany and the United States if we in these islands are to hold our own. The third, and in many ways the most valuable discovery of them all, is simply this, that the efficacy of scientific research depends very largely upon the scale on which the businesses it is intended to assist are conducted. Scale in this connection is pretty nearly fundamental. We have all known for many years that as a nation we have lagged behind in science and the application of it to industry. We have all studied the phenomena of this shortcoming, have searched for its causes, and have scored it up now against the manufacturer, now against the universities, now against the classico-clerical tradition that still dominates in British education, now against Parliamentary negligence and the standards and atmosphere of the public services, now against that genial mass of depreciatory indifferentism which has always been too much the popular attitude towards knowledge and research. But what we are now realising is that all these obstacles might be removed and that trained men of science might be forthcoming in abundance, and there would still remain the fatal difficulty that by no possibility

whatever could the small individualistic firms that cumber the ground of Great Britain find employment for them. Research on a big scale to be really productive means business on a big scale; and to multiply scientific students and investigators when few of our native industries can afford their services is simply to prepare and endow British talent for export abroad.

The chief efforts, accordingly, of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research have been to induce the firms in the leading British industries to combine for purposes of research into problems common to them all; and these efforts, which take time, which involve a lot of ticklish diplomacy, and which cannot advance much faster than opinion is prepared to follow, have been greatly assisted by the revelations of the war as to the defects in our industrial economy and by the deepening consciousness that organisation and combination have become, apart from all questions of science and research, a business necessity. "So long," says one of the Reports of this young and most useful Department, "as the Englishman treats his business house as his business castle, adding to its original plan here and there as necessity or inclination directs, with his hand against the hand of every other baron in his trade, and no personal interest in the foreign politics of his industry as a whole, it will be as impossible for the State to save him, whether by research or other means; as it would have been for King Stephen to conduct a campaign abroad." But this jealous and stiff-necked particularism is visibly weakening. Manufacturers see at last the necessity of achieving by co-operation what none of them can accomplish and hardly even attempt on their own account. Big companies no longer scout with quite such crushing confidence the idea of sharing their hard-won experience of methods and processes with smaller firms that are financially incapable of independent research. The competitive stress and the need felt for higher standards of technology in nearly all the main branches of industry are together pushing the British manufacturer out of his old individualism and forcing him to ponder the ways and means of co-operation. The experiences of the war have in that respect been invaluable. It forced upon us the beginnings, at any rate, of the same sort of industrial revolution that the Germans and the Americans have been busily working out for the last thirty years and more. The improved mechanical processes, the higher organisation that is only possible when rival interests are pooled, the recognition that a world-wide commerce must gradually pass away from any country whose manufacturers devote their best energies to a wasting competition among themselves—all these essentials of up-to-date business have been imposed upon us by the war. We are now and at last

an awakened and modernised people; and the struggle which has all but ruined us may yet prove, if we rightly use its lessons, our industrial salvation.

I do not, of course, mean that trade associations and combines are a product of the war in our national economy. On the contrary, very few British industries are without some sort of federation to deal with labour and wages questions, to watch over and to represent the general interests of particular trades in connection, for example, with railway rates, shipping freights, and the collection of statistics, or to regulate trade and prices. In the iron and steel industry alone there are some forty associations, comprising nearly four hundred firms, that handle the raw material and intermediate products; and in addition there are many combines among the manufacturers of the more finished goods. Similarly, the production of chemicals in this country is almost wholly in the hands of two great consolidations. In the electric industries there is an association of businesses of a different nature with a total capital of £33,000,000. In soap, tobacco, wall-papers, salt, cement, and in the textile trades there are likewise powerful combinations that are in a position to control output and prices. The Bedstead Makers' Federation is a good example of the type of association which, by putting an end to price-cutting and by a free interchange of information among the component firms, has steadied an entire industry and greatly improved its technique. Other trade associations go a considerable distance in the way of eliminating outside competition. They allow special discount rates or deferred rebates only to customers who undertake to purchase exclusively from the members of the association; they buy their raw materials and semi-finished products only from manufacturers who agree to supply no one else; they furnish a trade, as, for example, the boot trade, with essential machinery only on condition that the manufacturer binds himself to hire or purchase all the machines he requires from the dominant company; they forestall foreign competition by agreements under which the distributors or wholesale merchants, in return for a larger commission, are prevented from importing from abroad any goods of the kind manufactured by the association; they stipulate in their sales contracts that retailers shall not sell any other make of the goods in which the members of the association are interested at a lower price.

But whatever the objective and procedure of these trade associations, their genesis has almost invariably been the same. What has led industry after industry to combine in Great Britain has been, above everything else, the certainty that all-round disaster awaited them if they did not. Cut-throat competition by driving

prices, profits, and quality down to the lowest level was playing havoc with British trade. Combinations sprang up in one branch of business after another because in no other way could they be kept going; and the same good sense which recognised that associated action was the price of existence has operated also to prevent the abuse of the powers which combination has brought. The movement has unquestionably done much that is wholly good in promoting economical production, improving the quality of output, disseminating technical knowledge, and enabling the members of the various associations to compete abroad with redoubled effectiveness because their position in the home market has been stabilised. But it has not yet developed in the United Kingdom to anything like the same extent as in Germany and the United States. We have very few of the plant and gigantic consolidations into which the principal industries of Germany and America have enrolled themselves. Yet the large industrial unit, built up by the fusion of previously competing firms or by the amalgamation of ancillary interests, is clearly the coming type, in Great Britain no less than anywhere else. All the serious work of industrial reconstruction that has been accomplished since the Armistice has been on these larger lines of combination and co-operation. Big Business, it is now very generally recognised, is for us in Great Britain not only an unescapable growth, but one that is vitally necessary; and it is just in proportion as we encourage Big Business that we shall be able to hold our own. There can therefore be few things more important than that this process of industrial evolution should not be blindly obstructed either by Parliament or by public opinion, but that it should be watched, and wherever necessary regulated, with understanding and without excitement. It will be altogether our own fault if we follow the American example, fly into a panic, and proceed to dash our heads against the stone wall of economic necessity.

Unhappily, men's actions are often guided, not by the facts, but by their fears of what the facts may be. They see these towering, quasi-monopolistic enterprises, controlling commodities that are essential to life and industry, and they jump to the conclusion that so vast a power concentrated in so few hands must needs be against the public interests and exercised oppressively. Whereas, of course, the truth is that there is no necessary of existence or of manufacture dealt in by Big Business which cannot be obtained in immeasurably greater quantities, of a better quality, and at a far lower price than in the days when its production and distribution were in the hands of small men with limited capital and equipment and desperately competing against

one another. Meat, oil, cotton, thread, soap, dyes, steel—the world owes the abundance and the cheapness of these and many other products and commodities wholly to the operations of Big Business. Take, for instance, the Chicago packing industry, which Mr. J. Ogden Armour has correctly described as “the most beneficent and the most maligned industry on earth.” The function of the great packing houses is not to raise stock or to sell their products retail to the public. It is to stand between the producer and the consumer, and to act as merchants, manufacturers, and distributors of the raw material which they purchase in the open market: and by dint of an extensive transportation system, elaborate selling agencies, and a consummate utilisation of by-products, they are able to handle a colossal business on the basis of a 3 per cent. profit on their turnover. Is that, or is it not, to render a real public service? Does there exist anywhere in the world any system or agency—Governmental, co-operative, or otherwise—that buys and kills animals, prepares the meat for market, and undertakes its distribution, at anything like the insignificant charges on which the Chicago packers contrive to handle their business? I take it that from the public standpoint the food problem is to devise the ways and means which will link producer and consumer most closely together, so that food may be distributed as widely and as cheaply and as expeditiously and in as wholesome a form as possible. This problem the Chicago packers have come nearer to solving than perhaps any firms in any industry. Their policy has been to eliminate the middleman and deal as directly as possible with the retailer. We in Great Britain are infested with middlemen. Three or four more operations, on each of which some “merchant” makes his profit, are needed to bring New Zealand lamb to the British dinner-table than are required to bring beef or bacon. The Chicago packers wage incessant war on waste and the parasites of their industry; and they may justly claim to have reduced to a hitherto unattainable minimum those intermediary charges for manufacturing, transporting, and merchandising which, as a rule, are so disproportionately high that the producer receives too little and the consumer pays too much.

This enormous business, then, is conducted on a basis of a 3 per cent. return on turnover and an 8 per cent. return on capital. No one can possibly call this an excessive reward or an example of profiteering. Moreover, when one comes to probe more deeply into the economics of the packing industry, one finds that it really exists on its by-products, and that the development of these by-products has only been possible because Big Business has brought science and capital and organisation to

bear upon the problem. A steer weighing 1,000 lb. has approximately 440 lb. of inedible waste. It is from their utilisation and sale of these inedible parts, which used to be thrown away as useless, that the Chicago packers derive their main profits. On the meat itself they make practically nothing. Very often they sell it at a loss; and their profits at the best of times do not average so much as a farthing on each pound of meat. Where they score is in turning to commercial account the waste parts. It is to-day almost literally accurate to say that every portion of the animals slaughtered at the Chicago packing plants contributes something towards reducing the cost of the meat consumed by the public. Cattle and sheep and hogs, in other words, are to-day a great deal more than food. They are the raw material out of which a vast range of marketable goods is manufactured. It is on that basis, and not merely on their food value, that they are sold. The stock-raiser and the farmer get far better prices for their stock because they are aware that the residue which used to be regarded as useless is now a commercial asset. And at the same time the exploitation of the by-products cheapens the cost of meat to the consumer. Again, the activities of these great organisations furnish an accessible cash market every working day of the year for all that the cattleman and the farmer have to sell, and so encourage production; their size and resources not only make official inspection easy and adequate, but ensure the most scientific precautions against any unsound meat entering the market; and their unique facilities for slaughtering, preserving, storing, and distributing meat enable them to ship regular consignments in prime condition to the most remote parts of America and of the world. Foodstuffs, in short, are handled by the Chicago packers more cheaply, more swiftly, under more wholesome and sanitary conditions, and therefore to the greater advantage of the public, than they have ever in history been handled before; and if they were to be put out of business by foolish legislation and their development cramped, your butcher's bill and mine would at once jump up by at least 25 per cent. Yet I suppose there is no industry in the world so unpopular or so bitterly assailed, or one whose operations are regarded with such suspicious ill-will. Putting the packers in the pillory, getting out injunctions against them, appointing Committee after Committee to investigate them, trying (and always failing) to convict them of being a Trust—all this is the favourite pastime of American politics; and over here in England our inimitable Mr. McCurdy maintains himself in office and seeks to perpetuate Food Control by conjuring up visions of the unscrupulous and quite imaginary "Beef Trust"

that is waiting round the corner to fall upon us directly his bureaucratic back is turned. One could not, indeed, have a more perfect picture, on the one hand, of the economic and social benefits of Big Business, and, on the other, of the scowling ignorance and uninquiring prejudice with which those benefits are denied and repudiated even by those who are daily enjoying them. It is very clear that when size and efficiency go together in handling some commodity in universal use, the average man concludes offhand and unshakably and without troubling even to glance at the facts that he is the predestined victim of the combination.

This has been made manifest anew in the discussion started by the rise of 7d. a gallon in the price of petrol on September 1st. I do not attempt to excuse the complete lack of any public explanation that accompanied the advance. For the oil-importing companies to put up the price of such a prime essential without a word of justification was a piece, not only of bad manners, but of bad policy. The one chance for Big Business nowadays is to live and work in a glass house and to tell all that there is to be told about its operations. In the absence of any authoritative statement of any kind, the papers began to invent their own explanations. Some thought it was a device to influence the Government's policy in Mesopotamia. Others diagnosed it as a move dictated by the possible contingency of a coal strike. All agreed that it was a scandalous example of profiteering on the part of a "combine" that was "holding up the country to ransom." Yet when Mr. Francis E. Powell, the Chairman of the Anglo-American Oil Company, issued a belated but frank and detailed statement, it was seen that the advance was simply the business result of business conditions, necessitated by the increase in the price of oil in America and by the soaring costs of transportation, handling, and distribution, and that the importing companies were actually making a smaller profit after the 7d. increase than before it. Since then one of the vital factors in the situation—namely, the price of oil in the United States—has altered in favour of the consumer, and the change has been registered by a drop of 3d. per gallon in the price of petrol all over the United Kingdom—one more proof of the fact that the price of petrol f.o.b. New York, as matters stand at present and as they are likely to remain for a long while to come, governs the price in England and throughout a large part of Europe, and that no policy of ours which ignores this fundamental condition can be other than misguided and futile.

But what has most interested me in this whole petrol controversy is to observe how completely the services rendered to

the country by the oil-importing companies, and the irreplaceable part they play in the national economy, have been forgotten or overlooked. Here we are, a tiny group of highly industrialised islands, producing very little oil either at home or in the Empire—not more, I think, than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the world's output—many thousands of miles from the chief sources of supply, which lie almost wholly in foreign lands, and yet dependent upon an abundance of the precious fluid for the development of innumerable mechanical possibilities in the sphere of manufacture and transport. It looks a position of ominous insecurity, the more so as the United States, our chief industrial competitor, is also the greatest oil-producing and oil-consuming country in the world, and able, theoretically, to turn off the main tap at any moment. Yet in normal times we in Great Britain have never suffered, and are not suffering now, from any shortage of petrol. Go wherever you please in England and you can always be sure of getting it at a uniform price and of unsurpassed quality. This year we must be using at least 250,000,000 gallons of it. But, however great the demand, there is always a plentiful supply to meet it. How is this miracle achieved? How comes it that we in these islands not only find ready to hand the kind and quality of petrol and of every other sort of oil we need, but are probably equipped with more extensive and more convenient facilities for getting it than any other country in the world?

The answer is that these results have been brought about, and could only have been brought about, by great organisations, commanding unlimited capital, employing the most up-to-date distributive methods, and able and willing to supply us with oil in return for a small percentage of profit on a huge turnover. It is, in short, Big Business, as represented by such companies as the Shell and the Anglo-American, that has alone enabled us to procure this essential of modern industry. Fifty smaller concerns, engaged in a fearsome competition among themselves, could never have furnished anything like the universal, standardised, and constant service that these two groups have succeeded in providing. They could never have "delivered the goods." Oil is not a game for the small man. The scale on which all the operations of the industry have nowadays to be conducted is something without precedent in the history of commerce. It has taken, for instance, over thirty years of incessant toil, and I know not how many millions of money, to equip the Anglo-American Company for the business of supplying Great Britain with oil; and the mechanism of its organisation includes a fleet of tank steamers, scores upon scores of storage tanks, refineries, some 800 depots, hundreds of tank cars for the

railways and tank wagons for the roads, and an army in the United Kingdom of over 5,000 employees. In general the average man takes the fruit of such an enterprise for granted. He buys his petrol as and when he needs it, knowing nothing and caring less about the long tale of experiment and speculative pluck and patient building up that lies behind each two-gallon tin. It is only when the price is advanced that he begins talking about "a ring of monopolists" and clamouring for "Government intervention." But as the "ring of monopolists" make a profit of from 1½d. to 2d. on each gallon of petrol they sell us, and no more, and as only companies of equal size and efficiency could afford to do business on so narrow a margin, it is obvious that "Government intervention" could only make petrol dearer or scarcer, or both.

The essence of Big Business is a huge production, selling and distributing agencies that are constantly growing in size and perfection, and small profits on an enormous turnover. Its interests are all against high prices. High prices, and especially when they affect the necessaries of life, mean reduced consumption; and reduced consumption means that the plants and organisation cannot be worked to their full capacity, and that while the overhead charges remain the same or are on the increase, the business actually done diminishes. There is no consumer anywhere who looks forward to low and stable prices so eagerly as a great industrial corporation. They are the condition of its well-being. That is why "the Trusts," to the amazement of economists, have not raised prices. That is why Messrs. Coats a few months ago were selling a reel of cotton at 7½d. which one of the firm's principal competitors confessed that he could not sell at a profit for less than 1s. That also is why the public always gains in the abundance and cheapness of the commodities that are placed within its reach by such firms as Lever Bros., Vickers, Brunner Mond, Harrods, Lyons, and a dozen others one might mention. And that, finally, is why Parliament and public opinion should inquire very carefully and move very cautiously before electing to thwart an industrial development which is not only an economic necessity, but, on the whole, a clear national and international benefit.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE "NEW ATTITUDE" OF THE AFRICAN.

- "Whilst we were in Paris a native deputation came to see the British Government about their grievances the petition made by this deputation to the British Government was an appalling document. I am not speaking particularly of the personal statements, although a good many assertions made were largely untrue on the one side. But I was struck by the spirit of distrust of the white people. . . . When I came back to South Africa I found that the state of affairs with regard to the natives had become much worse a most undesirable state of affairs had grown up. A new attitude was growing up on the part of the natives towards the whites."—(General Smuts when introducing the Native Affairs Bill in the South African Parliament.)

THESE grave terms with which General Smuts introduced his memorable Native Affairs Bill were spoken with regard to the four Provinces of the Union, but a fact still more arresting to the British nation should be that this "new attitude" of the African is being adopted, not merely by the four million natives for whose welfare General Smuts is responsible, but is everywhere permeating the thirty-five millions of Africans under the British flag. To those of us who know the implicit trust and profound veneration which the name of Queen Victoria inspired throughout the continent, this "new attitude" of mistrust is alarming.

Not the least unfortunate feature of this weakening of confidence is that in so many areas it is extended to every section of the white community, and in several is directed mainly towards our administrative officials. It would seem that in South Africa the native is even beginning to modify his attitude of implicit faith in the missionaries. Fifteen years ago "native trouble" in Natal caused a racial cleavage, but the late Maurice Evans, than whom there was no higher authority on native affairs in South Africa, thus records the invaluable service rendered in this respect by the missionaries:—

"In a time when doubt as to our good intentions was rife, when confidence in our goodwill was shaken, the unselfishness and altruism of the missionary stood fast, as a pledge to the native that the white man still desired his good, still stood as a father to him, and that cash, or its value in material things, was not the only bond between black and white. A bulwark to a shattered and fast-disappearing faith were and are these men, and it is a service to the State and to their race which can hardly be too highly estimated."

Mr. Barrett, in his admirable report on the work of the Native Affairs Department of South Africa, indicates that in educational

matters the native now seems to wish to overthrow the authority of the Christian missionary :—

"There is further a growing desire amongst a certain section of the native population to secularise native education and to secure a larger share in its management. Possibly this section does not fully realise the debt of the native peoples to the missionaries who have so long laboured—and practically alone—to secure to them the benefit of education."

The issue of this report was followed by the unfortunate incident at Fort Hare, when the African Inter-State College at Lovedale, built by generous donors in Great Britain and South Africa, had to be closed (temporarily) owing to a serious riot, during which a very ugly spirit was exhibited by those for whose benefit the college had been established.

In West Africa the natives of the four British Dependencies—Sierra Leone, Gambia, Gold Coast, and Nigeria—have created a United West African Conference under the presidency of the Hon. Hutton Mills, one of the ablest men West Africa has produced. During the discussion of this Conference some very plain things were said, and certain demands will soon be made which will show a "new attitude," less distrustful in spirit, perhaps, than in South Africa, but of a kind which will tax to the utmost British Colonial Statecraft.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.

The causes underlying this change are many, but in the main there are three : first amongst these is the Great War, with the somewhat generous promises of a new heaven and a new earth for all men proclaimed from the house-tops by our statesmen ; these have inspired the African with the not unnatural belief that, as he also is "a man and a brother," he is entitled to an adequate share in this new creation ; the second main cause is the way in which, voluntarily or involuntarily, British statesmen have in recent years broken the most explicit pledges ; the third reason is of quite another order, namely, a marked departure from British Colonial policy in several respects. The cumulative effect of these, with their subsidiary concomitants, are together responsible for the deplorable change of attitude on the part of the African races towards the British Empire.

The axiom so constantly dinned into the ears of the traveller from Cape Town to Cairo, from Lagos to Beira, is "Never break your word to the African." The sincerity and, indeed, the soundness of this advice cannot be questioned, and the general result, until a few years ago, was apparent almost everywhere—"the English never tell lie" was the oft-repeated native ejaculation

whenever racial merits or demerits were being compared. But that day is, unhappily, passing away, for leading Africans are now pointing out that the word of British statesmen is of doubtful value. It is probably correct to say that British promises have been broken just as often in the past, but the difference lies just here: fifty years ago the African races were almost everywhere primitive, but the advance of education, coupled with the provision of newspapers and books, has brought to every village an intimate knowledge of promises made by authorities which fifty years ago was impossible.

The African is in many respects a very sensible person, and so long as broken promises could only be laid at the door of local administrators, he was still prepared to believe that the seat of government was sound, and that, given suitable presentation of a case, justice would be done and an established wrong put right; the seriousness of the new situation lies in the fact that the African is rapidly losing faith in the Central Government. Two instances have made an indelible impression. In 1906 the Government of the day, quite formally and with the unanimous assent of the House of Commons, "gladly inscribed upon the annals of this House," to use the picturesque language of Mr. Churchill, then Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, the following principle of Imperial control:—

"There is an Imperial responsibility for the protection of native races not represented in legislative assemblies."

There was no ambiguity whatever about this principle, nor was there a dissentient voice when this resolution was passed and sent forth as a message to the British-African races from the very heart of the Empire. The natives have recently learned with dismay that the Imperial Government has gone back from this formal resolution, for when presenting their appeal for the consideration of their case the members of the native deputation from South Africa to the Colonial Office were told that their affairs were exclusively in the hands of the South African Government. The reason for this reply is notorious, but the South African native claims that, as a loyal subject of the King-Emperor (more loyal, in fact, than thousands of white men who possess the franchise in South Africa), he is entitled to look to the Imperial Government for redress until he has been given a voice in the government of his own country. In South Africa to-day injustice is piled on indignity, but the natives have no representative to voice their grievances; hope was kept bright by a faith in the justice of the Home Government and Parliament, but confidence has now been deliberately shattered by the reply given by Colonel Amery to the deputation.

The second shock to African confidence, which has, in fact, affected a still wider area than the African continent, was Mr. Lloyd George's pledge in connection with the late German Colonies. Mr. Lloyd George on two occasions, and in the most formal manner, stated that before any mandate was conferred the native chiefs and tribes would be consulted; he also stated the well-known fact that tribal organisation was such that the procedure he outlined was quite practical. It was well known that in making this promise the British Prime Minister had been advised by some of the most experienced of British Colonial administrators, and more particularly by one whose competence to give sound advice would not be challenged by any responsible person with African experience. The promise so explicitly made was hailed throughout the more civilised regions of the continent as marking a new epoch in African history—native editors, lawyers, and preachers joyously proclaimed that the grant of self-determination in political destiny to tribes of the African race was the reward for the supreme sacrifices the children of Africa had made in the Great War; this wave of loyalty and enthusiasm, in the strength of which Great Britain might have done anything, swept through the continent; the volume of enthusiasm thus inspired was only equalled by the depth of the disappointment which overwhelmed the African when he learned that there was to be no attempt whatever to carry out the pledge which had awakened such enthusiasm, and the African tasted once again the bitter fruit of broken faith. There can be no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George was overborne by other interests, but the odium of this flagrant breach of faith rests upon Great Britain.

AT THE BAR OF JUSTICE.

In West Africa the notorious case of Phillip Coker has gripped the mind not only of Africans, but of a large number of white men, because it indicates a breach in Britain's traditional and hitherto rightful claim to administer justice regardless of race or colour. The case is as remarkable as it is simple. The African concerned is an Egba of Nigeria named Phillip Coker, and the story opens in 1909, when Coker occupied the position of Deputy-Registrar at Badagry, with four and a half years' blameless record of Government service. In September of that year a theft of £55 took place from an office, the key of which was usually kept by Coker. Three men were ultimately arrested, very largely by the aid of Phillip Coker, but upon an allegation made by one of the prisoners Coker himself was arrested. The trial of Phillip Coker took place in 1910 at Lagos, before the

Chief Justice, sitting with three assessors. These three assessors were unanimously of the opinion that Coker was innocent, but the Chief Justice overruled them and sentenced Coker to nine months' imprisonment with hard labour. This, of course, meant loss of position and pension—in fact, ruin.

Phillip Coker served nearly six months with hard labour and was then released, physically a broken man, financially ruined and socially an outcast. But Coker did not lose heart, and with courage and persistence unique in the African race determined to clear his character. The story of the long struggle during the next five years must be imagined; the collecting of financial help from friends, the mortgaging of family possessions, interminable appeals to Local and Home Governments, petitions ignored, failing health and constant disappointments. But Coker would not give in, he would not be denied justice. At the end of 1915 a surprising thing happened: the Supreme Court agreed to hear Phillip Coker's case, and without hesitation or qualification declared him to be innocent! The Chief Justice, Sir E. A. Speed, concluded:—

"Our position accordingly is that there has been a miscarriage of justice, and that the means are to our hands to rectify it, and however much it may appear to be an extraordinary exercise of our discretion we are confident that we ought not to shrink from exercising it, and so provide compensation, however tardy and however inadequate, for a grievous wrong. The order of the Court is that the conviction be set aside."

Had this "grievous wrong" been done to a white civil servant, the Government would presumably have hastened to make the following amends: (a) restoration to post, (b) the salary repaid for the interval of suspension or dismissal, (c) restoration of pension.

The next stage in the case was the splendidly loyal decision of Coker and his friends to suspend all appeals for redress until after the war, because they did not wish to be thought guilty of embarrassing the Government during the increasingly serious stages of the European conflict. The *amende honorable* now offered is almost as incredible as the facts of the case. Here is a civil servant—coloured, it is true—convicted wrongfully against the advice of all the assessors and sentenced to a period of hard labour, ultimately adjudged by the highest court in the colony to have been quite innocent and the victim of "a grievous wrong." The victim, instead of finding the Government ready to make adequate amends, is compelled to spend another five years—ten years altogether—in an effort to secure what in common fairness should have been offered the moment the judgment of the Supreme Court was pronounced—namely, restoration

and recompense. As an act of grace, the Secretary of State is willing to award this victim of "a grievous wrong" £100!

No restoration to position, no payment of salary, nothing for the lapsed pension, nothing whatever for legal fees (over £500) involved in establishing this miscarriage of justice, but just a gracious willingness to give a niggardly pittance barely sufficient to cover correspondence during the ten years' struggle for justice. Such treatment of a white civil servant would be impossible by the Colonial Office regulations. The introduction of a racial "bar" in such cases is bound to have far-reaching results to the British Commonwealth.

This established miscarriage of justice in the Coker case with refusal of redress has coincided with the reform of the Nigerian Judicial System. Sir Frederick Lugard, during the years 1914-1919, carried through this reform in the teeth of an opposition by no means limited to the natives; the main object was that of reducing confusion and expediting the administration of justice; but this reform included a rather startling innovation, namely, the exclusion of counsel from certain courts and the denial of the right to employ counsel even in cases of men being tried for their lives! What this has meant in practice may be gathered from the following figures for the year 1917, supplied by Colonel Amery to Mr. Inskip, K.C., in July last:—

Total executions—Nigeria—as a result of				Number defended	
trials in				by Counsel.	
Supreme Court	2		2
Provincial Court	178		0
Native Court	18		0
					2
				188	

Thus out of 188 cases of persons, not merely on trial for their lives, but executed, only two were defended by counsel. The laudable object Sir Frederick Lugard had in view was that of protecting the unfortunate defendants from avaricious lawyers and "lawyers' touts," with which Nigeria is supposed to be inundated; as, however, 186 were hanged without competent legal defence, they could hardly have suffered a worse fate at the hands of the lawyers! There is no doubt that the legal profession in West Africa is, relatively, almost as lucrative as it is in Great Britain, but to use executive power to-day to refuse a British subject the right to employ counsel when on trial for his life before judges, who frequently cannot understand the language of either the defendant or his witnesses, is obviously an exercise of power which may easily lead, and has in fact already led, to a considerable measure of disaffection; it is also important to bear

in mind that this practice is now being adopted in other territories under the British Crown. Expedition in the administration of justice is a laudable objective, but surely not if it puts a premium upon miscarriage?

THE PALM KERNEL DUTY.

The original object of the palm kernel duty was to prevent kernels falling into enemy hands, and a measure of this nature would have been supported by the native producers, but the later developments of the war rendered the measure unnecessary; imposed as a peace measure it has become a system of tribute levying. It was "decreed" from Downing Street at the end of the war solely as a subsidy to the margarine and soap manufacturers, many of whom were, in fact, against the proposals. The method adopted is unique in Colonial practice: a duty of not less than £2 per ton has been imposed upon all exports of kernels from the West African Dependencies; if the exporter can demonstrate within a period of six months that his kernels have been handled by British manufacturers his duty is returned to him. In view of the capital which this procedure would "lock up," it was ultimately agreed that bonds would be accepted in lieu of cash. This duty, it will be observed, benefits nobody, with the exception of a very small group of manufacturers; neither the Imperial nor the Local Colonial Government derives any benefit from it whatever; the native producer suffers from the fact that he is restricted in his market; whilst, politically, the Imperial Government stands convicted of exploiting Dependencies in the interests of her manufacturers. Incidentally this measure has also "set the pace" to other Colonial Governments to the prejudice of British merchants in foreign territories, and not a little to the embarrassment of the British Foreign Office!

General Smuts concluded his great speech in May last on native affairs by saying that it is not enough to be just and fair towards the natives; our real difficulty, he said, is that of regaining their confidence. In varying degrees we are losing that confidence, not so much because of harsh treatment, but because of the glaring manner in which during recent years we have embarked upon a policy of:—Differential treatment in industry; in the administration of justice, as in Nigeria; in commerce, as in the palm kernel duty; in skilled and unskilled labour, in South Africa; in land policy, and in the franchise almost everywhere. Happily the vast mass of our thirty-five millions of Africans hold very firmly to the belief that they are better off under the British

flag than under any other, not excluding that of Marcus Garvey and other American negroes. This is a great asset, and if Great Britain can get back to the Victorian Colonial policy of disinterested development and administration, solely in the interests of the inhabitants, regardless of race, creed or colour, we shall regain and build up in the African continent a measure of solid African loyalty which will be one of the most powerful bulwarks of the British Commonwealth.

"It is not enough to wish to be just and fair to the native; the great problem is to convince the native that we are taking the proper steps and, setting up the proper institution in which his legitimate ambitions can be satisfied." *"If we fail our future will be dark indeed."*—(General Smuts at the close of his speech upon Native Affairs.)

JOHN H. HARRIS. .

AMERICAN PRESIDENCY: THE TRIUMPH OF COMMON SENSE.

THE election of Senator Harding to the Presidentship of the United States signifies the triumph of common sense over the vague and deceptive idealism which his predecessor introduced into the direction of American policy during the war, and made good, by emphasising our difficulties and obligations, during the peace negotiations in Paris to the lasting injury of his European Allies and associates.

Having been enticed into accepting as truth for a time the delusion that we are dwellers in a celestial sphere where Leagues of Nations form the accepted courts, we have been brought back to face the hard fact that we have the earth under our feet and not the Empyrean. The American people are to be congratulated and thanked for giving so decisively to the world a lesson that it greatly needed. President Harding will have his great nation behind him when on assuming the charge of his Government he invites all of us to return to prosaic facts and to attend to plain business.

It is in its world aspect that the change in the personality and policy of the American President appeals to us and excites our interest. So far as it were a domestic affair it would be a presumption on our part to discuss the causes that have led to the overthrow of the unhappy man who was accepted here as a kind of American Dictator carrying the final and irrevocable decisions of his people in his despatch case. But we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that other causes affecting us Europeans besides that "supreme sacrifice," to use Mr. Woodrow Wilson's phrase concerning the League of Nations, were operative in bringing about the dramatic result of the late election. During the course of the electoral campaign Senator Harding told his audiences, in the name of the Republican Party, that for the United States to endorse and accept that "supreme sacrifice" would be "to surrender the Republic."

The "supreme sacrifice," prospective and possibly avoidable, was to be accompanied or quickly followed by another very direct and heavy sacrifice of a material order. The United States were being pressed by the Leaguers to foot in one form or another the bill of Europe's war debts and obligations, which ranged, according to the whim or mentality of the proposer, from 35,000,000,000

dollars to 80,000,000,000 or even 70,000,000,000 dollars. Taking as favourable a view of the exchange as is possible, these sums represent, in pounds sterling, the equivalents of from 7,000,000,000 to 14,000,000,000. In the higher figures was included a grant of 10,000,000,000 dollars to put Germany on her legs again, and although the indebtedness of the Allied and Associated Powers to the United States—estimated, in the best Washington opinion, at 10,000,000,000 dollars—is included in all these projects, no account was taken in any of them of the United States' own war expenditure, some 27,000,000,000 dollars, which was left to be dealt with as a domestic affair. The American people have not only voted against the League of Nations, but they have also voted against these extravagant and unreasonable requests and suggestions. Is it to be wondered at that the business acumen of the American people has led them to recoil from proposals which would have entailed their carrying the financial troubles of the rest of the world on their backs for an indefinite period? To have made the request, to have encouraged those who put forward the suggestions, revealed the relaxation of the moral fibre of the peoples of Europe. We must no longer shirk the truth that each country; and certainly each continent, must bear its own burdens and do its best to work out its own salvation, always remembering that no single country can long exist alone, but that it is bound to stand by the neighbours who form a natural and essential part of their group.

Senator Harding has described himself as a plain man who takes the business view of things. These words are frank and will only sound ominous to those who do not like to face the truth and go on nourishing self-delusion. For them, no doubt, some bad times are coming and much disappointment is in store. We shall no doubt be invited to come to a business arrangement in regard to our indebtedness to the United States, and it is not too soon to begin on our side the preparation of a clear business proposition. There is no reason to suppose that Senator Harding's views are extreme. It is sound rather than severe business that he is after. He echoes the wish of most Americans in their desire to ascertain exactly where they stand, and what may be their loss or gain.

At the present time no one seems to have a precise idea of the amount of the indebtedness of the European Allies, singly and collectively, to the American public. Large sums in gold have been remitted to America even within the last six months, but whatever has been sent across the Atlantic by us and others, the total of our indebtedness in the American ledgers has never varied from the 10,000,000,000 dollars. We can only conclude that our

remittances have been made for interest and accommodation, for the enormous principal still continues to stare us in the face. If we go on in this way, we shall find ourselves depleted of our bullion and cash resources in a very few years without having the satisfaction of seeing any diminution in the total of our indebtedness. As long as we keep up the payments of interest we are honourable men, although by so doing we are sinking lower and lower in the morass of beggary; but when the crash comes, as it must, we shall cease to be regarded as honourable, while we shall be beggared all the same. Senator Harding's ideal of plain business has much to recommend it. Can we not adopt it for ourselves?

Before any scheme for an arrangement can be formulated with any reasonable chance of success, two points will have to be cleared up to bring American opinion round to the view that there is a limit to the capabilities of their late associates to make full repayment *plus* interest. The first point reveals a complete divergence of opinion between the financial experts of the United States and the financial advisers of the British Government. The former are convinced that Germany can pay, in cash or its equivalent, an indemnity that would wipe out the Allies' indebtedness to the United States and leave something over for Europe. On the face of it the easiest transaction for us would be to transfer the equivalent fractions of our claims on Germany to the United States in redemption of the present indebtedness of this country, France, Belgium, and Italy. The United States would then be face to face with Germany as her principal creditor. At this moment there is no likelihood of such a transaction taking place, for reasons that have now to be considered, but at a later period it may come within the four corners of a plain business covenant.

The objection that the United States would first raise may be thus expressed: We are not in Europe and we have no intention of sending any more of our forces there; but you are Germany's neighbours and you have armed forces within her borders. You ask us to coerce her, while that is your business. At the same time, if the necessity for coercion were removed, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the United States would accept in full satisfaction German terminable annuities.

The second objection is not less real in the American mind. Persuaded that Germany can pay a very large indemnity, Senator Harding and his party, as representing the American creditor, are not tolerant of the weakness, shifting views, and irresolution that have not only diminished Germany's means of making payment, but that have encouraged Germans to believe that they may yet escape making any adequate payment in the end. If the United

States were in Europe, the laxness which has allowed so much of Germany's available resources to be removed to places of security outside the Reichsland in order that it might be beyond the reach of the Allies would not have been permitted. For a concrete example, the four millions sterling sent out of Germany to pass into the safe custody of the ex-Emperor in his Dutch sanctuary, for purposes that time will make clear, represent the most glaring instance of the German determination to defraud this country and our friends by every device they can conceive or put in practice, and at the same time of our laxity in permitting it. Until the United States are absolutely convinced that we are doing our utmost to obtain the means of satisfying their claim, it will be useless to expect them to show us any indulgence. They are persuaded that with a little pressure and firmness we could have got a great deal more ready money out of the German till, and that a certain portion of it at least should have been set aside to satisfy them. Indulgence to the German debtor means injury to the American creditor, and imperils his chance of receiving full payment. That is the kind of language we may expect to hear from Senator Harding when he is in the seat of power, and our pro-Germans will find it rather difficult to give a satisfactory answer.

It will not do to reply that the British Government, a prominent member of the Conferences at Hythe, Boulogne, and Spa which aimed not merely at fixing the minimum sum that Germany should pay, but also at defining the terms in which she would be compelled to pay it, had all the time intended to pass this weighty and grave problem on to the League of Nations and thus relieve itself of responsibility. Yet there can be no doubt that such was the intention, for on no other hypothesis can Mr. Woodrow Wilson's "supreme sacrifice" become intelligible, coupled with the material sacrifice of footing a bill of an unfixed amount running into many thousand millions of dollars. Senator Harding and the American people will have none of this nonsense. If there are persons who love the Germans so dearly that they wish to spare that people heavy sacrifices, they must do it at their own expense. The Americans have become alive to the ruse and repudiate the whole transaction.

But it will be said that the defection of the United States does not kill the League of Nations, and in proof of this there is going on an assembly at Geneva. There is never any difficulty in arranging a meeting of benevolent and well-intentioned gentlemen on behalf of a high ideal, more especially when the expenses come out of public money, and no doubt the decisions they may formulate will be of super-excellence. But who will accept them

when they run counter to the Treaty of Versailles and that final ultimatum at Spa? Who will furnish the force and moral pressure to make, not the Germans disgorge, but the late victorious and united Allies to forgo some part, if not all, of their hard-won rights which have been undergoing a process of whittling down in the last eighteen months? America quits the scene; are France and Belgium, now joined in a close fraternal alliance, likely to penalise themselves and to forfeit some part of their hard-earned and inadequate compensation? And, with the United States out of it, is the League going to endure when France and Belgium walk out of the conclave, saying that they cannot afford the expense of supporting a useless and obstructive piece of humanitarian machinery? That is the way of speaking that comes within President Harding's definition of plain business. His fundamental objection to the League of Nations is that to accept it would be to curtail and perhaps forfeit the claims and rights which indubitably belong to the United States, and that this would be not merely "a supreme sacrifice," but "to surrender the Republic." And everyone who thinks out the problem to its logical and conclusive termination will be of the same opinion. The League claims to put itself above the State, and by so doing kills patriotism. As a matter of reason, it is on a par with entrusting the command of an army to a body of "conscientious objectors." In its application it would signify the humiliation of the great States by the little ones and the newly discovered nationalities, until after a few rebuffs and reverses at the Council board they turned to rend them.

Unpopular as the League had become of itself in the United States, it may be—it is scarcely open to doubt—that their main objection to the whole project arose from the feeling that they were to be asked to do too much. When they analysed the extravagant home expenditure of the British Government, the costly military adventures that seemed to aim at an Anglo-Saxon hegemony in lieu of a Prussian, and the reckless provocation which was turning our best and most trustworthy Allies into critics doubtful not merely of our wisdom but of our sanity, they came to the natural conclusion that we were not in need of any special consideration, and that for the most of our troubles we had only ourselves to thank. We must not be hurt if they came to the conclusion that this country had only to cut down its Civil Service and Army Estimates by a half and to drop adventures in the Near and Middle East to be in a position to make a very good settlement, and promptly, with our American creditors. We should prepare ourselves for the time when Senator Harding, as the President, will suggest in his plain business way that it would

be agreeable to the American people if the liquidation of our indebtedness were made the subject of a clear and formal undertaking. This would not mean a sharp ultimatum, a sort of "stand and deliver" message to empty our pockets, but rather a reminder that our debt is very heavy, that as suggestions have been put forward to induce the United States to shoulder it themselves, it is just as well to place the fact on record that the American Government, as at present advised and with such public knowledge as is available to it, can see no reason why Great Britain in particular and the other debtor States in their several degrees should not liquidate their debts for themselves. To liquidate a debt means putting forward a businesslike and acceptable arrangement, not merely for the payment of the interest, but for the amortisation of the principal.

In the light of these contingencies it is perfectly clear that we must not delay or show weakness in coming to a clear settlement with Germany on the question of the indemnity and its mode of payment. The French have seen all along the peril of leaving that question to the League of Nations, never having had much belief in the stories spread by German and Jew bankers that the United States could be flattered or cajoled into taking the burden at the request of the League on their own backs. We must make Germany pay, and the quicker the better, has been the French order of the day; we must not be too hard on Germany or she will not be able to pay us at all, has been the rejoinder here; but behind the British plea there has been the delusion that the United States would come in to foot our bills and to put Germany on her legs again. Senator Harding has touched this fiction with Ithuriel's spear.

Senator Harding's election makes it imperative for Europe to find a solution of the financial question, ever pending and perhaps approaching a crisis, with the United States of America. How grave the position is may be gathered from the fact that within the last few months France only staved off a deadlock by borrowing money in New York at 10 per cent. interest. That sort of thing cannot go on, and we are in the same boat as France, whether our political leaders like to make the admission or not. Unless relief comes from some quarter, the French Government may be brought to consider the wisdom and not the folly of repudiation. France could make out a good case. She has suffered beyond human comprehension for Civilisation, her scars are still fresh and bleeding; is she to be irretrievably exhausted by what may, after all, prove to be only a banker's form of juggling in the arbitrary fixing of the exchange? Safety often lies in bold decisions. Currency in coin or paper is not wealth,

it is only a convenient token, and if that in use proves itself a deception and a snare, the saviours of nations, of the European state of society, will think how a substitute may be provided, or how a new form may be given to that in existence; only they must be quick in action before all our gold has passed to the other side of the Atlantic, not to reduce our indebtedness, but for paying the interest which keeps that indebtedness in existence. There is one loophole for grave suspicion. Has our gold been exported to the United States at its old value, have our beautiful sovereigns and the French twenty-franc pieces been counted according to the impression on them, or at the premium to which the intrinsic value of the metal has raised them? That is a question that ought to be put and clearly answered before we are all bled white. In any case, there can be no disputing the fact that the hundreds of millions of gold which were sent to the United States prior to the Armistice have appreciated 50 per cent., and the rise goes on.

Senator Harding describes himself as a plain man of business; that does not mean a hard man of business. The American people may have become suspicious because of the excessive demands made on them for an imposed self-sacrifice, but there is no reason to suspect them of an intention to enforce the policy of Trusts as against Nations. It would be no satisfaction to them to establish their prosperity by reducing the rest of the world to sterility. Their conscience would revolt against such heartless procedure. What they would welcome is a heart-to-heart talk, a close examination of all the factors of the problem, the endeavour to discover and propound the fullest measure of satisfaction within the limits of common sense, good will among nations, and the preservation of Europe brought to the verge of ruin by the wickedness of the bad, vain man to whom Holland chooses to grant sanctuary.

The first step in the solution of the problem is to fix the amount that Germany shall pay without further delay or prevarication, and to determine the form in which these sums shall be paid by Germany or by the hypothecation of her resources to an international control. Both we and the Americans will then know the real value of this asset. We shall not get what we could have got in 1918 or at the beginning of 1919, but we shall obtain something, and that may be distributed with the United States coming in for a share in satisfaction of their claims. We have shown so much vacillation and Germany has been so emboldened by delay that it is folly to expect her to pay up freely and of her own accord. We shall have to lay hands on her assets for the common good, including the welfare of the German workers who

turn the raw product into the marketable article. Those assets are primarily the Westphalian coalfields in the Ruhr region; their appropriation in trust for a term of years provides the only security worth discussing for the issue of an international loan to indemnify the Allies in the first place, and to liquidate the claims of the United States on them in the second place.

But, it will be said, you can take over the region of the mines, but who is going to work them? Will the German miners do so? And at this very juncture the sinister figure of Hugo Stinnes appears in the arena with his tempting offer to Labour to nationalise the mines. The German miners may be left to adjudge the proposal of the great capitalist at its true value, but "nationalised" mines are, more than they were before nationalisation, a legitimate pledge for State debts, and that is the sole point of interest to the Allies. There still remains the question of who shall work them if the German miner chooses to refuse and go on strike. Put that situation at the worst, it means that the asset is valueless, but the miner commits suicide. *There is no valid reason for things coming to such a pass.* A working arrangement could be drawn up that would provide reasonable satisfaction for all, and give France and others of the late Allied Powers some part of what they need and to which they are entitled by the Peace of Versailles. The German miners of Westphalia have heavy grievances against their own Government. One of these is the diversion of the bounty paid by France for the coal exported to her, which was to have been set aside for the purpose of providing the German miners with better food and comforts, to the work of propaganda in Upper Silesia. That is an object-lesson in German official guile that calls for close investigation, but it is one of those occurrences that incline us to think that the German miner would not be averse to accept the more generous treatment of a foreign master—at least for a term of years.

The main object before us is to acquire the control of some part of Germany's available wealth, so that it may provide a basis for some arrangement that will satisfy the United States and reduce, if not wipe out, the capital sum of our separate and collective indebtedness. The coal region is Germany's most visible asset. It may prove inadequate, but at least it must provide something towards that end. We are bound to move in this matter in order to convince the United States that we are not sparing Germany at their expense. Senator Harding's party have said over and over again that Germany could have paid, in the form of terminable annuities, the whole of the war's cost.

Favouritism and delay here have compromised that result, and if they are continued it will reach the vanishing point. But do we imagine that when we go to our creditors in the United States with this tale we shall have a claim on their forbearance? Senator Harding warns us that he is a plain man of business, and he will then tell us that it is America's money that we have let slip through our fingers, and that we must put up with the consequences.

When it becomes necessary to approach the United States with empty pockets and suppliant hands—and at the present rate of extravagant public expenditure and diminishing output and credit that date cannot be far distant—our case will appear very weak unless it can be proved up to the hilt that we have left nothing undone to compel Germany to disgorge her funds and reserves, or to work out in free labour and kind the obligations to which she affixed her signature at Versailles. If such an inquiry were made at the present time, all that would be discovered would go to show how we had hindered and prevented France taking effective steps to bring Germany to perform her obligations long ago. The tenderness of the Government to the late and only enemy—not the Germans *en masse*, but the Prussians with their Hohenzollerns—does not appeal to the new President and the mass of American citizens. The view of plain business men in the United States who are not hyphenated is that Germany ought to pay, but at the same time they think that the Allies should make her do so, and that the chief obligation in this matter falls on this country.

*Failing a successful application of the rod to the German back, we shall have to face the alternative of repudiation. Of course, it will be wrapped up so as to place us in a somewhat different category from that represented by various South American Republics in the past. There is a wide range of choice from moratoria to consortia. But we, meaning not only this country but our comrades-in-arms who are in the same boat—that is to say, the civilised part of Europe now sadly reduced—cannot go on paying in appreciated gold the interest on an enormous debt, which never diminishes, and which was contracted to save civilisation from Pan-Germanism, and which it was never supposed for a moment that we would not recover from Germany. What have we got from her? Some old ships fit only for the scrap-heap! What are we trying to give her? The right to dump her cheap and worthless goods and her worse citizens in our midst, and to have her place in the League of Nations! We ought to be grateful to Senator Harding and the American people if they will find a way for us to put an end to all this nonsense.

Enough has been said, and I hope with sufficient plainness of language, to make people face the real facts of the situation, and to understand that the change that has taken place in the American Presidentship is a warning to us to return to the ways of economy and common sense. The substitution of President Harding for Mr. Woodrow Wilson may well mark a turning-point in the history, not only of Anglo-American relations, but also of the whole world. We must pay heed to the warning, for, without a violent wrench to attain freedom that would dislocate the system on which modern society is based, the United States is the sun in the world of money, and we are but her minor satellites. There is no need yet to think that Senator Harding's plain business means hard business. There is the great heart of the American people to preclude the adoption of Shylock's methods. It impelled them to come into the war when they began to perceive that the result was trembling in the balance. They came in also because they knew that ours was the right cause. They have made their sacrifices, too, like all of us: much that they have spent can never be recovered and is regarded by them as so much loss; but there is a limit to their tolerance for ineptitude and improvidence. We have a strong case, France and Belgium have still stronger cases: do not let us spoil them by leading the American people to think that we have become fools and spend-thrifts, for they are the very kind of persons that they most despise.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

JOHN COLLOP, M.D.¹

- To discover a new poet is a matter for just fervour. If he be a young and living poet, the sponsor should not take too much to himself, since his man is likely enough to discover himself in time with no one's assistance. But when he is a poet buried in the oblivion of centuries the lucky finder may say with pride, I did it. To bring a poet back to life is an act having in it the nicest salt of piety. But for this chance, it may be ventured, the loss of so many years might have been a loss for ever.

In the *National Dictionary of Biography* is a brief entry under the names—Collop, John. No dates are given, save that he "flourished" 1660. A bare record of his three known works follows, with the information that he added M.D. to his title-pages, that he wrote often "against the puritan sectaries," and that his songs "show some lyrical capacity." That, with perhaps the unexpressed approval of a stray reader here and there, is the extent of John Collop's fame after two hundred and fifty odd years. And so it might have gone on, but that one day in Mr. Chatto's shop in Panton Street I saw a little volume on the shelf labelled "Collop's Poems," and took it down, as my custom is, in the ever disappointed hope that here might be a forgotten master. The title-page was: "*Poesis Rediviva* ² / or / *Poesie / Reviv'd* / By / John Collop M.D. / Odi prophanum vulgus & arceo / London / Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be / sold at his shop at the Princes Armes in S. Pauls / Church-yard / 1656." I opened the book at random, and was electrified by the beginning of a poem, thus:—

Each day a market is, where we do buy
Or unto sale expose eternity.

Owing to its extreme scarcity, the book was highly priced. It was Saturday morning, and the shop was about to close. I did not care to risk so many pence on scarcity alone, and had no time to investigate poetic merit beyond that startling promise. But I was told that I might take the book away to examine it, which I did; and before Monday morning I was aching with anxiety lest some hateful collector who had half-ordered the book by post should have sent his cheque, and so have destroyed Collop and

(1) Copyright in U.S.A. by the Yale Publishing Association Inc.

(2) Collop's other poetical work, "*Itur Satyricum; in Loyall Stanzas*" (1660), is but an uninspired welcome to Charles II. at the Restoration

me together. At opening hour I was there; nothing had happened. I paid the price, and went away determined to cry my possession abroad, and give a poet a little of his sadly belated due.

The first friend to whom I communicated my news was Mr. E. V. Lucas. He observed that nothing could be done for a poet with the name of Collop—(this was indiscreet to me, who myself have poetic aspirations). But he could not gainsay the evidence, which I now propose to put before my readers with as little digression as possible. One may write a critical essay about the poetry of Milton or Keats, but it would be pointless to write about Collop's poetry, of which the reader knows nothing. My purpose is, therefore, to give as far as possible an epitome of the book itself with liberal quotation. Perhaps later this discursive anthology may be amplified by a reprint of *Poesis Rediviva* in whole or in part.

Collop was a doctor of medicine, and freely carried his professional knowledge with him to his art. Many of his poems are loaded with anatomical conceits unintelligible to the lay mind. Also he was, as the *Dictionary* observes, an ardent scolder of Puritan or some other kind of sectaries, and although these local and occasional interests were important enough to him, they are unprofitable to us. Religious quarrels cut no ice to-morrow morning. The prevalence of party and doctrinal verses, with a cloud of dispensary fumes, make it, indeed, very doubtful whether a full reprint of Collop's book would do him any service. He is notably a poet for careful selection, and the poems of which I am chiefly to speak are those that might be recommended to such a volume; but he was so good a writer that even his poorest pieces are apt to contain remarkable lines or passages. As will be seen, it is at the end of the book that he comes to his full stature, achieving there some half-dozen lyrics that seem to me to stand with the very best of seventeenth-century poetry.

The book contains one hundred and twenty-eight poems. Of these I have marked sixty-seven as being, on the whole, negligible. In the non-secular poems among these religious emotion generally succumbs to theological dialectics, and, in others, political energy is diluted in a wash of rhetoric. The poet in both cases is lost in a tractarian whose day is gone. There are a few epigrams on names and books, but they mostly have intelligence without point. Throughout this group of failures, Collop, who tended always overmuch to a fantastic fashion of his time, strains his conceits to stupidity, and is too often the man of medicine curiously jocular without being witty. But even at

his worst he is one in a fine lyric tradition, always readable, and giving us—these from the failures—such lines as:—

Like th' mad man living in a Seaport Town,
Thought all the ships came in the hav'n his own,

or (of "Religio Medici"):—

Brown others errors, others write their own.

The first poem in the book is called "The Poet," and is a good example of Collop at his average level, easily above his failures, but far short of the best. In a rather high-flown "Epistle Dedicatory," in which he "presents these besprinklings of a retirement" to the Marquis of Dorchester, he says finely: "Nor is Poesie unworthy of your Patronage, which a Sir Philip Sidney hath prais'd, our Seraphick Donne us'd . . ."; and discipleship to Donne is marked freely on his style. His pointed and antithetical way sometimes fails in lucidity, but he often gives real poetic life to close-knit compression; he not only brings brain-work to his poetry, he can make mere intellectual deftness poetical. This first poem, "The Poet," is in this manner, and at once he is careful to justify himself explicitly:—

None are born Poets, naturally some pace,
Shuffle in rithme, horse-like, without a grace.
His Helicon must flow from the sweat of 's brain;
And musing thoughts lend his Poetick vein;
Richer than those veins spring from heart of earth,
While Gold without an Ore he giveth birth,
Th' Philosophers Elixir in each line,
Doth in epitome all that's rich confine.

Not that his poetic creed is without the more airy rapture, since—

Poets are Prophets, and the Priests of Heav'n
Nor would it blasphemy be for to deny
The whole Creation ought but Poesie.

The poem is interesting, and tells us from the first that there is a specifically Collopiian manner, but it is not among his rarest, nor in his lesser antithetical vein does it equal such later things in the book as this from "The Character of Loyall Friendship":—

The frost of th' times to this Corn's nutriment turns,
Who like a torch that's beaten brighter burns:
Can smile at all the pageantry of vice;
Poor vertue happier think with her own price.
To Velvet Cushions no devotion pay;
Knows straw within, though their outsides be gay. . .

from which poem may be taken once for all an example of his too much precision :—

Who wants not that, which wanting, nature grieves
Can't want, each one as much hath, as believes.

The second poem in the book, "To the Soul," is a close philosophical argument, rising at the close from distinction to a promise of the great lyrics that are to follow. His theme here is the body a prison, with contemplation the liberator. . . .

Who knows himself, knows all; he's wise indeed,
Who can retire within, and himself read.

Let contemplation give but wings to th' soul,
It in a moment travels to each pole;
Descends to th' center, mounts to th' top of th' world,
In thousand places can at once be hurl'd:
Can fathom the universe, without touching it . . .

and then the flame beats up, thus :—

Lord, see this bird of Paradise in a Cage,
Assayl'd by a mutinous tumult's rage.
See th' daughter of thy bounty, heav'n's own Child;
By passion's rabble shall she be defil'd?

Th' King's daughter, Lord, was glorious within,
Let not her beauty be eclips'd by sin.

A wedding garment, Lord, on her bestow:
Let her embroidered with thy graces go.

"The Fruit of Paradise" is the next poem, in the same manner, with a good couplet :—

While God his Saints with sanctity doth cloath,
The figleaves of Hypocrisy they loathe . . .

but not calling for special notice. Then come a number of the more negligible pieces, followed by "The Character, etc.," already mentioned, and a poem, "To the Son of the late King," which opens well with :—

Rule ore thyself, the World's Epitome,

but passes through indifference with an occasional witty note to a last line in keeping with the first :—

Would'st be a slave to slaves? Then be a King.

Two pieces of political invective follow, well written, with a

(1) Collop's printer was of his kind, and it has been necessary sometimes to correct his liberties by my own. The spelling and pointing are very haphazard, and here and there a word seems to be wrongly given.

knowledge of the tricks of satire, effective for their purpose, but not distinguished, save perhaps for the line :—

And looks as grave as th' man i' th' alehouse Jug.

And then we come to a poem, admirable throughout, and with one touch at least of Collop at his finest. It is "A Character of a Compleat Gentleman," and is inscribed jointly to "John Cotton Esq; Hair to the Knowledge and Virtue as well as to the Honour and Fortunes of his Ancestors," and "His Coz. George Beswel Esq, rich in Desert as in Fortune." It opens in good businesslike fashion :—

Thou to the lame art legs, eyes to the blinde.
They their own wants in thy perfection finde.
Thou pluck'st no houses down, to rear thy own,
The poor God's houses rear'st out of thy stone.

and moves then by way of such wisdom as :—

For Honour, Conscience dost not put to sale,
Or thy Religion steer by profits gale.
Imbib'st no dregs ev'n in these lees of time,
A licenc'd ill can'st think no lesser crime,

through a glowing flush of eulogy to the splendour of :—

Thy Reason is a Hawk, which takes a flight,
As if she'd nest her in a sphere of light.'

Two more examples of pointed political writing follow, and then a charming poem, "On Poverty," with :—

While others sport of winds, hoist into th' deep,
Along the shore he doth securely keep.
The Ostridge's body hindereth her wings,
While such a lark mounts up with ease and sings.
Who desires little, he thinks little much;
Such as desires are, ev'n our Riches such. . . .

"The Pleasures of the World" is good, especially in the opening, but it is only once quite on fire (the bird that sits and sings is a favourite figure with the seventeenth-century poets) in :—

Pleasure's a wandering bird, doth singing sit,
But flies away when you would catch at it.

The long "Defence of Curiosity" is rather laboured in poetry, if not in intellect, not among the poet's successes, but with :—

More than the gamester sees the stander by,
This life's an art of casting of the die :
The world's an Inne, in which the cheaters meet,
Scarce life a passage hath without deceit . . .

(1) To have watched a hawk soaring into a clear sky until it is lost in light is to realise the magnificence of this fusion of exact imagery with passion.

and other lines to match them. Then are more pages of no consequence, with a happy phrase, as "They live long who live well," here and there, and a likelier poem, "To a Painted Lady," with the lovely close :—

'Tis neither marble, gold, nor paint,
But the Adorer makes the Saint.

Not quite among his best, but far above the deserts of neglect, is "To His Lady Book" :—

Come, Book, my Mistress, neither proud nor coy
The gay nor impudent mymicks thee enjoy.

The Heav'ns a Book, the Stars the Letters be,
Where I will spell out ridling Destiny.

A shallow puddle doth resemblance bear
Of Sun, Moon, Stars, and all heav'ns glory there :
Yet with a finger you may fathom it

and with it may be placed "On Retirement," which follows, with a very fine passage :—

Thus I can pinion time, memory recruit;
From th' age snatch th' sickle, and reap Wisdom's fruit.
In th' scheme of th' world my own Nativity finde,
And there gain eyes to see where Chance is blinde.
The fool is solitary, wise man ne're alone,
Who hath himself, wants no companion.
Who serves himself is never serv'd amisse :
Retirement wisdom's Cousin German is.

Then for a dozen pages there is little to note save a few couplets, as, for example :—

Our minde the day is, and our flesh the night,
Death is but darkness, and our life the light

which might have been, but isn't quite, first-rate, and comes in a too ingenious poem, "Man a Microcosm." Preceding another relatively poor group is a short poem, "The Poetaster," very good, with an opening that is perhaps the best part of it :—

All are not Poets, who can pace in Rime,
And to an odde time can in ding dong chime :
Castalian nymphs and God Apollo name :
Don Cupid's fire, and a Sea-froth'd dame :
While they glean straw in Egypt for to raise
Unto themselves strange pyramids of praise.
Though like to tulips they enamel'd be,
Yet the fool's Coat is their best Liverie. . . .

Then there is a strange little group of fantastical love-poems in praise of "A Yellow Skinned Lady." They have a lyric grace,

and in spite of their strange occasion there shines through their absurdity a thin ray of passion :—

Sure 'tis some Phoenix here must build a nest,
She hath both flame and spices in her breast,

the passion that was to flower so beautifully under fitter use. Collop adds to these others of a like kind on variant themes : "An Ethiopian Beauty," "On a Crooked Lady," "The Praise of Thick and Short," "To Dionysia the Plump Lady," and so forth. Again, they are elegantly turned, but the Rabelaisian note not infrequently falls into mere unpleasantness, and the verses have little more than a freakish interest. The best of the lot are "On Monocula, A One ey'd Lady," in which a rather ugly conceit is very gracefully employed, and to a lady "Contemning her Age," with "The Answer," where his bearing just saves the poet from a certain brutality. By way of these we come to a few love lyrics of the more usual inspiration, and these are for the most part done with an ease that matches the best of the Cavalier love-songs, mingled now and again with a deeper note that looks forward to the religious lyrics in which he claims kinship with the poets who walked in ways unknown to Carew and Suckling and Rochester. "The Praise of his Mistress" is good enough to quote in full, as are also "On a Retir'd Lady" and "To a Lady Singing, Mistake Me Not." This is from the first-named :—

Admire no more those downy breasts
Where Candor's pure Elixir rests.
Praise not the blushings of the Rose,
Which th' morning's mantle doth disclose :
Nor subtile Lillies which out-vie
Calcining art's choice Chymistry

For if my Mistress but appears,
The sullied snow turns black with tears :
Swans seem to wear the veil of night,
And blushing Lillies lose their white,
The bashful Roses drooping die,
Bequeathing her their fragrancy.

Thus meaner beauties patches are
Spots, nay foils to make her fair.
These lesser lights dimm'd by her eye,
Twinkle, go out in stench, and die.
If you would know who this may be,
I neither know, nor eye e're see.

This is not notably above the average level of the better lyrists of the time, but it is excellently not below it, and it is by a man who has been allowed no share of their fame ; it is,

moreover, a good deal below his own best. One other quotation from this group—the first and last couplets from “On a Refin’d Lady” . . .

Choice extract of thy Sex, where we
May finde what’s in it good in thee :

Who’d folios of thy sex read o’re,
Since in Epitome he findes more?

It is the kind of thing that, when all has been said for and against it, remains with the advantage of being well written. “To Eugenia, a defence of juvenile wildness,” is a good example of Collop’s intellectual deftness. The plea of “wild youth” to his mistress is made with a subtlety and niceness that would have delighted the “seraphic Donne” :—

Myrabolans and dates in bloom and bud,
Both noxious are, both in their fruit are good.

Know barren earth doth mines of gold obscure :
And viler shells do precious gems immure.
Come, my Eugenia, thou shalt me refine :
See how from dirt doth spring a glorious mine!

and in another poem to Eugenia, there is :—

I will not say that swans hatch in your breast,
For innocence there doth keep a whiter nest,

which is an admirable case of Collop’s imaginative use of words, if we remember the idiom of the age. Passing by one or two deft renderings from Horace, and a rather overwrought poem of some length against a widow’s “devotion to relicks” and leaving the love-poems, a word must be said of “A Palinode. On a resolution to do penance with Ashes,” in which the promise of a passage at the opening is hardly fulfilled :—

Since dust to dust we all must go
He’s wise who timely can do so.
Thus I bequeath myself to th’ grave
While death and I ev’n portions have.
Thus holier Hermits choose their calls,
An Anchoret in his grave thus dwells.
The Nun views death’s head, book, and grave,—
Thus they have all, who nothing have. . . .

which may also be said of the poem “On Marriage,” an interesting essay in philosophical argument, in which the conceits and rather conventional thought are to be set against a good beginning (Collop is full of good first and last lines), and such flashes as :—

As Saints to Altars, so to bed repair,
Love hath his Altars, bring chaste off’rings there.

"On the World" is a telling piece of savagery, full of drive, with

Who is no Monster doth a monster seem :

'Tis only prosperous vice-men virtue deem.

for its text. "On Our Father" is an excursus on the Lord's Prayer, close and significant, in which ingenuity becomes poetry in its own manner. It is followed by "Incerta poenitentia," with its "Each day a market is," already quoted, and "Certamors," in which the note of sureness that has been sounding through the book seems to be on the point of full achievement, a promise which is redeemed on the next page, in the poem "On the Resurrection." After a short Latin poem there are then eight poems left, and in at least six of these Collop touches a height of which it would be difficult to speak in terms of extravagance. It cannot but be that to know of the beauty that is here will henceforth be to allow its maker his fitting immortality.

"On the Resurrection" is in six seven-line stanzas. These are the first and last :—

Arise, my God, my Sun arise!

Arise, thy side

My sin doth hide;

Thy blood makes pure,

Thy wounds me cure,

He ever lives, who with thee dies :

Arise, my God, my Sun arise.

Come thou Abyss of sweetness, come :

Come my dear Lord.

Say but the word

Unto my Soul,

I shall be whole.

Thou for thyself mak'st onely room :

Come thou Abyss of sweetness, come.

Here is the larger note of the age. It is followed by "The Leper Cleans'd," a great religious lyric, opening superbly, and moving with assured mastery to a close which is as wonderful as anything in seventeenth-century poetry. The poem must be given in full—it is interesting to note the variation in design midway through the poem, so unexpected and so successful :—

The Leper Cleans'd.

Hear, Lord, hear

The Rhet'rick of a tear :'

Hear, hear my breast,

While I knock there, Lord take no rest.

(1) If Collop remembered Shirley's :—

If thy face move not, let thy eyes express

Some Rhetorick of thy tears to make him stay . . .

(*Narcissus*, 1646)

he at least bettered good instruction.

Open! ah, open wide,
 Thou art the door, Lord! open; hide
 My sin; a spear once entered at thy side.

See! ah see
 A Na'man's leprosie!
 Yet here appears
 A cleansing Jordan in my tears.
 Lord, let the faithless see
 Miracles ceas'd, revive in me.
 The Leper cleans'd, Blinde heal'd, Dead rais'd by thee.
 Whither? ah, whither shall I fly;
 To Heaven? My sin, ah, sins there cry!
 Yet mercy, Lord. O mercy! hear
 Th' atoning incense of my prayer.
 A broken heart thoul't not despise.
 See! see a Contrite's sacrifice!
 Keep, keep, viols of wrath, keep still:
 I'll viols, Lord, of Odors fill:
 O prayers, sighs, groans, and tears a shower,—
 This precious ointment forth I'll pour.
 I'll 'noint, wash, wipe, kisse, wash, wipe, weep;
 My tears, Lord, in thy bottle keep.
 Lest flames of lust and fond desire,
 Kindle fresh fuel for thine ire,
 Which tears must quench, like Magdalene
 I'll wash thee, Lord, till I be clean.

This is followed by "The Good Samaritan," a poem of almost equal beauty, and then "Vox poenitentiae," good, but not with the greater lyrics, and then again a thing of exquisite completeness:—

Spirit, Flesh.

S. Arise, make haste.
 F. Whither? ah, whither flies my soul so fast?
 S. Heav'n calls; obey.
 F. 'Tis night; ah, stay! 'tis night! thou'lt lose thy way.
 S. The day springs rose.
 F. Ah, but thy sin black clouds doth interpose.
 S. Those penance clears.
 The sun succeeds a sacred dew of tears,
 Sec, a full shower!
 Heaven suffers violence by a holy Power.
 F. Ah, heav'n is high!
 S. Prayer lends a Jacob's ladder to the sky,
 Angels descend.
 F. Wrestle, ah wrestle! Blessing crowns the end.

"Soul and Christ" and "Of Prayer," which come next, are good enough to honour any poet's reputation, but a shade perhaps below these others of Collop's best. They are followed by "To the Soul," which is as magnificent as "The Leper Cleans'd," and an addition for ever to English poetry:—

Dull soul, aspire.
 Thou art not earth; mount higher;
 Heav'n gave the spark, to it return the fire.
 Let sin ne'er quench
 Thy high flam'd spirit hence—
 The earth the heat, to heaven the flame dispense.
 Rejoice, rejoice,
 Turn, turn each part a voice;
 While to the heart-strings tun'd ye all rejoice.
 The house is swept,
 Which sin so long foul kept:
 The peny's found for which the loser wept.
 And purg'd with tears,
 God's Image re-appears.
 The peny truly shews whose stamp it bears.
 The sheep long lost,
 Sin's wilderness oft crost,
 Is found, regain'd, return'd; spare, spare no cost.
 'Tis heav'n's own suit,
 Hark, how it woo's you to't!
 When Angels needs must speak, shall men be mute?

The book ends with a short poem, "On the Nativity," striking the right note, though not in its greater exercise, a worthy conclusion to the whole.

As I have suggested, if Collop's work were easily accessible and known to readers, more might be said of his technique, the very stubborn quality of his verse, for instance, and his careless fondness for double couplets on the same rhyme, of which I have counted a dozen examples in his book, with one triple pair, and of his frequent and friendly use of proverbial speech. But my object has been to give as far as possible the measure of a hitherto unknown—or forgotten—poet, by some wealth of example. Collop was an occasional poet in a sense, in the sense that many of his best contemporaries were. That is to say, he did not devote either his time or his meditation chiefly to poetry, as Milton did. But he was not an occasional poet in the lesser sense; he did not have to wait upon occasion for the matter of his verse. As a poet he was preoccupied with two or three groups of subjects—political, amatory, religious—and his imagination could return to them at will. To his poetry he could bring energy and comprehension always, and at intervals he could rise to a lyric greatness that might have instructed Herbert (and Herbert often gets far less than his due from critical opinion), that Crashaw would have saluted, and to note which Vaughan himself might have paused by the way. Such a one cannot remain with oblivion.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

The world, however, has not yet acquired that "air habit" which we discussed at the Conference. It is clear that there must be a period of inertia, or "lag," between the provision of air transport and its general utilisation by the world at large. It is true that even to-day many of the machines on the Continental routes have as much as they can carry; sometimes more loads are forthcoming, on any given day, than can be carried. But then again there are days—and this applies more particularly to the winter—when there are nothing like full loads; and a machine flying with very much less than it can carry means operating at a loss. Though the patronage of the pioneer airways between London and the Continent has been encouraging, it has been very far short of what it should have been. One cannot get away from that. Nor is it likely that airway traffic on anything like an extensive scale will develop quickly. The use of the air as a means of rapid transport is an idea so new, and in many ways so strange, that it is practically certain to be a slow development so far as the public generally is concerned. We shall have patiently to teach people to use the air; and that will take time.

But in this development of flying we have in a sense a unique opportunity. We stand at the dawn of this era with a vast amount of knowledge, much of it painfully gained, as to the inauguration of any new method of travel. The early stages in the development of railways were, for instance, almost necessarily blind and hesitating. Many errors were made. These pioneers had, so to say, to gain their experience as they went along, and generally at very great cost. This time, however, in facing the development of high-speed travel in this new medium, the air, we have at our back the accumulated experience of a great century of improving transportation, added to recent years in which an intense activity, aerially, has provided a mass of data on technical problems. If, therefore, we can only profit by the mistakes of the past, and use a wise discrimination, we shall be able to make the history of air transport something far better and more creditable than the history of earth transport. The world starts on this new era with a perfectly clean slate. Rapid transport by air is a new thing—something about which we have everything to learn. Almost daily we have to broaden our conception of the place of the aeroplane in the general scheme of life. Progress is so rapid that the marvel of to-day becomes the commonplace of to-morrow. Here, then, is a great heritage for those of us who are far-seeing, enterprising, and strong. We need fear the air age only if we are weak.

II.

Air routes must not only be maintained, but extended rapidly. This new convenience must be made more widespread and its general appeal strengthened. The concrete fact is that the wonderful facility of air travel is not a convenience to be restricted to the few, but a new factor in life which must be shared by all. It is a truism that the progress of commerce rests upon the ease and rapidity with which we can exchange business communications; and in these days of competition and trade development the sheer speed of the "air express," with all it implies, is a new source of power which it would be the height of folly to neglect. This means that somehow or other this new mode of transport must, even in its infancy, be made such a form of investment in financial circles and for public funds that it is reasonably attractive and safe. The universal development of flying, with trans-ocean airship routes playing their part, as they must, in the general scheme, requires capital to the extent of many millions. But this will never be forthcoming so long as Governments remain uninspired. Statesmen must adopt the wider vision. Nothing will serve us but the broadest conception of what world-flying means. We must be whole-hearted, not half-hearted; above all, we must have the confidence of our convictions. Years ago it was a familiar exhortation to "think imperially." Now, above all else, our rulers should "think aerially." National defence, the protection against air attack at some world crisis—these, apart from the desire of commerce for the greatest speed in communication which is possible at any given time, make it incumbent upon authority to regard flying as something very much more than any ordinary enterprise. Air power is of the gravest consequence to the British Empire. We must maintain in the air that place we have maintained for centuries on the sea. "First to-day, we must," as Lord Northcliffe says, "be first for all time." In our last Estimates we saw about 200 millions allocated to Navy and Army, and only about 20 millions to the air; yet most of us should live to see more spent on the air service than on land and sea combined.

We must never forget the part which can be played by a mercantile air service as an adjunct to the naval and military services. The existence of a widespread air transport system, reinforcing the fighting service, is vitally important in regard to flying, particularly when one looks some time ahead. Though the design of service aircraft must take a line of its own, and though the commercial machine may develop in such a way that it will be of little use in future wars except as a transport or a

form of auxiliary cruiser, the existence of large commercial firms will be of immense value to the war service. Their designing staffs can be called upon; their resources for manufacture on a large scale will be available instantly; while commercial air routes, with their landing grounds, night-flying equipment, and skilled staffs, will also prove of extreme utility in time of war; not forgetting the airway pilots who, though their training will have been different from that of service pilots, will none the less be available for all sorts of non-combative duty.

The period during which the world is learning to take to the air need not be long. There are, we will say for the sake of argument, one, two, or perhaps three years during which this new mode of transport will need special nurturing. Such assistance must be provided, not only in commercial and national interests, but in those of civilisation itself. To hasten the advent of the "air age," which should do more for the world in the long run than any other development or movement in history, is surely a worthy task for every far-seeing Government. And private enterprise now deserves assistance. It has shown praiseworthy initiative and spirit. It has already sunk hundreds of thousands of pounds in proving, as it has very abundantly proved, that air transport at 100 miles an hour can be made both reliable and safe.

Assistance from the Government, in whatever form it takes, will bring capital into flying, creating just that spirit of confidence which is required. It will make flying a reasonable proposition. Capitalists like to see a record of dividends earned before investing; even in cases where they are willing to speculate the fact that there is one assured and regular source of income, though it may be small, is a point likely to weigh with them materially. With mails in bulk to carry as a regular standby, or with some other form of definite Government aid while air traffic is being encouraged and developed, the speculation assumes a reasonable aspect; though even then, if money is to be diverted to flying, a sense of public duty must weigh in the scale with that of ordinary finance. This much is now perfectly clear. So long as the opening up of new "airways" is a matter of sheer, unrelieved speculation, all that can face flying during the next few years is a struggle for bare existence. It is surprising, by the way, that, so far as flying is concerned, there should be such an outcry in certain quarters against any form of subsidy. It is a method which has been employed without hesitation in other directions. What about the money lent by the Government at low interest for the construction of great ocean liners, or the valuable mail contracts given to steamship companies—to say nothing of the very large subsidies which have been paid by the

State in the case of the establishment of several important telegraphic cables? This is reasonable Government help in the interests of the community at large. And it is in the interests of every citizen that State funds should, where necessary, be expended on the development of commercial aviation. Money spent on flying is a form of national insurance. And what civil aviation wants now is not pity, but larger loads for carrying by air.

Here, giving justice where justice is due, one should bear testimony to the excellent work which, under very trying conditions, has been done by the Civil Department of the Air Ministry. Though there has been friction and some grumbling, the work of the Department has been very genuinely helpful to air transport firms. It has helped them in the very practical sense that, had the Department not existed with its air-ports and wireless and meteorological services, the companies would have had to spend a good deal more money; and this has been a very great boon when they have been living, as they have, so to say, from hand to mouth.

III.

One point which has emerged recently is very striking. Practically everyone, no matter what differences there may be on questions of detail, is agreed that air transport is so vital to the world that it must be fostered and encouraged and on no account allowed to fail. It is recognised already that commercial flying, as it develops, will save so much time that it will be almost incalculably valuable from the point of view of stimulating trade.

Though great cities stand just where they did, it is none the less a fact that Paris is almost as conveniently near London now, from the point of view of getting there and back in a day, as is, say, Birmingham. On the same basis we shall soon have Madrid as near London by airway as is Glasgow at the present time by railway; while the air journey from London to Rome will be made in about the same time we take to travel to Dublin by train and boat. Business men will, in fact, now that we are really entering on the phase of commercial air transport, find that the map of Europe, so far as getting from place to place quickly is concerned, is less than half the size it used to be.

Already we have laid the foundations of a European airway system. In addition to the daily "express" services from London to Paris, Brussels, and Amsterdam, one can travel on from Paris by air to Strasbourg, Geneva, and Prague; while from Amsterdam, *via* Bremen, there are now three services weekly to Berlin. Vienna has also been connected with Berlin, the service

being so arranged that travellers who breakfast, say, in Vienna can reach Berlin in time for lunch. Recently the Paris-Prague service has been made a daily one, the journey being accomplished in about six hours. The French Government expect, during next year, to open a through route right from Paris to Constantinople. This, with the link already in operation between London and Paris, will give us a main trunk airway about 1,800 miles in length.

What we are really coming to is an ability to travel about Europe by air, in a day's journey, just in the same way as, up till now, we have had to be content with a series of short stages by railway within the confines of this country. A business man, leaving London, say, at 8 a.m., will find that the air express sets him down in Amsterdam before eleven. His business there done, the airway will get him from Amsterdam to Brussels by lunch-time. Transacting his business in that city, he will catch an air express which will bring him to Paris by tea-time. Then, after an hour or so's business in Paris and an early dinner, he will board a fast air-mail which will transport him back to London in a couple of hours.

To-day, already, those among our business men who are pioneer users of the air are making the journey from London to Paris in two hours or a little less; and even when allowance is made for motor-car connections between cities and air-ports, and for Customs formalities, this means that passengers often travel right through, from the steps of an hotel in London to those of another in Paris, in a total of not more than four hours; a saving of, say, at least six hours over a door-to-door journey made by land and sea.

One may be permitted, perhaps, in this regard, to tell a little story which is not only rather amusing, but which has the merit also of being true. It concerns a very wealthy man who, staying with his wife and daughter in Paris, had to come over to London in a very great hurry. He did not like the idea of flying; he thought it too risky and uncomfortable. But there was nothing else for it. What he did, however, before ascending, was to admonish his wife and daughter that under no circumstances whatever, when following him next day, were they to make use of the aeroplane service. Well, he duly made the journey by air, seated with extreme comfort in the armchair of a draught-proof and smoothly-moving aerial Pullman. On alighting at the London air-port his first words were: "Give me a telegraph form, please, quick!" And what he sent in such haste was a cable to his wife in Paris which bore the four pregnant words: "Come by air to-morrow."

There is literally an immense future for the aeroplane as a business vehicle when used by men of affairs as a matter of routine and to save time. A man is not, as a rule, as has been pointed out, at the height of his administrative or money-earning capacity for many years of his life. Therefore the aeroplane or airship, reducing so greatly the time he spends on journeys, should be of extreme value to him during those relatively few precious years when his brain and bodily energy are at their height. The monotony of flying will not influence him because his journey is a matter of business, enabling him to cover a distance of several hundred miles in only a few hours. It is safe to predict that in years to come the business man, casting his mind back to the days before aircraft were practicable vehicles, will wonder how he managed to do as much as he did, having regard to the slowness of earth transport.

IV.

Flying is not only the fastest form of travel, but also the easiest. Though we have heard so much of the speed of the air express, very few of us realise yet how this new form of transit will give us a comfort in travelling, a simplification and saving of irritation, which will be impracticable in any other way. Take, for example, a journey to Paris by boat and train. You get to Victoria in time, say, to catch a morning train. Then, after the usual formalities and the securing of a seat, you settle down to a long and fatiguing day. First you have the journey to the coast: then the ordeal, which is dreaded by so many, of the Channel crossing. Then there is the scramble for a seat in the Paris train, followed by more hours of travel before, in the evening, you arrive in Paris and taxi to your hotel, quite tired out.

Now take the airway. You find suddenly, we will suppose, that you must make an urgent journey to Paris to-morrow, getting there as soon as you can. You ring up and book a seat in the "air express." Next morning a motor-car picks you up in the West End and takes you out to Croydon Aerodrome, and, after brief Customs formalities, you are in the air.

Here one should interpolate a reference to the growing comfort of the passenger aeroplanes with which these Continental services are being conducted. At first, with some of the converted war machines, though praiseworthy ingenuity was shown in fitting them to peace uses, the traveller felt that the affair was rather primitive. The space that could be provided for passengers—in a hull never intended for them—was, as a rule, very

limited. They sat close together with an embarrassing lack of leg-room. That stage, however, is already becoming one of the past. Specially-designed passenger aeroplanes have been put lately on the Continental airways, and they are proving remarkably comfortable. One new type, flying now on the daily service between London and Paris, carries a pilot and eight passengers. The latter are accommodated in armchair seats, luxuriously padded. The saloon they occupy is totally enclosed and quite draught-proof, and there are wide side-windows from which they can obtain a full view of the land or seascape below. A new refinement, which is very much appreciated, is the introduction of a sound-deadening partition between engine and saloon, which reduces the noise, even when this fast machine is rushing through the air at more than two miles a minute, to just about what one is accustomed to in a tube train. Conversation becomes easily possible between passengers sitting near each other.

Your air journey from Croydon to Le Bourget, the air-port of Paris, takes only about two hours, and you look down nonchalantly on the Channel from a height of several thousand feet. Its terrors are gone.

You alight at the Paris air-port, and a motor-car takes you promptly into the city. You have one vehicle for the whole air journey, and one ticket only instead of a bookfull. Your fare by air, including motor-car transport at both ends, is now only ten guineas, as compared with £3 15s. 8d. for a first-class rail and boat trip which, when the incidental expenses of such a long journey are remembered, is not reckoned to leave one much, if any, change out of £5. What it may be said to work out to is this. By travelling by air the business man now saves about six hours at an actual extra out-of-pocket cost, all things being considered, of not much more than £1 for each of these saved hours. And most business men, one would imagine, when they are on international affairs, would place the value of a clear hour in hand at something very much higher than this. Express travel by air is not, in fact, the extravagance that some people seem still to believe. It is, on the contrary, a sound business investment. Already, in fact, with aerial transport still in its infancy, you obtain carriage for more than 200 miles by air at the extreme speed of 100 miles an hour, and transport for more than twenty miles by car between aerodromes and cities, for a total cost which works out at only 10½d. a mile. And this next summer we are promised a London-Paris air fare of seven guineas, which will mean a rate of only about 7½d. a mile.

If figures such as these can be quoted at this early stage of flying, when the services are so few and the volume of traffic so

trifling, it only shows what should be possible in the future—and in the not-far-distant future—to place this new mode of travel within the reach practically of all. Certainly it may be said that when traffic has grown, and improved passenger machines are in regular service, we shall be in sight of a five-guinea single air-fare to Paris, which, judged simply on the factor of the hours saved, should prove a boon indeed to all who value time.

V.

Those of us in this great movement who are inclined to be thoughtful, those of us who pause sometimes to ask ourselves where it is these highways of the air are bearing us, are dazzled mentally by the prospect. It is not so much a new era as a new world which we are about to enter. The ocean of the air is boundless. Every city, whether on the coast or inland, is a port of call upon it. Geographical barriers, as we understand them when earth-bound, simply cease to exist. All the nations of the world, as flying at 100 miles an hour is organised and perfected, will become next-door neighbours.

It was Air-Commodore Maitland who reminded us in a lecture not long ago that we should no longer reckon a journey by the question of mere distance. The new and truer factor is that of time. The question is no longer the number of miles—hundreds or thousands as the case may be—which divide two cities or countries from each other. The real concern of the up-to-date traveller when he is in haste—and who is not nowadays when on a journey?—is in how many hours he can reach his destination when he travels, not by the slow vehicles of earth or sea, but by the 100-miles-an-hour air express.

We are approaching the day when we shall be able to dine in New York one evening and in London the next; when no corner of our great and splendid world, however remote, is more than about a week's journey from London by air. It is difficult to estimate the influence on our lives and habits which will result from an ability to spend a week-end in America just as readily as to-day we go over for a week-end to France. One sometimes hears the man who is condemned to a life amidst bricks and mortar yearn for just a glimpse of some of those beautiful spots, far distant, such as the islands of the South Pacific. Well, these he will actually be able to visit in future, by high-speed airway, even in the few weeks of annual holiday which may be all he permits himself.

It is prospects such as these which make one sit and think. I was privileged only the other day to talk of some of the wider

aspects of flying with a very distinguished man. "I believe," said he thoughtfully, "that this power of aerial navigation has been given to us as a great and final test. If we turn it again to works of destruction we shall perish miserably, and a new race inhabit the world. But if we use it wisely, if we send good fellowship instead of misunderstanding along the aerial ways, then we and future generations shall enter on a great age of progress and content." Certainly it is no exaggeration to say that this problem of the development of aerial navigation is one of the greatest now before the world.

Already, knocking so to say upon the door of the future, there are airway experts who say quite seriously that we shall soon find it essential, as a matter of daily intercourse, to cease talking a number of different languages. And even now they can give chapter and verse for their argument. To-day, they declare, even with the small amount of regular flying which is being done in Europe, the disadvantage is becoming apparent of a diversity of tongues. Pilots when on Continental journeys are beginning to talk while in flight, by means of the wireless telephone, with a chain of ground stations; and it is confusing to the airman who only speaks one language well if some operator answers his call in a tongue which he may understand imperfectly. The proposal is already made, therefore, that some universal language, such as Esperanto, should be adopted on international airways as a form of convenient travel language; and it is perfectly clear that the need for some such common "air talk" will grow increasingly apparent. This lends colour to the argument—though many will combat it—that 100-miles-an-hour airways, when they extend throughout the world, will sound a gradual death-knell to nationalism as we know it now. Our world, as air experts of imagination see it, will, in fact, in course of time, cease to be divided into various nations. This great air age as it develops, altering so inevitably all our notions of distance and of time, will, it is argued, become the age of brotherhood in the sense that we shall all talk the same language, travel with a speed and ease almost incredible to-day, and look on questions which arise, not from an individual or national standpoint, but from a larger, wider point of view. We shall grow, say these ardent thinkers, to realise that we do not belong to any one city, or country, or continent, but that we are merely citizens of the world.

HARRY HARPER

(Technical Secretary of the Civil
Aerial Transport Committee).

INITIATION.

THE wind has fall'n asleep; the bough that tossed
Is quiet, the warm sun's gone, the wide light
Sinks and is almost lost;
Yet the April day glows on within my mind
Happy as the white buds in the blue air,—
A thousand buds that shone on waves of wind.
Now evening leads me wooingly apart.
The young wood draws me down these shelving ways
Deeper, as if it drew me to its heart.

What stills my spirit? What awaits me here?
So motionless the budded hazels spring,
So shadowy, and so near!
My feet make not a sound upon the moss,—
Greenest gloom, scented with cold primroses.
A ripple, shy as almost to be mute,
Secretly wanders among further trees;
Else the clear evening brims with loneliness,
With stillness luminous and absolute.

The pause between sun-setting and moon-rise
Exhales a strangeness. It melts out in dream
The experience of the wise.
This purity of sharpened sweet spring smells
Comes like a memory lost since I was born.
My own heart changes into mystery.
There is some presence nears through all these spells
Out of the darkened bosom of the earth:
Not I the leaf, but the leaf touches me.

Who seeks me? What shy lover, whose approach
Makes spiritual the white flower on the thorn;
Who seems to breathe up round me—perfume strange—
June and its bloom unborn?
Shy as a virgin passion is the Spring!
I could have Time cease now, so there should live
This blossom in the stillness of my heart,—
Earth's earth, yet immaterial as a sense
Enriched to understand, hope, love, forgive.

Now, now, if ever, could the spirit catch,
Beyond the ear's range, thrills of airy sound.
I tremble as at the lifting of a latch.

Am I not found?

This magical clear moment in the dusk
Is like a crystal dewy-brimming bowl
Imperilled upon lifting hands. I dread
The breathing of the shadow that shall spill
This wonder, and with it my very soul.

A dead bough cracks under my foot. The charm
Breaks; I am I now, in a gloom aware
Of furtive flitting wing, and hunted eyes.
And furry feet a-scare.

Fear, it is fear exiles us each apart.
We are all bound and prisoned in our fear.
From the dark shadow of our own selves we flee.
Ah, but that moment, open-eyed, erect.
I had stepped out of all fear, I was free.

How sweet it was in youth's shy giving-time
Finding the sudden friend, whose thoughts ran out
With yours in natural chime:
Who knew, before speech, what the lips would tell!
No need to excuse, to hide or to defend
From him in whom your dearest thought shone new,
And not a fancy stirred for him in vain.
So was it, as with a so perfect friend,
In that rare moment I have lost again.

But lo, a whiteness risen beyond the hill;
The moon-dawn! A late bird sings somewhere. Hark
The long, low, loitering trill!
Like water-drops it falls into the dark.
The earth-sweetness holds me in its fragrant mesh.
Oh, though I know that I am bound afar,
Yet where the grass is, there I also grew.
Blood knows more than the brain. Am I perhaps
Most true to Earth when I seem most untrue?

LAURENCE BINYON.

WAR AMONG SOCIALISTS GROWS WORLD-WIDE.

THE war which Socialist has waged against Socialist in Russia and in Germany will hereafter take on a world-wide scope. This is the broad aspect of what the Congress of Socialists, the Second International, recently held at Geneva, has brought about. In Russia, Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, and in Germany, Majority Socialists and Spartacists, have fought each other with all the implements of modern warfare. Whether the Socialists of the Second International will fight throughout the world the Communists of the Third with the same weapons or with the more peaceful ones of propaganda, or with both, will be for the future to decide. But what the Second International has accomplished in the last few days is that for the first time both sides have agreed on clean-cut and irreconcilable issues of war, accepted the gage of battle, and even located the two capitals from which this war will be directed—the one in Moscow, the other in London. It is to be a struggle to extinction between Reformist Socialists on one hand and the programme of revolution in its stark sense on the other.

Which of these two camps will be greatly strengthened in the immediate future will depend on the decision of a strong and growing Centre, which has developed between the Right as the Second International and the Left as the Third International. This consists of such powerful organisations as the Independent Socialists of Germany, the Socialist Parties of France, United States, Spain, Poland, Austria, Switzerland, the Independent Labour Party of England, and other groups, all of whom have left the Second International, but have not yet affiliated themselves with the Third. It is generally agreed, now that the Second has clearly expressed itself at its Congress this week, that the issues for this important Centre have also become clear.

According to the figures which Camille Huysmans of Belgium, Secretary of the Second International, gave me, the 118 delegates to the Congress represented over 14,000,000 Socialists and Trade Unionists of sixteen nations. The British delegation, representing the Labour Party of Great Britain, the Trade Union Congress, and the Fabian Society, were sent by about seven million; the German delegation by about five million; the Belgians 600,000; the Swedes 600,000; Australia and New Zealand 600,000; the Dutch 250,000. The British had among their delegation five members of Parliament; such Labour chiefs as J. H.

Thomas, of the Railroad Workers; Gosling, President of the British Transport Workers' Federation; Mary MacArthur, of the Federation of Women Workers; Labour Party executives and intellectuals, such as Ramsay Macdonald and Sidney Webb and his wife. Illness kept Arthur Henderson from attending.

Germany sent, among others, Philip Scheidemann, Hermann Mueller, recently Chancellor of Germany; Eduard Bernstein, the noted revisionist of Marxian teaching; Otto Hue, Secretary of the Federation of German Miners; Frau Marie Juchacz; and Wilhelm Bück, Minister-President of Saxony. Among the Belgians were Vandervelde, Minister of Justice, and Senator La Fontaine. Sweden sent, among her delegates, Rickard Sandler, Minister of Finance. Holland had in her delegation P. J. Troelstra, Head of the Dutch Labour Party. Australia sent the Premier of Queensland, James Theodore. Other countries represented were France, by a handful of members of the Chamber of Deputies, but expelled from the Socialist Party of France; Italy, whose official Socialist Party has not only left the Second International, but definitely allied itself to the Third; Russia, represented by Social Revolutionists; Denmark; Switzerland, Poland, whose delegates announced in the course of the Congress that their party no longer cared to participate in the actions of the Second; New Zealand, whose delegate, Mr. Nash, also announced that his participation was only for informative purposes; and the three new Russian Republics—Lithuania, Georgia and Azerbaidjan, the last with its seat at Baku.

The first concern of the Congress was to ensure harmony within the Second International itself. This was threatened by the attitude of the French delegates, who insisted that the question of the responsibility for the Great War be thoroughly thrashed out and established. So fearful were many of the delegates that this would reopen war within the Congress itself that the Committee on Credentials brought in a report recommending that French delegates be barred from participation on the ground that they did not represent the official party of France. But the action of the German delegation sprang an agreeable surprise by fathering a resolution on the responsibility of the war, which put most of the blame on Germany, and with that brought about a harmony throughout the entire proceedings which amounted to unanimity except for the attitude of an incipient Left wing of a few British delegates.

The resolution on the responsibility for the war, which was passed unanimously, read in part:—

"Considering that the German Social Democratic Party in its memorandum declares that the German revolution (to the great misfortune

of the whole world, and especially to the German people) has happened five years too late;

"Considering, further, that the Social Democratic Party regrets that it did not, before the war, carry on the fight against militarism and imperialism with sufficient success; and that it acknowledges—

"1. That the Germany of Bismarck has, as Marx and Engels have already acknowledged, gravely endangered the peace of the world in forcibly annexing Alsace-Lorraine in 1871:

"2. That Imperial Germany committed a new crime against the rights of people by violating in 1914 the neutrality and independence of Belgium;

"3. That Republican Germany herself acknowledges her obligation to those reparations which are the consequences of the aggressions made by Imperial Germany after her refusal of an arbitration which was still possible on the eve of the conflict,

"The Conference takes notice of these declarations, and renews the declaration of the Allied Socialists in 1915 that the capitalist method of rule by the stimulation of interests and greeds is one of the most profound causes of the war, but declares that in the terms of the German memorandum itself, 'the immediate cause was—if not exclusively, at least principally—the want of presence of mind, aggravated by the unscrupulousness of the German and the Austrian Governments, now overthrown,'

"The Conference gives over to the execration of the peoples the authors of the abominable slaughter which has stained Europe and the rest of the world with blood; and consecrates itself to the reconstruction of the world . . . in the spirit and the service of the International."

The hand-clapping which greeted the unanimous passing of this resolution was the most enthusiastic manifestation the Congress showed at any of its sessions.

Unity within the Congress having been thus secured, the next problem was how to secure unity with those outside of the Second International. This the Congress frankly shifted from itself as a whole and gave it over to the British Labour Party. In a very real sense for once a part was greater than the whole. The seven million members of the British Labour Party, with their strong organisation so near to power in Great Britain, was acknowledged by the Congress as more likely to be listened to by recalcitrant Socialist groups than the Second International itself with its constantly lessening ranks. To help achieve this union it was voted to make London the capital of the Second International, to transfer there the secretariat from Brussels, and to permit two out of the three of the secretariat to be British. Whether the British Labour Party will accept the task has not yet been officially decided. Arthur Henderson, from a sick bed, wrote against such a change at the present time; but the sentiment of the British delegation indicated that the Labour Party will not refuse the responsibility.

Having handed over the formidable task to the British of bringing back the Centre and Left elements into the Second, the Congress then proceeded to make that task all the heavier by shifting

decidedly to the Right. Against its old and standing enemy, Capitalism, the Congress levelled scarcely a resolution. Indeed, toward some of its works—the League of Nations, feeding of starving Central Europe, and even toward some purely capitalist enterprises—they even voted temporary support: whereas, toward its new foe, the Bolsheviks of the Third International, practically every speech made and resolution passed was a challenge to war. The attitude of the Congress toward the League of Nations, for instance, was far friendlier than that of the Republican Party in the United States.

"The Treaty of Versailles," reads the resolution the Congress adopted, "has created a League of Nations which the working classes, in the interest of peace, cannot regard with hostility or with indifference." True, it finds the charter of the League of Nations not sufficiently inclusive, as yet feeble to accomplish its purpose of averting war, and suggests improvements in the way of further democratisation and the inclusion of hitherto unattached nations. But the resolution does "invite the Socialist parties of the different nations to bend their efforts toward securing representation within the organisations of the League of Nations, in such a way and to such an end that they will be able to transform its inner constitution and enlarge its scope sufficiently to guarantee the security and harmony of all nations that are interested in maintaining peace."

The one wholly condemnatory resolution adopted by the Congress against Capitalism and its works might have been drawn up by any Liberal or Progressive party in the world. It declared that "the war, which brought Europe to economic ruin has been terminated by a peace which has left the world in a state of uncertainty and chaos; that the Treaty of Versailles and the treaties that followed it by their one-sidedness are preventing the establishment of a stable and definitive peace and the reorganisation of the political and economic life of the various peoples." It inveighs against the spirit of imperialism and militarism. The Treaty of Versailles has roused "protests from the vanquished nations and filled the hearts of the victorious nations with anxiety, which is being exploited by the governing imperialistic classes to maintain and reinforce a militarism which absorbs millions of money." It protests against the misdeeds committed by armies in occupied territories.

But there was no lack of incisiveness when the attack on the Third International and the Bolsheviks began. Secretary Huysmans opened by saying: "So long as the Bolsheviks were still insecure against intervention by other nations and against counter-revolution, we could not abuse them, for fear that our attack

might be used by Russia's enemies. But now that it is the Bolsheviks who are the aggressors, we can begin our offensive against them. Between us and them there is war." Vandervelde followed in a similar vein. "We hereby declare ourselves the enemies of all who stand for a programme of violence," he said. "We declare ourselves the enemies of all who stand for dictatorship. We declare ourselves the enemies of all who dissolve a Constituent Assembly, as the Bolsheviks did in Russia, and who substitute for it the rule of absolutism under a single party, which is not even the largest party." Scheidemann declared: "We must not fail to condemn the spread of the Bolshevik virus. We Social Democrats in Germany have fought for twenty years against the autocracy of Prussianism. We detested it as you, Frenchmen, detested the Bourbon, 'L'Etat, c'est moi!' And now we must together fight the autocracy of the handful of men who declare: 'We are the proletariat! Up with the dictatorship of the proletariat!'" Members of the British Labour Party delegation to Russia contributed what they observed on their trip there and took sides against the Bolsheviks.

The only opposition to these attacks was voiced by Neil MacLean, Labour Member of Parliament of Great Britain. "Russia is at least a successful revolution of the workers against the exploiting class of Capitalism," he said. "And let me tell you that the workers of the world are not unaware of that fact. When the name of Soviet Russia is mentioned to great masses of assembled British working men, you should hear the cheering! It is the same thing in other countries. What Government dares send an army or even great shipments of arms against Soviet Russia? Vandervelde and Scheidemann talk as though bloodshed is all there is to the Russian Revolution. Revolution is the state of mind in which the people were, in their desire for once to be ruled by themselves and not by a parasite class. They went about to realise their desires. If bloodshed resulted, it was because the parasite class of Russia resisted this just desire, and called to their natural allies, the governing and parasite classes of other nations, to help them. Does any fair-minded man or woman expect that the great Russian people would weakly surrender to counter-revolution, intervention, and White Terror? Bloodshed is regrettable; very. But just as passionately the Russian people have given themselves over to the upbuilding of peace, to education—it is now a felony to be illiterate in Russia. And we, a Socialist Congress, should give Soviet Russia our sympathies, not our execration."

With MacLean agreed ten others of the British delegation. On resolution after resolution, where Bolshevism was the issue,

these ten stood together as the left wing of the Congress, and went down to defeat.

How clearly defined now is the issue between the Second and the Third Internationals can be seen by comparing passages of the latest official utterance of the latter with the resolutions passed this week by the Second. The Independent Labour Party of England addressed an inquiry to the International at Moscow intended to guide them in the question as to which of the two Internationals it would adhere. The Executive Committee of the Communist International sent back a reply, which the British delegation distributed at the Congress.

"Proletarian revolution is compelled to act swiftly and resolutely," says this reply in part. "Workers should prepare not for an easy Parliamentary victory, but for victory by a heavy civil war. . . . When the point in question is the dictatorship of the proletariat, the formal way in which the proletariat will acquire power is of no importance; what does count is the fact that the working class can neither protect nor maintain this power unless the capitalist class is disarmed, and unless it is deprived of its political rights until the time arrives when it can be included in the ranks of the labouring people; unless the source of all the forces and wealth of the country be concentrated in the hands of the working class, whose power must be protected at all costs. . . ."

To this the Second replied with its resolutions on Socialisation and on the political system of Socialism. Vibaut, a magistrate of Amsterdam, a grizzled veteran rugged of face and figure, presented the resolution on socialisation. "We do not believe that Socialisation and Socialism can be put into operation over the week-end, from Saturday to Monday. We do not want to demolish the old system before replacing it with another. We, of the Second International, regard Capitalism as a factory—a poor one, but nevertheless a factory. We want to replace it by a better one and not by nothing at all."

The resolution, which was adopted practically unanimously after some discussion, which dealt more with the Bolsheviks than with the provisions of the report, reads in part:

"Socialisation [under Socialism] will proceed, step by step, from one industry to another, according as circumstances in each country permit. Objectionable as private profit-making is to Socialists, they will refrain from destroying it in any industry until they are in a position to replace it by a more efficient form of organisation. Such a gradual process of Socialisation excludes expropriation of private ownership in land and capital without compensation as a general rule, not only because it would be inequitable to cause suffering to selected individuals, but also because a process of

confiscation would disturb capitalist enterprise in industries in which Socialisation was not immediately practicable. . . ."

Aimed directly at the Syndicalist idea of the control of each industry by the workers themselves, the resolution on Socialisation further declares :—

- "A principle of the greatest importance in Socialisation is that the control must be separated from administration. The control must be exercised by the popularly-elected national assembly."

The resolution on the political system replies directly to the programme of the Third International. "Socialism will not base its political organisation upon dictatorship," it says :—

- "It cannot seek to suppress democracy. Its historical mission, on the contrary, is to carry democracy to completion. . . . Socialists will not allow factious minorities, taking advantage of their privileged positions, to bring to naught popular liberty."

"The franchise for a Socialist Parliament must be universal, applying with absolute equality to both sexes, without exclusions on grounds of race, religion, occupation, or political opinions. The supreme function of Parliament is to represent all the popular aspirations and desires from the standpoint of the community as a whole."

The utmost that this resolution concedes to organised labour as demanding a direct share in government is :—

"The organisations in which those engaged in the various industries and services will group themselves, whether trade unions or professional associations, may be made the basis of a further organ of social and economic life. Alongside Parliament it may be desirable that there should be a National Industrial Council, composed of representatives of the various organisations of trades and professions into which the persons belonging to each occupation may voluntarily group themselves. Such a National Industrial Council would be free to discuss and criticise, to investigate and to suggest to Parliament any reports on which it may decide. Parliament may from time to time delegate to the National Industrial Council the drafting of measures applicable to industry as a whole, or of the regulation to be made under the authority of a statute."

Compare with this the statement of the Communists to the British workers :—

"The territorial principle represents election by the population of the districts. This was the most suitable method of election for the bourgeoisie; for if the Parliament as a whole was to create an impression that it represented the entire nation, then the elections had to be conducted on the territorial principle, without distinction or classes. But the Labour Parliament, the Labour Municipalities have no intention whatever of creating false impressions . . . therefore, election by the various branches of industry, factories, shops, and organised employees, professional classes and agricultural workers, working on a collective basis, is the principle of elections most suitable to labour democracy."

So much for the clash in principles between the two Inter-

nationals. In the very hall where the Second met the Socialists of Geneva posted up a placard which denounced the gathering as a "rendezvous of the principal *saboteurs* of the proletarian movement." At one of the sessions they filled the galleries and brought proceedings to a halt with execrations of "Traitors! Scheidemanns!" But in the hearts of those abused, which means practically every Socialist of prominence in the Second, there is a smouldering anger against these former comrades.

The Congress of the Second International opened, held its sessions, and dribbled out without a song or a cheer. From a Socialist gathering this is significant. An International Congress of Miners in progress at the same time a few streets away sang, cheered, shook hands in a great ring and held festivities. But at the sessions of the Second spirit was at a low ebb. Speaker after speaker, in attacking this or that resolution, said its passage would "drive the last nail into the coffin of the Second International." Romain Rolland, sitting above the conflict in the gallery, spoke of it as "the funeral congress of the moribund Second International. Requiescat!"

He may have referred to the spirit he sensed. Or he may have had in mind that from that Congress were absent representatives from Soviet Russia, the Socialist Parties of France, the United States, Austria, Italy, and other countries; that other groups, still represented at the Congress, had expressed their intention of withdrawing; that all these groups were making overtures to the Third International; that in the last elections in Germany the Independents took away strength from the Majority Socialists; that in England, the future citadel of the Second, the Independent Labour Party, an influential section of the Labour Party, had withdrawn from the Second, and is apparently on its way to the Third, and that a British Communist Party has just been formed in obedience to the recommendation from Moscow. These and other events in the world of Socialism augur badly for the Second, if its hope lies with already converted Socialists.

But even a casual survey of the resolutions just adopted by the Congress makes one believe that the Second is addressing itself not so much to their former comrades as to those elements who have hitherto been timid of Socialism. If from the masses of the reformist-minded middle classes and the more conservative labour unions it can win approval for its programme of pacific evolution, the Second has a chance for existence.

JOSEPH GOLLOMB.

KNUT HAMSDUN.¹

KNUT HAMSDUN is now sixty. For years past he has been regarded as the greatest of living Norwegian writers, but he is still little known in England. One or two attempts have been made previously to introduce Hamsdun's work into this country, but it was not until this year, with the publication of *Growth of the Soil*, that he achieved any real success, or became at all generally known, among English readers.

Growth of the Soil (Markens Grøde) is Hamsdun's latest work. Its reception here was one of immediate and unstinted appreciation, such as is rarely accorded to a translated work by an alien author practically unknown even to the critics. A noticeable feature was the frankness with which experienced bookmen laid aside stock phrases, and dealt with this book as in response to a strong personal appeal. To the reviewer, aged with much knowledge, hardened by much handling of mediocrity, it is a relief to meet with a book that can and must be dealt with so.

Those readers are, perhaps, most fortunate who come upon such a book as this without foretaste or preparation. To the mind under spell of an æsthetic or emotional appeal, the steps that went to make it, the stages whereby the author passed, are as irrelevant as the logarithms that went to build an aeroplane. Yet it is only by knowledge of such steps that the achievement can be fully understood.

Growth of the Soil is very far indeed from Hamsdun's earliest beginnings: far even from the books of his early middle period, which made his name. It is the life story of a man in the wilds, the genesis and gradual development of a homestead, the unit of humanity, in the untilled, uncleared tracts that still remain in the Norwegian Highlands. It is an epic of earth; the history of a microcosm. Its dominant note is one of patient strength and simplicity; the mainstay of its working is the tacit, stern, yet loving alliance between Nature and the Man who faces her himself, trusting to himself and her for the physical means of life, and the spiritual contentment with life which she must grant if he be worthy. Modern man faces Nature only by proxy, or as proxy, through others or for others, and the intimacy is lost. In the wilds the contact is direct and immediate; it is the foothold upon earth, the touch of the soil itself, that gives strength.

The story is epic in its magnitude, in its calm, steady progress and unhurrying rhythm, in its vast and intimate humanity. The

(1) Knut Hamsdun has just been awarded the Nobel Prize.—(Ed. F.R.)

author looks upon his characters with a great, all-tolerant sympathy, aloof yet kindly, as a god. A more objective work of fiction it would be hard to find—certainly in what used to be called "the neurasthenic North."

And this from the pen of the man who wrote *Sult*, *Mysterier*, and *Pan*.

Hamsun's early work was subjective in the extreme; so much so, indeed, as almost to lie outside the limits of æsthetic composition. As a boy he wrote verse under difficulties—he was born in Gudbrandsdalen, but came as a child to Bodø in Lofoten, and worked with a shoemaker there for some years, saving up money for the publication of his juvenile efforts. He had little education to speak of, and after a period of varying casual occupations, mostly of the humblest sort, he came to Christiania with the object of studying there, but failed to make his way. Twice he essayed his fortune in America, but without success. For three years he worked as a fisherman on the Newfoundland Banks.

His Nordland origin is in itself significant; it means an environment of month-long nights and concentrated summers, in which all feelings are intensified, and love and dread and gratitude and longing are nearer and deeper than in milder and more temperate regions, where elemental opposites are, as it were, reciprocally diluted.

In 1890, at the age of thirty, Hamsun attracted attention by the publication of *Sult* (Hunger). *Sult* is a record of weeks of starvation in a city; the semi-delirious confession of a man whose physical and mental faculties have slipped beyond control. He speaks and acts irrationally, and knows it, watches himself at his mental antics and takes himself to task for the same. And he asks himself: Is it a sign of madness?

It might seem so. The extraordinary associations, the weird fancies and bizarre impulses that are here laid bare give an air of convincing verisimilitude to the supposed confessions of a starving journalist. But, as a matter of fact, Hamsun has no need of extraneous influences to invest his characters with originality. Starving or fed, they can be equally erratic. This is seen in his next book, *Mysterier*.

Here we have actions and reactions as fantastic as in *Sult*, though the hero has here no such excuse as in the former case. The "mysteries," or mystifications, of Nagel, a stranger who comes, for no particular reason apparent, to stay in a little Norwegian town, arise entirely out of Nagel's own personality.

Mysterier is one of the most exasperating books that a publisher's reader, or a conscientious reviewer, could be given to

deal with. An analysis of the principal character is a most baffling task. One is tempted to call him mad, and have done with it. But, as a matter of fact, he is uncompromisingly, unrestrainedly human; he goes about constantly saying and doing things that we, ordinary and respectable people, are trained and accustomed to refrain from saying or doing at all. He has the self-consciousness of a sensitive child; he is for ever thinking of what people think of him, and trying to create an impression. Then, with a paradoxical sincerity, he confesses that the motive of this or that action *was* simply to create an impression, and thereby destroys the impression. Sometimes he caps this by wilfully letting it appear that the double move was carefully designed to produce the reverse impression of the first—until the person concerned is utterly bewildered, and the reader likewise.

Mysterier appeared in 1893. In the following year Hamsun astonished his critics with two books, *Ny Jord* (New Ground) and *Redaktør Lyng*, both equally unlike his previous work. With these he passes at a bound from one-man stories, portrait studies of eccentric characters in a remote or restricted environment, to group subjects, chosen from centres of life and culture in Christiania. *Redaktør Lyng*—*redaktør*, of course, means "editor"—deals largely with political manœuvres and intrigues, the bitterly controversial politics of Norway prior to the dissolution of the Union with Sweden. *Ny Jord* gives an unflattering picture of the academic, literary, and artistic youth of the capital, idlers for the most part, arrogant, unscrupulous, self-important, and full of disdain for the mere citizens and merchants whose simple honesty and kindness are laughed at or exploited by the newly dominant representatives of culture.

Both these books are technically superior to the first two, inasmuch as they show mastery of a more difficult form. But their appeal is not so great; there is lacking a something that might be inspiration, personal sympathy—some indefinable essential that the author himself has taught us to expect. They are less *hamsunsk* than most of Hamsun's work. Hamsun is at his best among the scenes and characters he loves; tenderness and sympathy make up so great a part of his charm that he is hardly recognisable in surroundings or society uncongenial to himself.

It would almost seem as if he realised something of this. For in his next work he turns from the capital to the Nordland coast, reverting also, in some degree, to the subjective, keenly sensitive manner of *Sult*, though now with more restraint and concentration.

Pan (1894) is probably Hamsun's best-known work. It is a love-story, but of an extraordinary type, and is, moreover,

important from the fact that we are here introduced to some of the characters and types that are destined to reappear again and again in his later works.

Nagel, the exasperating irresponsible of *Mysterier*, is at his maddest in his behaviour towards the woman he loves. It is natural that this should be so. When a man is intoxicated his essential qualities are emphasised. If he have wit, he will be witty; if a brutal nature, he will be a brute; if he be of a melancholy temper, he will be disposed to sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings.

We see this in *Pan*. The love-making of the hero is characterised by the same irrational impulses, the same extravagant actions, as in *Sult* and *Mysterier*. But they are now less frequent, and less involved. The book as a whole is toned down, so to speak, from the bewildering tangle of unrestraint in the first two. There is quite sufficient of the erratic and unusual in the character of Glahn, the hero, but the tone is more subdued. The madcap youth of genius has realised that the world looks frigidly at its vagaries, and the secretly proud "*au moins je suis autre*"—more a boast than a confession—gives place to a wistful, apologetic admission of the difference as a fault. Here already we have something of that resignation which comes later to its fulness in the story of the Wanderer with the Mute.

The love-story in *Pan* takes the form of a conflict; it is one of those battles between the sexes, duels of wit and *esprit*, such as one finds in the plays of Marivaux. But Hamsun sets his battle in the sign of the heart, not of the head; it is a *mari-vaudage* of feeling, none the less deep for its erratic utterance. Moreover, the scene is laid, not in salons and ante-chambers, but in a landscape such as Hamsun loves, the forest-clad hills above a little fishing village, between the *højfjeld* and the sea. And interwoven with the story, like an eerie breathing from the dark of woods at dusk and dawn, is the haunting presence of Iselin, *la belle dame sans merci*.

Otto Weininger, the author of *Sex and Character*, said of *Pan* that it was "perhaps the most beautiful novel ever written." Weininger, of course, was an extremist, and few would accept his judgment without reserve. It is doubtful whether any writer nowadays would venture to make such a claim for any book at all.

Pan is a book that offends against all sorts of rules; as a literary product it is eminently calculated to elicit, especially in England, the Olympian "this will never do." To begin with, it is not so much a novel as a *novelle*—a form of art little cultivated in this country, but which lends itself excellently to delicate artistic handling, and the creation of that subtle influence

which Hamsun's countrymen call *stemning*, poorly rendered by the English "atmosphere." The epilogue is disproportionately long; the portion written as by another hand is all too recognisably in the style of the rest. And with all his chivalrous sacrifice and violent end, Glahn is at best a quixotic hero. Men, as men, would think him rather a fool, and women, as women, might flush at the thought of a cavalier so embarrassingly unrestrained. He is not to be idolised as a cinema star, or the literally gymnastic hero of a perennial Earl's Court Exhibition set to music on the stage. He could not be truthfully portrayed on a flamboyant wrapper as at all seductively masculine. In a word, he is neither a man's man nor a woman's man. But he is a human being, keenly susceptible to influences which most of us have felt in some degree.

Closely allied to *Pan* is *Victoria*, likewise a story of conflict between two lovers. The actual plot can only be described as hackneyed. Girl and boy, the rich man's daughter and the poor man's son, playmates in youth, then separated by the barriers of social standing—few but the most hardened of "best-sellers" catering for semi-detached suburbia would venture nowadays to handle such a theme. Yet Hamsun dares, and so insistently unlike all else is the impress of his personality that the mechanical structure of the story is forgotten. It is interspersed with irrelevant fancies, visions and imaginings, a chain of tied notes heard as an undertone through the action on the surface. The effect is that of something straining towards an impossible realisation; a beating of wings in the void; a striving for utterance of things beyond speech.

Victoria is the swan-song of Hamsun's subjective period. Already, in the three plays which appeared during the years immediately following *Pan*, he faces the merciless law of change; the unrelenting "forward" which means leaving loved things behind. Kareno, student of life, begins his career in resolute opposition to the old men, the established authorities who stand for compromise and resignation. For twenty years he remains obstinately faithful to his creed, that the old men must step aside or be thrust aside, to make way for the youth that will be served. "What has age that youth has not? Experience. Experience, in all its poor and withered nakedness. And what use is their experience to us, who must make our own in every single happening of life?" In *Aftenrøde*, the "Sunset" of the trilogy, Kareno himself deserts the cause of youth, and allies himself to the party in power. And the final scene shows him telling a story to a child: "There was once a man who never would give way. . . ."

The madness of *Sult* is excused as being delirium, due to physical suffering. Nagel, in *Mysterier*, is shown as a fool, an eccentric intolerable in ordinary society, though he is disconcertingly human, paradoxically sane. Glahn, in *Pan*, apologises for his uncouth straightforwardness by confessing that he is more at home in the woods, where he can say and do what he pleases without offence. Johannes, in *Victoria*, is of humble birth, which counts in extenuation of his unmannerly frankness in early years. Later he becomes a poet, and as such is exempt in some degree from the conventional restraint imposed on those who aspire to polite society. All these well-chosen characters are made to serve the author's purpose as channels for poetic utterance that might otherwise seem irrelevant. The extent to which this is done may be seen from the way in which Hamsun lets a character in one book enter upon a theme which later becomes the subject of an independent work by the author himself. Thus Glahn is haunted by visions of Diderik and Iselin; Johannes writes fragments supposed to be spoken by one Vendt the Monk. Five years after *Victoria*, Hamsun gives us the romantic drama of *Munken Vendt*, in which Diderik and Iselin appear.

Throughout these early works, Hamsun is striving to find expression for his own sensitive personality; a form and degree of expression sufficient to relieve his own tension of feeling, without fusing the medium: adequate to his own needs, yet understandable and tolerable to ordinary human beings, to the readers of books. The process, in effect, is simply this: Hamsun is a poet, with a poet's deep and unusual feeling, and a poet's need of utterance. To gain a hearing, he chooses figures whom he can conveniently represent as fools. Secretly, he loves them, for they are himself. But to the world he can present them with a polite apology, a plea for kindly indulgence.

It is not infrequent in literature to find the wisest and most poignant utterances thus laid in the mouths of poor men clad in motley. Some of the most daring things in Shakespeare, the newest heresies of the Renaissance, are voiced by irresponsibles. Of all dramatic figures, that of the fool is most suited to the expression of concentrated feeling. There is an arresting question in a play of recent years, which runs something like this: "Do you think that the things people make fools of themselves about are any less real and true than the things they behave sensibly about?"

Most of us have at some time or another felt that uncomfortable, almost indecently denuding question which comes to us at rare moments from the stage where some great drama is being played: What is higher, what is more real: this, or the life

we live? In that sudden flash, the matters of to-day's and to-morrow's reality in our minds appear as vulgar trifles, things of which we are ashamed. The feeling lasts but a moment; for a moment we have been something higher than ourselves, in the mere desire so to be. Then we fall back to ourselves once more, to the lower levels upon which alone we can exist. And yet it is by such potentials that we judge the highest art; by its power to give us, if only for a moment, something of that which the divinity of our aspiring minds finds wanting in the confines of reality.

The richness of this quality is one of the most endearing things in Hamsun's characters. Their sensitiveness is a thing we have been trained, for self-defence, to repress. It is well for us, no doubt, that this is so. But we are grateful for their showing that such things *are*, as we are grateful for Kensington Gardens who cannot live where trees are everywhere. The figures Hamsun sets before us as confessedly unsuited to the realities of life, his vagabonds, his failures, his fools, have power at times to make us question whether our world of comfort, luxury, success, is what we thought; if it were not well lost in exchange for the power to *feel* as they.

It has been said that life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel. Humanly speaking, it is one of the greatest merits of Hamsun's work that he shows otherwise. His attitude towards life is throughout one of feeling, yet he makes of life no tragedy, but a beautiful story.

"I will be young until I die," says Kareno in *Aftenrøde*. The words are not so much a challenge to fate as a denial of fact; he is not fighting, only refusing to acknowledge the power that is already hard upon him.

Kareno is an *intellectual* character. He is a philosopher, a man whose perceptions and activity lie predominantly in the sphere of thought, not of feeling. His attempt to carry the fire of youth beyond the grave of youth ends in disaster; an unnecessary *débâcle* due to his gratuitously attempting the impossible.

Hamsun's poet-personality, the spirit we have seen striving for expression through the figures of Nagel, Glahn, Johannes, and the rest, is a creature of *feeling*. And here the development proceeds on altogether different lines. The emotion which fails to find adequate outlet, even in such works as *Sult*, *Mysterier*, *Victoria*, and *Pan*, might well seem more of a peril than the quixotic stubbornness of Kareno's philosophy. Such a flood, in its tempestuous unrest, might seem to threaten destruction, or at best the vain dispersal of its own power into chaos. But by some

rare guidance it is led, after the storm of *Munken Vendi*, into channels of beneficent fertility.

In 1904, after an interval of short stories, letters of travel, and poems, came the story entitled *Sværmere*. The word means "Moths." It also stands for something else; something for which we English, as a sensible people, have no word. Something pleasantly futile, deliciously unprofitable—foolish lovers, hovering like moths about a lamp.

But there is more than this that is untranslatable in the title. As a title it suggests an attitude of gentleness, tenderness, sympathy, towards whomsoever it describes. It is a new note in Hamsun; the opening of a new *motif*.

The main thread of the story bears a certain similarity to that of *Mysterier*, *Victoria*, and *Pan*, being a love affair of mazy windings, a tangled skein of loves-me-loves-me-not. But it is pure comedy throughout. Rolandsen, the telegraph operator in love with Elsie Mack, is no poet; he has not even any pretensions to education or social standing. He is a cheerful, riotous "blade," who sports with the girls of the village, gets drunk at times, and serenades the parson's wife at night with his guitar. *Sværmere* is the slightest of little stories in itself, but full of delightful vagaries and the most winning humour.

The story of *Benoni*, with its continuation *Rosa*, is in like vein; a tenderly humorous portrayal of love below stairs, the principal characters being chosen from the class who appear as supers in *Pan*; subjects or retainers of the all-powerful Trader Mack. It is as if the sub-plot in one of Shakespeare's plays had been taken out for separate presentment, and the clown promoted to be hero in a play of his own. The cast is increased, the *milieu* lightly drawn in *Pan* is now shown more comprehensively and in detail, making us gradually acquainted with a whole little community, a village world, knowing little of any world beyond, and forming a microcosm in itself.

Hamsun has returned, as it were, to the scene of his passionate youth, but in altered guise. He plays no part himself now, but is an onlooker, a stander-by, chronicling, as from a cloistered aloofness, yet with kindly wisdom always, the little things that matter in the lives of those around him. Wisdom and kindness, sympathy and humour and understanding, these are the dominant notes of the new phase. *Sværmere* ends happily—for it is a story of other people's lives. So also with *Benoni* and *Rosa* at the last. And so surely has the author established his foothold on the new ground that he can even bring in *Edvarda*, the "Iselin" figure from *Pan*, once more, thus linking up his brave and lusty comedies of middle age with the romantic trage-

dies of his youth, making a comprehensive pageant-play of large-hearted humanity.

Meantime, the effect upon himself is seen—and avowed. Between *Spærmere* and *Benoni* comes the frankly first-personal narrative of a vagabond who describes himself, upon interrogation, as "Knut Pedersen"—which is two-thirds of Knut Pedersen Hamsund—and hailing from Nordland—which embraces Lofoten.

It does not need any showing of papers, however, to establish the identity of Knut Pedersen, vagabond, with the author of *Pan*. The opening words of the book ("Under Høststjærnen") are enough. "Indian summer, mild and warm . . . it is many years now since I knew such peace. Twenty or thirty years maybe—or maybe it was in another life. But I have felt it some time, surely, since I go about now humming a little tune; go about rejoicing, loving every straw and every stone, and feeling as if they cared for me in return. . . ."

This is the Hamsun of *Pan*. But Hamsun now is a greater soul than in the days when Glahn, the solitary dweller in the woods, picked up a broken twig from the ground and held it lovingly, because it looked poor and forsaken; or thanked the hillock of stone outside his hut because it stood there faithfully, as a friend that waited his return. He is stronger now, but no less delicate; he loves not Nature less, but the world more. He has learned to love his fellow-men. Knut Pedersen, vagabond, wanders about the country with his tramp-companions, Grindhusen, the painter who can ditch and delve at a pinch, or Falkenberg, farm-labourer in harvest-time, and piano-tuner where pianos are. Here is brave comradeship, the sharing of adventures, the ready wit of jovial vagrants. The book is a harmless picaresque, a *geste* of innocent rogue-errantry; its place is with *Lavengro* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*, in that ancient, endless order of tales which link up age with age and land with land in the unaltering, unfrontiered fellowship of the road that kept the spirit of poetry alive through the Dark Ages.

The vagabond from Nordland has his own adventures, his *bonnes fortunes*. There is a touch of Sterne about the book; not the exaggerated super-Sterne of *Tristram Shandy*, with eighteenth-century-futurist blanks and marbled pages, but the fluent, casual, follow-your-fancy Sterne of the *Sentimental Journey*. Yet the vagabond himself is unobtrusive, ready to step back and be a chronicler the moment other figures enter into constellation. He moves among youth, himself no longer young, and among gentle-folk, as one making no claim to equal rank.

Both these features are accentuated further in the story of the Wanderer with the Mute. It is a continuation of *Under*

Høststjærnen, and forms the culmination, the acquiescent close, of the self-expressional series that began with *Sult*. The discords of tortured loveliness are now resolved into an ultimate harmony of comely resignation and rich content. "A Wanderer may come to fifty years; he plays more softly then. Plays with muted strings." This is the keynote of the book. The Wanderer is no longer young; it is for youth to make the stories old men tell. Tragedy is reserved for those of high estate; a wanderer in corduroy, "such as labourers wear here in the south," can tell the story of his chatelaine and her lovers with the self-repression of a humbler Henry Esmond, winning nothing for himself even at the last, yet feeling he is still in Nature's debt.

Hamsun's next work is *Den Siste Glæde* (literally "The Last Joy"). The title as it stands is expressive. The substantive is "joy"—but it is so qualified by the preceding "last," a word of overwhelming influence in any combination, that the total effect is one of sadness. And the book itself is a masterly presentment of gloom. Masterly—or most natural: it is often hard to say how much of Hamsun's effect is due to superlative technique and how much to the inspired disregard of all technique. *Den Siste Glæde* is a diary of wearisome days, spent for the most part among unattractive, insignificant people at a holiday resort; the only "action" in it is an altogether pitiful love affair, in which the narrator is involved to the slightest possible degree. The writer is throughout despondent; he feels himself out of the race; his day is past. Solitude and quiet, Nature, and his own foolish feelings—these are the "last joys" left him now.

The book might have seemed a fitting, if pathetic, ending to the literary career of the author of *Pan*. Certainly it holds out no promise of further energy or interest in life or work. The closing words amount to a personal farewell.

Then, without warning, Hamsun enters upon a new phase of power. *Børn av Tiden* (Children of the Age) is an objective study, its main theme being the "marriage" conflict touched upon in the Wanderer stories, and here developed in a different setting and with fuller individuality. Hamsun has here moved up a step in the social scale, from villagers of the Benoni type to the land-owning class. There is the same conflict of temperaments that we have seen before, but less violent now; the poet's late-won calm of mind, and the level of culture from which his characters now are drawn—perhaps by instinctive selection—make for restraint. Still a romantic at heart, he becomes more classic in form.

Børn av Tiden is also the story of Segelfoss, in its passing from the tranquil dignity of a semi-feudal estate to the complex

and ruthless modernity of an industrial centre. *Segelfoss By* (1915) treats of the fortunes of the succeeding generation, and the further development of Segelfoss into a township ("By").

Then, with *Growth of the Soil*, Hamsun achieves his greatest triumph. Setting aside all that mattered most to himself, he turns, with the experience of a lifetime rich in conflict, to the things that matter to us all. Deliberately shorn of all that makes for mere effect, Isak stands out as an elemental figure, the symbol of Man at his best, face to face with Nature and life. There is no greater human character—reverently said—in the Bible itself.

These, then, are the steps of Hamsun's progress as an author, from the passionate chaos of *Sult* to the Miltonic, monumental calm of *Growth of the Soil*. The stages in themselves are full of beauty; the wistfulness of *Pan* and *Victoria*, the kindly humour of *Sværmere* and *Benoni*, the autumn-tinted resignation of the Wanderer with the Mute—they follow as the seasons do, each with a charm of its own, yet all deriving from one source. His muse at first is Iselin, the embodiment of adolescent longing, the dream of those "whom delight flies because they give her chase." The hopelessness of his own pursuit fills him with pity for mortals under the same spell, and he steps aside to be a brave, encouraging chorus, or a kindly chronicler of others' lives. And his reward is the love of a greater divinity, the goddess of field and homestead. No will-o'-the-wisp, but a presence of wisdom and calm.

W. W. WORSTER.

PREFACE TO THE COMING OF GABRIELLE.

SELF-LOVE, man's guardian angel, is averse from such sincerity, as might lead us to attribute our failures to some broken thread or tangle in the mind's woof, directing our attention instead to the justice with which Nature frames her tallies, each special strength being balanced by a like weakness, and calling us to admire this marvellous accountancy, for which the French have a ready-made phrase, "*Le défaut de ses qualités.*"

Now one day, while self-love was spinning specious theories that would lay bare my failure to write plays that pleased me, the friend walking at my side said, interrupting my subtleties, "All you say may be true, but you haven't given the seriousness to the writing of plays that you have to your narratives." His words pierced my conscience, and I said, "*The Strike at Arlingford* was written for no more inspiring reason than that Mr. G. R. Sims told a journalist he would contribute £100 to the Independent Theatre if I wrote a play in three acts. *The Bending of the Bough* was needed to secure an annual performance at the Irish Literary Theatre, the play we had counted on not being considered worthy of production. The writing of *Diarmuid and Grania* was undertaken for the pleasure of collaborating with Mr. W. B. Yeats. The play founded on *Esther Waters* would not have been undertaken if a French friend had not come to tell me that a French actress wished to play the part. The first three acts are as good as the novel is, the two last were but tacked together while the play was rehearsed. Now I come to consider it, I can see that what you say is right: I have never put my back, as the phrase goes, into a play."

So did I answer my friend, and, later in the evening, when he had left me, the memory of another play, *Elizabeth Cooper*, intruded itself; and on reviewing its chequered story (enough matter for a volume) I could not deny to myself that my own weaknesses, carnal and cerebral, were the true reason of my failure to write a play on a theme that should have inspired some pretty writing. "I gave it," I said, "to the Stage Society for production, though not half satisfied, and afterwards to a French friend for translation, in the vain hope that—— But why think it all out again?" cried I, the pen dropping from my hand, for the melancholy story is far too long for telling here, and it is enough to say that my scatter-brained attempts to write plays ended in another folly, to staying in Paris, on my way back from Moab,

to re-write the poor little comedy in such French as I could call to mind, and nearly an act was achieved in the jargon; but my friend's tenancy ended before the new act could be put into rehearsal, and I returned to England broken-hearted, looking upon *Elizabeth Cooper* as part of the litter that every author leaves behind, my misery of conscience continuing till an actress of great talent, Miss Auriol Lee, came to tell me that she was going to America and would like to produce *Elizabeth Cooper* there, the part of "Gabrielle" having always appealed to her. "Re-produce *Elizabeth Cooper*? Not for ten thousand pounds," I answered her, and began to ask her why I should wish to see a play acted, published, read, spoken of, that did not correspond to the play I had in mind. "There is a plot and some dialogue, but nothing of me," I added, pathetically, to which she replied, "A stitch here and a patch there." "A new play is needed," I said, and next morning the old temptation came upon me to write a play that would be like me, and in three weeks *Elizabeth Cooper* presented me with *The Coming of Gabrielle*.

As all artists, or nearly all, have known the pain of thinking one thing and writing another, for such is our fate, my fellows will apprehend the joy it was to me to watch the emergence of *Gabrielle*, recognising at every moment that the new work was of the same kindred as the pieces that inform the volume entitled *Memoirs of My Dead Life*—a volume that gave me so much pleasure to revise this year for a fine American edition that I added two new pieces and foretold in the preface that if any twentieth-century literature lingered on into the twenty-first century this volume would as likely as not be among the last stragglers—a prophetic utterance that should not lay me open to an accusation of vanity, my object not being to coerce but to remind my readers that a writer can do no more than to maintain a standard that he set for himself and that they have approved of for the last fifteen years.

My introduction to the comedy might end here, but having written a play which pleased me, I would like to avail myself of this rare occasion to say my little say on a topic that seems, from its frequency in the newspapers, to interest everybody—the decline of the drama. It appears from the papers that I read some Sundays ago that the dramatic critics themselves cannot sit through the plays now in course of performance at the London theatres, and leave dejected, broken in spirit, after the second act, to return to their homes to write discourses on the almost universal stupidity to which, unfortunately, they are obliged to pander.

The articles of the discontented critics are concerned with the perennial problem of the actor manager, and the difficulties of

obtaining enough rehearsals in the theatres that call themselves repertory theatres. State-subsidised theatres also occupy the pens of the critics, and everyone is certain that if some modifications were made, talent would return to the theatre. As certain are they as they ever were in the 'nineties, when the common critical announcement was that Wagner had made the writing of a bad opera from henceforth impossible. It was thought, too, in the same 'nineties, that Ibsen had hit upon a dramatic road that would lead everybody to Parnassus who cared to go there, even Mr. —. But it would seem that whosoever produces a masterpiece, so far from helping his contemporaries to go and do likewise, poisons their aspirations: till the masterpiece is born the majority of men and women write the music and literature of their own time, and Art continues her matronly march down the well-known ways; but on the advent of a masterpiece Art is thrown into disarray, the younger writers attach themselves to the new formula, and the elders are broken-hearted, as well they may be, for from henceforth they are old fogies.

I remember well how the spell of the seduction of unity stole over me in the stalls of the Gymnase Theatre in Paris in the 'seventies, and the ravishment with which I watched the skill of the dramatist, Dumas Fils, introduce his characters into the same room, one after the other, finding specious entrances and exits for all, and how my excitement at his handicraft was increased as the curtain rose again on the same furniture, not a table or a chair moved out of its place; the hand of God seemed in it all when, on turning to the programme, I learnt that the whole action of the play was comprised in the short space of a few hours. Maybe the play that astonished me out of my wits was *Monsieur Alphonse*, or maybe it was the work of some other craftsman, for there are always many about who can avoid soliloquies and asides. But to do this, and skilfully, does not carry the dramatist, so it would seem, any nearer to Shakespeare than he was before; an unpopular doctrine this is, almost a heresy, but I will dare to say that it is better to write *Hamlet* with soliloquies and asides than *Monsieur Alphonse* without.

At that time a large volume of Restoration plays was in my hand constantly, and my scorn of their craft brimmed over when I noticed that not one or two, but sometimes five, changes of scene occurred in each act, and that asides and monologues were the almost common means of expression of these forlorn dramatists. It may be that I dreamed of astonishing the London public with plays composed in the manner of *Monsieur Alphonse*, and it may be that no such thought entered my head, and it matters to nobody what I thought, or think that I thought, of

Mr. Jones's play, *Saints and Sinners*; it comes into my mind naturally, for it is the last, or one of the last, plays written in our old English dramatic formula, come down to us, with some variations, from the sixteenth century—three, four, or five scenes in each act, a forest glade followed by a parlour, a parlour by a street scene, a street scene by a lady's boudoir. The reader must think out for himself where the dramatist might have placed his fifth scene—in a cottage on a lonely heath, by the sea shore, or in a tavern. It matters not where the scenes are placed; it's enough to say that all these changes are made within sight of the audience, the side scenes being pulled away by the scene-shifters. The craft of *Saints and Sinners* must have seemed to me very gross (after a long sojourn in France it could not seem otherwise), and it may be that once again I indulged myself in a dream of a play in three acts, in which the whole action would be confined to a parlour, each act comprising fourteen exits and entrances. Indeed, it could not have been else than that my thoughts turned to such a play, for the belief of everybody in the 'nineties was that to recapture Shakespeare we must denounce monologues and asides. Strange are the beliefs of men; but I am meditating a history, so to continue.

It was in the late 'eighties or the 'nineties that Ibsen began to be spoken of and *The Doll's House* was produced; and it was noticed at once that the master allowed himself to drop into short soliloquies, but these, it was confidently predicted, would disappear as the master developed his craft. And for once the critics were right in their predictions; Ibsen forbore henceforth to soliloquise, to everybody's great delight, for everybody's delight in Art is in an externality of no moment whatever. Nobody remembered that the most beautiful things in Shakespeare, and the most real, are the soliloquies, and no thought was given to the fact that Ibsen's earlier plays (the plays in which he used monologues and asides as frequently as Shakespeare) are the most beautiful, and of all the most real. The master has never expressed himself better than in some of the monologues in *The Pretenders*.

But critics are not usually interested in the result, but in the means, and one of the master's greatest works was alluded to as "a youthful indiscretion," the reason being that for the last twenty years the critics have been busy cutting and pruning and making ready the road for the feet of the young Parnassians, who have, according to the Sunday papers, failed to "play up." The critics stand waiting; the monologue has been felled, the aside has been grubbed up, and no doubt if a Don Quixote and a Sancho were sought in this journalistic reformation they would

be found, for these are everywhere ; but in finding them I should not escape a charge of attacking contemporaries who have, perhaps, on occasions, spoken well of my work. It will be well, therefore, to think of other designations, that can point to nobody, and on returning from the window I bring back a remembrance of a lantern and a post-box ; as nobody, not even the most invidious, can fix these names upon men now living amongst us, I will call upon them if their opinion should be needed

The afternoon tea had just come in, and I was filling a cup when a ring came at the front door, and who do you think my visitor was, reader? None other than my old friend Lantern. Therefore you will understand easily that it was delightful to me to hear the maidservant announce him ; you can see me, no doubt, in your mind's eye start from my chair, and hear me beg of him to share my tea. He had not been to see me for a long time, and in his apologies *The Brook Kerith* happened to be mentioned. "But, my dear Lantern," I said, "my affection for my friends is not dependent upon the fact that they read or do not read my books." "My case is worse than not having read *The Brook Kerith*," said Lantern, in a very grave tone. "The truth is, I couldn't get on with it." "Now how was that?" I asked, tickled in my incurable curiosity ; and having always clung on to the belief in Lantern's shrewdness, I was a little disappointed with the reason he gave for not being able to get on with *The Brook Kerith*. It appears that all the long pages about Joseph of Arimathea put him past his patience, for he wanted to know what I thought about Jesus and Paul. It was on my lips to remark that if I had begun with Jesus I could barely have escaped from the charge of re-writing the Gospels, but not wishing to embarrass Lantern (I love all Lanterns, be they bright or dim), I fell back upon Heine's celebrated answer to Berlioz, who came to see the lonely poet when he was dying : "Always original, Berlioz." At which remark Lantern's wick spluttered in its socket for a moment, but it flared up quickly, and we fell to talking of Shakespeare, passing on to the way of the drama, the lighting of which had been my friend's care for many years.

It may well have been that he asked me if I were writing a play, and if that was his question I answered that the modern play was so strict a convention that the form would have to be enlarged, broken up, as the old English comedy was scrapped about thirty years ago. Lantern asked me why I did not undertake the task of writing something different from the ordinary play, but as nothing would be gained by noticing his irony, I answered that it required many years to create a new convention, and that perhaps no single man could do this, but a generation of writers.

" 'Not only the man, but the moment is required,' as Matthew Arnold has put it. He might have said 'men' instead of 'man,' for no man creates a literary tradition." "But a man can start one," replied Lantern. "Do you think so?" I asked. "Are you sure?" He answered, "Ibsen," and we talked for some time, myself claiming that the Ibsen formula could be discovered in France, the gist of, if not the spirit of, it at least. In all these debates many words are wasted, and, to bring an argument to an end in which neither was interested, I remarked that if I had to begin my life again and my lot was cast upon the theatre, I should not be satisfied with following the rut, but would seek (unconsciously, perhaps, but I should seek) new formulæ—the old bottles would not have satisfied me for the new wine, if I had any. "In what direction would you have sought the new formula?" Lantern asked. "Or do you think it would have come of itself?" "The new form," I replied, "would come unconsciously in response to some personal need." "Can you tell me the need, or indicate it?" "Yes," I answered, "I think I can do that."

"The straitened form into which the drama has fallen would have set me thinking how it might be widened, and my take-off would have been the five-act comedy of our ancestors, each act consisting of three, four, perhaps five, different scenes, changed within sight of the spectator. This form would allow of more story, more variety, in a word, more life. If I can rely on your patience?" Lantern nodded acquiescence. "The stream of story," I continued, "that the present dramatic formula permits is but a mere trickle; it is not of our tradition," and to rouse Lantern out of a lifetime of prejudices I told him that before he came I was thinking of the joy I had experienced when a boy in the stalls of the Gymnase during a performance of *Monsieur Alphonse*. "You have outgrown such crude æstheticism," he said drily. "We grow into ourselves, Lantern, if we grow," I answered. "But," said Lantern, "you would not surely return to the whistle, at the sound of which a back cloth is lowered and the side scenes advanced or withdrawn?" "I am afraid I would," I answered, "and shall be able to give you some reason for preferring the English form, which has come down, with some modifications, from Shakespeare to Congreve, and was accepted by Sheridan and Goldsmith; but I would ask you first to admit that a literary form may shrink and wither, and that——" "The dramatic form," said Lantern, "is a hard material (stone or marble it may be compared to) through which the dramatist has to cut his way with hammer and chisel."

"But, Lantern, form is not meritorious in itself, it is but a

vehicle, and a man is not a greater artist because he writes in the harder form of the ballade rather than in the looser form of the stanza." "The soliloquy," interposed Lantern, "is to some extent defensible, but words should never be spoken on the stage that the bystander is not supposed to hear," and, shuddering slightly, he spent the rest of his feelings on his watch chain. "But will you tell, Lantern, why an aside should never be indulged in? Will you give me a reason? Shakespeare, all the Elizabethan dramatists, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and all the early French dramatists used the aside—why, Lantern, why then deride it?" "Because the convention that only the audience hears the aside is too crude," he answered. "We have progressed since then." "In what, dear Lantern?" I asked. "Not in the results, surely?" "In the means," he replied, and instead of twitting him, as I might have done, for looking upon the means as more important than the end, I said, "You think we should cling closer to Nature?"

Lantern nodded, and I continued: "But we do not get nearer to Nature by imprisoning all our characters into a single set." "You were thinking," he answered, "of the joy that you experienced when a boy at a performance of *Monsieur Alphonse*." "I was, Lantern, and busily comparing the different literary methods of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in *Saints and Sinners* and Dumas Fils in *Monsieur Alphonse*." "A strange association of styles," said Lantern, and he seemed interested to hear how two plays so different should have come into the same meditation. "*Saints and Sinners*," I said, "was the last play written in the old English formula, several changes of scene in each act, and the dialogue falling into soliloquies and asides, according to the nature of the story, without the author stopping to ask himself if the critics would approve, the method in its innocency reminding me of a picture by Francesca in which one of the figures throws a shadow; the other figures in the picture are shadowless." And I waited for Lantern to admire the point that I had made, but instead of rendering homage to it he asked me, I thought a little drily, which play I preferred—*Monsieur Alphonse* or *Saints and Sinners*. "Both are forgotten," I answered. "Then," he said, "you're talking about means rather than results," to which I made this reply: that I did not say, nor did I think of saying, that an enlargement of the formula would of a certainty lead to better results (of the results we can never be sure); my meaning was that the drama has fallen into the straitness that might be compared to certain forms of French verse.

"It was in the 'nineties that Ibsen appeared in England——"

"But Ibsen," said Lantern, "whom you used to admire, wrote his greatest plays without dropping into monologues and asides."

"He did, Lantern, he did, and we will speak of Ibsen's craft and the fruit it has borne presently. At the present moment I am thinking of you walking at his head, with Post at his heels. By the way, I haven't seen Post for a long time—many years; I hope he is well?"

"We haven't seen each other lately," Lantern answered, "but I believe him to be quite well. You

were saying that in the 'nineties Ibsen appeared, with me walking at his head and Post at his heels."

"Yes, declaiming like the King of Dahomet Apparitor, who walks in front of the King's bull, crying, 'This is the bull, the one bull, the only bull.' I can see

you still in my imagination leading the ringed bull, the little hairy Norwegian bull, crying, 'Here is the bull of drama, the one bull, the only bull,' and little Post in the rear crying, 'This

is the bull, the king of bulls, the bull with the crumpled horn, that tossed the aside and trampled the soliloquy,' contriving

exits and entrances from the same drawing-room with a skill unequalled by any French dramatist, and writing a dialogue that

makes French dialogue seem very paltry." "Did Post ever say that?" Lantern asked. "Somehow I don't recognise him in it. It is much more like your own talk."

"No man ever wrote dialogue as skilfully as Ibsen," I answered, "and his dreaming, questioning, spiritual soul was possessed of a particular sense of

beauty." "Well, then," cried Lantern, "you have the result; the means produce the result."

"Ibsen was a man of genius," I cried, "and like every man of genius he made the form that

he acquired in France his own, extracting all that fourteen entrances and exits in each act can give, just as Wagner extracted

all the beauty the *leit motif* had for giving. In other hands the *leit motif* is abhorrent, and in the same way the fourteen exits and

entrances in each act are abhorrent except in Ibsen. The form has given what it could give. Moreover, the form grew up with

Ibsen, and it was his need."

"The romantic formula having ceased to interest him, he turned to the realistic," said Lantern.

"But, my dear Lantern, how can dramatic Art be described as realistic? We begin by supposing a room with three walls;

the convention that the fourth wall has been removed is the first condition of the existence of the theatre. And if the scene

be in the open air, the painted canvas which does duty for trees wouldn't deceive a child, and the better painted the trees and

rhododendrons are, the uglier they are. To look at even the finest pictures in the National Gallery for more than five minutes is

weariness, but on the stage we have to look at the same rhododendrons for two hours and a half. Then we are asked to accept a gaslight shining through a hole in a curtain as a star, and if there be any haymaking in the play the moon will be, of a certainty, as big or bigger than the moon that lights George Mason's harvesters home from the fields. Conventions and artifices are part and parcel of the Art of the stage, of all Art, for Art is not Nature because it is Art, and Nature is not Art because it is Nature; why, then, should you object to soliloquies and asides, preferring in the interests of reality eighty-four entrances and exits in the space of two hours and a half?" "Eighty-four?" interjected Lantern suddenly. "Yes, eighty-four," I replied; "fourteen entrances and exits in the first act are twenty-eight, twice twenty-eight are fifty-six, and twenty-eight added are eighty-four." "But," said Lantern, "the number of exits and entrances depends on the number of characters." "Ibsen," I answered him, "could write a play with five or six characters. To do this was his special gift; but the modern English comedy and the French contain, if not eighty-four, at least sixty-five or seventy exits and entrances. Have you never, Lantern, hand on your heart, experienced a feeling of exasperation when a man says that he will go and smoke a cigar on the terrace? In that horrid moment we feel dramatic Art to be more straitened and artificial than the ballade, the kyrielle, the rondeau, the rondel, the Sicilian octave, or the sestina. In its seventieth exit or entrance the modern comedy attains to the artificiality of the chant royal, and you will admit that this form has never produced a poem." "But the ballade has produced many poems," said Lantern, "and the form is nearly as strict as the chant royal." "The ballade," I answered, "existed long before Villon. In the works of Gower, a poet who wrote in three languages with equal facility and equal mediocrity, will be found fifty examples of the ballade quite as correctly written as Villon, but without his poetry. Gower lived a hundred years before Villon, and during these years the ballade was waxing to the perfect flower that it attained in Villon's ballade to his mother. More it had not for giving, and it died like a flower that has seeded. Even the genius of Banville was not able to breathe life into it, and the history of the ballade is the history of all Art formulas.

"To return, Lantern, from poetry to the stage. I would like to ask you if the leanness of the dramatic formula does not awaken hope in you that somebody will be born who will dare to write long speeches in place of love scenes in which the lovers are almost mute. Instead of the love scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, we

have the swain and his lady addressing the very curtest remarks to each other :

HE : Have you nothing to say to me?

SHE : No, no.

HE : No hopeful word?

• SHE : Do not press me to speak.

HE : To-morrow?

SHE : Perhaps.

HE : You will write?

• SHE : Yes, I will write.

Exit. The lady returns to the fire, which goes out slowly.

CURTAIN.

"Such scenes as these, and they are common in London plays, set me wondering what Rachel, Désclée, Frederic Le Maître, and Salvini would think if they were asked to speak such dialogue. I can imagine them gathering up their grave clothes, anxious to return to their tombs, whispering, 'But we are men and women, and can make nothing out of the speech of daws, jays, and magpies.' A parrot is loquacious compared with these latter-day dramatists. I remember a comedy at the Haymarket in which the leading characters played dominoes, and my remembrance of the dialogue is :

" 'Double-six.' (*Long silence.*)

" 'I can't play. I must draw one.' (*Long silence.*)

" 'It's your turn.' (*Long silence.*)

• "An old woman occupied a corner of the stage, uttering now and again, as a parrot might, 'I don't think that man will come in to-night.' I will not say, Lantern, for I wish to be quite fair with you, that in this play we have one after your own heart, but I do say that we have in it the ultimate fruit of the realistic formula, no soliloquies, no asides, no long speeches."

"A good deal can be proved by choosing examples from unknown plays," Lantern answered, and I knew he was vexed from the way he played with his watch chain. "You would have been more convincing if you had chosen your examples from our best writers." "From Galsworthy?" I asked, and called to his memory a love scene in *Justice* or *Strife*, I have forgotten which, in which the quest of realism is carried to a triumphant end, for so strangled are the characters by their emotions that they become far less articulate than parrots. "But does not passion render us speechless?" Lantern asked. "I think it does, Lantern, in real life, but we cannot carry real life into Art." "Why not?" said Lantern. "Because Art, Lantern, is Art, and life is life. In the legend of *The Ring*, the beauty of Brünnhilde rendered Siegfried speechless, but Wagner did not follow the legend; he

wrote the exultant duet, leaving Reyer, an inferior writer, to allow the lovers to stand mutely gazing at each other, like Mr. Galsworthy's lovers." "It all depends," said Lantern, "which you prefer, the realistic method or the romantic." "But I do not prefer either, for I do not distinguish between the two, Lantern. Wagner was romantic to the finger-tips, he was a realist from the crown of his head to his heels, and the difference between him and Reyer was that one man was a genius and the other—well, a man of talent, if you like." "And you think, then," said Lantern, "that if you were to devote yourself to the stage your quest of realism, perhaps I should say truth, would have led you to changes of scene, in which two footmen carry two chairs and a small table on to the stage, whereat the actors continue their discourses?" "My dear Lantern, the illusion created by externals, scenery, costumes, lighting, and short sentences, is in itself illusory. The best performances of plays and operas are witnessed at rehearsals. Jean De Reszke was never so like Tristan at night as he was in the afternoon when he sang the part in a short jacket, a bowler hat, and an umbrella in his hand. The chain armour and the plumes that he wore at night were but a distraction, setting our thoughts on periods, on the short swords in use in the ninth century in Ireland or in Cornwall, on the comfort or discomfort of the ships in which the lovers were voyaging, on the absurd nightdress which is the convention that Isolde should appear in, a garment she never wore and which we know, to be make believe. But the hat and feathers that Isolde appears in when she rehearses the part are forgotten the moment she sings; and if I had to choose to see Forbes Robertson play *Hamlet* or rehearse *Hamlet*, I should not hesitate for a moment. The moment he speaks he ceases to be a modern man, but in black hose the illusion ceases, for we forget the Prince of Denmark and remember the mummer. When in a stall in Covent Garden, a woman sitting beside me said (when Chaliapin appeared), 'I have been waiting all the evening for Chaliapin,' I answered, 'And I have been waiting all the evening for *Iran the Terrible*.'

"The last time I saw *The School for Scandal* was at the Court Theatre, and to avoid the small table and the two footmen the management devised a triangular room, not much larger than a prison cell, into which all the people of the play collected as best they could, looking painfully ill at ease, for there was not a chair or a table, only one stool, which distracted our attention from the play.

"In answer to my question why the play was not produced as it was written, Mr. Fagan told me that the public would not stand two footmen bringing in a table and two chairs." "My dear

Moore," Lantern interrupted, "you would not have thought of all these things so thoroughly if you were not writing a play yourself. Of that I am sure. Come, what is the name of it?" "*The Coming of Gabrielle*," I answered. "A comedy?" he asked—"one in which, I hope, two footmen carry on a small table with two chairs to match, at which the actors continue the plot." "No, Lantern," I answered sadly, "one must write in the idiom of one's own time, however indifferent the idiom is. My comedy is no innovation, and I do not intend to write another, for my thirst for the stage has been slaked in having written just once a comedy that pleased myself."

GEORGE MOORE.

EPHELIA : AN UNKNOWN POET OF THE RESTORATION.

IN 1679 was published a book of *Female Poems on Several Occasions*, which marks the first feminine declaration of the right to sincerity in English poetical literature. Aphra Behn (why is she always known by her husband's foreign surname?) was already famous for her "strenuous polite lines," and the matchless Orinda had played the part of *précieuse* and woman of letters with success, but Joan Philips, better known under the pseudonym of "Ephelia," introduced a new and personal element. One can be a man or a woman of letters without being in the least degree interesting, and our poetesses have generally stopped short well on the side of discretion and gained in after years the oblivion they deserve; but Ephelia, with her extraordinary emotional candour and trenchancy of expression, merits something better, even though her poetical gift is sometimes negligible. After all, we have our woman poet, Christina Rossetti, so we know that women are not as congenitally incapable of the technique and vision of pure poetry as would otherwise appear. But Christina was a saint, and though it takes courage to be a saint on paper it takes still more courage, in the case of a woman, to be, not necessarily a sinner, but avowedly a human animal, with the desires of the body as well as those of the soul. Ephelia's honesty casts shame to the winds; she is even perhaps a little licentious; she is of her age, instead of being merely of the feminine convention of her age. That she had some popularity in her day there is no doubt, for there are two editions of her work extant, the one of 1679, and another, with additions, published in 1682 "At the Golden Horse Shooe upon Saffron Hill." No doubt some sense of propriety outraged, the sentiment of "I should not like my sister to write such a book," has helped to eclipse her fame. She certainly took to herself privileges beyond other women, and dared, not only to love where she would, and to say so, but also to offer a platonic emotion with courage, in a manner faintly reminiscent of her great predecessor Donne, whose friendships always seem very closely akin to something warmer. This is how she tenders her friendship :

"We will forget the Difference of Sex,
Nor shall the world's rude Censure us Perplex :
Think Me all Man : my Soul is masculine,
And capable of as great things as Thine."

This is to Phylodes. Who he is I have not been able to discover, nor how he received the proposal.

She tells us her history in her verse : how she loved a man, T. G., or Strephon, as she calls him, who returned her love, in whom she believed implicitly.

" At worst, I thought, if he unkind should prove,
His ebbing Passion would be kinder far
Than the First Transports of all others are "

But she over-estimated him in the blindness of passion :

" In him I center'd all my hopes of Bliss :
For him, my Duty to my Friends forgot;
For him I lost—alas! what lost I not?
Fame, all the valuable things of Life,
To meet his Love by a less Name than Wife."

There is no reticence here. She describes her joy in the relationship; and few poets have so written of the joys of love, and the great game of pursuit, and escape, and capture, and the inexplicable influence of Chance; Fate and "the lucky minute." She enjoys every instant of her adventure, in a manner that the Puritans have taught us to forget; wrings thrills from both favour and flouting, analyses her ecstasies, and her disillusion, not in love, but in the beloved. She has her moments of hauteur, and apparently not without reason, for Corydon, one of her swains, seems to have been a little unchivalrously self-protective on one occasion, when he shut his Door against some Ladies. Perhaps he was alarmed at the warmth of feeling he evoked.

" I'll tell you, Sir,—
A loving secret, merely out of spite;
A secret four and twenty Moons I've kept,
I've sigh'd in private, and in private wept;
And all for You: but yet so much my Pride
Surmounts my Passion, that now were I try'd,
And th' heart so long I've wish't for, prostrate lay
Before my Feet, I'd spurn the Toy away:
I'll starve my self, so I may starve you too:
And for a Curse, wish you may never find
An Open Door, nor Woman when she's kind."

I imagine that Corydon is also T.G., but cannot be sure.

Anyhow, T. G. betook himself to Tangier, where he had received an appointment, and there married someone whom Ephelia alludes to as his "Afric bride," and who, let us hope, proved less ardent.

He appears to have been a bit of a flirt himself, and Ephelia has to tell him during his courtship of her that though she doesn't object to him having a modish freedom of manners with others, there should be a proper limit. Yet, though apparently con-

stant herself, she can find admiration for, and a primeval greatness in, the Messalina type of woman, as well as sympathy for changeableness in a man. This is how a man leaves his mistress, a mistress beside whom Castlemaine looks pale.

"Tis not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone:
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine?
You whom some tender Power did fashion
By Merit and by Inclination,
The Joy at least of one whole Nation.
Let meaner Spirits of your Sex
With humbler aims their thoughts perplex;
And boast, if by their Arts they can
Contrive to make one happy Man:
Whilst moved by an impartial sense
Favours like Nature you dispense
With universal Influence."

"No," ends this singularly broad-minded poem:

"No, live up to thy mighty mind
And be the Mistress of Mankind."

She has a strong dramatic consciousness, not only of her own part in the interplay, but also of that of her characters. Strephon or Corydon or Bajazet; this last described with a Pope-like touch as a creature whose star never rises but "some great Lady dies," to whom favours are no more than the exchange of gold, though women, beggar-like, fail to appreciate him.

She preserves a curiously open mind; her misadventures do not embitter her. She holds no brief for maidenhood. "Tis," she says, "a Fantastick Ill," and she apostrophises it with some wit:

"Thou dull Companion of our Active years,
That chill'st our warm Blood with thy frozen tears."

Of those who obey its dictates she asks contemptuously:

"And what's the Reason they Obey so well?
Because they want the Power to Rebel."

She advises Phillis not to be too obdurate, for age comes apace: the familiar renaissance theme, but usually expounded by the other sex. This she presents "in character."

"Phillis, be gentle I advise,
Make up for Time ill-spent;
When Beauty on its Death-bed lies,
Tis high time to repent.
* * * *

Think what a wretched thing is she
Whose Stars contrive in spite
The Morning of her Love should be
Her fading Beauty's Night —"

and she makes Phillis's lover excuse infidelity thus, with sophistry.

" All my past life is mine no more
The flying Hours are gone
Like Transitory Dreams giv'n o'er
Whose Images are kept in store
By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come, is not ;

* * * * *

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
False Hearts, and broken Vows ;
If I by miracle can be
This livelong minute true to thee
'Tis all that Heaven allows."

She would like the conscienceless joys of Eden, with the ingenuous angels standing envious round. She is not of those who take their pleasures sadly. To her pleasure without pain or fear of consequences should justify itself ; it would be a solid asset, a thing of perfect beauty. And one feels that even though she reproaches Bajazet, yet she understands him, when she makes him cry enviously to the Sultan :

" Thou fear'st no injured Kinsman's threatening Blade,
Nor Midnight Ambushes by Rivals laid :
While here with aching hearts our Joys we taste
Disturb'd by Swords like Damocles his Feast."

This is a true plea for humanism against the denial of the senses, linked with the modern admission of a tradition of culture or religion that defeats its own desires. Thus said Rebecca West : we cannot do away with the White Horses of Rosmersholm. Idealism is stronger than materialism. She shows a depth of insight very rare in her epoch, full of regret for acknowledged joys. " In Love," she sings, and this time it is true singing, " In Love such pleasant real Sweets I find." And again, in "A Rapture" :

" If sin can in such pleasure dwell,
Or such can be the Gates of Hell,
What Flesh can hold from entering in ?
Heavens forgive so sweet a sin ! "

Her lyrics are not without music, though that is not the primary interest of her work :

" Fly, Paper, kiss those hands
Whence I am barred of Late."

The opening lines of " Come quickly, Death," and the less distinguished, Tom Moore-like lines under the pathetic title, " But for Hope Heart Would Break," are enough to prove this :

" Can Life be a blessing, or worth the possessing
 Can Life be a blessing where Love is away?
 * * * * *

He sweetens, he sweetens our pains in the taking,
 There's an hour at last, there's an hour to repay."

And there is a curious foretaste of Swinburne in :

" Farewell ungrateful Traitor,
 Farewell my perjured Swain;
 Let never injured Creature
 Believe a man again.
 The pleasure of possessing
 Surpasses all expressing,
 But Joy's too short a blessing
 And Love's too long a pain."

Ephelia's humour is sometimes distinctly broad, after the modern Gallic manner of *Gil Blas*, or Yvette Guilbert. This, if a flaw, is a slight one, and may well be overlooked for the sake of her very positive merits.

In the whole of the little volumes I can only find two poems known outside it—one the familiar "Come Lasses and Lads," and the other that rollicking unfeminine song "Room, Room, for a Blade of the Town." Several among the poems give the impression of being excerpts from plays. If so, it is to be regretted that the play or plays are not preserved, for one can hardly imagine so vital a writer failing completely as a dramatist. And she is not afraid of her little quaintnesses "tho' I was neglected I bore it better than could be expected." She has her thorough-paced anger too :

" The harshest Satire that we can invent
 Is Panegyrick, when of Thee 'tis meant,
 All my Invention cannot reach a Curse
 For whateoe'er I think, still thou art worse."

And :

" Let me not live in dull Indiff'rency
 But give me Rage enough to make me die :
 For if from you I needs must meet my Fate,
 Before your Pity, I would choose your Hate."

Certainly the greater part of her writings bear the imprint of autobiography, how far re-cast for artistic ends we shall probably never know. Mr. Gosse, who once wrote a short appendix dealing with Ephelia to an essay on another poetess, assumes the truth of them in fact, and surmises that this is the reason that her identity is so carefully concealed, though he makes a plausible guess as to who she may be. If he is right it is interesting to note how many of the seventeenth century poets, from Donne onwards, were of partly Welsh descent; but unlike Vaughan and Herbert there is not much mysticism about Ephelia. She would, indeed, probably have preferred to George Herbert his less famous elder

brother. Neither, strictly speaking, is there very much poetry about her. She has the vigour of thought and feeling which are the parents of an effective style and she voices a very real humanity in an age of artifice. These are her claims to recognition. There would appear sometimes to be a reference in her work to a tragedy parallel to that of Shakespeare : a lover lost to a friend. The lover evidently even urges Ephelia to plead his suit ; and, capable of this renunciation, she offers to him the

" Greatest Gift a Lover ever gave :
And when you cannot wish happier to grow
Then think with how much Pain I made you so :"

Perhaps it is this touch of tragedy, this sense of a certain heroic quality, which make one regret that the dust of years should lie so thickly on such a living personality. If Mr. Gosse's guess is correct she was only twenty-three when her first volume appeared, and we would wish to know more of later years. Her more cautious years perhaps :

" For who again would venture on that Shore
Where he'd been split and shipwreckt once before."

And yet, the woman who wrote the following lines was scarcely cautious. They are gloriously free from any desire to extort value for value. They are clear-sighted : she knows that her passion is great, and not its object. She is constantly casting her bread upon the waters, never to return ; and she doesn't care ! That is perhaps the secret of her fascination.

" Why do I love? Go, ask the glorious sun
Why every day it round the world doth run ;
Ask Thames and Tiber why they ebb and flow,
Ask damask roses why in June they blow ;—

* * * * *

There is no reason for our love or hate,
'Tis irresistible—as Death or Fate ;
'Tis not his face ; I've seen enough to see
That is not good, though doted on by me ;
Nor is't his tongue that has this conquest won,
For that at least is equalled by my own ;—

* * * * *

His carriage can to none obliging be
'Tis rude, affected, full of vanity.

* * * * *

Those vigorous years that women so adore
Are past in him, he's twice my age and more ;
And yet I love this false, this worthless man
With all the passion that a woman can ;
Dote on his imperfections, though I spy
Nothing to love, I love, and know not why.
Save 'tis decreed in the dark book of Fate
That I should love, and he should be ingrate."

GWEN JOHN.

REACTION.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, who likes journalistic headlines, is fond of describing his course after the war as one steering between "Revolution and Reaction." Quite apart from many other side-lights, I would venture to submit that this formula is far from being profound. His cinematographic sensitiveness will, I am sure, take this in good part—not as captiousness, but as criticism.

Let me first graze on the word "revolution" before proceeding to the main subject of this brief article. Everyone knows, or thinks that he knows, what "revolution" means. It is, of course, imagined to be a popular outbreak against law and order accompanied by bloodshed, and the mere thought of home-bloodshed naturally prostrates the average middle-class mind. There has been bloodshed in England for great causes, but that was in an age of newspaperless chivalry. English revolutions, however, there have been in the past without any bloodshed, and there have been also robberies without risk. That seems at present to form the ideal of the Labour Party as opposed to the working man. And these revolutions have been quite as upsetting and unrepresentative as those attended by melodramatic horrors. Indeed, most revolutions with those very accompaniments have been due to the cabals of cliques—often international—exploiting and subverting the passions of a multitude. That has long been the power of those secret societies which Disraeli tracked so certainly and calmly. Such was largely the French Revolution itself, such has been the Bolshevik brutality, such now is the intertwined world-revolution of which Sinn Fein and the "sympathetic strike" are sinister departments. These movements are neither popular nor representative. They are due to the malice of groups playing on ignorance and envy, and the sole source of their power is the subterranean organisation of numbers—often under the mask, too, of cosmopolitan ideals—in fine, of "democratic" machinations. As regards undemonstrative revolutions, either by an autocrat's fiat or the Parliamentary screw, they are not unfamiliar even in a country so unrevolutionary as ours. Magna Charta was a revolution. Henry VIII.'s confiscation of the abbey lands was virtually a revolution. Our so-called Great Revolution was no popular outburst, but the concerted conspiracy of a few great families of opposite politics appealing to Protestantism and utilised by that far-seeing fighter, William of Orange. The Reform Bill of 1832 was also a revolution, and a stupid one, for by disappointing Labour it provoked Chartism, while by removing the ancient vote of the freemen it debased

the suffrage and the electorate. These are a few instances which show what pitfalls beset these sweeping phrases at moments so critical and chaotic as ours. Nor should we forget to distinguish between revolutions and insurrections, and between both and reactions. One thing is clear. No abettor of, or conniver at, revolutionary elements, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, can suddenly claim to steer between them and more moderate counsels. You cannot run with the hare and hunt with the hounds except on the terms of a death-bed repentance.

• My aim, however, in this brief article is to examine the meaning of "Reaction." Of late years this catchword has been used as if it denoted some harking back to a system or attitude inconsistent with progress. But "reaction" does not signify anything of the kind. Reactions occur in persons or things when circumstances have overstrained them. They are the snapping of the over-drawn bow-string—a rebound—the swing of the pendulum. After extreme tension or over-excitement we suffer a reaction. After extreme dullness the result is the same. After a discipline over-driven we react. It is the law of our nerves, and, in a much wider and loftier sense, it is also the law of history. Flux and reflux, action and reaction, form the barometer of the world. That is what Plato means when in his political pedigree he makes the "democratic man" the father of the tyrant. The Middle Ages—that dreariest period for the ordinary man—were one long series of vain reactions against the Papal Cæsarism. Rome sent forth her dogmas "like legions" into the provinces, and the temporal kings reacted. English Protestantism was a reaction against the prying irruption of foreigners under an international Church. Cromwell, again, symbolised the reaction of the middle classes against the Middle Ages, and the Puritans were really the new moneyed interest in embryo. He also simulated a reaction both against bureaucracy and the policy of "Thorough." But since he himself established a bureaucracy much more vexatious and an inquisition far less reasonable or capable than Strafford's, he maintained a standing army that remained a bugbear for generations. The anti-Puritan reaction produced the Restoration. People had so long been terrified by the notion that all pleasure was wrong, had so long been locked up in bondage to the hideous, that they rushed into the other extreme and kicked joyfully over the traces. All along, too, there was the dislike of Popery or anything that trafficked with prying; an Englishman's house was his castle. Then came the Whig reaction—the reaction of oligarchy against real monarchy, and this may be said to have lasted till the younger Pitt freed the sovereign, till Canning and, above all, Disraeli reconciled the people to the Throne and to the

Empire. The ordeal by fire of the Great War has in its turn furthered another reaction. The flower of our youth went out willingly to die for England—though Mr. Lloyd George suggests that it was for "Liberal principles." England is worth dying for; gladly these heroes died for her, while a haggling remnant at home made political and economic capital out of their sacrifice. The lions died for the rabbits. The men who did not die gladly for their country now seek to live gladly in it, regardless of responsibilities. The rabbits will eat up the garden and finally each other. This is an ignoble reaction—one not of liberty, but of licence. It is retrograde. But many of the reactions to which we have so summarily adverted were the reverse of ignoble. There is nothing of ignoble implied in the word, "reaction."

If this be so, what sense can there be in branding it as unworthy? It is presented to us as a vague something incompatible with ideals. To be "reactionary" is to be out of gear with the human spirit, to be stationary and stagnant. It is nothing of the sort. Reactions are more often against inherent evil than against potential good. Even when they themselves are hurtful they form a protest of the spirit against the letter.

What is really meant by Mr. Lloyd George at any rate is that, while, though he shakes hands with Krassin and was a party to the weakness that liberated Larkin, he will not tolerate "revolution," neither will he brook any dissent from, or criticism of, his film-like incoherencies. "I don't believe it," said Mr. Podsnap, "it's un-English." And Mr. Rigby in *Coningsby*, it will be remembered, urged that everything was un-English with which he found it convenient to disagree. I can call my bills reactionary—and not pay them. I can—and, remembering Wat Tyler, will—call my taxes reactionary. The reactionary rebels, he does not rest. Moreover, even supposing that he did rest and try to repeat a past when there was less busyboding and more business, when people were content to do their duty in that station of life to which God had called them, I cannot see why necessarily and under all the circumstances such a frame of mind must be either bad or extreme. Rather I seem to perceive that much in this fussy "newer and better world" is both excessive and oppressive. Therefore I cannot quite follow all this pother about Revolution and Reaction, which reminds me of the old Jacobite toast :—

"God bless the King, God save the Faith's defender,
God (treat quite otherwise) the accursed Pretender.
Who the Pretender is, and who the King,
God bless us all, that's quite another thing."

If I were to say that Wordsworth was a reactionary against Pope (though personally I am common enough to prefer Pope), would that be to blame Wordsworth? And if I were to say that Byron was a reactionary against Wordsworth, or Swinburne against Tennyson, who would be condemned? Was Burke a reactionary in his crusade against the French Revolutionaries, or Canning for his *Anti-Jacobin*? Time has proved them right. Is patriotism reactionary?

But assuming that reactionaries were all that the word-catchers could wish, let us try to ascertain their present bias (according to the Socialist gospel) and to analyse their essentials. For by their fruits we shall know them. We shall then have their true point of view, if not their creed—the *Confessio Reagentis*.

In the first place history and reflection—or even workaday common sense—will convince most independent men that in a country like ours the lack in peace time of a broad, organised Opposition is a calamity. Even in war time, if an Opposition be creative, constructive, patriotic, as Disraeli's was during the Crimean conflict, it may save a country. But in peace time there can be no doubt. A Coalition which lasts until the main cleavage between the two great historical parties is obliterated or forgotten breeds indecision, false self-confidence, inferior advisers, public apathy. It makes, moreover, for the multiplication of those mushroom factions which, sometimes masquerading as Oppositions, are simply the prejudiced organs of demagogues or doctrinaires. On every side it is prone to silly shibboleths and rash experiments. It tends further by its disorganisation of valid opinion to raise up a State within the State among the disaffected. And under the complex circumstances of our peculiar hour, it practically means either a surrender to systematic pressure, which is the abdication of free government, or a government by an often indiscriminate, sometimes a suborned, Press. These elements weaken, if they do not remove, the responsibility of Ministers, and they tend to vitiate a House of Commons that, while it is paid, is obsequious and constantly unrepresentative—because only one side is heard and that the Coalition's. For such a Coalition as we have now is as many-headed as Cerberus without being half as watchful. Who shall say what are its principles or how far they represent the most energetic part of the nation? Its "principles" are now those of the pedagogue, now those of the *proletariat*; now those of constraint, now of a very easy cosmopolitanism: now of the rebel, now of the martinet; now of Paul Pry, and now of the old Sultans who weekly at their Selamluk scattered somebody else's sequins among the mob while their perspiring pachas picked most of them up again. It is perplexing.

provoking, heterogeneous. It is neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. Not without cause, and in a day before caucuses and closures were invented, did Disraeli urge that "England does not love coalitions." I shall touch on the excuses for them later on. Suffice it now to say that such a tessellation as we are now witnessing is almost always the "day after the fair." It first allows monsters or chimeras to be engendered, and then brandishes the bludgeon in holy horror that such monstrosities could arise. It first lavishes all its extravagant benefits at once in the best "cheerful Sunday afternoon" manner and then stercorally rebukes (though it seldom withstands) defiant conspiracy or grasping greed. Our quarrel with the Coalition is that even when it does the right thing it does it in the wrong way. It mistakes fawning for freedom and blustering for strength. It is a weak autocracy.

Let me for a moment cast an eye on some of the Coalitions of the past—Coalitions concocted long before great party principles were forfeited, yet ever with disastrous results. And in so doing we must not, as the Premier has hastily done, confuse Coalitions with secessions like those of the Unionists, who permanently deserted the headstrong extremists to join the progressive moderates. There is no magic in labels. It does not matter by what name you call the two great parties that respond to the two great English outlooks—the one that of change for change's sake, the other that of traditionary development; the one that of abstracts, the other that of concretes; the one that of experience, the other of experiment; the one concentrated on character, the other on conversion: the one adapting the clothes to the man, the other the man to the clothes.

Queen Anne may be dead, but the chronicle of her Parliaments affords in miniature the sole analogy to our present chaos. There were new and old Tories, new and old Whigs, mutually repugnant, yet conveniently interlaced. There were many who were both these successively, and behind them stood the Great Five—the "Junto"—and later the "Great Three"—the Triumvirate. The closing part of Godolphin's Ministry was an odd and ill-assorted Coalition dominated by the triumphant but suspected Marlborough. The result very nearly precipitated civil war in England. Had it not been for the cold, calculating, moneyed Whigs, there would probably have been a War of Succession at home. Take, again, the short-lived Fox-North Coalition from which Pitt the Young saved both his king and country. The problem of Queen Anne had been Jacobitism, that of the period then inaugurated was to be Jacobinism. Had Fox, the headstrong "friend of all mankind," the chartered libertine of so-called

Liberty, prevailed, we might have shaken hands with the imminent Parisian Bolsheviks, and would certainly have lost our Indian Empire. Take, once more, the Aberdeen Coalition, which, by theorising and vacillating, lumbering and blundering, simpering yet suspecting, caused that very Crimean War from which they recoiled. These are instances of how Coalitions obscure, involve, and then needlessly and heedlessly stumble into crisis or catastrophe; how they stammer and call it speech. Only a deluge ever compelled a menagerie into the Ark. Water caused the experiment, and its consequence was that Noah got drunk.

Historically, then, there is not much to be said in favour of Coalitions. But it may well be objected, why not a League of Parties as well as a League of Nations? Why not indulge the dream of a Golden Age, recalling the non-existent prime—

"When none were for a party
And all were for the State."

My first answer is that, without effectual sanctions, and, moreover, without such a transfiguration of human nature as would make us weep over a Chinese cataclysm or welcome the penalisation of property, neither of these projects is feasible, while both are enormously, expensively, fraught with friction. Everything now, except companies, seems unlimited, and we have lost our unwritten code and balancing Constitution. If you hope to exact the idealogue's New Jerusalem, you will only get—you have already begun to get—the Tower of Babel. Sow the wind (or the windbag) and you will reap the whirlwind. It is no use running away from facts and calling it courage. For history is story—sometimes *his* story, oftener *her* story. It is human nature in action, and not big words on little papers. History warns us that universal agreement is as improbable as allegiance to space. What we need here after the great earthquake is the still, small voice. Our ideal should be the re-nationalisation of the nation. Coalition may want this, but it does not go about the way of securing it. It blows hot and cold, it preaches economy and practises extravagance, it promises the millennium in a minute. It dabbles in solvents only to catch at spurious cements. It advertises more than it acts.

But supposing that the Coalition *were* that desirable hybrid, a "National" party—that hope which Bolingbroke and Disraeli had nominally to forgo—Mr. Lloyd George himself, in his "*Apologia pro parte sua*," has supplied the proof of his disbelief in the sublimity of the compromise. There has recently been started a *Lloyd George Magazine*—the Lloydest Georgiest thing out. Those august pages defend the Coalition. And in a speech

he asks what would have happened if a general election had taken place after the war. And his virtual answer is that the "Tories" would have swept the board, while (observe the conjunction) none of those healing measures, which have rushed with an almost indecent haste out of Pandora's box, could have refreshed the nation. This keeps one breathless, but sets one thinking. If a suffrage universalised at a stroke, without any due qualification and during the war, if such a suffrage would certainly have returned the Conservatives to power and to the pursuit of reform without revolution, what must the nation as a whole think of the Premier's refreshing fruits, and how can the Coalition be termed a National Party? And why, with such an assurance from such a source, have Mr. Bonar Law and his colleagues renounced a party which might have given the nation as a whole what it chiefly lacks, sanity, security, and union, not to speak of freedom and order? Are they afraid of this word "reaction"—a reaction against the "newer" and bluer world? I think not. And, if not, why do they give the country no alternative between a "Labour" beggar-my-neighbour Government and the Coalition? And Mr. Lloyd George went further than that; he stated that he was more a "Liberal" than ever—*plus arabe que l'Arabie*. It is very difficult now to define what is a "Liberal." He may be either an Asquithian Liberal—that is to say, a Socialist-Opportunist—or a Coalition "Liberal," which usually means a comfortable Radical. Disraeli destroyed Whiggism. Gladstone destroyed "Liberalism," and latter-day Liberalism has usually about it a touch of "As you don't like it." So when the Premier proceeds in a recent organ to tell us that the war was one "for Liberal principles," we can only retort, with Goldsmith's Burchell: "Fudge!" Our sons died for England. Good heavens! Who would die for "Liberal principles"?

What, then, were Mr. Bonar Law's reasons for abdication? I can think of three which may be the real ones. In the first place, the nation does owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Lloyd George during the war; he saved us from Mr. Asquith, and in generous minds gratitude always counts. Still, this alone does not seem an effective ground for perpetuation of Coalition controls, destructions, or "reconstructions." "Driving power" only helps when it is not reckless; nor is creativeness the least requisite for a statesman of vision. During the war Mr. Lloyd George earned our thanks. But, after it, we cannot forget that he is of the Asquithian school and a partner in all its previous pranks. Mr. Lloyd George avows himself a greater "Liberal" than ever. So is Mr. Asquith, and we dislike the security, just as we "react" against the attitude. In the second place, Mr. Bonar Law may have considered that his Conservative ballast would steady one so

mercenary as the Premier and add judgment to zeal. If so, bearing in mind the thrice-repealed invitation to Bolsheviks and the state of Ireland, which certainly should have been foreseen by anyone worth calling a statesman, still more by any member of Mr. Asquith's misgovernment, bearing in mind also the debasements of the once sound Trade Unions and the perpetual panderings to blackmail, we are tempted to ask from what deeper abyss has the Conservative, the "reactionary" leader saved us. He would reply—and I think that in secret Mr. Lloyd George would reply also—"The Coalition has saved you from a 'Labour' Government of half-baked theorists, revolutionary conspirators, and ignorant fanatics." But if this be so, how comes it that Mr. Lloyd George avows that the Conservatives would have swept the board, while Mr. Bonar Law deprives us of any leadership but the *followership* of the Coalition? In vulgar parlance, it "won't wash." But let us go a step further. After so many, such heavy and heroic sacrifices, the remnant of England is leg-weary. The leg-weary like to live in a fool's paradise and to be impatient with anyone who looks facts in the face. They call him a pessimist because he disturbs their digestion, whereas really he is an optimist because he has faith in his great country instead of in the Coalition. They call him a reactionary because he sees ahead, and they want to "muddle through" in the old slipshod manner. Furthermore, the majority, so long as their little businesses continue, prefer to "bear the ills they have than fly to others that they know not of." Both the "Liberals" and the "Conservatives" of the Coalition appreciate this state of the public anæmia which the Press distracts by sensations and shibboleths. It is the nervous breakdown of the "man in the street" that dreads the "Labour" Government bogey. As a matter of fact, however, there are no striking indications that any "strike" Government has any chance of coming in. All their "leaders" are at loggerheads; in the country they are unpopular, and they can only catch votes by tilting at the high prices furthered through a Coalition which has pampered them, and the spendthrift squandering of their multiplied departments that are parasites on the community. Out of this vicious circle they "profiteer." Like the doles, like the extravagant paraphernalia of countless conferences, bureaucracy is the form of bribery that simultaneous schemes of Socialism invariably entail.

The general fear, then, of a "Labour" Government seems to be the favouring breeze of the Coalition vessel, but the popular breeze is proverbially capricious. The Coalition vessel drifts along, and it may therefore one day collide with the great flagship of the State. It is a mistake to think that our warfare is accomplished.

Hidden wars are often more dangerous than those in the light of day. We have the Lenin-Larkin combinations, the conspiracies of the Internationale, the secret societies invading even Asia, all on the prowl to stir up a sedition which would help a Germany that exploits every avenue to revenge, and all treating the disaffected or the wrong-witted in our midst as if they were simpletons, and the Coalition Government (which ought to be alert) as if it were a Sunday School. We see it in Ireland, in India, in Egypt; in the hot-headed and swollen youths who refuse to work, while Belgium, France, and Germany are toiling for their lives. We see it among the million who have been duped into fancying that Capital is an everlasting lucky-bag into which they have only to dip their hands for it to become their perpetual inheritance. We see it among the puritan-faddists, who exist only here and in America and are ever ready to burn their neighbour's house down to roast their own pig. All these fatalities should and could be grappled with and guarded against, not only by words but deeds. If the Government would only devote their propaganda to this one end; if, too, it would abolish the iniquitous mock vote at the Trade Union Congresses; if it would not make a mere Baal of Demos; if it would rescind these Trade Disputes Acts that set the unions above the common law and preclude free or indeed active labour in a free country—then the Coalition might prove truly national. The "sympathetic" strike should be forbidden by law, unless an impartial Court pronounced first that there was a general and otherwise unredressable grievance. There should be a much more living sense of the community, and much less nonsense promulgated about the "communal," for nobody hates the community like a Communist. If we did this it might well be said of us: "Surely this is a wise and understanding people." But if we suffer the Coalition to act otherwise than befits "the express image of the nation," then it seems to us there is only one course to pursue. The Conservatives must "react," they must go out of a house thus built on the sands. They must find a leader, young if possible (for there is a magic in youth), a leader who surely would arise if we had a free and uncaucussed election in which only those associated with a place should represent it in Parliament. Nor should we allow any more the Single-Chamber Government that we have the honour of sharing with Nicaragua. The House of Lords even now is far more independent and representative than the House of Commons.

I confessed a fear lest the vessel of Coalition should collide with the great flagship. What was in my mind, what already begins to loom, is unemployment—that spectre summoned from the vasty

deep of bad finance, futile controls, and fatal concessions to the ridiculous rules of the now despotic Trade Unions. Our subterranean enemies, all the Bolshevik organisations, the foes, too, of our own household, are waiting venomously for that consummation. Strikes may recur—our clocks may be the sole mechanisms that do not strike—but far worse, because less liable to public opinion, is a prolonged period of industrial unemployment. Unemployment spells hunger. Hunger breeds revolution and blind anarchy. It avails nothing to patch a tempest-shattered window with patches of paper. The Coalition must bend its energies to prevent such a catastrophe by ending the ruinous imposts that hamper Capital and the preposterous tyrannies that drag Labour. Otherwise, and unless the Conservatives break off and give a lead, no popularity, no professions, no gestures, no quartering of unemployment on rates and taxes will boot a rush. Statesmen are not watchers of the atmosphere but expert charioteers. And it is just because I can see no signs as yet either of consciousness or amendment, but rather of timidity in the face of treason and of prodigality on the road to ruin, just because there is a smug self-complacency in all its claims, that, feeling deeply, I venture to speak frankly and to react against the Coalition.

WALTER SICHEL.